



*Photo by Herbert Bell, Amsterdam, taken from the painting.*

The  
Complete Works  
of  
William Wordsworth.

With  
Introduction and Notes  
by  
Charles Kennett Burrow.

With Four Black and White Illustrations.

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We need not linger over Wordsworth's college career, though something must be said of the vacations. In 1788 he revisited Hawkshead, and stayed at the house of his old landlady, where he revived memories and gathered new impressions with a boyish zest and inexhaustible delight. All this is recorded in "The Prelude" with extraordinary amplitude. "The Prelude," indeed, is one of the completest autobiographies in our literature, and no student of Wordsworth should leave a line of it unread. Dull passages it has in plenty; but the whole leaves an impression of curious and profound exaltation, of that "dedicated spirit" which came upon him at sight of a splendid sunrise. A year later, in 1789, he again journeyed to the Lake District, exploring, on his way to Penrith, the banks of the Dove. At Penrith he met his beloved sister Dorothy, from whom he had been long separated, and who was destined to be to him almost as much as Mary Lamb was to Charles, though in the case of Wordsworth it was the sister who played the part of guardian and most devoted friend. Dorothy at this time was eighteen, and often the brother's and sister's rambles were joined by the maiden whom the poet was to marry thirteen years later. Mary Hutchinson's "exulting outside look of youth" was to follow him to his life's end.

In 1790 Wordsworth had his first taste of foreign travel. He seems by that time to have come to the conclusion that the academic ways were not for the treading of his feet; and so, instead of devoting his last vacation to packing his mind with facts, he set forth with his friend, Robert Jones, afterwards Fellow of St. John's, to see the Alps. It was an unusual proceeding for those days, and likely still further to disturb those conscientious guardians who, naturally enough, wished Wordsworth to choose a career. But the time for that choice was not yet. The pair took with

them a matter of £20 a-piece, walking-sticks, and such necessities as occurred to them done up in a pocket-handkerchief. Thus slenderly equipped, they landed in Calais on the eve of the Federation, when France was awaking to that passion for liberty which was to be drowned in blood. But the travellers, although they were welcomed as representative of English liberty, did not enter into the spirit that was surging about them. Wordsworth then was too engrossed with the joy of living, and of strangeness, to feel the full force of the growing storm which a little later was so strongly to affect his mind. The course of that journey need not here be followed in detail: it had, however, one great effect—it gave to Wordsworth's thought a more human and active direction.

In January, 1791, Wordsworth graduated B.A. without honours. Nominally, his education was completed; practically, and in the wider sense, it was beginning. Already he had seen something of the world—already he had fixed his heart upon the girl of his choice—but he was still hopelessly adrift so far as practical considerations were concerned. The future, for him, was only full of dreams and beautiful imaginings. He was already convinced that his vocation was to be a poet; but poetry, as a vocation, did not represent food and clothing and a water-proof roof. His guardians must have had a somewhat difficult time with the obstinate young man, who first refused to go into the Church because he was too young for ordination; and then, when time had removed that difficulty, had conscientious reasons for a second refusal. He thought vaguely of many things: the law, a tutorship, the army, and even journalism. But these were mere ideas, and came to nothing. Once having travelled, he wished to travel always. That, however, was not a passion to endure with any great strength. I

Indeed, though he did travel considerably for those days, his experiences, save those in the Highlands, have left no really strong marks upon his verse. But, at any rate, he was determined not to go against his convictions, or even against his personal inclinations; so for some years he pursued a course of inaction, and, apparently, of rather pronounced wrong-headedness. Yet the end was to justify the means.

After taking his perfunctory degree, Wordsworth lived in London for a time: but he was no Londoner, either by temperament or even secondary appreciation, and his London verse, with the exception of the one magnificent "Westminster Bridge" sonnet, misses both fire and often, almost, sound sense as well. But, at least, he walked about the streets, and saw something of the splendid vigour of our great city, though he applied to it standards rather those of the sectarian minister than those of a man conversant with a living world. As Mr. Myers very justly says: "He became, as one may say, the poet not of London considered as London, but as London considered as a part of the country." Soon, however, he left the London which he never quite understood, to go through an experience from which it took him long wholly to recover—the experience, that is to say, of the early stages of the active Revolution in France.

In that year of 1791, he was coming very near to the end of his resources; the Lonsdale debt was still unpaid, and his guardians, naturally, were growing more and more impatient. He went to Cambridge in the middle of the Long Vacation to be near the libraries, but soon he grew tired of that unreal pretext, and started for France on one hardly less real—that of learning French and Spanish by way of qualifying for a tutorship. So to France he went, reaching Paris towards the end of November, and

from there he passed to Orleans and Blois. At the latter place he met Beaupuy, an aristocrat, who was a Republican general, and under Beaupuy's influence he was aroused to an active belief in the justice of the Republican ideal. How far Wordsworth was intellectually convinced it would be difficult to say, but the fiery zeal and devotion of Beaupuy carried his heart and his imagination. The word Liberty was an evangel to strike the world awake, even though it was to march through slaughter to the desired peace:

Lo! from th' innocuous flames, a lovely birth!  
With its own Virtues springs another earth;  
Nature, as in her prime, her virgin reign  
Begins, and Love and Truth compose her train.

He returned to Paris full of dreams concerning the new Liberty, and would have cast in his lot with the Girondins had not his funds, fortunately, run out. Necessity took him back to England in December, 1792.

There followed a period of restlessness and heart-searching which seemed, for a time, all darkness. War was declared between France and England early in 1793; poor Liberty was already dust-stained and bedraggled, and had sacrificed a king. The poet could neither reconcile himself to England, nor find comfort in the conduct of affairs in France. The gospel of Reason was, in fact, breaking down.

But soon Wordsworth was ~~turning~~ back to peace, and that mainly through the influence of his sister Dorothy. In 1794 he was back in the Lakes, discussing his prospects with her. For a time he stayed with his friend Raisley Calvert, at Windybrow, near Keswick. Calvert was dying, and Wordsworth nursed him. Calvert had faith in the genius of his friend—a genius which he considered was only kept from fruition by poverty and its attendant anxieties, and when Calvert died, in January, 1795, Wordsworth found himself in possession of a legacy of £500.

Fortune here, at least, was kind beyond the common way of fortune. In the history of poets there is no more happy instance of the hour supplying the need, and Wordsworth at once grasped the chance and used it worthily. He was used to economy—it was, indeed, bred in him both by heredity and circumstance, and decision was instant. To his own slender fortune was added what little Dorothy possessed, and in 1795 they settled together at Racedown, in Dorsetshire. With the Racedown days Wordsworth's true life-work commenced. It is true that the verse written there was small in quantity (if we except "The Borderers," a tragedy for which one reader at least can find no enthusiasm), and it is also true that it was inveterately gloomy in character: but the cure had commenced, and the certainty of his vocation grew stronger day by day.

Dorothy, as has been said, was the prevailing and beautiful instrument of that cure. Perhaps it is hardly just to apply the word "sacrifice" to her life-long association with her brother; and yet to the student of life who looks below mere facts, the element of sacrifice can hardly be counted out. She was herself almost a woman of genius, and she certainly possessed the intuitive genius of sympathy and appreciation which tells so strongly in a world of moods and blindness. Coleridge said of her: "She is a woman indeed! In mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! . . . In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw would say:

Guilt was a thing impressible with her."

Her information is various. Her eye watchful in minutest observation of Nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer. It bends, protrudes, and draws

in at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults."

But perhaps De Quincey's final summing up of her is even more suggestive: "She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her most fervid heart."

Dorothy Wordsworth's personality completed, as it were, the imperfect circle of her brother's; she had a lightness, gaiety, and alertness which he lacked; and even the illness which weighed so heavily both upon mind and body in her later years, was probably due to the fact that she overtaxed her strength in keeping pace with the poet in his strenuous mountain rambles. Under this lovely influence Wordsworth returned to Nature with purged eyes.

"The Borderers" was offered to Covent Garden in 1797, and was, quite naturally, rejected: the truth is, that Wordsworth had no faculty for drama: he lacked, indeed, almost all the essentials. But that year was to mark an association and a departure of far greater importance than the failure of "The Borderers" to find a home. In June, Coleridge, who was living at Nether Stowey, visited the Wordsworths, and in July, in order to be near that compelling genius, they moved to Alfoxden, some three miles from Coleridge's home. The change was in every sense fortunate: it brought Wordsworth into contact with a mind more brilliantly speculative than his own, enlarged his views, and gave a new impulse to his powers. At the same time, Alfoxden had natural beauties which Racedown lacked. The house was large, its park was stocked with deer, and it was within sight, almost within sound, of the sea. The Coleridge circle, too, included men of ideas, such as George Burnett, Charles Lloyd, and John Thelwall, and in Coleridge's house at Nether Stowey he first met Charles Lamb.

The story of the inception of the idea of the "Lyrical Ballads," the joint venture of Coleridge and Wordsworth, has been often told, but it must once more be repeated, and it can best be done in Wordsworth's own words:—

"In the autumn of 1797, Mr. Coleridge, my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton, and the Valley of Stones near to it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*. In the course of this walk was planned the poem of 'The Ancient Mariner,' founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which was to bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's 'Voyages,' a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. We began the composition together, on that to me memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular:

And listened like a three years' child;  
The Mariner had his will.

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As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly, our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. 'The Ancient Mariner' grew and grew, till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds; and we began to think of a volume, which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects, taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium."

The "Lyrical Ballads" were published by Cottle, of Bristol, in September, 1798, the authors receiving the not ungenerous sum of thirty guineas. The volume was a failure, and Cottle transferred the copyright to Wordsworth, who brought out a new edition in 1800 containing the celebrated preface on poetic diction. Of the poems contained in the "Lyrical Ballads," infinitely the finest was "The Ancient Mariner," though, curiously enough, Wordsworth never had a full appreciation of that wonderful piece of work. Indeed, he even attributed to its inclusion in the volume the failure of the "Lyrical Ballads;" but it was retained in the second edition. Wordsworth's narrowness of appreciation is shown very characteristically in his attitude towards "The Ancient Mariner;" it was not that he refused to admire it, but that he was incapable of grasping its heart of mystery and terror and elusive beauty. There was, indeed, little in common between the imagination which produced "The Ancient Mariner" and the imagination which produced "The Idiot Boy." Already Wordsworth was on the track of that theory of realism which was to influence all his more elaborate work—a theory, however, from which he sometimes fortunately escaped into the freedom which is the kingship of poetry.

The "Lyrical Ballads" contained much which served for a long time to keep Wordsworth both from critical and popular favour. It was easy to laugh at such poems as "Goody Blake" and "The Idiot Boy," and even to-day the most serious student of Wordsworth can hardly read them without amusement. Such a verse as this calls up the smile which it was never intended to provoke:—

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?

What is't that ails young Harry Gill?

That evermore his teeth they chatter,

Chatter, chatter, chatter still!

Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,

Good duffle grey, and flannel fine;

He has a blanket on his back,

And coats enough to smother nine.

Wordsworth, indeed, was lamentably lacking in the sense of humour; he was not alive to the spirit of the incongruous. In reading him, one feels continually that even an elementary sense of fun would have saved him from the solemn and portentous dreariness into which he too often declined. It is all very well to take the poet's office seriously, but Wordsworth took it too seriously. He had, in fact, far too high an opinion of the entity William Wordsworth, and his work is coloured by that opinion more strongly than has usually been recognised. In many of his dalesmen, who have been accepted as close character studies, there is more of Wordsworth's individuality than of theirs. He did not, in fact, study life at first-hand, as a detached and sympathetic observer. But this, after all, is only to say that he was himself.

One poem, however, the "Lyrical Ballads" contained which is typical of the mood that Wordsworth was to adopt—had even then adopted—towards Nature. The "Lines composed above Tintern Abbey" are, in effect, a confession and a creed, full of restrained and lofty passion, and an exquisite sense of beauty. The "aching joys" of the old time, with "its dizzy raptures, had passed:—

Not for this

Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts  
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
That rolls through all things.

There we have both thought and expression in magical union.

After the publication of the volume, Wordsworth, with his sister and Coleridge, went to Germany. The reason for this visit was ostensibly that the brother and sister might perfect their German, and Goslar was selected as a suitable place for the experiment. On the way, a few days were spent in Hamburg—days which Dorothy recorded in her Journal, but nothing of more importance than her being swindled by a Hamburg baker seems to have occurred. At Goslar the Wordsworths were left alone, the restless Coleridge going on to Ratzeburg and Gottingen. Coleridge has recorded that at this time Wordsworth was hypochondriacal and unsocial—conditions to which he seems to have been always more or less subject; but they were conditions not unfavourable to the poet's work. At Goslar it does not appear that the pair made any friends: they lived a secluded life, and read German books together. Wordsworth wrote there, however, some of his finest and most characteristic verse—such poems as "Lucy Gray" and the "Poet's Epitaph." Concerning the composition of the latter, the poet has left his own record:—

"So severe was the cold of this winter, that when we passed out of the parlour warmed by the stove, our cheeks were struck by the air as by cold iron. I slept in a room over a passage that was not ceiled. The people of the house used to say, rather unfeelingly, that they expected I should be frozen to death some night; but with the protection of a pelisse lined with fur, and a dog's-skin bonnet, such as was worn by the peasants, I walked daily on the ramparts or on a sort of public ground or garden, in which was a pond. Here I had no companion but a kingfisher, a beautiful creature that used to glance by me. I consequently became much attached to it. During these walks I composed 'A Poet's Epitaph.'"

The "Epitaph" is complementary to the "Lines written above Tintern Abbey," and has that perfection of simplicity which was Wordsworth's gift to the world:—

But who is He, with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet brown?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;  
And impulses of deeper hirth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart—  
The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land;  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!  
Here stretch thy body at full length;  
Or build thy house upon this grave.

Wordsworth was very conscious that he had "been an idler in the land," but he was also conscious of the divine impulse which inspired his message to mankind.

It was at Goslar that Wordsworth planned "The Prelude," and he began the poem on the day of his departure from that place. It was finished in 1805, but was not published until after the poet's death. The title was supplied by Mrs. Wordsworth, the poem being literally a prelude to "The Excursion," which was never finished. The inception and commencement of "The Prelude" just at this period throw considerable light upon the poet's state of mind. Always introspective, always eager logically to justify himself, he turned his mind, with its astonishing strength and reconstructive power, back upon the way over which he had travelled. The result, as I have said, was a poem of unexampled self-revelation, marked on every page with a kind of manful sincerity. In spite of its length, its unnecessary minuteness, its egoism, its didacticism, "The Prelude" is a success—ininitely more successful than the unfinished "Excursion." Mr. F. W. H. Myers very truly says of the poem:—"The Prelude" is a book of good augury for human nature. We feel in reading it as if the stock of mankind were sound. The soul seems going on from strength to strength by the mere development of her inborn power. And the scene with which the poem at once opens and concludes—the return to the Lake country as to a permanent and satisfying home—places the poet at last amid his true surroundings, and leaves us to contemplate him as completed by a harmony without him, which he of all men most needed to evoke the harmony within."

Wordsworth's wanderings were now almost at an end. Early in 1799 he returned to England, and stayed for a time at Stockton-on-Tees. Later in the year he, with Dorothy, his brother John,

and Coleridge, made an excursion to the Lakes, and before Christmas of that year the poet and Dorothy were settled in Dove Cottage, Grasmere.

From this point the poet's life runs smoothly to its end. Many things, of course, were to happen, and much work remained to be done, but with the establishment of the little household at Grasmere the door was closed upon uncertainties and doubts. That life of quiet contemplation amongst his native fells and waters which had always, since the Hawkshead days, been Wordsworth's dream, opened out before him in a delightful prospect. The selection of Dove Cottage was an inspiration, and round it, rather than round Rydal Hall, are gathered the most intimate Wordsworth associations. Even to-day, when the house has been turned into a museum, and the best bed is disguised in an embroidered coverlid (the gift of indiscreet admirers), one may summon up authentic and touching emotions. Days of greater prosperity were in store, as well as public recognition: also for Wordsworth at least, days of completer happiness in marriage; but one likes to dwell particularly upon the first two years at Dove Cottage, when brother and sister had found rest in the desired haven.

In 1800, Coleridge settled at Greta Hall, Keswick, and the old familiar intercourse was resumed. Wordsworth, of necessity, lived the simplest of lives; he worked in his garden, wrote, walked, and occasionally entertained visitors. In this year the first book of "The Recluse" was completed and many of the Pastorals written; also "The Prelude" slowly grew. The manner of the life at Dove Cottage may be gathered from almost any entry in Dorothy's Journal:—

"Friday, 1st August (1800).—In the morning I copied 'The Brothers.' Coleridge and Wm. went down to the lake. Mary returned, and we all went together to Mary Point, where we sate in the breeze,

and the shade, and read William's poems. Altered 'The Whirlblast,' etc. We drank tea in the orchard."

"Saturday morning, 2nd.—Wm. and Coleridge went to Keswick. John went with them to Wytheburn, and staid all day fishing, and brought home two small pikes at night. I accompanied them to Lewthwaite's cottage, and on my return papered Wm.'s rooms. . . . About eight o'clock it gathered for rain, and I had the scatterings of a shower, but afterwards the lake became of a glassy calmness, and all was still. I sate till I could see no longer, and then continued my work in the house."

A simple pastoral life, and in the case of Dorothy, a life full of patient and loving service.

The next event to be recorded is the poet's marriage to Mary Hutchinson, which took place at Brompton, near Scarborough, on October 4th, 1802. No happier marriage is to be found in the annals of poets. Mrs. Wordsworth united placidity and the faculty for self-effacement with a keen poetical appreciation; she was, indeed, herself capable of genuine poetical production, and Wordsworth himself stated that the finest lines in "The Daffodils"—

They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,

were his wife's. She was also entirely free from the little jealousies of women, so that her old companionship with, and love for, Dorothy was in no wise affected. Dorothy still continued to live under the same roof, devoting herself, as before, to the service to which she had voluntarily dedicated her life. Wordsworth was clearly fortunate above the ordinary lot of mortals in his womenkind. His worldly prospects, too, were now safe from shipwreck. Lord Lonsdale's successor had repaid the money, with interest, which the arbitrary old peer had dragged from his unfortunate agent. The poet's

and Dorothy's share of this amounted to about £1800 each. To them this represented riches and peace.

The year 1803 was marked by three important events—the birth of the poet's first child, John; the beginning of his friendship with Sir George Beaumont, of Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire; and the first Highland tour. Sir George Beaumont was staying at Greta Hall with Coleridge when he first met Wordsworth, and his desire to bring Wordsworth to Keswick resulted in the gift to the poet of a piece of land at Applethwaite, below Skiddaw. But the plan fell through. More important than this gift, however, was the friendship to which it led, for Sir George Beaumont brought Wordsworth into contact with a world which he was always rather prone to neglect. Also, he inspired in Wordsworth that interest in landscape-gardening which resulted in certain practical and beautiful experiments, which may be seen in full development in the Lake District to-day.

The Highland tour was fruitful in another way—it produced some of Wordsworth's most perfect work, notably "The Highland Girl" and "The Solitary Reaper." Of the last-named poem nothing remains to be said; it is there for all time—a piece of simple music, full of passion that hardly understands itself, and a yearning which must always find an echo in the hearts of men. This Highland girl, indeed, always haunted his thoughts, so that even in his seventy-third year he said, "I have a most vivid remembrance of her, and the beautiful objects with which she was surrounded."

In the following year, 1804, "The Prelude" was continued, and Dora, the dearly-loved, was born. The year 1805 saw the first of the losses which were later to darken the poet's life; in February, his brother John, who had spent some months with him at Grasmere a few years before, was drowned in the wreck of the *Abergareenny*, the

East Indiaman of which he was captain. The pilot failed in getting the ship out of the Channel, and she struck on the Shambles. This loss hit the poet hard. "For myself," he said, "I feel that there is something cut out of my life which cannot be restored. I never thought of him but with hope and delight. . . . I never wrote a line without a thought of giving him pleasure; my writings, printed and manuscript, were his delight, and one of the chief solaces of his long voyages." But from this discipline of sorrow he learnt only an added tenderness.

The remaining incidents in Wordsworth's life need not be dwelt upon in such full detail. We have seen him pass safely through an unsettled youth to the quiet of conviction and the content of an ideal home life. The remainder of his life-story is concerned mainly with his work, and the slow, the very slow, growth of public recognition. In 1805 "The Prelude" was finished, and in 1807 "Poems in Two Volumes" was published. The "Poems" were violently attacked in the *Edinburgh Review*, for no more reason than usually inspired the violent attacks for which the *Edinburgh* of those days was notorious. Yet the volumes contained some of the best of the Sonnets, and the magnificent "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." In 1808, Wordsworth moved from Dove Cottage to Allan Bank, where he continued the composition of "The Excursion." At Allan Bank he saw much of Coleridge and De Quincey, and in 1810 occurred that unfortunate estrangement between Wordsworth and Coleridge which was to continue for two years. These, indeed, were dark days for the poet; his best had gone unrecognised save by the few; his family was increasing, and money, in spite of the strictest economy, was running short. In this predicament he bethought him of the successor of his



father's old employer, Lord Lonsdale, to whom, in 1812, he applied for some office carrying reasonable emolument. This was secured to him in 1813 by his appointment as Stamp Distributor for Westmoreland, a position which implied only very trifling duties, such as could be discharged by a clerk, and added about £100 a year to the poet's income. It was thus that the whirligig of time was pleasantly revenged on the obstinate old peer.

In the year of this good fortune Wordsworth moved to Rydal Mount, the house which was to be his home till the end. The year before, while living at the Rectory, he had lost two of his children, both very young. A second tour in Scotland was planned and executed in 1814, but of this not much record was left in verse. In that year also "The Excursion" was published, and in 1815 the first collected edition of the "Poems" appeared. The reviews of "The Excursion" were not particularly encouraging, though the fault was not always the reviewer's. Lamb's notice in the *Quarterly* was terribly hacked about by Gifford. Writing to Wordsworth on the subject, Lamb said: "The *language* he has altered throughout. Whatever inadequateness it had to its subject, it was, in point of composition, the prettiest piece of prose I ever writ: and so my sister (to whom alone I read the MS.) said. That charm, if it had any, is all gone: more than a third of the substance is cut away, and that not all from one place, but *passim*, so as to make utter nonsense. Every warm expression is changed for a nasty cold one." But, after all, "The Excursion" was not built for popularity: it had, of necessity, to grow slowly into recognition, and even to-day not many people, I imagine, have read it through. Yet it holds infinite beauties in its sometimes hoddenn-grey, like gems shining against a background of earth.

In 1817 Wordsworth was in London, staying with his brother, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, at Lambeth Rectory, and on the occasion of that visit to town he met Keats at Haydon's "immortal dinner." A couple of years later the poet was made a J.P. for Westmoreland, an office not inconsistent, perhaps, with poetry, but one which seems peculiarly unfitted for such a poet as Wordsworth. The powers that were, however, doubtless regarded him not so much in his true vocation as poet, as in his official capacity of Distributor of Stamps.

The remaining thirty years of Wordsworth's life were years of increasing fame and recognition. His best verse, indeed, was done, but he never ceased to write or to revise what he had already written. No poet was ever more careful, more patiently laborious over the perfection of his work. From this time on both new work and various editions of the old appeared. In 1820, with his wife and sister, he made a tour through Switzerland to the Italian Lakes, which he recorded in verse by no means at his highest level, and in the same year his "Miscellaneous Poems," in four volumes, were published, besides a second edition of "The Excursion." The "Ecclesiastical Sketches," that remarkable series of sonnets, were produced in 1822.

Three things only of importance remain to be recorded. In 1834 died Coleridge and Charles Lamb, two men who had been of infinite service to Wordsworth's intellectual life. Coleridge, indeed, had been the first outside the poet's immediate circle to recognise and acclaim his genius, and to Lamb he owed the sanest of criticism, as well as the humanizing influence which all felt who came into contact with that beautiful spirit. In 1843, Wordsworth then being 73 years of age, he was appointed to the Laureateship, an appointment which was the proper culmination of the honour in which the old

poet was then held, putting the crown, as it were, upon the enthusiasm of the audience to whom Keble introduced him as honorary D.C.L. of Oxford University four years earlier. Four years later the poet's daughter, Dorá, who had married Edward Quillinan in 1841, died. With that event Wordsworth's life may be said to have come to an end. For three years he lived to mourn her loss, but not as those who sorrow without hope.

Many accounts of Wordsworth's personal appearance and character are extant, and, on the whole, they agree surprisingly. All observers are agreed as to the tall, gaunt figure, the lined and rugged face, and the force and fire of the eyes. His temper was naturally headstrong, but he kept it well under control; his habit of violent physical exercise was in this respect a safeguard and a cure. To those with whom he came into close personal contact he was sympathetic and communicative, but he had small faculty for projecting himself. He had, unquestionably, the power of sympathetic imagination, but it was almost wholly subjective. Much as he loved the people who were about him in the countryside, much as he wrote about them, he does not seem to have entered into their lives and ways with any actual enthusiasm. In this connection some of the most interesting statements on record have been collected by Canon Rawnsley. The butcher boy, who once carried meat to the Rydal Mount kitchen, said: . . . "as for Mister Wordsworth, he'd pass you, save as if yan was nobbut a stean. He niver cared for childer, however; yan may be certain of that, for didn't I have to pass him four times in t'week, up to the door wi' meat? And he niver onest said owt. Ye're well aware, if he'd been fond of children he 'ud 'a spoke." Another witness, who had once been gardener's boy at Rydal Mount, said: "He wa's ter'ble thrang wi' visitors and folks, ye mun kna, at times, but if he

could git awa fra them for a spell, he was out upon his gres walk; and then he would set his head a bit forrad, and put his hands behint his back. And then he would start a bumming, and it was bum, bum, bum, stop; then bum, bum, bum, reet down till t'other end, and then he'd set down and git a bit o' paper out and write a bit; and then he git up, and bum, bum, bum, and goa on bumming for long enough right down and back again. I suppose, ya kna, the bumming helped him out a bit." And another man who had known him, being asked whether Wordsworth had any friends amongst the shepherds, replied: "Naay, naay, he cared nowt about swoak, nor sheep, nor dogs (he hed a girt fine yan, weighed nine stone, to guard t' hoose), not nae mair than he did aboot claes he hed on—his hobby was potry." All of which goes to prove that Wordsworth did not mingle with his kind, and write from the actual experience only so to be acquired, but that he idealised and wrote subjectively. And this is very important to remember in view of certain statements to the effect that Wordsworth was a faithful delineator of the character of the dalesmen. Faithful he was, but it was to an ideal.

\* So much has been written about Wordsworth, so much, too, which in no way tended to enlightenment, that one approached a recent new study of his work and personality with some uneasiness. But in the case of Professor Raleigh's Wordsworth there was no cause for such uneasiness. Professor Raleigh appears to have had no aim other than that of illustrating and illuminating his author by means of careful, sincere, and profound study of his work. He refused to separate Wordsworth, the supreme poet, from Wordsworth the uninspired

\* The concluding part of this introduction is practically reprinted from an article contributed by the writer to *The Academy* for March 24th, 1903.

and indifferent versifier; he declined to accept the attitude practically adopted by some critics that there were two Wordsworths, the "less loquacious of the two" being inspired, which leads to the assumption that "the poet is no longer a man speaking to men, but a reed through which a god fitfully blows." This position, with many poets, could hardly be defended; but with Wordsworth, who was essentially a single-minded and philosophical poet, it only needs postulating for the instant perception of its truth. It may be said, of course, with justice that when Wordsworth was least philosophical, when he was overwhelmed with a sense of beauty or caught up by a divine memory, he was greatest as a poet. But, after all, those supreme visitings were not too common: Wordsworth was a poet rather of passionate contemplation than of direct lyrical impulse: he glorified memory by experience, and touched the past, his own past, with the almost unimaginable glow of accumulated perceptions. And out of this method there came forth a sublimated truth founded actually upon experience and life itself—a narrow life and narrow experience it may be, but nevertheless capable of infinite adjustments to human needs because of its most profound sincerity.

Professor Raleigh writes:—"Of Wordsworth . . . it is hardly true to say that his strength and his weakness are closely knit up together; rather they are the same; his strength at its best is weakness made perfect, his weakness is the wasteful ebullition of his strength. It may be just and necessary to pronounce some of his poems childish, and others dull or silly; it cannot be right to neglect them on that account, if we remember that the teachers whom he most revered, and from whom he learned the best part of his lore, were children, rustics, men of simple habits and slow wits."

In that statement the author, I think,

goes too far, though he corrects it somewhat in his later chapter on "Poetic Diction." There is really no reason in the world why poems inspired by "children, rustics, men of simple habits and slow wits," should be either "childish, dull, or silly." Often these results were brought about by Wordsworth's persistent use of a vernacular which was not a vernacular at all; in aiming at a simplicity based upon an impracticable theory, he often landed himself in the depths of bathos. The fault, indeed, lay not with his teachers but with himself, and mainly in a lack of humour and the absence of a sense of the incongruous. And it has always appeared to me that Wordsworth's knowledge of individuals stopped short of real knowledge; I am always haunted by the feeling that his rustics are not studies from within. We see the philosopher by the roadside or on the mountain asking questions, and giving us the answers which he received after passing them through the crucible of his own personality. Children, we are told, were rather afraid of him, and the instinct of the rustic and the child are often one. We do not conceive of Wordsworth as an actor in fire-side revels, an explorer of actual motive in others, a searcher after emotions in the very heat of action. He had no spirit of adventure. When, in the Fourth Book of "The Prelude," he meets with the soldier who "tells in few plain words a soldier's tale," he merely finds shelter for the man in a wayside cottage, and leaves him with the entreaty that he will not linger in the public highway, but ask for help when he needs it. There, I always feel, was an opportunity wasted; at once the poet's eye is turned in again upon himself. Wordsworth's treatment of the Cumberland dalesmen, says Professor Raleigh, "would have been suitable enough for royalty itself." That is to say, that Wordsworth hardly approached them in the best spirit, and though we must respect him for his

aloof tenderness and consideration, we feel assured that it was not intimate enough for the knowledge which touches to the life. I have said so much concerning this phase of Wordsworth's personality because both Professor Raleigh and Mr. Myers lay great stress upon the poet's truthful delineation of country character. Mr. Myers went so far as to say:—"We may almost venture . . . to assert that no writer since Shakespeare has left so true a picture of the British nation"—an assertion with which I cannot at all agree.

As a self-interpret, and as an interpreter of nature through the medium of a personality which had trained the inner vision to the utmost of sane capacity, if I may use the phrase, Wordsworth stands supreme. No other such honest poetical autobiography exists as "The Prelude;" it is the story of a development glorified indeed by memory, but never swerving from the plain road of truth. It was Wordsworth's way to treasure memories and experiences until some later flash of insight set them in their true relation, or shed upon them the glory which was their proper consummation; he waited, in a kind of rapt humility, "for the light from heaven to fall."

Professor Raleigh well says:—"True vision, he held, is not to be attained by any sort of intellectual elaboration, but by a purging of the eye, an intense and rare simplicity of outlook. He was haunted by a sense that truth was there, directly before him, filling the whole compass of the universe—the greatest and most obvious and clearest of all things, if only the eye could learn to see it. But the tricky and ill-trained sense of man moves vacantly over its surface and finds nothing to arrest attention; sees nothing, indeed, until it is caught by the antics of some of its old accomplices. . . . For himself,

he sought admittance to the mystery by two principal means. It is something to rid the mind of petty cares and to be still and attentive, but it is not enough. There are guides to the heights of contemplation; and there are fortunate moments of excitement that roll away the clouds against which the traveller has long been straining his baffled eyesight."

It was for "the illumination which comes from the transfiguring power of high-wrought emotions" that Wordsworth waited. He sometimes mistook the illumination; in a mind so self-centred, the light evolved from within was now and then accepted as an authentic visitation from without. Yet sometimes the two lights seemed to meet and mingle in a beauty which was both of earth and spirit; so they mingled in "Lines written above Tintern Abbey," and in the "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." In those two poems we have Wordsworth at a best unapproached, and it may well be unapproachable.

There is no danger nowadays that Wordsworth will be given a lower place than he deserves, and it is true that those who know him best grow into an increasing love and reverence for him. Even in his most pedestrian moments, even when the very technicalities of his art seem to have slipped beyond his reach, we feel the breathings of an august spirit and the glimmerings of some not wholly forgotten "clouds of glory." He lived, indeed, for the joy of beauty. No poet ever devoted himself more singly to his life-work than Wordsworth, and no poet ever had a fuller reward. He outlived his impulse, and his old age was practically songless; the ashes of his youth could not be fanned into more than the most fitful flame. But that youth was splendid and immortal.

CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.

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In the rough fern-clad park, the herded deer  
 Shook the still-twinkling tail and glancing ear;  
 When horses in the sunburnt intake\* stood,  
 And vainly eyed below the tempting flood,  
 Or tracked the passenger, in mute distress,  
 With forward neck the closing gate to press—  
 Then, while I wandered where the huddling rill  
 Brightens with water-breaks the hollow ghyll†  
 As by enchantment, an obscure retreat  
 Opened at once, and stayed my devious feet.  
 While thick above the rill the branches close,  
 In rocky basin its wild waves repose,  
 Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,  
 Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between;  
 And its own twilight softens the whole scene,  
 Save where aloft the subtle sunbeams shine  
 On withered briars that o'er the crags recline;  
 Save where, with sparkling foam, a small cascade  
 Illumines, from within, the leafy shade;  
 Beyond, along the vista of the brook,  
 Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,

\* The word *intake* is local, and signifies a mountain-inclosure.

† Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country: ghyll and dingle have the same meaning.

The eye reposes on a secret bridge,\*  
 Half gray, half shagged with ivy to its ridge;  
 There, bending o'er the stream, the listless swain  
 Lingers behind his disappearing wain.  
 —Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,  
 Bandusia's praise, wild stream, should yield to thine!  
 Never shall ruthless minister of death  
 'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel unsheath;  
 No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with flowers,  
 No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers;  
 The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove  
 A more benignant sacrifice approve—  
 A mind that, in a calm angelic mood  
 Of happy wisdom, meditating good,  
 Beholds, of all from her high powers required,  
 Much done, and much designed, and more desired,—  
 Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,  
 Entire affection for all human kind.

Dear Brook, farewell! To-morrow's noon again  
 Shall hide me, wooing long thy wild-wood strain;  
 But now the sun has gained his western road,  
 And eve's mild hour invites my steps abroad.

\* The reader, who has made the tour of this country, will recognise, in this description, the features which characterise the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydal.



While, near the midway cliff, the  
 silvered kite  
 In many a whistling circle wheels her  
 flight ;  
 Slant watery lights, from parting clouds,  
 apace  
 Travel along the precipice's base ;  
 Cheering its naked waste of scattered  
 stone,  
 By lichens gray, and scanty moss, o'er-  
 grown ;  
 Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or  
 thistle's beard ;  
 And restless stone-chat, all day long, is  
 heard.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to  
 view  
 The spacious landscape change in form  
 and hue !  
 Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood  
 Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood ;  
 There, objects, by the searching beams  
 betrayed,  
 Come forth, and here retire in purple  
 shade ;  
 Even the white stems of birch, the  
 cottage white,  
 Soften their glare before the mellow  
 light ;  
 The skiffs, at anchor where with um-  
 brage wide  
 Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-  
 house hide,  
 Shed from their sides, that face the  
 sun's slant beam,  
 Strong flakes of radiance on the tremu-  
 lous stream :  
 Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty  
 cloud  
 Mounts from the road, and spreads its  
 moving shroud ;

The shepherd, all involved in wreaths  
 of fire,  
 Now shows a shadowy speck, and now  
 is lost entire.

Into a gradual calm the breezes  
 sink,  
 A blue rim borders all the lake's still  
 brink ;  
 There doth the twinkling aspen's foli-  
 age sleep,  
 And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy  
 deep :  
 And now, on every side, the surface  
 breaks  
 Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening  
 streaks ;  
 Here, plots of sparkling water tremble  
 bright  
 With thousand thousand twinkling points  
 of light ;  
 There, waves that, hardly weltering, die  
 away,  
 Tip their smooth ridges with a softer  
 ray ;  
 And now the whole wide lake in deep  
 repose  
 Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror  
 glows,  
 Save where, along the shady western  
 marge,  
 Coasts, with industrious oar, the char-  
 coal barge.

Their panniered train a group of  
 potters goad,  
 Winding from side to side up the steep  
 road ;  
 The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful  
 edge  
 Shot, down the headlong path darts  
 with his sledge ;

Bright beams the lonely mountain-horse illumine  
 Feeding 'mid purple heath, "green rings,"\* and broom;  
 While the sharp slope the slackened teams confounds,  
 Downward the ponderous timber-wain resounds;  
 In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,  
 Dashed o'er the rough rock, lightly leaps along;  
 From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet  
 Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat;  
 Sounds from the water-side the hammered boat;  
 And *blasted* quarry thunders, heard remote!

Even here, amid the sweep of endless woods,  
 Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs and falling floods,  
 Not undelightful are the simplest charms,  
 Found by the grassy door of mountain-farms.

Sweetly ferocious,† round his native walks,  
 Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalks;  
 Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his tread;  
 A crest of purple tops the warrior's head.

\* "Vivid rings of green."—GREENWOOD'S *Poem on Shooting*.

† "Dolcemente feroce."—TASSO.—In this description of the cock, I remembered a spirited one of the same animal in *L'Agriculture, ou Les Géorgiques Françaises*, of M. Rossuet.

Bright sparks his black and rolling eye-ball hurls  
 Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls;  
 On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion throat,  
 Threatened by faintly-answering farms remote:  
 Again with his shrill voice the mountain rings,  
 While, flapped with conscious pride, resound his wings!

Where, mixed with graceful birch, the sombrous pine  
 And yew-tree o'er the silver rocks recline,  
 I love to mark the quarry's moving train,  
 Dwarf panniered steeds, and men, and numerous wains:  
 How busy all the enormous hive within,  
 While Echo dallies with its various din!  
 Some (hear you not their chisels' clinking sound?)  
 Toil, small as pygmies in the gulf profound;  
 Some, dim between the lofty cliffs descried,  
 O'erwalk the slender plank from side to side;  
 These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless ring,  
 In airy baskets hanging, work and sing.

Just where a cloud above the mountain rears  
 An edge all flame, the broadening sun appears;  
 A long blue bar its ægis orb divides,  
 And breaks the spreading of its golden tides;

And now that orb has touched the  
purple steep,  
Whose softened image penetrates the  
deep.  
'Cross the calm lake's blue shades the  
cliffs aspire,  
With towers and woods, a "prospect all  
on fire;"  
While cores and secret hollows, through  
a ray  
Of fainter gold, a purple gleam  
betray.  
Each slip of lawn the broken rocks  
between  
Shines in the light with more than  
earthly green:  
Deep yellow beams the scattered stems  
illuminate,  
Far in the level forest's central  
gloom:  
Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the  
vale,  
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to  
scale,—  
The dog, loud barking, 'mid the  
glittering rocks,  
Hunts, where his master points, the  
intercepted flocks.  
Where oaks o'erhang the road the  
radiance shoots  
On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted  
roots;  
The druid-stones a brightened ring  
unfold;  
And all the babbling brooks are liquid  
gold;  
Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens  
still,  
Gives one bright glance, and drops  
behind the hill.\*

\*From Thomson.

In these secluded vales, if village fame,  
Confirmed by hoary hairs, belief may  
claim;  
When up the hills, as now, retired the  
light,  
Strange apparitions mocked the shep-  
herd's sight.

The form appears of one that spurs  
his steed  
Midway along the hill with desperate  
speed;  
Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight,  
while all  
Attend, at every stretch, his headlong  
fall.  
Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show  
Of horsemen-shadows moving to and fro;  
At intervals imperial banners stream,  
And now the van reflects the solar  
beam;  
The rear through iron brown betrays a  
sullen gleam.  
While silent stands the admiring crowd  
below,  
Silent the visionary warriors go,  
Winding in ordered pomp their upward  
way,\*  
Till the last banner of their long array  
Has disappeared, and every trace is fled  
Of splendour—save the beacon's spire  
head  
Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning  
red.

Now, while the solemn evening  
shadows sail,  
On slowly-waving pinions, down the  
vale;

\*See a description of an appearance of this  
kind in Clark's Survey of the Lakes, accom-  
panied by vouchers of its veracity, that may  
amuse the reader.

And, fronting the bright west, yon oak  
 entwines  
 Its darkening boughs and leaves in  
 stronger lines;  
 'Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to  
 stray  
 Where, winding on along some secret  
 bay,  
 The swan uplifts his chest, and back-  
 ward flings  
 His neck, a varying arch, between his  
 towering wings :  
 The eye that marks the gliding crea-  
 ture sees  
 How graceful, pride can be, and how  
 majestic, ease.  
 While tender cares and mild domestic  
 loves  
 With furtive watch pursue her as she  
 moves,  
 The female with a meeker charm suc-  
 ceeds,  
 And her brown little-ones around her  
 leads,  
 Nibbling the water-lilies as they pass,  
 Or playing wanton with the floating  
 grass.  
 She, in a mother's scare, her beauty's pride  
 Forgetting, calls the wearied to her  
 side;  
 Alternately they mount her back, and rest  
 Close by her mantling wings' embraces  
 prest.

Long may they float upon this flood  
 serene;  
 Theirs be these holms untrudged, still,  
 and green,  
 Where leafy shades fence off the bluster-  
 ing gale,  
 And breathes in peace the lily of the  
 vale!

Yon isle, which feels not even the milk-  
 maid's feet,  
 Yet hears her song, "by distance made  
 more sweet,"  
 Yon isle conceals their home, their hut-  
 like bower;  
 Green water-rushes overspread the  
 floor;  
 Long grass and willows form the woven  
 wall,  
 And swings above the roof the poplar  
 tall.  
 Thence issuing often with unwieldy  
 stalk,  
 They crush with broad black feet their  
 flowery walk;  
 Or, from the neighbouring water, hear  
 at morn  
 The hound, the horse's tread, and mel-  
 low horn;  
 Involve their serpent-necks in changeful  
 rings,  
 Rolled wantonly between their slippery  
 wings,  
 Or, starting up with noise and rude de-  
 light,  
 Force half upon the wave their cum-  
 brous flight.

Fair Swan! by all a mother's joys  
 caressed,  
 Haply some wretch has eyed, and called  
 thee blessed;  
 When with her infants, from some shady  
 seat  
 By the lake's edge, she rose—to face the  
 noontide heat;  
 Or taught their limbs along the dusty  
 road  
 A few short steps to totter with their  
 load.

I see her now, denied to lay her  
 head,  
 On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-  
 built shed,  
 Turn to a silent smile their sleepy  
 cry,  
 By pointing to the gliding moon on  
 high.  
 —When low-hung clouds each star of  
 summer hide,  
 And fireless are the valleys far and  
 wide,  
 Where the brook brawls along the  
 public road  
 Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching  
 broad,  
 Oft has she taught them on her lap to  
 lay  
 The shining glow-worm; or, in heedless  
 play,  
 Toss it from hand to hand, disquieted;  
 While others, not unseen, are free to  
 shed  
 Green unmolested light upon their  
 mossy bed.

Oh! when the sleety showers her path  
 assail,  
 And like a torrent roars the headstrong  
 gale;  
 No more her breath can thaw their  
 fingers cold,  
 Their frozen arms her neck no more  
 can fold;  
 Weak roof a cowering form two babes  
 to shield,  
 And faint the fire a dying heart can  
 yield!  
 Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly  
 fears  
 Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its  
 tears;

No tears can chill them, and no bosom  
 warms,  
 Thy breast their death-bed, coffined in  
 thine arms!

Sweet are the sounds that mingle  
 from afar,  
 Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the  
 folding star,  
 Where the duck dabbles 'mid the  
 rustling sedge,  
 And feeding pike starts from the water's  
 edge,  
 Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck  
 and bill  
 Wetting, that drip upon the water  
 still;  
 And heron, as resounds the trodden  
 shore,  
 Shoots upward, darting his long neck  
 before.

Now, with religious awe, the farewell  
 light  
 Blends with the solemn colouring of  
 night;  
 'Mid groves of clouds that crest the  
 mountain's brow,  
 And round the west's proud lodge their  
 shadows throw,  
 Like Una shining on her gloomy  
 way,  
 The half-seen form of Twilight roams  
 astray;  
 Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild  
 and small,  
 Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom  
 fall;  
 Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres  
 pale  
 Tracking the motions of the fitful  
 gale.

With restless interchange at once the  
 bright  
 Wins on the shade, the shade upon the  
 light.  
 No favoured eye was e'er allowed to  
 gaze  
 On lovelier spectacle in faery days;  
 When gentle Spirits urged a sportive  
 chase,  
 Brushing with lucid wands the water's  
 face:  
 While music, stealing round the glim-  
 mering deeps,  
 Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted  
 steeps.  
 —The lights are vanished from the  
 watery plains:  
 No wreck of all the pageantry remains.  
 Unheeded night has overcome the vales:  
 On the dark earth the wearied vision  
 fails;  
 The latest lingerer of the forest train,  
 The lone black fir, forsakes the faded  
 plain;  
 Last evening sight, the cottage smoke,  
 no more,  
 Lost in the thickened darkness, glim-  
 mers hoar;  
 And, towering from the sullen dark-  
 brown mere,  
 Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps  
 appear.  
 —Now o'er the soothed accordant heart  
 we feel  
 A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,  
 And ever, as we fondly muse, we find  
 The soft gloom deepening on the tran-  
 quil mind.  
 Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions,  
 stay!  
 Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade  
 away:

w

Yet still the tender, vacant gloom re-  
 mains;  
 Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear  
 retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading  
 light, to thread  
 Silent the hedge or steamy rivulet's  
 bed,  
 From his gray re-appearing tower shall  
 soon  
 Salute with gladsome note the rising  
 moon,  
 While with a hoary light she frosts the  
 ground,  
 And pours a deeper blue to Æther's  
 bound;  
 Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of  
 clouds to fold  
 In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and  
 gold.

Above yon eastern hill, where dark-  
 ness broods  
 O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns,  
 and woods;  
 Where but a mass of shade the sight  
 can trace,  
 Even now she shows, half-veiled, her  
 lovely face:  
 Across the gloomy valley flings her  
 light,  
 Far to the western slopes with hamlets  
 white;  
 And gives, where woods the chequered  
 upland strew,  
 To the green corn of summer, autumn's  
 hue.

Thus Hope, first pouring from her  
 blessed horn  
 Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's  
 own mom,

Till higher mounted, strives in vain to  
cheer

The weary hills, impervious, blackening  
near;

Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the  
while

On darling spots remote her tempting  
smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant  
scene,

(For dark and broad the gulf of time  
between)

Gilding that cottage with her fondest  
ray,

(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of  
my way;

How fair its lawns and sheltering woods  
appear!

How sweet its streamlet murmurs in  
mine ear!

Where we, my Friend, to happy days  
shall rise,

Till our small share of hardly-paining  
sighs

(For sighs will ever trouble human  
breath)

Creep hushed into the tranquil breast  
of death.

But now the clear bright Moon her  
zenith gains,

And, rimy without speck, extend the  
plains:

The deepest cleft the mountain's front  
displays

Scarce hides a shadow from her search-  
ing rays;

From the dark-blue faint silvery threads  
divide

The hills, while gleams below the azure  
tide;

Time softly treads; throughout the  
landscape breathes

A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by  
wreaths

Of charcoal-smoke. that, o'er the fallen  
wood,

Steal down the hill, and spread along  
the flood.

The song of mountain-streams, un-  
heard by day,

Now hardly heard, beguiles my home-  
ward way.

Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,  
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,

Broke only by the slow clock tolling  
deep,

Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from  
sleep,

The echoed hoof nearing the distant  
shore,

The boat's first motion—made with  
dashing oar;

Sound of closed gate, across the water  
borne,

Hurrying the timid hare through rustling  
corn;

The sportive outcry of the mocking owl;  
And at long intervals the mill-dog's

howl;

The distant forge's swinging thump  
profound;

Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely  
hound.

## LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT  
AT EVENING.

How richly glows the water's breast  
Before us, tinged with evening hues,  
While, facing thus the crimson west,  
The boat her silent course pursues!

And see how dark the backward stream!  
A little-moment past so smiling!  
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,  
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful Bard allure;  
But, heedless of the following gloom,  
He deems their colours shall endure  
Till peace go with him to the tomb.  
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,  
And what if he must die in sorrow!  
Who would not cherish dreams so  
sweet,  
Though grief and pain may come to-  
morrow?

### REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS,

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES  
NEAR RICHMOND.

GLIDE gently, thus for ever glide,  
O Thames! that other bards may see  
As lovely visions by thy side  
As now, fair river! come to me.  
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,  
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,  
Till all our minds for ever flow  
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,  
That in thy waters may be seen  
The image of a poet's heart,  
How bright, how solemn, how serene!  
Such as did once the Poet bless,  
Who, murmuring here a later\* ditty,  
Could find no refuge from distress  
But in the milder grief of pity.

---

\* Collins' Ode on the death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.

Now let us, as we float along,  
For *him* suspend the dashing oar;  
And pray that never child of song  
May know that Poet's sorrows more.  
How calm! how still! the only sound,  
The dripping of the oar suspended!  
—The evening darkness gathers round  
By virtue's holiest Powers attended.

### DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR  
AMONG THE ALPS.

WERE there, below, a spot of holy  
ground  
Where from distress a refuge might be  
found,  
And solitude prepare the soul for  
heaven;  
Sure, nature's God that spot to man had  
given  
Where falls the purple morning far and  
wide  
In flakes of light upon the mountain-  
side;  
Where with loud voice the power of  
water shakes  
The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.

Yet not unrecompensed the man  
shall roam,  
Who at the call of summer quits his  
home,  
And plods through some wide realm  
o'er vale and height,  
Though seeking only holiday de-  
light;  
At least, not owing to himself an  
aim  
To which the sage would give a prouder  
name.



No gains too cheaply earned his fancy  
 cloy,  
 Though every passing zephyr whispers  
 joy;  
 Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease,  
 Feeds the clear current of his sym-  
 pathies.  
 For him sod-seats the cottage-door  
 adorn;  
 And peeps the far-off spire, his evening  
 bourn!  
 Dear is the forest frowning o'er his  
 head,  
 And dear the velvet green-sward to his  
 tread:  
 Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's  
 flaming eye?  
 Upward he looks—"and calls it luxury?"  
 Kind Nature's charities his steps at-  
 tend;  
 In every babbling brook he finds a  
 friend;  
 While chastening thoughts of sweetest  
 use, bestowed  
 By wisdom, moralise his pensive road.  
 Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide  
 bower,  
 To his spare meal he calls the passing  
 poor;  
 He views the sun uplift his golden fire,  
 Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's  
 lyre;\*  
 Blesses the moon that comes with  
 kindly ray,  
 To light him shaken by his rugged  
 way.  
 Back from his sight no bashful children  
 steal;  
 He sits a brother at the cottage-meal;

His humble looks no shy restraint  
 impart;  
 Around him plays at will the virgin  
 heart.  
 While unsuspended wheels the village  
 dance,  
 The maidens eye him with enquiring  
 glance,  
 Much wondering by what fit of crazing  
 care,  
 Or desperate love, bewildered, he came  
 there.

A hope, that prudence could not  
 then approve,  
 That clung to Nature with a truant's  
 love,  
 O'er Gallia's wastes of corn my foot-  
 steps led;  
 Her files of road-elms, high above my head  
 In long-drawn vista, rustling in the  
 breeze;  
 Or where her pathways straggle as they  
 please  
 By lonely farms and secret villages.  
 But lo! the Alps, ascending white in air,  
 Toy with the sun and glitter from afar.

And now, emerging from the forest's  
 gloom,  
 I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn  
 thy doom.  
 Whither is fled that Power whose frown  
 severe  
 Awed sober Reason till she crouched in  
 fear?  
 That Silence, once in deathlike fetters  
 bound,  
 Chains that were loosened only by the  
 sound  
 Of holy rites chanted in measured  
 round?

\* The lyre of Memnon is reported to have  
 emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was  
 touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.

—The voice of blasphemy the fane  
alarms,  
The cloister startles at the gleam of  
arms.  
The thundering tube the aged angler  
hears,  
Bent o'er the groaning flood that sweeps  
away his tears.  
Cloud-piercing pine-trees nod their  
troubled heads,  
Spires, rocks, and lawns a browner  
night o'erspreads;  
Strong terror checks the female  
peasant's sighs,  
And start the astonished shades at  
female eyes.  
From Bruno's forest screams the  
affrighted jay,  
And slow the insulted eagle wheels  
away.  
A viewless flight of laughing Demon's  
mock  
The Cross, by angels planted\* on the  
aerial rock.  
The "parting Genius" sighs with  
hollow breath  
Along the mystic streams of Life and  
Death,†  
Swelling the outcry dull, that long  
resounds  
Portentous through her old woods'  
trackless bounds,  
Vallombre,‡ 'mid her falling fanes,  
deplores,  
For ever broke, the sabbath of her  
bowers.

---

\* Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the  
spiry rocks of Chartreuse, which have every  
appearance of being inaccessible.

† Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.

‡ Name of one of the valleys of the Char-  
treuse.

More pleased, my foot the hidden  
margin roves  
Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut  
groves.  
No meadows thrown between, the giddy  
steeps  
Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow  
deeps.  
—To towns, whose shades of no rude  
noise complain,  
From ringing team apart and grating  
wain—  
To flat-roofed towns, that touch the  
water's bound,  
Or lurk in woody sunless glens pro-  
found,  
Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive  
cling,  
And o'er the whitened wave their  
shadows fling—  
The pathway leads, as round the steeps  
it twines;  
And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.  
The loitering traveller hence, at evening,  
sees  
From rock-hewn steps the sail between  
the trees;  
Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-  
eyed maids  
Tend the small harvest of their garden  
glades;  
Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to  
view  
Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad  
and blue,  
And track the yellow lights from steep  
to steep,  
As up the opposing hills they slowly  
creep.  
Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed  
In golden light; half hides itself in  
shade:

While, from amid the darkened roofs,  
the spire,  
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like  
fire:

There, all unshaded, blazing forests  
throw

Rich golden verdure on the lake below.  
Slow glides the sail along the illumined  
shore,

And steals into the shade the lazy oar;  
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious  
sighs,

And amorous music on the water dies.

How blest, delicious scene! the eye  
that greets

Thy open beauties, or thy lone  
retreats;

Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood  
that scales

Thy cliffs; the endless waters of thy  
vales;

Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the  
shore,

Each with its household boat beside  
the door;

Thy torrents shooting from the clear-  
blue sky;

Thy towns that cleave, like swallows'  
nests, on high;

That glimmer hoar in eve's last light,  
descried

Dim from the twilight water's shaggy  
side,

Whence lutes and voices down the  
enchanted woods

Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten  
floods;

—Thy lake that, streaked or dappled,  
blue or gray,

'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from  
morning's ray

Slow-travelling down the western hills,  
to enfold

Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of  
gold;

Thy glittering steeples, whence the  
matin bell

Calls forth the woodman from his  
desert cell,

And quickens the blithe sound of oars  
that pass

Along the steaming lake, to early mass.  
But now farewell to each and all—

adieu

To every charm, and last and chief to  
you,

Ye lovely maidens that in noontide  
shade

Rest near your little plots of wheaten  
glade;

To all that binds the soul in powerless  
trance,

Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-tossing  
dance;

Where sparkling eyes and breaking  
smiles illumine

The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.

—Alas! the very murmur of the streams  
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous  
dreams,

While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind  
to dwell

On joys that might disgrace the cap-  
tive's cell,

Her shameless timbrel shakes on  
Como's marge,

And lures from bay to bay the vocal  
barge.

Yet are thy softer arts with power  
indued

To soothe and cheer the poor man's  
solitude.

By silent cottage-doors, the peasant's  
 home  
 Left vacant for the day, I loved to  
 roam.  
 But once I pierced the mazes of a wood  
 In which a cabin undeserted stood;  
 There an old man an olden measure  
 scanned  
 On a rude viol touched with withered  
 hand.  
 As lambs or fawns in April clustering lie  
 Under a hoary oak's thin canopy,  
 Stretched at his feet, with steadfast  
 upward eye,  
 His children's children listened to the  
 sound;  
 —A Hermit with his family around!

But let us hence; for fair Locarno  
 smiles  
 Embowered in walnut slopes and citron  
 isles:  
 Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's  
 stream,  
 Where, 'mid dim towers and woods,  
 her\* waters gleam.  
 From the bright wave, in solemn gloom,  
 retire  
 The dull-red steeps, and, darkening  
 still, aspire  
 To where afar rich orange lustres glow  
 Round undistinguished clouds, and  
 rocks, and snow:  
 Or, led where Via Mala's chasms  
 confine  
 The indignant waters of the infant  
 Rhine,  
 Hang o'er the abyss, whose else imper-  
 vious gloom  
 His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.

\* The river along whose banks you descend  
 in crossing the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

The mind condemned, without re-  
 prieve, to go  
 O'er life's long deserts with its charge  
 of woe,  
 With sad congratulation joins the  
 train  
 Where beasts and men together o'er the  
 plain  
 Move on—a mighty caravan of pain:  
 Hope, strength, and courage, social  
 suffering brings,  
 Freshening the wilderness with shades  
 and springs.  
 —There be whose lot far otherwise is  
 cast:  
 Sole human tenant of the piny waste,  
 By choice or doom a gipsy wanders  
 here,  
 A nursing babe her only comforter;  
 Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy  
 rock,  
 A cowering shape half hid in curling  
 smoke!

When lightning among clouds and  
 mountain-snows  
 Predominates, and darkness comes and  
 goes,  
 And the fierce torrent at the flashes  
 broad  
 Starts, like a horse, beside the glaring  
 road—  
 She seeks a covert from the battering  
 shower  
 In the roofed bridge;\* the bridge, in  
 that dread hour,  
 Itself all trembling at the torrent's  
 power.

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\* Most of the bridges among the Alps are of  
 wood, and covered: these bridges have a heavy  
 appearance, and rather injure the effect of the  
 scenery in some places.

Nor is she more at ease on some *still*  
 night,  
 When not a star supplies the comfort of  
 its light;  
 Only the waning moon hangs dull and  
 red  
 Above a melancholy mountain's head,  
 Then sets. In total gloom the Vagrant  
 sighs,  
 Stoops her sick head, and shuts her  
 weary eyes;  
 Or on her fingers counts the distant  
 clock,  
 Or to the drowsy crow of midnight  
 cock  
 Listens, or quakes while from the  
 forest's gulf  
 Howls near and nearer yet the famished  
 wolf.

From the green vale of Urseren  
 smooth and wide  
 Descend we now, the maddened Reuss  
 our guide;  
 By rocks that, shutting out the blessed  
 day,  
 Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as  
 they;  
 By cells \* upon whose image, while he  
 prays,  
 The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to  
 gaze;  
 By many a votive death-cross † planted  
 near,  
 And watered duly with the pious tear, †

\* The Catholic religion prevails here: these cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman temple, along the road side.

† Crosses, commemorative of the deaths of travellers, by the fall of snow and other accidents, are very common along this dreadful road.

That faded silent from the upward eye  
 Unmoved with each rude form 'of peril  
 nigh;  
 Fixed on the anchor left by Him who  
 saves  
 Alike in whelming snows and roaring  
 waves.

But soon a peopled region on the  
 sight  
 Opens—a little world of calm delight;  
 Where mists, suspended on the expiring  
 gale,  
 Spread rooflike o'er the deep secluded  
 vale,  
 And beams of evening, slipping in  
 between,  
 Gently illuminate a sober scene:—  
 Here, on the brown wood-cottages \*  
 they sleep,  
 There, over rock or sloping pasture  
 creep.  
 On as we journey, in clear view dis-  
 played,  
 The still vale lengthens underneath its  
 shade  
 Of low-hung vapour: on the freshened  
 mead  
 The green light sparkles;—the dim  
 bowers recede.  
 While pastoral pipes and streams the  
 landscape lull, [dull,  
 And bells of passing mules that tinkle  
 In solemn shapes before the admiring  
 eye  
 Dilated hang the misty pines on high,  
 Huge convent domes with pinnacles  
 and towers,  
 And antique castles seen through gleamy  
 showers.

\* The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood.

From such romantic dreams, my  
 soul, awake  
 To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's  
 lake,  
 In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,  
 Winds neither road nor path for foot to  
 tread:  
 The rocks rise naked as a wall, or  
 stretch  
 Far o'er the water, hung with groves of  
 beech;  
 Aerial pines from loftier steeps ascend,  
 Nor stop but where creation seems to  
 end.  
 Yet here and there, if 'mid the savage  
 scene  
 Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,  
 Up from the lake a zigzag path will  
 creep  
 To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly  
 on the steep.  
 —Before those thresholds (never can  
 they know  
 The face of traveller passing to and fro,)  
 No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell  
 For whom at morning tolled the funeral  
 bell;  
 Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark  
 forgoes,  
 Touched by the beggar's moan of  
 human woes;  
 The shady porch ne'er offered a cool  
 seat  
 To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat.  
 Yet thither the world's business finds its  
 way  
 At times, and tales unsought beguile  
 the day,  
 And *there* are those fond thoughts  
 which Solitude,  
 However stern, is powerless to exclude.

There doth the maiden watch her  
 lover's sail  
 Approaching, and upbraid the tardy  
 gale;  
 At midnight listens till his parting  
 oar,  
 And its last echo, can be heard no more.

And what if ospreys, cormorants,  
 herons cry,  
 Amid tempestuous vapours driving by,  
 Or hovering over wastes too bleak to  
 rear  
 That common growth of earth, the  
 foodful ear;  
 Where the green apple shrivels on the  
 spray,  
 And pines the unripened pear in sum-  
 mer's kindest ray;  
 Contentment shares the desolate domain  
 With Independence, child of high  
 Disdain.  
 Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,  
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom  
 flies,  
 And grasps by fits her sword, and often  
 eyes;  
 And sometimes, as from rock to rock  
 she bounds,  
 The Patriot nymph starts at imagined  
 sounds,  
 And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs  
 aghast,  
 Whether some old Swiss air hath  
 checked her haste,  
 Or thrill of Spartan life is caught be-  
 tween the blast.

Swoln with incessant rains from hour  
 to hour,  
 All day the floods a deepening murmur  
 pour:

The sky is veiled, and every cheerful  
sight:  
Dark is the region as with coming  
night;  
But what a sudden burst of over-  
powering light!  
Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,  
Glances the wheeling eagle's glorious  
form!  
Eastward, in long perspective glittering,  
shine  
The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the  
lake recline;  
Those lofty cliffs a hundred streams  
unfold,  
At once to pillars turned that flame  
with gold:  
Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to  
shun  
The *west*, that burns like one dilated  
sun,  
A crucible of mighty compass, felt  
By mountains, glowing till they seem to  
melt.

But, lo! the boatman, overawed.  
before  
The pictured fane of Tell suspends his  
oar;  
Confused the Marathonian tale appears,  
While his eyes sparkle with heroic  
tears.  
And who, that walks where men of  
ancient days  
Have wrought with godlike arm the  
deeds of praise,  
Feels not the spirit of the place control,  
Or rouse and agitate his labouring  
soul?  
Say, who, by thinking on Canadian  
hills,  
Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,

On Zutphen's plain, or on that high  
land dell,  
Through which rough Garry cleaves:  
his way, can tell  
What high resolves exalt the tenderest  
thought  
Of him whom passion rivets to the  
spot,  
Where breathed the gale that caught  
Wolfe's happiest sigh,  
And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's  
eye;  
Where bleeding Sidney from the cup  
retired,  
And glad Dundee in "faint huzzas  
expired?

But now with other mind I stand  
alone  
Upon the summit of this naked  
cone,  
And watch the fearless chamois-hunter  
chase  
His prey, through tracts abrupt and  
desolate space,  
\* Through vacant worlds where Nature  
never gave  
A brook to murmur or a bough to  
wave,  
Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred  
keep;  
Thro' worlds where Life, and Voice  
and Motion sleep;  
Where silent hours their death-like  
sway extend,  
Save when the avalanche breaks loose  
to rend

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\* For most of the images in the next sixteen  
verses, I am indebted to M. Raymond's in-  
teresting observations, annexed to his trans-  
lation of Cox's Tour in Switzerland.

Its way with uproar, till the ruin,  
 drowned  
 In some dense wood or gulf of snow  
 profound,  
 Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf  
 abortive sound.  
 —'Tis his, while wandering on from  
 height to height,  
 To see a planet's pomp and steady  
 light  
 In the least star of scarce-appearing  
 night;  
 While the pale moon moves near him,  
 on the bound  
 Of ether, shining with diminished round,  
 And far and wide the icy summits  
 blaze,  
 Rejoicing in the glory of her rays:  
 To him the day-star glitters small and  
 bright,  
 Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,  
 And he can look beyond the sun,  
 and view  
 Those fast-receding depths of sable  
 blue  
 Flying till vision can no more pursue!  
 —At once bewildering mists around  
 him close,  
 And cold and hunger are his least of  
 woes;  
 The Demon of the snow, with angry  
 roar  
 Descending, shuts for aye his prison  
 door.  
 Soon with despair's whole weight his  
 spirits sink;  
 Bread has he none, the snow must be  
 his drink;  
 And, ere his eyes can close upon the  
 day,  
 The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her  
 prey.

Now couch thyself where, heard with  
 fear afar,  
 Thunders through echoing pines the  
 headlong Aar;  
 Or rather stay to taste the mild delights  
 Of pensive Underwalden's \* pastoral  
 heights.  
 —Is there who 'mid these awful wilds  
 has seen  
 The native Genii walk the mountain  
 green?  
 Or heard, while other worlds their  
 charms reveal,  
 Soft music o'er the aerial summit  
 steal?  
 While o'er the desert, answering every  
 close,  
 Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes  
 and goes.  
 —And sure there is a secret Power  
 that reigns  
 Here, where no trace of man the spot  
 profanes,  
 Nought but the *chalets*,† flat and bare,  
 on high  
 Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky;  
 Or distant herds that pasturing upward  
 creep,  
 And, not untended, climb the dangerous  
 steep.  
 How still! no irreligious sound or  
 sight  
 Rouses the soul from her severe delight.  
 An idle voice the sabbath region fills  
 Of Deep that calls to Deep across the  
 hills,

\* The people of this Canton are supposed to  
 be of a more melancholy disposition than the  
 other inhabitants of the Alps; this, if true,  
 may proceed from their living more secluded.

† This picture is from the middle region of  
 the Alps. *Chalets* are summer huts for the  
 Swiss herdsmen.



And with that voice accords the  
 soothing sound  
 Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling  
 round;  
 Faint wail of eagle melting into  
 blue  
 Beneath the cliffs, and pine-wood's  
 steady *sigh*;<sup>\*</sup>  
 The solitary heifer's deepened low;  
 Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling  
 snow.  
 All motions, sounds, and voices, far  
 and nigh.  
 Blend in a music of tranquillity;  
 Save when, a stranger seen below, the  
 boy  
 Shouts from the echoing hills with  
 savage joy.

When, from the sunny breast of open  
 seas.  
 And bays with myrtle fringed, the  
 southern breeze  
 Comes on to gladden April with the  
 sight  
 Of green isles widening on each snow-  
 cld height:  
 When shouts and lowing herds the  
 valley fill.  
 And louder torrents stun the noon-tide  
 hill.  
 The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs to  
 scale,  
 Leaving to silence the deserted  
 vale;  
 And, like the Patriarchs in their  
 simple age.  
 Move, as the verdure leads, from stage  
 to stage:

High and more high in summer's heat  
 they go.  
 And hear the rattling thunder far  
 below;  
 Or steal beneath the mountains, half-  
 deterred.  
 Where huge rocks tremble to the  
 bellowing herd.

One I behold who, 'cross the foam-  
 ing flood,  
 Leaps with a bound of graceful hardi-  
 hood;  
 Another high on that green ledge;—he  
 gained  
 The tempting spot with every sinew  
 strained;  
 And downward thence a knot of grass  
 he throws,  
 Food for his beasts in time of winter  
 snows.  
 —Far different life from what Tradition  
 hoar  
 Transmits of happier lot in times of  
 yore!  
 Then Summer lingered long; and honey  
 flowed  
 From out the rocks, the wild bees' safe  
 abode:  
 Continual waters welling cheered the  
 waste.  
 And plants were wholesome, now of  
 deadly taste:  
 Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had  
 piled.  
 Usurping where the fairest herbage  
 smiled:  
 Nor Hunger driven the herds from  
 pastures bare.  
 To climb the treacherous cliffs for  
 scanty fare.

<sup>\*</sup>Such, a Scotch word expressive of the  
 sound of the wind through the trees.

Then the milk-thistle flourished through  
 the land,  
 And forced the full-swoln udder to  
 demand,  
 Thrice every day, the pail and welcome  
 hand.  
 Thus does the father to his children  
 tell  
 Of banished bliss, by fancy loved too  
 well.  
 Alas! that human guilt provoked the  
 rod  
 Of angry Nature to avenge her God.  
 Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts  
 Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

'Tis morn: with gold the verdant  
 mountain glows;  
 More high, the snowy peaks with hues  
 of rose.  
 Far-stretched beneath the many-tinted  
 hills,  
 A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,  
 A solemn sea! whose billows wide  
 around  
 Stand motionless, to awful silence  
 bound:  
 Pines, on the coast, through mist their  
 tops uprear,  
 That like to leaning masts of stranded  
 ships appear.  
 A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy  
 blue,  
 Gapes in the centre of the sea—and,  
 through  
 That dark mysterious gulf ascending,  
 sound  
 Innumerable streams with roar pro-  
 found.  
 Mount through the nearer vapours  
 notes of birds,  
 And merry flageolet: the low of herds,

The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling  
 bell,  
 Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-  
 tower knell:  
 Think not the peasant from aloft has  
 gazed  
 And heard with heart unmoved, with  
 soul unraised:  
 Nor is his spirit less enrapt, nor  
 less  
 Alive to independent happiness,  
 Then, when he lies, out-stretched, at  
 even-tide  
 Upon the fragrant mountain's purple  
 side:  
 For as the pleasures of his simple  
 day  
 Beyond his native valley seldom stray,  
 Nought round its darling precincts can  
 he find  
 But brings some past enjoyment to his  
 mind;  
 While Hope, reclining upon Pleasure's  
 urn,  
 Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers  
 his return.

Once, Man entirely free, alone and  
 wild,  
 Was blest as free—for he was Nature's  
 child.  
 He, all superior but his God dis-  
 dained,  
 Walked none restraining, and by none  
 restrained:  
 Confessed no law but what his reason  
 taught,  
 Did all he wished, and wished but what  
 he ought.  
 As man in his primeval dower arrayed  
 The image of his glorious Sire dis-  
 played,

Even so, by faithful Nature guarded,  
 here  
 The traces of primeval Man appear;  
 The simple dignity no forms debase;  
 The eye sublime, and surly lion-  
 grace:  
 The slave of none, of beasts alone the  
 lord,  
 His book he prizes, nor neglects his  
 sword;  
 —Well taught by that to feel his rights,  
 prepared  
 With this "the blessings he enjoys to  
 guard."

And as his native hills encircle  
 ground  
 For many a marvellous victory re-  
 nowned,  
 The work of Freedom daring to oppose,  
 With few in arms,\* innumerable foes,  
 When to those famous fields his steps  
 are led,  
 An unknown power connects him with  
 the dead:  
 For images of other worlds are there;  
 Awful the light, and holy is the air.  
 Fitfully, and in flashes, through his  
 soul,  
 Like sun-lit tempests, troubled trans-  
 ports roll;

---

\*Alluding to several battles which the Swiss  
 in very small numbers have gained over their  
 oppressors, the House of Austria; and, in par-  
 ticular, to one fought at Næffels near Glarus,  
 where three hundred and thirty men are said to  
 have defeated an army of between fifteen and  
 twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the  
 valley are to be found eleven stones, with this  
 inscription, 1383, the year the battle was  
 fought, marking out, as I was told upon the  
 spot, the several places where the Austrians,  
 attempting to make a stand, were repulsed  
 anew.

His bosom heaves, his Spirit towers,  
 amain,  
 Beyond the senses and their little  
 reign.

And oft, when that dread vision hath  
 past by,  
 He holds with God himself communion  
 high,  
 There where the peal of swelling  
 torrents fills  
 The sky-roofed temple of the eternal  
 hills;  
 Or, when upon the mountain's silent  
 brow  
 Reclined, he sees, above him and  
 below,  
 Bright stars of ice and azure fields of  
 snow;  
 While needle peaks of granite shooting  
 bare  
 Tremble in ever-varying tints of  
 air.  
 And when a gathering weight of  
 shadows brown  
 Falls on the valleys as the sun goes  
 down;  
 And Pikes, of darkness named and fear  
 and storms,\*  
 Uplift in quiet their illumined  
 forms,  
 In sea-like reach of prospect round him  
 spread,  
 Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy  
 red—  
 Awe in his breast with holiest love  
 unites,  
 And the near heavens impart their own  
 delights.

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\*As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror;  
 Wetter-Horn, the pike of storms, etc., etc.

When downward to his winter hut he  
goes,

Dear and more dear the lessening circle  
grows;

That hut which on the hills so oft  
employs

His thoughts, the central point of all  
his joys.

And as a swallow, at the hour of rest,  
Peeps often ere she darts into her nest,  
So to the homestead, where the grand-  
sire tends

A little prattling child, he oft descends,  
To glance a look upon the well-matched  
pair;

Till storm and driving ice blockade  
him there.

There, safely guarded by the woods  
behind,

He hears the chiding of the baffled  
wind,

Hears Winter calling all his terrors  
round,

And, blest within himself, he shrinks  
not from the sound.

Through Nature's vale his homely  
pleasures glide,

Unstained by envy, discontent, and  
pride;

The bound of all his vanity, to deem,  
With one bright bell a favourite heifer's  
neck;

Well pleased upon some simple annual  
feast,

Remembered half the year and hoped  
the rest,

If dairy-produce, from his inner hoard,  
Of three ten summers dignify the  
board.

—Alas! in every clime a flying ray  
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way;

And here the unwilling mind may more  
than trace

The general sorrows of the human race:  
The churlish gales of penury, that blow  
Cold as the north-wind o'er a waste of  
snow,

To them the gentle groups of bliss deny  
That on the noon-day bank of leisure  
lie.

Yet more;—compelled by Powers which  
only deign

That *solitary* man disturb their reign,  
Powers that support an unremitting  
strife

With all the tender charities of life,  
Full oft the father, when his sons have  
grown

To manhood, seems their title to dis-  
own;

And from his nest amid the storms of  
heaven

Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was  
driven;

With stern composure watches to the  
plain—

And never, eagle-like, beholds again!

When long familiar joys are all  
resigned,

Why does their sad remembrance haunt  
the mind?

Lo! where through flat Batavia's wil-  
lowy groves,

Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves;  
O'er the curled waters Alpine measures  
swell,

And search the affections to their  
inmost cell;

Sweet poison spreads along the listener's  
veins,

Turning past pleasures into mortal  
pains;

Poison, which not a frame of steel can  
brave,  
Bows his young head with sorrow to  
the grave.\*

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song  
resume!  
Ye flattering eastern lights, once more  
the hills illumine!  
Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious  
morn,  
And thou, lost fragrance of the heart,  
return!  
Alas! the little joy to man allowed  
Fades like the lustre of an evening  
cloud;  
Or 'like the beauty in a flower  
installed,  
Whose season was, and cannot be  
recalled.  
Yet, when opprest by sickness, grief, or  
care,  
And taught that pain is pleasure's  
natural heir,  
We still confide in more than we can  
know;  
Death would be else the favourite  
friend of woe.

'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow  
that shine,  
Between interminable tracts of pine.  
Within a temple stands an awful  
shrine,  
By an uncertain light revealed, that  
falls  
On the mute Image and the troubled  
walls.

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\* The well-known effect of the famous air,  
called in French *Ranz des Vaches*, upon the  
Swiss troops.

Oh! give not me that eye of hard  
disdain  
That views, undimmed, Einsiedlen's\*  
wretched fane.  
While ghastly faces through the gloom  
appear,  
Abortive joy, and hope that works in  
fear;  
While prayer contends with silenced  
agony,  
Surely in other thoughts contempt may  
die.  
If the sad grave of human ignorance  
bear  
One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave  
it there!

The tall sun, pausing on an Alpine  
spire.  
Flings o'er the wilderness a stream of  
fire:  
Now meet we other pilgrims ere the day  
Close on the remnant of their weary  
way;  
While they are drawing toward the  
sacred floor  
Where, so they fondly think, the worm  
shall gnaw no more.  
How gaily murmur and how sweetly  
taste  
The fountains† reared for them amid  
the waste!  
Their thirst they slake:—they wash  
their toil-worn feet,  
And some with tears of joy each other  
greet.

---

\* This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of  
relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the  
Catholic world, labouring under mental or  
bodily afflictions.

† Rude fountains built and covered with  
sheds for the accommodation of the Pilgrims,  
in their ascent of the mountain.

Yes, I must see you when ye first  
behold

Those holy turrets tipped with evening  
gold,

In that glad moment will for you a  
sigh

Be heaved of charitable sympathy;

In that glad moment when your hands  
are prest

In mute devotion on the thankful  
breast!

Last, let us turn to Chamouny that  
shields

With rocks and gloomy woods her  
fertile fields:

Five streams of ice amid her cots  
descend,

And with wild flowers and blooming  
orchards blend;—

A scene more fair than what the Grecian  
feigns

Of purple lights and ever-vernal  
plains;

Here all the seasons revel hand in  
hand:

'Mid lawns and shades by breezy  
rivulets fanned,

They sport beneath that mountain's  
matchless height

That holds no commerce with the  
summer night.

From age to age, throughout his lonely  
bounds

The crash of ruin fitfully re-  
sounds;

Appalling havoc! but serene his  
brow,

Where daylight lingers on perpetual  
snow;

Glitter the stars above, and all is black  
below.

What marvel then if many a Wan-  
derer sigh,

While roars the sullen Arve in anger  
by,

That not for thy reward, unrivall'd  
Vale!

Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal  
gale;

That thou, the slave of slaves, art  
doomed to pine

And droop, while no Italian arts are  
thine,

To soothe or cheer, to soften or  
refine.

Hail Freedom! whether it was mine  
to stray,

With 'shrill winds whistling round my  
lonely way,

On the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-  
clad moors,

Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scot-  
land's shores;

To scent the sweets of Piedmont's  
breathing rose,

And orange gale that o'er Lugano  
blows;

Still have I found, where Tyranny pre-  
vails,

That virtue languishes and pleasure  
fails,

While the remotest hamlets blessings  
share

In thy loved presence known, and only  
there;

*Heart*-blessings—outward treasures too  
which the eye

Of the sun peeping through the clouds  
can spy,

And every passing breeze will  
testify.

There, to the porch, belike with jasmine bound  
 Or woodbine wreaths, a smother path is wound;  
 The housewife there a brighter garden sees,  
 Where hum on busier wing her happy bees;  
 On infant cheeks there fresher roses blow;  
 And gray-haired men look up with livelier brow,—  
 To greet the traveller needing food and rest;  
 Housed for the night, or but a half-hour's guest.  
  
 And oh, fair France! though now the traveller sees  
 Thy three-striped banner fluctuate on the breeze;  
 Though martial songs have banished songs of love,  
 And nightingales desert the village grove,  
 Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's alarms,  
 And the short thunder, and the flash of arms;  
 That cease not till night falls, when far and nigh,  
 Sole sound, the Sourd\* prolongs his mournful cry;  
 —Yet hast thou found that Freedom spreads her power  
 Beyond the cottage hearth, the cottage-door:

All nature smiles, and owns beneath her eyes . . .  
 Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.  
 Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's waters glide  
 Through rustling aspens heard from side to side,  
 When from October clouds a milder light  
 Fell where the blue flood rippled into white;  
 Methought from every cot the watchful bird  
 Crowed with ear-piercing power till then unheard;  
 Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams,  
 Rocked the charmed thought in more delightful dreams;  
 Chasing those pleasant dreams, the falling leaf  
 Awoke a fainter sense of moral grief;  
 The measured echo of the distant flail  
 Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale;  
 With more majestic course\* the water rolled,  
 And ripening foilage shone with richer gold.  
 —But foes are gathering—Liberty must raise  
 Red on the hills her beacon's far-seen blaze;

---

\* An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

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\* The duties upon many parts of the French rivers were so exorbitant, that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriage, were obliged to transport their goods by land.

Must bid the tocsin ring from tower to  
tower!—  
Nearer and nearer comes the trying  
hour!  
Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's  
perverted ire  
Rouse hell's own aid, and wrap thy  
fields in fire:  
Lo, from the flames a great and glorious  
birth;  
As if a new-made heaven were hailing  
a new earth!  
—All cannot be: the promise is too  
fair  
For creatures doomed to breathe terres-  
trial air:  
Yet not for this will sober reason  
frown  
Upon that promise, nor the hope dis-  
own;  
She knows that only from high aims  
ensue  
Rich guerdons, and to them alone are  
due.

Great God! by whom the strifes of  
men are weighed  
In an impartial balance, give thine aid  
To the just cause; and, oh! do thou  
preside  
Over the mighty stream now spreading  
wide:  
So shall its waters, from the heavens  
supplied  
In copious showers, from earth by  
wholesome springs,  
Brood o'er the long-parched lands with  
Nile-like wings!  
And grant that every sceptred child of  
clay  
Who cries presumptuous, "Here the  
flood shall stay,"

May in its progress see thy guiding  
hand,  
And cease the acknowledged purpose  
to withstand;  
Or, swept in anger from the insulted  
shore,  
Sink with his servile bands, to rise no  
more!

To-night, my Friend, within this  
humble cot  
Be scorn and fear and hope alike  
forgot  
In timely sleep; and when, at break of  
day,  
On the tall peaks the glistening sun-  
beams play,  
With a light heart our course we may  
renew,  
The first whose footsteps print the  
mountain dew.

---

### LINES

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands  
near the lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate  
part of the shore, commanding a beautiful  
prospect.

NAV, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-  
tree stands  
Far from all human dwelling: what if  
here  
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant  
herb?  
What if the bee love not these barren  
boughs?  
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the  
curling waves,  
That break against the shore, shall lull  
thy mind



By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.      And juniper and thistle, sprinkled  
 —Who he was      o'er,  
 That piled these stones and with the      Fixing his downcast eye, he many an  
     mossy sod      hour  
 First covered, and here taught this      A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing  
     aged Tree      here  
 With its dark arms to form a circling      An emblem of his own unfruitful  
     bower,      life:  
 I well remember.—He was one who      And, lifting up his head, he then would  
     owned      gaze  
 No common soul. In youth by science      On the more distant scene,—how lovely  
     nursed.      'tis  
 And led by nature into a wild      Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it  
     scene      became  
 Of lofty hopes, he to the world went      Far lovelier, and his heart could not  
     forth      sustain  
 A favoured Being, knowing no      The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor,  
     desire      that time,  
 Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst      When nature had subdued him to  
     the taint      herself,  
 Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and      Would he forget those Beings to whose  
     hate,      minds  
 And scorn,—against all enemies pre-      Warm from the labours of benevo-  
     pared,      lence  
 All but neglect. The world, for so it      The world, and human life, appeared a  
     thought,      scene  
 Owed him no service; wherefore he at      Of kindred loveliness: then he would  
     once      sigh,  
 With indignation turned himself      Inly disturbed, to think that others  
     away,      felt  
 And with the food of pride sustained      What he must never feel: and so, lost  
     his soul,      Man!  
 In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy      On visionary views would fancy  
     boughs      feed,  
 Had charms for him; and here he      Till his eye streamed with tears. In  
     loved to sit,      this deep vale  
 His only visitants a straggling      He died,—this seat his only monument.  
     sheep,  
 The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-      If Thou be one whose heart the holy  
     piper:      forms  
 And on these barren rocks, with fern      Of young imagination have kept  
     and heath,      pure,

Stranger! henceforth be warned; and  
 know that pride,  
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,  
 Is littleness; that he who feels contempt  
 For any living thing, hath faculties  
 Which he has never used; that thought  
 with him  
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
 Is ever on himself doth look on one,  
 The least of Nature's works, one who  
 might move

The wise man to that scorn which  
 wisdom holds  
 Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!  
 Instructed that true knowledge leads  
 to love;  
 True dignity abides with him alone  
 Who, in the silent hour of inward  
 thought,  
 Can still suspect, and still revere  
 himself  
 In lowliness of heart.

## REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

My heart leaps up when I behold  
 A rainbow in the sky:  
 So was it when my life began;  
 So is it now I am a man;  
 So be it when I shall grow old,  
 Or let me die!  
 The child is father of the man;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

A very hunter did I rush  
 Upon the prey:—with leaps and  
 springs  
 I followed on from brake to bush;  
 But she, God love her! feared to brush  
 The dust from off its wings.

### FORESIGHT.

#### TO A BUTTERFLY.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight!  
 A little longer stay in sight!  
 Much converse do I find in thee,  
 Historian of my infancy!  
 Float near me; do not yet depart!  
 Dead times revive in thee:  
 Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!  
 A solemn image to my heart,  
 My father's family!

THAT is work of waste and ruin—  
 Do as Charles and I are doing!  
 Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,  
 We must spare them—here are many:  
 Look at it—the flower is small,  
 Small and low, though fair as any:  
 Do not touch it! summers two  
 I am older, Anne, than you.

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,  
 The time, when, in our childish plays,  
 My sister Emmeline and I  
 Together chased the butterfly!

Pull the primrose, sister Anne!  
 Pull as many as you can.  
 —Here are daisies, take your fill;  
 Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower:  
 Of the lofty daffodil  
 Make your bed, and make your bower;  
 Fill your lap, and fill your bosom;  
 Only spare the strawberry-blossom!

Primroses, the spring may love them :  
 Summer knows but little of them :  
 Violets, a barren kind,  
 Withered on the ground must lie ;  
 Daisies leave no fruit behind  
 When the pretty flowerets die ;  
 Pluck them, and another year  
 As many will be blowing here.

Forth-startled from the fern where she  
 lay couched ;  
 Unthought of, unexpected, as the stir  
 Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow  
 flowers :  
 Or from before it chasing wantonly  
 The many-coloured images impressed  
 Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

God has given a kindlier power  
 To the favoured strawberry-flower.  
 Hither soon as spring is fled  
 You and Charles and I will walk ;  
 Lurking berries, ripe and red,  
 Then will hang on every stalk,  
 Each within its leafy bower ;  
 And for that promise spare the flower !

### CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

LOVING she is, and tractable, though  
 wild ;  
 And innocence hath privilege in her  
 To dignify arch looks and laughing  
 eyes ; [round  
 And feats of cunning ; and the pretty  
 Of trespasses, affected to provoke  
 Mock-chastisement and partnership in  
 play.  
 And, as a faggot sparkles on the  
 hearth, -  
 Not less if unattended and alone  
 Than when both young and old sit  
 gathered round  
 And take delight in its activity,  
 Even so this happy creature of her-  
 self  
 Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her  
 Is blithe society, who fills the air  
 With gladness and involuntary songs.  
 Light are her sallies as the tripping  
 fawn's

### ADDRESS TO A CHILD DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

BY MY SISTER.

WHAT way does the wind come ?  
 What way does he go ?  
 He rides over the water and over the  
 snow,  
 Through wood, and through vale ; and  
 o'er rocky height,  
 Which the goat cannot climb, takes his  
 sounding flight ;  
 He tosses about in every bare tree,  
 As, if you look up, you plainly may  
 see ; [goes  
 But how he will come and whither he  
 There's never a scholar in England  
 knows.  
 He will suddenly stop in a cunning  
 nook  
 And ring a sharp 'larum !—but if you  
 should look,  
 There's nothing to see but a cushion  
 of snow  
 Round as a pillow and whiter than  
 milk,  
 And softer than if it were covered  
 with silk. [rock,  
 Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a  
 Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard  
 cock ;

—Yet seek him,— and what shall you  
find in the place?

Nothing but silence and empty space;  
Save, in a corner a heap of dry leaves,  
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars  
or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow,  
with me

You shall go to the orchard, and then  
you will see

That he has been there, and made a  
great rout,

And cracked the branches, and strewn  
them about;

Heaven grant that he spare but that  
one upright twig

That looked up at the sky so proud  
and big

All last summer, as well you know,  
Studded with apples, a beautiful  
show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,  
And growls as if he would fix his claws  
Right in the slates, and with a huge  
rattle

Drive them down like men in a battle;  
—But let him range round; he does  
us no harm,

We build up the fire, we're snug and  
warm;

Untouched by his breath see the  
candle shines bright,

And burns with a clear and steady  
light;

Books have we to read,—but that half-  
stified knell—

Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight  
o'clock bell.

—Come now, we'll to bed! and when  
we are there

He may work his own will, and what  
shall we care?

He may knock at the door,—we'll not  
let him in;

May drive at the windows,—we'll  
laugh at his din;

Let him seek his own home wherever  
it be; [and me.

Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edward

## THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

BY THE SAME.

A MONTH, sweet little ones, 'is passed  
Since your dear mother went away,—  
And she to-morrow will return;  
To-morrow is the happy day.

Oh, blessed tidings! thought of joy!  
The eldest heard with steady glee;  
Silent he stood; then laughed amain,  
And shouted, "Mother, come to me!"

Louder and louder did he shout,  
With witless hope to bring her near;  
"Nay, patience! patience, little boy!  
Your tender mother cannot hear."

I told of hills, and far-off towns,  
And long, long vales to travel  
through;—

He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,  
But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast:  
She wars not with the mystery  
Of time and distance, night and day,  
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy  
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;  
She dances, runs without an aim,  
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,  
And echoes back his sister's glee;  
They hug the infant in my arms,  
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,  
We rested in the garden bower ;  
While sweetly shone the evening sun  
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—  
Our rambles by the swift brook's side  
Far as the willow-skirted pool,  
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,  
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,  
Of birds that build their nests and  
sing,

And "all since mother went away."

To her these tales they will repeat,  
To her our new-born tribes will show,  
The goslings green, the ass's colt,  
The lambs that in the meadow go.

—But, see, the evening star comes  
forth!

To bed the children must depart ;  
A moment's heaviness they feel,  
A sadness at the heart :

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit  
They run up stairs in gamesome race ;  
I, too, infected by their mood,—  
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and, oh, the  
change!

Asleep upon their beds they lie ;  
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,  
And closed the sparkling eye.

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#### LUCY GRAY ; OR, SOLITUDE.

OfT I had heard of Lucy Gray :  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;  
She dwelt on a wide moor—  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green ;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go ;  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do :  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,  
And snapped a faggot band ;  
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :  
She wandered up and down ;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb ;  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide ;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor ;  
And thence they saw the bridge of  
wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward,  
cried,  
"In heaven we all shall meet :"  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's  
edge  
They tracked the footmarks small ;  
And through the broken hawthorn  
hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :  
The marks were still the same ;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank ;  
And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child ;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the 'lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind ;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

#### ALICE FELL ; OR, POVERTY.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,  
For threatening clouds the moon had  
drowned ;  
When, as we hurried on, my ear  
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,  
I heard the sound—and more and  
more :

It seemed to follow with the chaise,  
And still I heard it as before

WO.

At length I to the boy called out ;  
He stopped his horses at the word ;  
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and  
fast  
The horses scampered through the  
rain ;  
But, hearing soon upon the blast  
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,  
"Whence comes," said I, "this piteous  
moan ?"

And there a little girl I found,  
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

"My cloak !" no other word she spake,  
But loud and bitterly she wept,  
As if her innocent heart would break ;  
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child ?" She sobbed,  
"Look here !"

I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
A weather-beaten rag as e'er  
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,  
It hung, nor could at once be freed ;  
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,  
A miserable rag indeed !

"And whither are you going, child,  
To-night along these lonesome ways ?"  
"To Durham," answered she, half  
wild—  
"Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief  
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send  
Sob after sob, as if her grief  
Could never, never have an end.

B

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"  
 She checked herself in her distress,  
 And said, "My name is Alice Fell;  
 I'm fatherless and motherless."

"And I to Durham, sir, belong."  
 Again, as if the thought would  
     choke

Her very heart, her grief grew strong;  
 And all was for her tattered cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's  
     end

Was nigh; and sitting by my side.  
 As if she had lost her only friend,  
 She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post;  
 Of Alice and her grief I told;  
 And I gave money to the host,  
 To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil gray,  
 As warm a cloak as man can sell!"  
 Proud creature was she the next day,  
 The little orphan, Alice Fell!

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### WE ARE SEVEN.

—————A SIMPLE child,  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in every limb,  
 What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:  
 She was eight years old, she said;  
 Her hair was thick with many a curl  
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
 And she was wildly clad:  
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair;  
 Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
 How many may you be?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said  
 And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you  
     tell."

She answered, "Seven are we;  
 And two of us at Conway dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
 My sister and my brother;  
 And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
 Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea,  
 Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,  
 Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,  
 "Seven boys and girls are we;  
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
 Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
 Your limbs they are alive,  
 If two are in the churchyard laid,  
 Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be  
     seen,"

The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my  
     mother's door,  
 And they are side by side:

"My stockings there I often knit,  
 My kerchief there I hem:  
 And there upon the ground I sit,  
 And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,  
 When it is light and fair,  
 I take my little porringer,  
 And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;  
And when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with  
snow,

And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"

Quick was the little maid's reply,  
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are  
dead!

Their spirits are in heaven!"  
'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

A day it was when I could bear  
Some fond regrets to entertain;  
With so much happiness to spare,  
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet  
Of lambs that bounded through the  
glade,  
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet  
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me—and each  
trace  
Of inward sadness had its charm;  
Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,  
And so is Liswyn farm."

My boy beside me tripped, so slim  
And graceful in his rustic dress!  
And, as we talked, I questioned him,  
In very idleness.

"Now tell me, had you rather be,"  
I said, and took him by the arm,  
"On Kilve's smooth shore, by the  
green sea,  
Or here at Liswyn farm?"

In careless mood he looked at me,  
While still I held him by the arm,  
And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be  
Than here at Liswyn farm."

"Now, little Edward, say why so;  
My little Edward, tell me why."  
"I cannot tell, I do not know."  
"Why, this is strange," said I.

"For here are woods, hills smooth and  
warm:  
There surely must some reason be  
Why you would change sweet Liswyn  
farm  
For Kilve by the green sea."

## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS.

SHOWING HOW THE PRACTICE OF LYING  
MAY BE TAUGHT.

I HAVE a boy of five years old;  
His face is fair and fresh to see;  
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,  
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,  
Our quiet home all full in view,  
And held such intermitted talk  
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;  
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,  
Our pleasant home when spring began,  
A long, long year before.



At this my boy hung down his head,  
He blushed with shame, nor made  
reply ;  
And three times to the child I said,  
“Why, Edward, tell me why?”

His head he raised—there was in  
sight,  
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—  
Upon the housetop, glittering bright,  
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,  
And eased his mind with this reply :  
“At Kilve there was no weathercock,  
And that's the reason why.”

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart  
For better lore would seldom yearn,  
Could I but teach the hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn.

### RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

THERE'S George Fisher, Charles Flem-  
ing, and Reginald Shore,  
Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the  
highest not more

Than the height of a counsellor's bag,  
To the top of Great How\* did it please  
them to climb;

And there they built up, without  
mortar or lime,

A man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gathered up  
as they lay;

They built him and christened him all  
in one day,

An urchin both vigorous and hale;

\* Great How is a single and conspicuous hill,  
which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on  
the western side of the beautiful dale of Legber-  
thwaite, along the high road between Keswick  
and Ambleside.

And so without scruple they called him  
Ralph Jones.  
Now Ralph is renowned for the length  
of his bones:  
The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied  
forth,

And, in anger or merriment, out of the  
north

Coming on with a terrible pothor,  
From the peak of the crag blew the  
giant away.

And what did these school-boys?—

The very next day

They went and they built up another.

Some little I've seen of blind boister-  
ous works

By Christian disturbers more savage  
than Turks,

Spirits busy to do and undo :

At remembrance whereof my blood  
sometimes will flag;

Then, light-hearted boys, to the top of  
the crag,

And I'll build up a giant with you.

### THE PET-LAMB: A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars  
began to blink;

I heard a voice; it said, “Drink, pretty  
creature, drink!”

And, looking o'er the hedge, before  
me I espied

A snow-white mountain lamb with a  
maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb  
was all alone.

And by a slender cord was tethered to  
a stone;

With one knee on the grass did the  
little maiden kneel,  
While to that mountain lamb she gave  
its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he  
thus his supper took,  
Seemed to feast with head and ears;  
and his tail with pleasure shook.  
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she  
said in such a tone  
That I almost received her heart into  
my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a  
child of beauty rare!  
I watched them with delight, they were  
a lovely pair.  
Now with her empty can the maiden  
turned away;  
But ere ten yards were gone her foot-  
steps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked;  
and from a shady place  
I unobserved could see the workings  
of her face:  
If nature to her tongue could  
measured numbers bring,  
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little  
maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young one? what?  
Why pull so at thy cord?  
Is it not well with thee? well both for  
bed and board?  
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as  
grass can be;  
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't  
that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What  
is wanting to thy heart?  
Thy limbs, are they not strong? And  
beautiful thou art:

This grass is tender grass; these  
flowers they have no peers;  
And that green corn all day is rustling  
in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but  
stretch thy woollen chain,  
This beech is standing by, its covert  
thou canst gain;  
For rain and mountain storms! the  
like thou need'st not fear—  
The rain and storm are things that  
scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast  
forgot the day  
When my father found thee first in  
places far away,  
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou  
wert owned by none,  
And thy mother from thy side for  
evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity  
brought thee home.  
A blessed day for thee! then whither  
wouldst thou roam?  
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam  
that did thee yearn  
Upon the mountain tops no kinder  
could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have  
brought thee in this can  
Fresh water from the brook, as clear  
as ever ran,  
And twice in the day, when the ground  
is wet with dew,  
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm  
milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as  
stout as they are now,  
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a  
pony in the plough;

My playmate thou shalt be; and when  
the wind is cold  
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house  
shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—poor creature, can it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is  
working so in thee?  
Things that I know not of belike to  
thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou  
canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain tops that look so  
green and fair!  
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness  
that come there;  
The little brooks that seem all pastime  
and all play,  
When they are angry, roar like lions  
for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the  
raven in the sky;  
Night and day thou art safe,—our  
cottage is hard by.  
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so  
at thy chain?  
Sleep—and at break of day I will  
come to thee again!"

As homeward through the lane I went  
with lazy feet,  
This song to myself did I oftentimes  
repeat;  
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad  
line by line,  
That but half of it was hers, and one  
half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat  
the song;

"Nay," said I, "more than half to the  
damsel must belong,

For she looked with such a look, and  
she spake with such a tone,  
That I almost received her heart into  
my own."

## THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS; OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.\*

A PASTORAL.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy;  
Among the hills the echoes play  
A never, never-ending song,  
To welcome in the May.  
The magpie chatters with delight;  
The mountain raven's youngling brood  
Have left the mother and the nest;  
And they go rambling east and west  
In search of their own food;  
Or through the glittering vapours dart  
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock upon the grass,  
Two boys are sitting in the sun;  
Their work, if any work they have,  
Is out of mind—or done.  
On pipes of sycamore they play  
The fragments of a Christmas hymn;  
Or with that plant which in our dale  
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail;  
Their rusty hats they trim;  
And thus, as happy as the day,  
Those shepherds wear the time away.  
Along the river's stony marge  
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;  
The thrush is busy in the wood,  
And carols loud and strong.  
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,  
All newly born! both earth and sky  
Keep jubilee; and more than all,

\* *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

Those boys with their green coronal;  
 They never hear the cry,  
 That plaintive cry! which up the hill  
 Comes from the depth of Dungeon-  
 Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,  
 "Down to the stump of yon old yew  
 We'll for our whistles run a race."

—Away the shepherds flew.

They leapt—they ran—and when they  
 came

Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,  
 Seeing that he should lose the prize,  
 "Stop!" to his comrade Walter  
 cries—

James stopped with no good will:  
 Said Walter then, exulting; "Here  
 You'll find a task for half a year.

"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—  
 Come on, and tread where I shall  
 tread!"

The other took him at his word,  
 And followed as he led.

It was a spot which you may see  
 If ever you to Langdale go;

Into a chasm a mighty block  
 Hath fallen, and made a bridge of  
 rock:

The gulf is deep below;  
 And in a basin black and small  
 Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft  
 The challenger pursued his march;  
 And now, all eyes and feet, hath  
 gained

The middle of the arch.

When list! he hears a piteous moan—  
 Again!—his heart within him dies—  
 His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,  
 He totters, pallid as a ghost,  
 And, looking down, espies

A lamb, that in the pool is pent  
 Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,  
 And safe without a bruise or wound  
 The cataract had borne him down  
 Into the 'gulf profound.

His dam had seen him when he fell,  
 She saw him down the torrent borne;  
 And, while with all a mother's love  
 She from the lofty rocks above  
 Sent forth a cry forlorn,  
 The lamb, still swimming round and  
 round,

Made answer to that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was,  
 That sent this rueful cry; I ween,  
 The boy recovered heart, and told  
 The sight which he had seen.  
 Both gladly now deferred their task;  
 Nor was there wanting other aid—  
 A poet, one who loves the brooks  
 Far better than the sages' books,  
 By chance had thither strayed;  
 And there the helpless lamb he found  
 By those huge rocks encompassed  
 round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,  
 And brought it forth into the light:  
 The shepherds met him with his  
 charge,

An unexpected sight!  
 Into their arms the lamb they took,  
 Whose life and limbs the flood had  
 spared;

Then up the steep ascent they hied,  
 And placed him at his mother's side;  
 And gently did the bard  
 Those idle shepherd-boys upbraid,  
 And bade them better mind their  
 trade.

## TO H. C. SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are  
brought;

Who of thy words dost make a mock  
apparel.

And fittest to unutterable thought  
The breeze-like motion and the self-  
born carol;

Thou faery voyager! that dost float,

In such clear water, that thy boat

May rather seem

To brood on air than on an earthly  
stream;

Suspended in a stream as clear as sky

Where earth and heaven do make one  
imagery!

O blessed vision! happy child!

Thou art so exquisitely wild,

I think of thee with many fears

For what may be thy lot in future  
years.

I thought of times when pain might  
be thy guest,

Lord of thy house and hospitality!

And grief, uneasy lover! never rest

But when she sate within the touch of  
thee.

Oh! too industrious folly!

Oh! vain and causeless melancholy!

Nature will either end thee quite;

Or, lengthening out thy season of  
delight,

Preserve for thee, by individual right,

A young lamb's heart among the full-  
grown flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,

Or the injuries of to-morrow?

Thou art a dewdrop, which the morn  
brings forth.

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks;

Or to be trailed along the soiling  
earth!

A gem that glitters while it lives,

And no forewarning gives;

But, at the touch of wrong, without a  
strife

Slips in a moment out of life.

## INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHEN-  
ING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD  
AND EARLY YOUTH.

[This extract is reprinted from "The Friend."]

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!

Thou soul, that art the eternity of  
thought!

And giv'st to forms and images a  
breath

And everlasting motion! not in vain,  
By day or star light, thus from my first  
dawn

Of childhood did'st thou intertwine  
for me

The passions that build up our human  
soul;

Not with the mean and vulgar works  
of man,—

But with high objects, with enduring  
things,

With life and nature; purifying thus  
The elements of feeling and of  
thought,

And sanctifying by such discipline  
Both pain and fear,—until we recog-  
nise

A grandeur in the beatings of the  
heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed  
to me

With stinted kindness. In November  
days,

When vapours rolling down the valleys  
made  
A lonely scene more lonesome; among  
woods  
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer  
nights,  
When, by the margin of the trembling  
lake,  
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I  
went  
In solitude, such intercourse was  
mine:  
Mine was it in the fields both day  
and night,  
And by the waters, all the summer  
long;  
And in the frosty season, when the  
sun  
Was set, and visible for many a mile,  
The cottage windows through the twilight  
blazed,  
I heeded not the summons:—happy  
time  
It was indeed for all of us; for me  
It was a time of rapture!—Clear and  
loud  
The village clock tolled six—I  
wheeled about,  
Proud and exulting like an untired  
horse  
That cares not for his home.—All  
shod with steel  
We hissed along the polished ice, in  
games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding  
horn,  
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted  
hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold  
we flew,  
And not a voice was idle: with the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;  
wo.

The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant  
hills

Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while  
the stars, [the west  
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in  
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I  
retired

Into a silent bay,—or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous  
throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star,  
Image, that, flying still before me,  
gleamed

Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,

When we had given our bodies to the  
wind, [side

And all the shadowy banks on either  
Came sweeping through the darkness,  
spinning still

The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short; yet still the solitary  
cliffs

Wheeled by me—even as if the earth  
had rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round!  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn  
train, [watched

Feebler and feebler, and I stood and  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

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Came sweeping through the darkness,  
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ADDRESSED TO —.

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And the torrent murmuring by:  
For the sun is in his harbour,  
Weary of the open sky.



Evening now unbinds the fetters  
Fashioned by the glowing light ;  
All that breathe are thankful debtors  
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended  
Eve renews her calm career ;  
For the day that now is ended  
Is the longest of the year.

Laura ! sport, as now thou sportest,  
On this platform, light and free ;  
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,  
Are indifferent to thee !

Who would check the happy feeling  
That inspires the linnet's song ?  
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling  
On her pinions swift and strong ?

Yet at this impressive season,  
Words which tenderness can speak  
From the truths of homely reason,  
Might exalt the loveliest cheek ;

And, while shades to shades suc-  
ceeding  
Steal the landscape from the sight,  
I would urge this moral pleading,  
Last forerunner of " Good night ! "

Summer ebbs ;—each day that follows  
Is a reflux from on high,  
Tending to the darksome hollows  
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,  
In his providence, assigned  
Such a gradual declination  
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not ;—fruits redden,  
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have  
blown,  
And the heart is loth to deaden  
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful maiden !  
And when thy decline shall come,  
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,  
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in  
slumber,  
Fix thine eyes upon the sea  
That absorbs time, space, and number ;  
Look thou to eternity !

Follow thou the flowing river  
On whose breast are thither borne  
All deceived, and each deceiver,  
Through the gates of night and morn.

Through the year's successive portals ;  
Through the bounds which many a  
star

Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,  
When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time hast  
travelled  
Toward the mighty gulf of things,  
And the mazy stream unravelled  
With thy best imaginings ;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,  
Think how pitiful that stay,  
Did not virtue give the meanest  
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,  
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown ;  
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,  
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,  
Fairest damsel of the green,  
Thou wilt lack the only symbol  
That proclaims a genuine queen ;

And ensures those palms of honour  
Which selected spirits wear,  
Bending low before the donor,  
Lord of heaven's unchanging year !

# POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

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## THE BROTHERS.

"THESE tourists, Heaven preserve us!  
needs must live  
A profitable life: some glance along,  
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were  
air,  
And they were butterflies to wheel  
about  
Long as the summer lasted: some, as  
wise,  
Perched on the forehead of a jutting  
crag,  
Pencil in hand and book upon the  
knee,  
Will look and scribble, scribble on and  
look,  
Until a man might travel twelve stout  
miles, [corn  
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's  
But, for that moping son of idleness,  
Why can he tarry *yonder*?—In our  
churchyard  
Is neither epitaph nor monument,  
Tombstone nor name—only the turf  
we tread  
And a few natural graves."

To Jane, his wife,  
Thus spake the homely Priest of  
Ennerdale.

It was a July evening; and he sate  
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the  
eaves  
Of his old cottage,—as it chanced,  
that day,  
Employed in winter's work. Upon  
the stone [wool,  
His wife sate near him, teasing matted

While, from the twin cards toothed  
with glittering wire,  
He fed the spindle of his youngest  
child,  
Who, in the open air, with due accord  
Of busy hands and back-and-forward  
steps,  
Her large round wheel was turning.  
Towards the field  
In which the parish chapel stood alone,  
Girt round with a bare ring of mossy  
wall,  
While half an hour went by, the priest  
had sent  
Many a long look of wonder: and at  
last,  
Risen from his seat, beside the snow-  
white ridge  
Of carded wool which the old man had  
piled  
He laid his implements with gentle  
care,  
Each in the other locked; and, down  
the path  
That from his cottage to the church-  
yard led,  
He took his way, impatient to accost  
The stranger, whom he saw still lin-  
gering there.

'Twas one well known to him in  
former days,  
A shepherd-lad;—who ere his six-  
teenth year [trust  
Had left that calling, tempted to in-  
His expectations to the fickle winds  
And perilous waters,—with the  
mariners  
A fellow-mariner,—and so had fared

That it was not another grave; but  
 one  
 He had forgotten. He had lost his  
 path,  
 As up the vale, that afternoon, he  
 walked  
 Through fields which once had been  
 well known to him :  
 And, oh, what joy this recollection now  
 Sent to his heart ! He lifted up his  
 eyes, [saw  
 And, looking round, imagined that he  
 Strange alteration wrought on every  
 side  
 Among the woods and fields, and that  
 the rocks, [changed.  
 And everlasting hills themselves were

By this the priest, who down the  
 field had come  
 Unseen by Leonard, at the church-  
 yard gate  
 Stopped short,—and thence, at leisure,  
 limb by limb  
 Perused him with a gay complacency.  
 Ay, thought the vicar, smiling to him-  
 self,  
 'Tis one of those who needs must  
 leave the path  
 Of the world's business to go wild  
 alone :  
 His arms have a perpetual holiday ;  
 The happy man will creep about the  
 fields,  
 Following his fancies by the hour, to  
 bring  
 Tears down his cheek, or solitary  
 smiles,  
 Into his face, until the setting sun  
 Write fool upon his forehead. Planted  
 thus  
 Beneath a shed that overarched the  
 gate

Of this rude churchyard, till the stars  
 appeared,  
 The good man might have communed  
 with himself,  
 But that the stranger, who had left the  
 grave,  
 Approached : he recognised the priest  
 at once,  
 And, after greetings interchanged, and  
 given  
 By Leonard to the vicar as to one  
 Unknown to him, this dialogue en-  
 sued :—  
*Leonard.* You live, sir, in these  
 dales, a quiet life :  
 Your years make up one peaceful  
 family ;  
 And who would grieve and fret, if,  
 'welcome come  
 And welcome gone, they are so like  
 each other,  
 They cannot be remembered ? Scarce  
 a funeral  
 Comes to this churchyard once in  
 eighteen months ;  
 And yet, some changes must take  
 place among you ;  
 And you, who dwell here, even among  
 these rocks,  
 Can trace the finger of mortality,  
 And see, that with our threescore years  
 and ten  
 We are not all that perish.—I  
 " remember,  
 (For many years ago I passed this  
 road),  
 There was a foot-way all along the  
 fields  
 By the brook-side—'tis gone—and that  
 dark cleft !  
 To me it does not seem to wear the  
 face  
 Which then it had !

*Priest.* Nay, sir, for aught I know,  
That chasm is much the same—

*Leonard.* But, surely, yonder—

*Priest.* Ay, there, indeed, your  
memory is a friend

That does not play you false.—On  
that tall pike

(It is the loneliest place of all these  
hills)

There were two springs which bubbled  
side by side,

As if they had been made that they  
might be

Companions for each other: the huge  
crag

Was rent with lightning—one hath dis-  
appeared;

The other, left behind, is flowing still.  
For accidents and changes such as  
these,

We want not store of them:—a water-  
spout

Will bring down half a mountain;  
what a feast

For folks that wander up and down  
like you,

To see an acre's breadth of that wide  
cliff

One roaring cataract!—a sharp May-  
storm

Will come with loads of January snow,  
And in one night send twenty score  
of sheep

To feed the ravens; or a shepherd  
dies

By some untoward death among the  
rocks:

The ice breaks up and sweeps away a  
bridge—

A wood is felled:—and then for our  
own homes!

A child is born or christened, a field  
ploughed,

A daughter sent to service, a web  
spun,

The old house-clock is decked with a  
new face;

And hence, so far from wanting facts  
or dates

To chronicle the time, we all have  
here

A pair of diaries,—one serving, sir,  
For the whole dale, and one for each  
fireside—

Yours was a stranger's judgment: for  
historians,

Commend me to these valleys!

*Leonard.* Yet your churchyard  
Seems, if such freedom may be used  
with you,

To say that you are heedless of the  
past: {grave:

An orphan could not find his mother's  
Here's neither head nor footstone,  
plate of brass,

Cross-bones nor skull,—type of our  
earthly state

Nor emblem of our hopes: the dead  
man's home

Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.

*Priest.* Why, there, sir, is a thought  
that's new to me!

The stone-cutters, 'tis true, might beg  
their bread

If every English churchyard were like  
ours;

Yet your conclusion wanders from the  
truth:

We have no need of names and  
epitaphs;

We talk about the dead by our fire  
sides.

And then, for our immortal part! *we*  
want

No symbols, sir, to tell us that plair  
tale:

The thought of death sits easy on the  
man

Who has been born and dies among  
the mountains.

*Leonard.* Your dalesmen, then, do  
in each other's thoughts

Possess a kind of second life: no  
doubt

You, sir, could help me to the history  
Of half these graves?

*Priest.* For eight-score winters  
past,

With what I've witnessed, and with  
what I've heard,

Perhaps I might; and, on a winter  
evening,

If you were seated at my chimney's  
nook,

By turning o'er these hillocks one by  
one,

We two could travel, sir, through a  
strange round;

Yet all in the broad highway of the  
world.

Now there's a grave—your foot is half  
upon it,—

It looks just like the rest, and yet that  
man

Died broken-hearted.

*Leonard.* 'Tis a common case.  
We'll take another: who is he that lies  
Beneath yon ridge, the last of those  
three graves?

It touches on that 'piece of native  
rock

Left in the churchyard wall.

*Priest.* That's Walter Ewbank.  
He had as white a head and fresh a  
cheek

As ever were produced by youth and  
age

Engendering in the blood of hale four-  
score.

Through five long generations had the  
heart

Of Walter's forefathers o'erflowed the  
bounds

Of their inheritance, that single cot-  
tage—

You see it yonder!—and those few  
green fields.

They toiled and wrought, and still,  
from sire to son,

Each struggled, and each yielded as  
before

A little—yet a little—and old Walter,  
They left to him the family heart, and  
land

With other burthens than the crop it  
bore.

Year after year the old man still kept  
up

A cheerful mind,—and buffeted with  
bond,

Interest, and mortgages; at last he  
sank,

And went into his grave before his  
time.

Poor Walter! whether it was care that  
spurred him

God only knows, but to the very last  
He had the lightest foot in Enuerdale:

His pace was never that of an old  
man: [path

I almost see him tripping down the  
With his two grandsons after him:—

but you,  
Unless our landlord be your host to-  
night,

Have far to travel,—and on these  
rough paths

Even in the longest day of mid-  
summer—

*Leonard.* But those two orphans!

*Priest.* Orphans!—Such they  
were—

Yet not while Walter lived:—for,  
 though their parents  
 Lay buried side by side as now they  
 lie,  
 The old man was a father to the boys,  
 Two fathers in one father: and if  
 tears,  
 Shed when he talked of them where  
 they were not, [love,  
 And hauntings from the infirmity of  
 Are aught of what makes up a  
 mother's heart,  
 This old man, in the day of his old  
 age.  
 Was half a mother to them.—If you  
 weep, sir,  
 To hear a stranger talking about  
 strangers,  
 Heaven bless you when you are among  
 your kindred!  
 Ay—you may turn that way—it is a  
 grave  
 Which will bear looking at.  
*Leonard.* These boys—I hope  
 They loved this good old man?  
*Priest.* They did—and truly:  
 But that was what we almost over-  
 looked,  
 They were such darlings of each other.  
 Yes.  
 Though from the cradle they had lived  
 with Walter.  
 The only kinsman near them, and  
 though he  
 Inclined to both by reason of his age.  
 With a more fond, familiar tender-  
 ness:  
 They, notwithstanding, had much love  
 to spare.  
 And it all went into each other's  
 hearts.  
*Leonard,* the elder by just eighteen  
 months,

Was two years taller: 'twas a joy to  
 see,  
 To hear, to meet them!—From their  
 house the school  
 Is distant three short miles—and in  
 the time  
 Of storm and thaw, when every water-  
 course  
 And unbridged stream, such as you  
 may have noticed  
 Crossing our roads at every hundred  
 steps,  
 Was swoln into a noisy rivulet,  
 Would Leonard then, when elder boys  
 remained  
 At home, go staggering through the  
 slippery fords  
 Bearing his brother on his back. I  
 have seen him,  
 On windy days, in one of those stray  
 brooks,  
 Ay, more than once I have seen him  
 mid-leg deep,  
 Their two books lying both on a dry  
 stone  
 Upon the hither side: and once I  
 said,  
 As I remember, looking round these  
 rocks  
 And hills on which we all of us were  
 born,  
 That God who made the great book  
 of the world  
 Would bless such piety—  
*Leonard.* It may be then—  
*Priest.* Never did worthier lads  
 break English bread;  
 The very brightest Sunday autumn  
 saw.  
 With all its mealy clusters of ripe  
 nuts,  
 Could never keep those boys away  
 from church.

Or tempt them to an hour of Sabbath  
breach.

Leonard and James! I warrant every  
corner

Among these rocks, and every hollow  
place [or both

That venturous foot could reach, to one  
Was known as well as to the flowers  
that grow there.

Like roebucks they went bounding  
o'er the hills;

They played like two young ravens  
on the crags:

Then they could write, ay, and speak  
too, as well

As many of their betters—and for  
Leonard!

The very night before he went away,  
In my own house I put into his hand  
A Bible, and I'd wager house and  
field

That if he be alive, he has it yet.

*Leonard.* It seems these brothers  
have not lived to be

A comfort to each other—

*Priest.* That they might  
Live to such end is what both old and  
young

In this our valley all of us have  
wished,

And what, for my part I have often  
prayed:

But Leonard—

*Leonard.* Then James still is left  
among you?

*Priest.* 'Tis of the elder brother I  
am speaking:

They had an uncle;—he was at that  
time

A thriving man, and trafficked on the  
seas:

And, but for that same uncle, to this  
hour

Leonard had never handled rope or  
shroud,

For the boy loved the life which we  
lead here;

And though of unripe years, a strip-  
ling only,

His soul was knit to this his native  
soil.

But, as I said, old Walter was too  
weak

To strive with such a torrent; when  
he died,

The estate and house were sold; and  
all their sheep,

A pretty flock, and which, for aught  
I know,

Had clothed the Ewbanks for a thou-  
sand years:—

Well—all was gone, and they were  
destitute,

And Leonard, chiefly for his brother's  
sake, [seas.

Resolved to try his fortune on the  
Twelve years are passed since we  
had tidings from him.

If there were one among us who had  
heard

That Leonard Ewbank was come  
home again,

From the great Gavel,\* down by  
Leeza's banks,

And down the Enna, far as Egremont,  
The day would be a joyous festival;

And those two bells of ours, which  
there you see—

---

\* The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine,  
from its resemblance to the gable end of a  
house, is one of the highest of the Cumberland  
mountains.

The Leeza is a river which flows into the  
Lake of Ennerdale: on issuing from the Lake  
it changes its name, and is called the End, Eyne,  
or Enna. It falls into the sea a little below  
Egremont.

Hanging in the open air—but, O good sir!

This is sad talk—they'll never sound for him—

Living or dead.—When last we heard of him

He was in slavery among the Moors  
Upon the Barbary coast.—'Twas not a little

That would bring down his spirit;  
and no doubt,

Before it ended in his death, the youth

Was sadly crossed.—Poor Leonard!  
when we parted,

He took me by the hand, and said to me,

If e'er he should grow rich, he would return,  
To live in peace upon his father's land  
And lay his bones among us.

*Leonard.* If that day  
Should come, 'twould needs be a glad day for him;

He would himself, no doubt, be happy then

As any that should meet him—

*Priest.* Happy! Sir—

*Leonard.* You said his kindred all  
were in their graves,  
And that he had one brother—

*Priest.* That is but  
A fellow tale of sorrow. From his youth

James, though not sickly, yet was delicate;

And Leonard being always by his side  
Had done so many offices about him,  
That, though he was not of a timid nature.

Yet still the spirit of a mountain-boy  
In him was somewhat checked: and  
when his brother

Was gone to sea, and he was left alone.

The little colour that he had was soon

Stolen from his cheek; he drooped,  
and pined, and pined—

*Leonard.* But these are all the graves of full-grown men!

*Priest.* Ay, sir, that passed away:  
we took him to us;

He was the child of all the dale—he lived

Three months with one and six  
months with another;

And wanted neither food, nor clothes,  
nor love:

And many, many happy days were his.

But whether blithe or sad, 'tis my belief

His absent brother still was at his heart.

And, when he dwelt beneath our roof,  
we found

(A practice till this time unknown to him) [night,

That often, rising from his bed at

He in his sleep would walk about,  
and sleeping

He sought his brother Leonard.—  
You are moved!

Forgive me, sir: before I spoke to you,  
I judged you most unkindly.

*Leonard.* But this youth,  
How did he die at last?

*Priest.* One sweet May morning—  
(It will be twelve years since when  
spring returns)

He had gone forth among the new-  
dropped lambs,  
With two or three companions, whom  
their course



Of occupation led from height to height  
 Under a cloudless sun, till he, at length,  
 Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge  
 The humour of the moment, lagged behind.  
 You see yon precipice;—it wears the shape  
 Of a vast building made of many crags; [rock  
 And in the midst is one particular  
 That rises like a column from the vale,  
 Whence by our shepherds it is called  
 THE PILLAR.  
 Upon its æry summit crowned with heath, [comrades,  
 The loiterer, not unnoticed by his  
 Lay stretched at ease; but, passing by the place  
 On their return, they found that he was gone.  
 No ill was feared; till one of them  
 by chance  
 Entering, when evening was far spent,  
 the house  
 Which at that time was James's home,  
 there learned  
 That nobody had seen him all that day:

The morning came, and still he was unheard of:  
 The neighbours were alarmed, and to the brook  
 Some hastened, some ran to the lake: ere noon  
 They found him at the foot of that same rock—  
 Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third day after

I buried him, poor youth, and there he lies!

*Leonard.* And that then is his grave!—Before his death

You say that he saw many happy years?

*Priest.* Ay, that he did—

*Leonard.* And all went well with him?—

*Priest.* If he had one, the youth had twenty homes.

*Leonard.* And you believe, then, that his mind was easy?—

*Priest.* Yes, long before he died, he found that time

Is a true friend to sorrow; and unless

His thoughts were turned on Leonard's luckless fortune,

He talked about him with a cheerful love.

*Leonard.* He could not come to an unhallowed end!

*Priest.* Nay, God forbid!—You recollect I mentioned

A habit 'which disquietude and grief  
 Had brought upon him; and we all conjectured

That, as the day was warm, he had lain down

On the soft heath,—and, waiting for his comrades,

He there had fallen asleep; that in his sleep

He to the margin of the precipice  
 Had walked, and from the summit had fallen headlong.

And so, no doubt, he perished. When the youth

Fell, in his hand he must have grasp'd, we think,

His shepherd's staff; for on that pillar of rock

It had been caught mid way; and there  
for years  
It hung, and mouldered there—

The priest here ended—  
The stranger would have thanked him,  
but he felt  
A gushing from his heart, that took  
away  
The power of speech. Both left the  
spot in silence;  
And Leonard, when they reached the  
churchyard gate,  
As the priest lifted up the latch,  
turned round.—  
And looking at the grave, he said,  
"My Brother!"

The vicar did not hear the words:  
and now,  
He pointed towards his dwelling-place,  
entreating  
That Leonard would partake his  
homely fare:  
The other thanked him with an earnest  
voice: [calm,  
But added, that, the evening being  
He would pursue his journey. So  
they parted  
It was not long ere Leonard reached  
a grove  
That overhung the road: he there  
stoppel short.  
And, sitting down beneath the trees,  
reverted [years  
All that the priest had said: his early  
Were with him:—his long absence,  
cherished hopes.  
And thoughts, which had been his an  
hour before.  
All pressed on him with such a weight,  
that now,  
This vale, where he had been so  
happy, seemed

A place in which he could not bear  
to live:

So he relinquished all his purposes.  
He travelled back to Egremont: and  
thence. [priest.  
That night, he wrote a letter to the  
Reminding him of what had passed  
between them;  
And adding, with a hope to be for-  
given,  
That it was from the weakness of his  
heart [was.  
He had not dared to tell him who he

This done, he went on shipboard,  
and is now  
A seaman, a gray-headed mariner.

#### ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY OF  
MONMOUTH, AND MILTON'S HISTORY  
OF ENGLAND.)

WHERE be the temples which, in  
Britain's Isle,  
For his paternal gods, the Trojan  
raised?  
Gone like a morning dream, or like  
a pile  
Of clouds that in cerulean ether  
blazed!  
Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed  
shore,  
They sank, delivered o'er  
To fatal dissolution: and, I ween,  
No vestige then was left that such  
had ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long con-  
cealed  
In old Armorica, whose secret springs  
No Gothic conqueror ever drank)  
revealed

The marvellous current of forgotten  
things;

How Brutus came, by oracles im-  
pelled,

And Albion's giants 'quelled,—  
A brood whom no civility could melt,  
"Who never tasted grace, and good-  
ness ne'er had felt."

By brave Corineus aided, he sub-  
dued,

And rooted out the intolerable kind;  
And this too-long-polluted land im-  
bued

With goodly arts and usages refined;  
Whence golden harvests, cities, war-  
like towers,

And pleasure's sumptuous bowers;  
Whence all the fixed delights of house  
and home,

Friendships that will not break, and  
love that cannot roam.

O happy Britain! region all too fair  
For self-delighting fancy to endure  
That silence only should inhabit  
there,

Wild beasts, or uncouth savages im-  
pure!

But, intermingled with the generous  
seed,

Grew many a poisonous weed;  
Thus fares it still with all that takes  
its birth

From human care, or grows upon the  
breast of earth.

Hence, and how soon! that war of  
vengeance waged

By Guendolen against her faithless  
lord;

Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged,  
Had slain his paramour with ruthless  
sword:

Then, into Severn hideously defiled,  
She flung her blameless child,  
Sabrina,—vowing that the stream  
should bear

That name through every age, her  
hatred to declare.

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of  
Lear

By his ungrateful daughters turned  
adrift.

Ye lightnings hear his voice!—they  
cannot hear,

Nor can the winds restore his simple  
gift.

But one there is, a child of nature  
meek,

Who comes her sire to seek;  
And he, recovering sense, upon her  
breast

Leans smilingly, and sinks into a 'per-  
fect rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy  
themes,

And those that Milton loved in youth-  
ful years;

The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle  
schemes;

The feats of Arthur and his knightly  
peers;

Of Arthur,—who, to upper light re-  
stored

With that terrific sword  
Which yet he brandishes for future  
war,

Shall lift his country's fame above the  
polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample  
field

Of old tradition, one particular flower  
Doth 'seemingly in vain its fragrance  
yield,

And bloom unnoticed even to this  
late hour? [grant  
Now, gentle Muses, your assistance  
While I this flower transplant  
Into a garden stored with poesy;  
Where flowers and herbs unite, and  
haply some weeds be,  
That, wanting not wild grace, are  
from all mischief free!

A KING more worthy of respect  
and love  
Than wise Gorbonian, ruled not in  
his day; [above  
And grateful Britain prospered far  
All neighbouring countries through  
his righteous sway;  
He poured rewards and honours on  
the good;  
The oppressor he withstood;  
And while he served the gods with  
reverence due,  
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and  
towns and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—  
his son; [he!  
But how unworthy of that sire was  
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,  
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.  
From crime to crime he mounted, till  
at length

The nobles leagued their strength  
With a vexed people, and the tyrant  
chased; [brother placed.  
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier

From realm to realm the humbled  
exile went,  
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to  
regain;  
In many a court, and many a warrior's  
tent,

He urged his persevering suit in vain.  
Him, in whose wretched heart am-  
bition failed,  
Dire poverty assailed;  
And, tired with slights his pride no  
more could brook,  
He towards his native country cast a  
longing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind—the  
voyage sped;  
He landed; and, by many dangers  
scared,  
“Poorly provided, poorly followed,”  
To Calaterium's forest he repaired.  
How changed from him who, born to  
highest place,  
Had swayed the royal mace,  
Flattered and feared, despised yet  
deified,  
In Troynovant, his seat by silver  
Thames's side!

From that wild region where the  
crownless king  
Lay in concealment with his scanty  
train, [spring,  
Supporting life by water from the  
And such chance food as outlaws can  
obtain, [friends  
Unto the few whom he esteems his  
A messenger he sends;  
And from their secret loyalty requires  
Shelter and daily bread,—the sum of  
his desires.

While he the issue waits, at early  
morn  
Wandering by stealth abroad, he  
chanced to hear  
A startling outcry made by hound  
and horn,  
From which the tusky wild boar flies  
in fear;

And, scouring towards him o'er the  
grassy plain,  
Behold the hunter train!  
He bids his little company advance  
With seeming unconcern and steady  
countenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the  
chase, [Can it be?  
Hath checked his foaming courser—  
Methinks that I should recognise that  
face,  
Though much disguised by long ad-  
versity! [gazed,  
He gazed, rejoicing, and again he  
Confounded and amazed—  
"It is the king, my brother!" and,  
by sound  
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps  
upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the em-  
brace he gave,  
Feebly returned by daunted Artegal;  
Whose natural affection doubts en-  
slave,  
And apprehensions dark and criminal.  
Loth to restrain the moving interview,  
The attendant lords withdrew;  
And, while they stood upon the plain  
apart,  
Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his  
struggling heart:

"By heavenly Powers conducted, we  
have met;  
O brother! to my knowledge lost so  
long,  
But neither lost to love, nor to regret,  
Nor to my wishes lost;—forgive the  
wrong,  
(Such it may seem) if I thy crown  
have borne,  
Thy royal mantle worn:

I was their natural guardian; and 'tis  
just  
That now I should restore what hath  
been held in trust."

A while the astonished Artegal stood  
mute, [titles shorn,  
Then thus exclaimed—"To me, of  
And stripped of power!—me, feeble,  
destitute,  
To me a kingdom!—spare the bitter  
scorn! [kings,  
If justice ruled the breast of foreign  
Then, on the wide-spread wings  
Of war, had I returned to claim my  
right; [thy despite."  
This will I here avow, not dreading

"I do not blame thee," Elidure re-  
plied;  
"But, if my looks did with my words  
agree,  
I should at once be trusted, not defied,  
And thou from all disquietude be  
free. [chase,  
May the unsullied goddess of the  
Who to this blessed place  
At this blest moment led me, if I  
speak [vengeance wreak!  
With insincere intent, on me her

"Were this same spear, which in my  
hand I grasp,  
The British sceptre, here would I to  
thee  
The symbol yield; and would undo  
this clasp,  
If it confined the robe of sovereignty.  
Odious to me the pomp of regal court,  
And joyless sylvan sport,  
While thou art roving, wretched and  
forlorn,  
Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof  
the forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake—"I only  
 sought,  
 Within this realm a place of safe  
 retreat;  
 Beware of rousing an ambitious  
 thought;  
 Beware of kindling hopes, for me  
 unmeet!  
 Thou art reputed wise, but in my  
 mind  
 Art pitiously blind;  
 Full soon this generous purpose thou  
 mayst rue,  
 When that which has been done no  
 wishes can undo.

"Who, when a crown is fixed upon  
 his head,  
 Would balance claim with claim, and  
 right with right?  
 But thou—I know not how inspired,  
 how led—  
 Wouldst change the course of things  
 in all men's sight!  
 And this for one who cannot imitate  
 Thy virtue—who may hate:  
 For, if, by such strange sacrifice  
 restored,  
 He reign, thou still must be his king,  
 and sovereign lord.

"Lifted in magnanimity above  
 Aught that my feeble nature could  
 perform.  
 Or even conceive; surpassing me in  
 love  
 Far as in power the eagle doth the  
 worm;  
 I, brother! only should be king in  
 name,  
 And govern to my shame;  
 A shadow in a hated land, while all  
 Of glad or willing service to thy share  
 would fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidure;  
 "respect  
 Awaits on virtuous life, and ever  
 most  
 Attends on goodness with dominion  
 decked,  
 Which stands the universal empire's  
 boast;  
 This can thy own experience testify:  
 Nor shall thy foes deny  
 That, in the gracious opening of thy  
 reign,  
 Our father's spirit seemed in thee to  
 breathe again.

"And what if o'er that bright un-  
 bosoming  
 Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune  
 past! [spring  
 Have we not seen the glories of the  
 By veil of noontide darkness overcast?  
 The frith that glittered like a warrior's  
 shield,  
 The sky, the gay green field,  
 Are vanished;—gladness ceases in  
 the groves,  
 And trepidation strikes the blackened  
 mountain coves.

"But is that gloom dissolved? how  
 passing clear  
 Seems the wide world—far brighter  
 than before!  
 Even so thy latent worth will re-  
 appear.  
 Gladdening the people's heart from  
 shore to shore,  
 For youthful faults ripe virtues shall  
 atone;  
 Re-seated on thy throne,  
 Proof shalt thou furnish that mis-  
 fortune, pain,  
 And sorrow, have confirmed thy native  
 right to reign.

“But, not to overlook what thou mayst know,  
 Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;  
 And circumspect must be our course, and slow,  
 Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.  
 Dismiss thy followers;—let them calmly wait  
 Such change in thy estate  
 As I already have in thought devised;  
 And which, with caution due, may soon be realised.”

The story tells what courses were pursued,  
 Until King Elidure, with full consent  
 Of all his peers, before the multitude,  
 Rose,—and, to consummate this just intent,  
 Did place upon his brother's head the crown,  
 Relinquished by his own;  
 Then to his people cried, “Receive your lord,  
 Gorbonian's first-born son, your rightful king restored!”

The people answered with a loud acclaim:  
 Yet more;—heart-smitten by the heroic deed,  
 The reinstated Artegal became Earth's noblest penitent; from bondage freed  
 Of vice,—thenceforth unable to subvert  
 Or shake his high desert.  
 Long did he reign; and, when he died, the tear  
 Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier.

Thus was a brother by a brother saved;  
 With whom a crown (temptation that hath set  
 Discord in hearts of men till they have braved  
 Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)  
 'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem  
 A thing of no esteem,  
 And, from this triumph of affection pure,  
 He bore the lasting name of “pious Elidure!”

---

### THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,  
 Those bright blue eggs together laid!  
 On me the chance-discovered sight  
 Gleamed like a vision of delight.  
 I started—seeming to espy  
 The home and sheltered bed,—  
 The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by,  
 My father's house, in wet or dry,  
 My sister Emmeline and I  
 Together visited.  
 She looked at it and seemed to fear it;  
 Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:  
 Such heart was in her, being then  
 A little prattler among men.  
 The blessing of my later years  
 Was with me when a boy:  
 She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
 And humble cares, and delicate fears;  
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
 And love, and thought, and joy.

## TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watched you now a full half-hour,  
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower;  
 And, little butterfly! indeed  
 I know not if you sleep or feed.  
 How motionless!—not frozen seas  
 More motionless! and then  
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
 Hath found you out among the trees,  
 And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;  
 My trees they are, my sister's flowers;  
 Here rest your wings when they are weary:  
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary!  
 Come often to us, fear no wrong;  
 Sit near us, on the bough!  
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song:  
 And summer days when we were young;  
 Sweet childish days, that were as long  
 As twenty days are now.

## A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, thou little nook of mountain ground,  
 Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair  
 Of that magnificent temple which doth bound  
 One side of our whole vale with grandeur rare;  
 Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,  
 The loveliest spot that man hath ever found,  
 Farewell!—we leave thee to heaven's peaceful care,  
 Thee, and the cottage which thou dost surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,  
 And there will safely ride when we are gone;  
 The flowering shrubs that deck our humble door  
 Will prosper, though untended and alone.  
 Fields, goods, and far off chattels we have none: [private store  
 These narrow bounds contain our  
 Of things earth makes and sun doth shine upon; [no more.  
 Here are they in our sight—we have  
 Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and bell!  
 For two months now in vain we shall be sought; [dwell  
 We leave you here in solitude to  
 With these our latest gifts of tender thought;  
 Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron coat, [farewell!  
 Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold,  
 Whom from the borders of the lake we brought,  
 And placed together near our rocky well.

We go for one to whom ye will be dear;  
 And she will prize this bower, this Indian shed,  
 Our own contrivance, building without peer! [bred,  
 A gentle maid, whose heart is lowly  
 Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,  
 With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer, [wed—  
 Will come to you; to you herself will  
 And love the blessed life that we lead here.



Dear spot; which we have watched  
 with tender heed,  
 Bringing thee chosen plants and  
 blossoms blown  
 Among the distant mountains, flower  
 and weed, [own,  
 Which thou hast taken to thee as thy  
 Making all kindness registered and  
 known;  
 Thou for our sakes, though nature's  
 child indeed,  
 Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,  
 Hast taken gifts which thou dost little  
 need.

And oh, most constant, yet most  
 fickle place,  
 That hast thy wayward moods, as  
 thou dost show  
 To them who look not daily on thy  
 face; [dost know,  
 Who, being loved, in love no bounds  
 And say'st when we forsake thee, "Let  
 them go!"  
 Thou easy-hearted thing, with thy  
 wild race  
 Of weeds and flowers, till we return be  
 slow, [pace.  
 And travel with the year at a soft  
 Help us to tell her tales of years gone  
 by,  
 And this sweet spring the best beloved  
 and best.  
 Joy will be flown in its mortality;  
 Something must stay to tell us of the  
 rest.  
 Here, thronged with primroses, the  
 steep rock's breast  
 Glittered at evening like a starry sky;  
 And, in this bush our sparrow built  
 her nest,  
 Of which I sang one song that will  
 not die.

Oh, happy garden! whose seclusion  
 deep  
 Hath been so friendly to industrious  
 hours; [steep  
 And to soft slumbers, that did gently  
 Our spirits, carrying with them dreams  
 of flowers,  
 And wild notes warbled among leafy  
 bowers;  
 Two burning months let summer  
 overleap,  
 And, coming back with her who will  
 be ours,  
 Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

---

### STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOM-  
 SON'S "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

WITHIN our happy castle there dwelt  
 one  
 Whom without blame I may not over-  
 look;  
 For never sun on living creature  
 shone [took;  
 Who more devout enjoyment with us  
 Here on his hours he hung as on a  
 book;  
 On his own time here would he float  
 away,  
 As doth a fly upon a summer brook;  
 But go to-morrow—or belike to-day—  
 Seek for him,—he is fled; and whither  
 none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peace-  
 ful home,  
 And find elsewhere his business or  
 delight;  
 Out of our valley's limits did he roam:  
 Full many a time, upon a stormy  
 night,

His voice came to us from the neighbouring height :  
 Oft could we see him driving full in view [bright :  
 At mid-day when the sun was shining  
 What ill was on him, what he had to do,  
 A mighty wonder bred among our quiet crew.

Ah! piteous sight it was to see this man,

When he came back to us, a withered flower,— [wan.

Or like a sinful creature, pale and Down would he sit; and without strength or power

Look at the common grass from hour to hour :

And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,  
 Where apple-trees in blossom made a bower,

Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay :  
 And, like a naked Indian, slept himself away.

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was

Whenever from our valley he withdrew; [has

For happier soul no living creature Than he had, being here the long day through.

Some thought he was a lover, and did woo :

Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong :

But verse was what he had been wedded to :

And his own mind did like a tempest strong

Come to him thus, and drove the weary wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly guise,

Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,  
 A noticeable man with large gray eyes,  
 And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly

As if a blooming face it ought to be;  
 Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear  
 Deprest by weight of musing phantasy;  
 Profound his forehead was, though not severe;

Yet some did think that he had little business here.

Sweet heaven forefend! his was a lawful right; [boy;

Noisy he was, and gamesome as a His limbs would toss about him with delight [trees annoy.

Like branches when strong winds the Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy [care;

To banish listlessness and irksome He would have taught you how you might employ

Yourself; and many did to him repair,— [inventions rare.

And, certes, not in vain; he had

Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried: [him as he lay,

Long blades of grass, plucked round Made—to his ear attentively applied—

A pipe on which the wind would deftly play;

Glasses he had, that little things displayed, [gold,

The beetle panoplied in gems and A mailed angel on a battle day;

The mysteries that cups of flowers unfold,

And all the gorgeous sights which fairies do behold.

He would entice that other man to  
 hear  
 His music, and to view his imagery:  
 And, sooth, these two were each to  
 the other dear,  
 No livelier love in such a place could  
 be;  
 There did they dwell—from earthly  
 labour free,  
 As happy spirits as were ever seen;  
 If but a bird, to keep them company,  
 Or butterfly sate down, they were, I  
 ween,  
 As pleased as if the same I ad been a  
 maiden queen.

---

LOUISA.

AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A  
 MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.

I met Louisa in the shade;  
 And having seen that lovely maid,  
 Why should I fear to say  
 That nymph-like she is fleet and strong;  
 And down the rocks can leap along,  
 Like rivulets in May?

She loves her fire, her cottage-home;  
 Yet o'er the moorland will she roam  
 In weather rough and bleak;  
 And, when against the wind she  
 strains,  
 Oh, might I kiss the mountain rains,  
 That sparkle on her cheek!

Take all that's mine "beneath the  
 moon,"

If I with her but half a noon  
 May sit beneath the walls  
 Of some old cave, or mossy nook,  
 When up she winds along the brook  
 To hunt the waterfalls.

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:  
 And I will dare to tell,  
 But in the lover's ear alone,  
 What once to me befel.

When she I loved looked every day  
 Fresh as a rose in June,  
 I to her cottage bent my way,  
 Beneath an evening moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,  
 All over the wide lea;  
 With quickening pace my horse drew  
 nigh  
 Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard plot;  
 And as we climbed the hill,  
 The sinking moon to Lucy's cot  
 Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
 Kind nature's gentlest boon!  
 And all the while my eyes I kept  
 On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof  
 He raised, and never stopped:  
 When down behind the cottage roof,  
 At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will  
 slide  
 Into a lover's head!—  
 "Oh, mercy!" to myself I cried,  
 "If Lucy should be dead!"

---

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
 Beside the springs of Dove,  
 A maid whom there were none to  
 praise,  
 And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could  
know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

---

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed

The bowers where Lucy played:  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

---

ERE with cold beads of midnight  
dew

Had mingled tears of thine.

I grieved, fond youth! that thou  
shouldst sue  
To haughty Geraldine.

Immovable by generous sighs,

She glories in a train

Who drag, beneath our native skies,  
An oriental chain.

Pine not like them with arms across;  
Forgetting in thy care  
How the fast-rooted trees can toss  
Their branches in mid air.

The humblest rivulet will take  
Its own wild liberties;  
And, every day, the imprisoned lake  
Is flowing in the breeze.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,  
But scorn with scorn outbrave;  
A Briton, even in love, should be  
A subject, not a slave!

---

# TO —

Look at the fate of summer flowers,  
Which blow at daybreak, droop ere  
even-song; [fess that ours,  
And, grieved for their brief date, con-  
Measured by what we are and ought  
to be, [foresee,  
Measured by all that, trembling, we  
Is not so long!

If human life do pass away,  
Perishing yet more swiftly than the  
flower

If we are creatures of a *winter's* day;  
What space hath virgin's beauty to  
disclose

Her sweets, and triumph o'er the  
breathing rose?

Not even an hour!

The deepest grove whose foliage hid  
The happiest lovers Arcady might  
boast, [forbid:

Could not the entrance of this thought  
Oh, be thou wise as they, soul-gifted  
maid! [fade.

Nor rate too high what must so quickly  
So soon be lost.

Then shall love teach some virtuous  
youth  
"To draw out of the object of his  
eyes,"  
The while on thee they gaze in simple  
truth,  
Hues more exalted, "a refined  
form,"  
That dreads not age, nor suffers from  
the worm,  
And never dies.

---

'Tis said that some have died for  
love:  
And here and there a churchyard  
grave is found  
In the cold North's unhallowed  
ground,—  
Because the wretched man himself  
had slain,  
His love was such a grievous pain.  
And there is one whom I five years  
have known;  
He dwells alone  
Upon Helvellyn's side:  
He loved—the pretty Barbara died,  
And thus he makes his moan:  
'Three years had Barbara in her grave  
been laid  
When thus his moan he made—

"Oh, move, thou cottage, from behind  
that oak!  
Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,  
That in some other way yon smoke  
May mount into the sky!  
The clouds pass on; they from the  
heavens depart:  
I look—the sky is empty space;  
I know not what I trace;  
But when I cease to look, my hand  
is on my heart.

"Oh! what a weight is in these  
shades? Ye leaves,  
That murmur once so dear, when will  
it cease?  
Your sound my heart of rest be-  
reaves,  
It robs my heart of peace.  
Thou thrush, that singest loud—and  
loud and free,  
Into yon row of willows flit,  
Upon that alder sit;  
Or sing another song, or choose  
another tree.

"Roll back, sweet rill! back to thy  
mountain bounds,  
And there for ever be thy waters  
chained!  
For thou dost haunt the air with  
sounds  
That cannot be sustained;  
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged  
bough  
Headlong yon waterfall must come,  
Oh, let it then be dumb!—  
Be anything, sweet rill, but that which  
thou art now.

"Thou eglantine, so bright with sunny  
showers,  
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the  
vale,  
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy  
flowers,  
And stir not in the gale.  
For thus to see thee nodding in the  
air,—  
To see thy arch thus stretch and  
bend,  
Thus rise and thus descend,—  
Disturbs me till the sight is more  
than I can bear."

The man who makes this feverish  
 complaint  
 Is one of giant stature. who could  
 dance  
 Equipped from head to foot in iron  
 mail.  
 Ah gentle love! if ever thought was  
 thine  
 To store up kindred hours for me.  
 thy face  
 Turn from me, gentle love! nor let me  
 walk  
 Within the sound of Emma's voice,  
 nor know  
 Such happiness as I have known to-  
 day.

### A COMPLAINT.

THERE is a change—and I am  
 poor:

Your love hath been. nor long ago,  
 A fountain at my fond heart's door,  
 Whose only business was to flow;  
 And flow it did: not taking heed  
 Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!  
 Blest was I then all bliss above!  
 Now, for that consecrated fount  
 Of murmuring, sparkling, living  
 love,

What have I? shall I dare to tell?  
 A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep—  
 I trust it is,—and never dry:  
 What matter? if the waters sleep  
 In silence and obscurity.  
 Such change, and at the very door  
 Of my fond heart, hath made me  
 poor.

TO —

LET other bards of angels sing,  
 Bright suns without a spot;  
 But thou art no such perfect thing;  
 Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not tho' none should call thee  
 fair;

So, Mary, let it be  
 If nought in loveliness compare  
 With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
 Whose veil is unremoved  
 Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
 And the lover is beloved.

How rich that forehead's calm  
 expanse!

How bright that heaven-directed  
 glance!

Waft her to glory, winged powers,  
 Ere sorrow be renewed,  
 And intercourse with mortal hours  
 Bring back a humbler mood!  
 So looked Cecilia when she drew  
 An angel from his station;  
 So looked—not ceasing to pursue  
 Her tuneful adoration!

But hand and voice alike are still:  
 No sound *here* sweeps away the will  
 That gave it birth;—in service meek  
 One upright arm sustains the cheek,  
 And one across the bosom lies—  
 That rose, and now forgets to rise,  
 Subdued by breathless harmonies  
 Of meditative feeling;  
 Mute strains from worlds beyond the  
 skies,  
 Through the pure light of female  
 eyes  
 Their sanctity revealing!

TO —

Oh, dearer far than light and life  
 are dear, [deplore;  
 Full oft our human foresight I  
 Trembling, through my unworthiness,  
 with fear [meet no more!  
 That friends, by death disjoined, may

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or con-  
 trol, [of rest;  
 Mix with the day, and cross the hour  
 While all the future, for thy purer soul,  
 With "sober certainties" of love is  
 blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for  
 human ear, [offend,  
 Tells that these words thy humbleness  
 Yet bear me up—else faltering in the  
 rear [end.  
 Of a steep march; support me to the

Peace settles where the intellect is  
 meek, [deed;  
 And love is dutiful in thought and  
 Through thee communion with that  
 love I seek;  
 The faith Heaven strengthens where  
 He moulds the creed.

### LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

SMILE of the moon!—for so I name  
 That silent greeting from above;  
 A gentle flash of light that came  
 From her whom drooping captives  
 love;  
 Or art thou of still higher birth?  
 Thou that didst part the clouds of  
 earth,  
 My torpor to reprove!

Bright boon of pitying Heaven—alas!  
 I may not trust thy placid cheer!  
 Pondering that time to-night will pass  
 The threshold of another year;  
 For years to me are sad and dull;  
 My very moments are too full  
 Of hopelessness and fear.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,  
 That struck perchance the farthest  
 cone  
 Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem  
 To visit me, and me alone;  
 Me, unapproached by any friend,  
 Save those who to my sorrows lend  
 Tears due unto their own.

To-night, the church-tower bells will  
 ring  
 Through these wide realms a festive  
 peal;  
 To the new year a welcoming;  
 A tuneful offering for the weal  
 Of happy millions lulled in sleep;  
 While I am forced to watch and weep,  
 By wounds that may not heal.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised  
 Still higher—to be cast thus low!  
 Would that mine eyes had never gazed  
 On aught of more ambitious show  
 Than the sweet flowerets of the  
 fields!

It is my royal state that yields  
 This bitterness of woe.

Yet how?—for I, if there be truth  
 In the world's voice, was passing fair;  
 And beauty, for confiding youth,  
 Those shocks of passion can prepare  
 That kill the bloom before its time,  
 And blanch, without the owner's  
 crime,  
 The most resplendent hair.

Unblest distinction! showered on me  
To bind a lingering life in chains:—  
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,  
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains  
Fixed in the spirit; for even here  
Can I be proud that jealous fear  
Of what I was remains.

A woman rules my prison's key;  
A sister queen, against the bent  
Of law and holiest sympathy,  
Detains me, doubtful of the event;  
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,  
My thoughts are all that I possess,  
Oh, keep them innocent!

Farewell desire of human aid,  
Which abject mortals vainly court,  
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,  
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;  
Nought but the world-redeeming cross  
Is able to supply my loss,  
My burthen to support.

Hark! the death-note of the year  
Sounded by the castle clock!  
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear  
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;  
But oft the woods renewed their green,  
Ere the tired head of Scotland's queen  
Reposed upon the block!

---

### THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

In distant countries have I been,  
And yet I have not often seen  
A healthy man, a man full grown,  
Weep in the public roads alone.  
But such a one, on English ground,  
And in the broad highway, I met;  
Along the broad highway he came,  
His cheeks with tears were wet.  
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;  
And in his arms a lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,  
As if he wished himself to hide;  
And with his coat did then essay  
To wipe those briny tears away.  
I followed him, and said, "My friend,  
What ails you? wherefore weep you  
so?"

"Shame on me, sir! this lusty lamb,  
He makes my tears to flow.  
To-day I fetched him from the rock;  
He is the last of all my flock.

"When I was young, a single man,  
And after youthful follies ran,  
Though little given to care and thought  
Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought;  
And other sheep from her I raised,  
As healthy sheep as you might see;  
And then I married, and was rich  
As I could wish to be;  
Of sheep I numbered a full score,  
And every year increased my store.

"Year after year my stock it grew;  
And from this one, this single ewe,  
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,  
As fine a flock as ever grazed!  
Upon the Quantock hills they fed;  
They throve, and we at home did thrive.  
This lusty lamb of all my store  
Is all that is alive;  
And now I care not if we die,  
And perish all of poverty.

"Six children, sir! had I to feed;  
Hard labour in a time of need!  
My pride was tamed, and in our grief  
I of the parish asked relief.  
They said, I was a wealthy man;  
My sheep upon the uplands fed,  
And it was fit that thence I took  
Whereof to buy us bread.  
'Do this: how can we give to you,'  
They cried, 'what to the poor is due?'



"I sold a sheep, as they had said,  
And bought my little children bread,  
And they were healthy with their food;  
For me—it never did me good.  
A woeful time it was for me,  
To see the end of all my gains,  
The pretty flock which I had reared  
With all my care and pains.  
To see it melt like snow away!  
For me it was a woeful day.

"Another still! and still another!  
A little lamb, and then its mother!  
It was a vein that never stopped—  
Like blood-drops from my heart they  
dropped.

Till thirty were not left alive.  
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one;  
And I may say, that many a time  
I wished they all were gone—  
Reckless of what might come at last  
Were but the bitter struggle past.

'To wicked deeds I was inclined,  
And wicked fancies crossed my mind;  
And every man I chanced to see,  
I thought he knew some ill of me.  
No peace, no comfort could I find,  
No ease, within doors or without;  
And crazily and wearily  
I went my work about,  
And oft was moved to flee from home,  
And hide my head where wild beasts  
roam.

'Sir, 'twas a precious flock to me,  
As dear as my own children be;  
For daily with my growing store  
I loved my children more and more.  
Alas! it was an evil time;  
God cursed me in my sore distress;  
I prayed, yet every day I thought  
I loved my children less;  
And every week, and every day,  
My flock it seemed to melt away.

"They dwindled, sir, sad sight to  
see!

From ten to five, from five to three,  
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;  
And then at last from three to two;  
And, of my fifty, yesterday  
I had but only one:  
And here it lies upon my arm,  
Alas! and I have none;—  
To-day I fetched it from the rock;  
It is the last of all my flock."

## THE COMPLAINT

### OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he is unable to follow or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert, unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, Hearne's "Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean." In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.]

BEFORE I see another day,  
Oh, let my body die away!  
In sleep I heard the northern gleams;  
The stars, they were among my  
dreams;  
In rustling conflict through the skies,  
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,  
And yet they are upon my eyes,  
And yet I am alive;  
Before I see another day,  
Oh, let my body die away!

My fire is dead : it knew no pain ;  
 Yet is it dead, and I remain.  
 All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;  
 And they are dead, and I will die.  
 When I was well, I wished to live,  
 For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire ;  
 But they to me no joy can give,  
 No pleasure now, and no desire.  
 Then here contented will I lie !  
 Alone I cannot fear to die.

I'll follow you across the snow ;  
 Ye travel heavily and slow ;  
 In spite of all my weary pain  
 I'll look upon your tents again.  
 My fire is dead, and snowy white  
 The water which beside it stood ;  
 The wolf has come to me to-night,  
 And he has stolen away my food.  
 For ever left alone am I,  
 Then wherefore should I fear to die.

Alas ! ye might have dragged me on  
 Another day, a single one !  
 Too soon I yielded to despair ;  
 Why did ye listen to my prayer ?  
 When ye were gone my limbs were  
 stronger,  
 And, oh, how grievously I rue,  
 That, afterwards, a little longer,  
 My friends, I did not follow you ?  
 For strong and without pain I lay,  
 My friends, when ye were gone away.

Young as I am, my course is run,  
 I shall not see another sun ;  
 I cannot lift my limbs to know  
 If they have any life or no.  
 My poor forsaken Child, if I  
 For once could have thee close to me,  
 With happy heart I then would die,  
 And my last thought would happy be ;  
 But thou, dear Babe, art far away,  
 Nor shall I see another day.

My child ! they gave thee to another,  
 A woman who was not thy mother.  
 When from my arms my babe they took,  
 On me how strangely did he look !  
 Through his whole body something ran,  
 A most strange working did I see ;  
 As if he strove to be a man,  
 That he might pull the sledge for me.  
 And then he stretched his arms, how wild ?  
 Oh, mercy ! like a helpless child.

My little joy ! my little pride !  
 In two days more I must have died.  
 Then do not weep and grieve for me ;  
 I feel I must have died with thee.  
 O wind, that o'er my head art flying  
 'Tis was my friend—thy cour-edid band,  
 I should not feel the pain of dying,  
 Could I with thee a message send ;  
 Tell, say, my friends, ye went away ;  
 For I had many things to say.

## REPENTANCE.

### A PASTORAL BALLAD.

THE fields which with covetous spirit  
 we sold,  
 Those beautiful fields, the delight of  
 the day.  
 Would have brought us more good  
 than a burthen of gold,  
 Could we but have been as contented  
 as they.

When the troublesome tempter beset  
 us, said I,  
 "Let him come with his purse proudly  
 grasped in his hand ;  
 But, Allan, be true to me, Allan—we'll  
 die  
 Before he shall go with an inch of the  
 land !"

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in  
 their bowers ; [abide ;  
 Unfettered as bees that in gardens  
 We could do what we liked with the  
 land, it was ours ;  
 And for us the brook murmured that  
 ran by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late ;  
 And often, like one overburthened with  
 sin, [opened gate,  
 With my hand on the latch of the half-  
 I look at the fields—but I cannot go in !

When I walk by the hedge on a bright  
 summer's day, [tree,  
 Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's  
 A stern face it puts on, as if ready to  
 say, [creeping to me ?"  
 "What ails you, that you must come

With our pastures about us, we could  
 not be sad ; [crost,  
 Our comfort was near if we ever were  
 But the comfort, the blessings, and  
 wealth that we had,  
 We slighted them all,—and our birth-  
 right was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son,  
 Who must now be a wanderer !—but  
 peace to that strain !

Think of evening's repose when our  
 labour was done, [soft chain !  
 The Sabbath's return—and its leisure's

And in sickness, if night had been  
 sparing of sleep,

How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill  
 where I stood, }

Looking down on the kine, and our  
 treasure of sheep

That besprinkled the field—'twas like  
 youth in my blood !

Now I cleave to the house, and am  
 dull as a snail ;  
 And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell  
 with a sigh,  
 That follows the thought—We've no  
 land in the vale,  
 Save six feet of earth where our fore-  
 fathers lie !

### THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET —.

WHERE art thou, my beloved son,  
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?  
 Oh, find me, prosperous or undone !  
 Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
 Why am I ignorant of the same,  
 That I may rest ; and neither blame  
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received  
 No tidings of an only child ;  
 To have despaired, have hoped, believed,  
 And been for evermore beguiled ;  
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !  
 I catch at them, and then I miss ;  
 Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth,  
 An object beauteous to behold ;  
 Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth  
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :  
 If things ensued that wanted grace,  
 As hath been said, they were not base ;  
 And never blush was on my face.

Ah ! little doth the young one dream,  
 When full of play and childish cares,  
 What power is in his wildest  
 scream,

Heard by his mother unawares !  
 He knows it not, he cannot guess :  
 Years to a mother bring distress ;  
 But do not make her love the less

Neglect me! no, I suffered long  
 From that ill thought; and, being  
     blind,  
 Said, "Pride shall help me in my  
     wrong:

Kind mother have I been, as kind  
 As ever breathed:" and that is true;  
 I've wet my path with tears like dew,  
 Weeping for him when no one knew.

My son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
 Hopeless of honour and of gain,  
 Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;  
 Think not of me with grief and pain;  
 I now can see with better eyes,  
 And worldly grandeur I despise,  
 And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,  
 And blasts of heaven will aid their  
     flight;

They mount, how short a voyage  
     brings

The wanderers back to their delight!  
 Chains tie us down by land and sea;  
 And wishes, vain as mine, may be  
 All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee  
     groan,

Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;  
 Or thou upon a desert thrown  
 Inheritest the lion's den;  
 Or hast been summoned to the deep,  
 Thou, thou, and all thy mates, to keep  
 An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts; but none will force  
 Their way to me;—'tis falsely said  
 That there was ever intercourse  
 Between the living and the dead;  
 For, surely, then I should have sight  
 Of him I wait for day and night,  
 With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;  
 I dread the rustling of the grass;  
 The very shadows of the clouds  
 Have power to shake me as they pass:  
 I question things and do not find  
 One that will answer to my mind;  
 And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie  
 My troubles, and beyond relief:  
 If any chance to heave a sigh,  
 Then pity me and not my grief.  
 Then come to me, my son, or send  
 Some tidings that my woes may end;  
 I have no other earthly friend.

## THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY MY SISTER.

THE days are cold, the nights are  
     long,

The north wind sings a doleful song;  
 Then hush again upon my breast;  
 All merry things are now at rest,  
     Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
 The crickets long have ceased their  
     mirth;

There's nothing stirring in the house  
 Save one *wcc*, hungry, nibbling mouse.  
     Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling  
     light;

'Tis but the moon that shines so  
     bright

On the window-pane bedropp'd with  
     rain.

Then, little darling! sleep again!  
     And wake when it is day.

## THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,  
A foggy day in winter time)  
A woman on the road I met,  
Not old, though something past her  
prime:

Majestic in her person, tall and  
straight; [mien and gait.  
And like a Roman matron's was her

The ancient spirit is not dead;  
Old times, thought I, are breathing  
there;

Proud was I that my country bred  
Such strength, a dignity so fair:  
She begged an alms, like one in poor  
estate; [abate.  
I looked at her again, nor did my pride

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
"What is it," said I, "that you bear  
Beneath the covert of your cloak,  
Protected from the cold damp air?"  
She answered, soon as she the question  
heard, [bird.

"A simple burthen, sir, a little singing

And, thus continuing, she said,  
"I had a son, who, many a day  
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;  
In Denmark he was cast away:

And I have travelled weary miles to  
see [still remain for me.  
If aught which he had owned might

"The bird and cage they both were  
his: [trim

'Twas my son's bird; and neat and  
He kept it: many voyages  
The singing-bird had gone with him;  
When last he sailed, he left the bird  
behind:

From bodings, as might be, that hung  
upon his mind.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it, to be watched and fed,  
And pipe its song in safety;—there  
I found it when my son was dead;  
And now, God help me for my little  
wit!

I bear it with me, sir! he took so much  
delight in it."

## THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

"UP, Timothy, up with your staff and  
away!

Not a soul in the village this morning  
will stay;

The hare has just started from Hamil-  
ton's grounds,  
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of  
the hounds."

Of coats and of jackets gray, scarlet,  
and green,

On the slopes of the pastures all  
colours were seen;

With their comely blue aprons, and  
caps white as snow,

The girls on the hills made a holiday  
show.

Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not  
six months before,

Filled the funeral basin\* at Timothy's  
door;

A coffin through Timothy's threshold  
had past;

One child did it bear, and that child  
was his last.

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\* In several parts of the north of England when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs of box-wood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes a sprig of this box-wood, and throws it into the grave of the deceased.

Now fast up the dell came the noise  
 and the fray,  
 The horse and the horn, and the hark!  
 hark away!  
 Old Timothy took up his staff, and he  
 shut [his hut.  
 With a leisurely motion the door of  
 Perhaps to himself at that moment he  
 said,  
 "The key I must take, for my Ellen is  
 dead."  
 But of this in my ears not a word did  
 he speak, [on his cheek.  
 And he went to the chase with a tear

### THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

ONCE in a lonely hamlet I sojourned,  
 In which a lady driven from France  
 did dwell;  
 The big and lesser griefs, with which  
 she mourned, [tell  
 In friendship, she to me would often  
 This lady, dwelling upon British  
 ground,  
 Where she was childless, daily would  
 repair  
 To a poor neighbouring cottage; as I  
 found, [was there.  
 For sake of a young child whose home  
 Once, having seen her clasp with fond  
 embrace  
 This child, I chanted to myself a lay,  
 Endeavouring, in our English tongue,  
 to trace [might say:  
 Such things as she unto the babe  
 And thus, from what I heard and knew,  
 or guessed,  
 My song the workings of her heart  
 expressed.

"Dear babe, thou daughter of another,  
 One moment let me be thy mother!  
 An infant's face and looks are thine,  
 And sure a mother's heart is mine:  
 Thy own dear mother's far away,  
 At labour in the harvest-field:  
 Thy little sister is at play;  
 What warmth, what comfort would it  
 yield  
 To my poor heart, if thou wouldst be  
 One little hour a child to me!

"Across the waters I am come,  
 And I have left a babe at home:  
 A long, long way of land and sea!  
 Come to me—I'm no enemy:  
 I am the same who at thy side  
 Sate yesterday, and made a nest  
 For thee, sweet baby!—thou hast  
 tried,  
 Thou know'st the pillow of my breast;  
 Good, good art thou;—alas to me  
 Far more than I can be to thee.

"Here, little darling, dost thou lie;  
 An infant thou, a mother I!  
 Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears;  
 Mine art thou—spite of these my  
 tears.  
 Alas! before I left the spot,  
 My baby and its dwelling-place;  
 The nurse said to me, 'Tears should  
 not  
 Be shed upon an infant's face,  
 It was unlucky'—no, no, no;  
 No truth is in them who say so!

"My own dear little one will sigh,  
 Sweet babe! and they will let him  
 die.  
 'He pines,' they'll say, 'it is his doom,  
 And you may see his hour is come.'

With answering vows. Plebeian was  
     the stock,  
 Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,  
 From which her graces and her  
     honours sprung :  
 And hence the father of the en-  
     amoured youth,  
 With haughty indignation, spurned the  
     thought  
 Of such alliance.—From their cradles  
     up,  
 With but a step between their several  
     homes,  
 Twins had they been in pleasure ; after  
     strife  
 And petty quarrels, had grown fond  
     again ;  
 Each other's advocate, each other's  
     stay ;                     [content,  
 And, in their happiest moments, not  
 If more divided than a sportive pair  
 Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they  
     are hovering  
 Within the eddy of a common blast,  
 Or hidden only by the concave depth  
 Of neighbouring billows from each  
     other's sight.

Arabian fiction never filled the world  
 With half the wonders that were  
     wrought for him.  
 Earth breathed in one great presence  
     of the spring ;  
 Life turned the meanest of her imple-  
     ments,  
 Before his eyes, to price above all  
     gold ;  
 The house she dwelt in was a sainted  
     shrine :  
 Her chamber window did surpass in  
     glory  
 The portals of the dawn ; all paradise  
 'Could, by the simple opening of a  
     door,  
 Let itself in upon him : pathways,  
     walks,  
 'Swarmed with enchantment, till his  
     spirit sank,  
 Surcharged, within him,—overblest to  
     move  
 Beneath a 'sun that wakes a weary  
     world  
 'To its dull round of ordinary cares ;  
 A man too happy for mortality !

Oh! had he but thy cheerful smiles,  
Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,  
Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles;  
And countenance like a summer's day,  
They would have hopes of him—and  
then

I should behold his face again!

"'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget;

There was a smile or two—yet—yet  
I can remember them. I see  
The smiles worth all the world to me.  
Dear baby! I must lay thee down;  
Thou troublest me with strange  
alarms;

Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own;  
I cannot keep thee in my arms, [is  
For they confound me;—where—where  
That last, that sweetest smile of his?

"Oh! how I love thee!—we will stay  
Together here this one half day.  
My sister's child, who bears my name,  
From France to sheltering England  
came;

She with her mother crossed the sea;  
The babe and mother near me dwell:  
Yet does my yearning heart to thee  
Turn rather, though I love her well:  
Rest, little stranger, rest thee here!  
Never was any child more dear!

—"I cannot help it—ill intent  
I've none, my pretty innocent!  
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,  
These tears—and my poor idle tongue.  
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek  
How cold it is! but thou art good;  
Thine eyes are on me—they would  
speak,

I think, to help me if they could.  
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,  
My heart again is in its place!

"While thou art mine, my little love,  
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;  
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,  
I seem to find them all in thee:  
Here's grass to play with, here are  
flowers;

I'll call thee by my darling's name;  
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,  
Thy features seem to me the same;  
His little sister thou shalt be:  
And, when once more my home I see,  
I'll tell him many tales of thee."

### VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

The following tale was written as an episode in  
a work from which its length may perhaps  
exclude it. The facts are true; no invention  
as to these has been exercised, as none was  
needed.

Oh, happy time of youthful lovers,  
(thus

My story may begin,) oh, balmy time,  
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow  
Is fairer than the fairest star in  
heaven!

To such inheritance of blessed fancy  
(Fancy that sports more desperately  
with minds

Than ever fortune hath been known to  
do)

The high-born Vaudracour was  
brought, by years

Whose progress had a little over-  
stepped

His stripling prime. A town of  
small repute,

Among the vine-clad mountains of  
Auvergne,

Was the youth's birthplace. There he  
wooed a maid

Who heard the heart-felt music of his  
suit



"You shall be baffled in your mad  
 intent  
 If there be justice in the court of  
 France,"  
 Muttered the father.—From these  
 words the youth [day,  
 Conceived a terror,—and, by night or  
 Stirred nowhere without weapons—  
 that full soon  
 Found dreadful provocation: for at  
 night  
 When to his chamber he retired,  
 attempt  
 Was made to seize him by three armed  
 men, [will,  
 Acting, in furtherance of the father's  
 Under a private signet of the state.  
 One the rash youth's ungovernable  
 hand  
 Slew, and as quickly to a second gave  
 A perilous wound,—he shuddered to  
 behold  
 The breathless corse; then peacefully  
 resigned  
 His person to the law, was lodged in  
 prison,  
 And wore the fetters of a criminal.

Have you observed a tuft of winged  
 seed  
 That, from the dandelion's naked  
 stalk,  
 Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use  
 Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,  
 Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to  
 and fro  
 Through the wide element? or have  
 you marked  
 The heavier substance of a leaf-clad  
 bough,  
 Within the vortex of a foaming flood,  
 Tormented? by such aid you may con-  
 ceive

The perturbation that ensued;—ah, no!  
 Desperate the maid—the youth is  
 stained with blood!  
 Unmatchable on earth is their disquiet!  
 Yet as the troubled seed and tortured  
 bough  
 Is man, subjected to despotic sway.

For him, by private influence with  
 the court,  
 Was pardon gained, and liberty pro-  
 cured;  
 But not without exaction of a pledge  
 Which liberty and love dispersed in  
 air.  
 He flew to her from whom they would  
 divide him—  
 He clove to her who could not give  
 him peace—  
 Yea, his first word of greeting was,—  
 "All right  
 Is gone from me; my lately-towering  
 hopes,  
 To the least fibre of their lowest root,  
 Are withered;—thou no longer canst  
 be mine,  
 I thine—the conscience-stricken must  
 not woo  
 The unruffled innocent,—I see thy  
 face,  
 Behold thee, and my misery is com-  
 plete!"

"One, are we not?" exclaimed the  
 maiden—"One,  
 For innocence and youth, for weal and  
 woe?"  
 Then with the father's name she  
 coupled words  
 Of vehement indignation; but the  
 youth  
 Checked her with filial meekness; for  
 no thought

To nature for a happy end of all;  
 Deem that by such fond hope the  
 youth was swayed,  
 And bear with their transgression,  
 when I add [wife,  
 That Julia, wanting yet the name of  
 Carried about her for a secret grief  
 The promise of a mother.

To conceal  
 The threatened shame, the parents of  
 the maid [night  
 Found means to hurry her away by  
 And unforewarned, that in some distant spot  
 She might remain shrouded in privacy,  
 Until the babe was born. When  
 morning came, [loss,  
 The lover, thus bereft, stung with his  
 And all uncertain whither he should  
 turn, [but soon  
 Chafed like a wild beast in the toils;  
 Discovering traces of the fugitives,  
 Their steps he followed to the maid's  
 retreat.

Easily may the sequel be divined,—  
 Walks to and fro—watchings at every  
 hour; [she may,  
 And the fair captive, who, when'er  
 Is busy at her casement as the swallow  
 Fluttering its pinions, almost within  
 reach,

About the pendent nest, did thus espy  
 Her lover!—thence a stolen interview,  
 Accomplished under friendly shade of  
 night.

I pass the raptures of the pair;—  
 such theme  
 Is, by innumerable poets, touched  
 In more delightful verse than skill of  
 mine  
 Could fashion, chiefly by that darling  
 bird

Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,  
 And of the lark's note heard before its  
 time,  
 And of the streaks that laced the  
 severing clouds  
 In the unrelenting east.—Through all  
 her courts  
 The vacant city slept; the busy winds,  
 That keep no certain intervals of rest,  
 Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed [beat  
 Her fires, that like mysterious pulses  
 Aloft;—momentous but uneasy bliss!  
 To their full hearts the universe  
 seemed hung [ment!  
 On that brief meeting's slender fila-

They parted; and the generous  
 Vaudracour  
 Reached speedily the native threshold,  
 bent

On making (so the lovers had agreed)  
 A sacrifice of birthright to attain  
 A final portion from his father's hand;  
 Which granted, bride and bridegroom  
 then would flee

To some remote and solitary place,  
 Shady as night, and beautiful as  
 heaven,

Where they may live, with no one to  
 behold

Their happiness, or to disturb their  
 love. [less,

But now of this no whisper; not the  
 If ever an' obtrusive word were  
 dropped

Touching the matter of his passion,  
 still, [cour

In his stern father's hearing, Vaudra-  
 Persisted openly that death alone  
 Should abrogate his human privilege  
 Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,  
 Upon the altar, to the maid he loved

That pillow is no longer to be thine,  
 Fond youth! that mournful solace now  
     must pass  
 Into the list of things that cannot  
     be!  
 Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears  
 The sentence, by her mother's lips pronounced,  
 That dooms her to a convent.—Who  
     shall tell,  
 Who dares report the tidings to the  
     lord  
 Of her affections? So they blindly  
     asked  
 Who knew not to what quiet depths a  
     weight  
 Of agony had pressed the sufferer  
     down;—  
 The word, by others dreaded, he can  
     hear  
 Composed and silent, without visible  
     sign  
 Of even the least emotion. Noting  
     this  
 When the impatient object of his  
     love  
 Upbraided him with slackness, he  
     returned  
 No answer, only took the mother's  
     hand  
 And kissed it—seemingly devoid of  
     pain,  
 Or care, that what so tenderly he  
     pressed,  
 Was a dependant on the obdurate  
     heart  
 Of one who came to disunite their  
     lives  
 For ever—sad alternative! preferred,  
 By the unbending parents of the  
     maid,  
 To secret 'spousals meanly disavowed.  
     be it!

In the city he remained  
 A season after Julia had withdrawn  
 To those religious walls. He, too,  
     departs— [little one!  
 Who with him?—even the senseless  
 With that sole charge he passed the  
     city-gates,  
 For the last time, attendant by the  
     side  
 Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,  
 In which the babe was carried. To a  
     hill, [the town,  
 That rose a brief league distant from  
 The dwellers in that house where he  
     had lodged  
 Accompanied his steps, by anxious  
     love  
 Impelled:—they parted from him  
     there, and stood  
 Watching below, till he had dis-  
     appeared [took,  
 On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely  
 Throughout that journey, from the  
     vehicle  
 (Slow-moving ark of all his hopes!)  
     that veiled  
 The tender infant: and at every inn,  
 And under every hospitable tree  
 At which the bearers halted or  
     reposed, [knees,  
 Laid him with timid care upon his  
 And looked, as mothers ne'er were  
     known to look, [braced.  
 Upon the nursling which his arms em-  
  
 This was the manner in which  
     Vaudracour  
 Departed with his infant; and thus  
     reached  
 His father's house, where to the in-  
     nocent child [man spoke  
 Admittance was denied. The young  
 No words of indignation or reproof,

Uncharitable crossed his mind, no  
 sense  
 Of hasty anger, rising in the eclipse  
 Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er  
 Find place within his bosom.—Once  
 again  
 The persevering wedge of tyranny  
 Achieved their separation;—and once  
 more  
 Were they united,—to be yet again  
 Disparted—pitiable lot! But here  
 A portion of the tale may well be left  
 In silence, though my memory could  
 add  
 Much how the youth, in scanty space  
 of time,  
 Was traversed from without; much,  
 too, of thoughts  
 That occupied his days in solitude  
 Under privation and restraint; and  
 what,  
 Through dark and shapeless fear of  
 things to come,  
 And what, through strong compunc-  
 tion for the past,  
 He suffered—breaking down in heart  
 and mind!

Doomed to a third and last cap-  
 tivity,  
 His freedom he recovered on the eve  
 Of Julia's travail. When the babe was  
 born,  
 Its presence tempted him to cherish  
 schemes  
 Of 'future happiness. "You shall  
 return,  
 Julia," said he, "and to your father's  
 house  
 Go with the child.—You have been  
 wretched; yet  
 The silver shower, whose reckless bur-  
 then weighs

Too heavily upon the lily's head,  
 Oft leaves a saving moisture at its  
 root.  
 Malice, beholding you, will melt away.  
 Go!—'tis a town where both of us  
 were born;  
 None will reproach you, for our truth  
 is known;  
 And if, amid those once-bright bowers,  
 our fate  
 Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.  
 With ornaments—the prettiest nature  
 yields  
 Or art can fashion, shall you deck our  
 boy,  
 And feed his countenance with your  
 own sweet looks  
 Till no one can resist him.—Now,  
 even now,  
 I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;  
 My father from the window sees him  
 too;  
 Startled, as if some new-created thing  
 Enriched the earth, or faëry of the  
 woods  
 Bounded before him;—but the un-  
 weeping child  
 Shall by his beauty win his grandsire's  
 heart  
 So that it shall be softened, and our  
 loves  
 End happily—as they began!"

These gleams  
 Appeared but seldom: oftener was he  
 seen  
 Propping a pale and melancholy face  
 Upon the mother's bosom; resting  
 thus  
 His head upon one breast, while from  
 the other  
 The babe was drawing in its quiet  
 food.

Scarcely a soul is out of bed ;  
 Good Betty, put him down again ;  
 His lips with joy they burr at  
     you ;  
 But, Betty! what has he to do  
 With stirrup, saddle, or with rein?

But Betty's bent on her intent :  
 For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,  
 Old Susan, she who dwells alone,  
 Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,  
 As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,  
 No hand to help them in distress ;  
 Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,  
 And sorely puzzled are the twain,  
 For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,  
 Where by the week he doth abide,  
 A woodman in the distant vale ;  
 There's none to help poor Susan Gale ;  
 What must be done? what will betide?

And Betty from the lane has fetched  
 Her pony, that is mild and good,  
 Whether he be in joy or pain,  
 Feeding at will along the lane,  
 Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—  
 And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy  
 Has on the well-girt saddle set  
 (The like was never heard of yet)  
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay  
 Across the bridge and through the  
     dale,  
 And by the church, and o'er the down,  
 To bring a doctor from the town  
 Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,  
 There is no need of whip or wand ;  
 For Johnny has his holly-bough,  
 And with a *hurly-burly* now  
 He shakes the green bough in his  
     hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told  
 The boy, who is her best delight,  
 Both what to follow, what to shun,  
 What do, and what to leave undone,  
 How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,  
 Was, "Johnny! Johnny! mind that  
     you  
 Come home again, nor stop at all,—  
 Come home again, whate'er befall,  
 My Johnny, do. I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,  
 Both with his head, and with his  
     hand,  
 And proudly shook the bridle too ;  
 And then! his words were not a few,  
 Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,  
 Though Betty's in a mighty flurry,  
 She gently pats the pony's side,  
 On which her Idiot Boy must ride,  
 And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the pony moved his legs,  
 Oh! then for the poor Idiot Boy!  
 For joy he cannot hold the bridle,  
 For joy his head and heels are idle,  
 He's idle all for very joy.

And while the pony moves his legs,  
 In Johnny's left hand you may see  
 The green bough motionless and dead:  
 The moon that shines above his head  
 Is not more still and mute than he.

But of his father begged, a last request,  
 That a retreat might be assigned to him [dwell,  
 Where in forgotten quiet he might  
 With such allowance as his wants required;  
 For wishes he had none. To a lodge that stood  
 Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the age [drew;  
 Of four-and-twenty summers he with-  
 And thither took with him his mother-  
 less babe,  
 And one domestic, for their common needs,  
 An aged woman. It consoled him here [form  
 To attend upon the orphan, and per-  
 Obsequious service to the precious child,  
 Which, after a short time, by some mistake  
 Or indiscretion of the father, died.  
 The tale I follow to its last recess  
 Of suffering or of peace, I know not which;  
 Theirs be the blame who caused the woe, not mine!

From this time forth he never shared a smile  
 With mortal creature. An inhabitant  
 Of that same town, in which the pair had left  
 So lively a remembrance of their griefs,  
 By chance of business, coming within reach,  
 Of his retirement, to the forest lodge  
 Repaired, but only found the matron there,  
 Who told him that his pains were thrown away,

For that her master never uttered word  
 To living thing—not even to her.—Behold!  
 While they were speaking, Vaudracour approached;  
 But, seeing some one near, as on the latch  
 Of the garden-gate his hand was laid, he shrunk—  
 And, like a shadow, glided out of view.  
 Shocked at his savage aspect, from the place  
 The visitor retired.

Thus lived the youth,  
 Cut off from all intelligence with man,  
 And shunning even the light of common day;  
 Nor could the voice of freedom, which  
 through France  
 Full speedily resounded, public hope,  
 Or personal memory of his own deep wrongs,  
 Rouse him: but in those solitary shades  
 His days he wasted, an imbecile mind!

### THE IDIOT BOY.

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,  
 The moon is up—the sky is blue,  
 The owlet, in the moonlight air,  
 Shouts, from nobody knows where;  
 He lengthens out his lonely shout,  
 Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

Why bustle thus about your door,  
 What means this bustle, Betty Foy?  
 Why are you in this mighty fret?  
 And why on horseback have you set  
 Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy?

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,  
And Johnny is not yet in sight,  
The moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,  
But Betty is not quite at ease,  
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,  
On Johnny's vile reflections cast:  
"A little idle sauntering thing!"  
With other names, an endless string;  
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,  
That happy time all past and gone,  
"How can it be he is so late?  
The doctor he has made him wait;  
Susan! they'll both be here anon."

And Susan's growing worse and worse,  
And Betty's in a sad *quandary*;  
And then there's nobody to say  
If she must go or she must stay!  
She's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one;  
But neither doctor nor his guide  
Appears along the moonlight road;  
There's neither horse nor man abroad,  
And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear  
Of sad mischances not a few,  
That Johnny may perhaps be  
drowned,  
Or lost, perhaps, and never found;  
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this  
With "God forbid it should be  
true!"

At the first word that Susan said  
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,  
"Susan, I'd gladly stay with you.

"I must be gone, I must away,  
Consider, Johnny's but half wise;  
Susan, we must take care of him,  
If he is hurt in life or limb"—  
"Oh, God forbid!" poor Susan cries.

"What can I do?" says Betty, going,  
"What can I do to ease your pain?  
Good Susan tell me, and I'll stay;  
I fear you're in a dreadful way,  
But I shall soon be back again."

"Nay, Betty, go; good Betty, go!  
There's nothing that can ease my pain."  
Then off she hies; but with a prayer  
That God poor Susan's life would  
spare,  
Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she goes,  
And far into the moonlight dale;  
And how she ran, and how she walked,  
And all that to herself she talked,  
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,  
In great and small, in round and  
square,  
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,  
In bush and brake, in black and green,  
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where.

And while she crossed the bridge, there  
came  
A thought with which her heart is sore—  
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,  
To hunt the moon within the brook,  
And never will be heard of more.

Now is she high upon the down,  
Alone amid a prospect wide;  
There's neither Johnny nor his horse  
Among the fern or in the gorse;  
There's neither doctor nor his guide:

His heart it was so full of glee,  
That till full fifty yards were gone,  
He quite forgot his holly whip,  
And all his skill in horsemanship,  
Oh! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the mother, at the door,  
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,  
Proud of herself, and proud of him,  
She sees him in his travelling trim,  
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,  
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart!  
He's at the guide-post—he turns right,  
She watches till he's out of sight,  
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,  
As loud as any mill, or near it;  
Meek as a lamb the pony moves,  
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,  
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:  
Her messenger's in merry tune;  
The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,  
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr,  
burr,  
As on he goes beneath the moon.

His steed and he right well agree;  
For of this pony there's a rumour,  
That, should he lose his eyes and  
ears,  
And should he live a thousand years,  
He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a horse that thinks!  
And when he thinks his pace is slack;  
Now, though he knows poor Johnny  
well,  
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell  
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,  
And far into the moonlight dale,  
And by the church, and o'er the down,  
To bring a doctor from the town  
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,  
Is in the middle of her story,  
What speedy help her boy will bring,  
With many a most diverting thing,  
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,  
By this time is not quite so flurried:  
Demure with porringer and plate  
She sits, as if in Susan's fate  
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good woman! she,  
You plainly in her face may read it,  
Could lend out of that moment's store,  
Five years of happiness or more  
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then  
With Betty all was not so well;  
And to the road she turns her ears,  
And thence full many a sound she  
hears,  
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan  
groans;  
"As sure as there's a moon in heaven,"  
Cries Betty, "he'll be back again;  
They'll both be here—'tis almost ten—  
Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;  
The clock gives warning for eleven;  
'Tis on the stroke—"He must be  
near,"  
Quoth Betty, "and will soon be here,  
As sure as there's a moon in heaven."



Poor Betty now has lost all hope,  
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin :  
A green-grown pond she just has past,  
And from the brink she hurries fast,  
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps ;  
Such tears she never shed before ;  
" Oh, dear, dear pony ! my sweet joy !  
Oh, carry back my Idiot Boy !  
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more."

A thought is come into her head ;  
" The pony he is mild and good,  
And we have always used him well ;  
Perhaps he's gone along the dell,  
And carried Johnny to the wood."

Then up she springs as if on wings ;  
She thinks no more of deadly sin ;  
If Betty fifty ponds should see,  
The last of all her thoughts would  
    be  
To drown herself therein.

O reader ! now that I might tell  
What Johnny and his horse are doing !  
What they've been doing all this time,  
Oh, could I put it into rhyme,  
A most delightful tale pursuing !

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought !  
He with his pony now doth roam  
The cliffs and peaks so high that  
    are,  
To lay his hands upon a star,  
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,  
His face unto his horse's tail,  
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,  
All silent as a horseman-ghost,  
He travels slowly down the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,  
A fierce and dreadful hunter he ;  
Yon valley, now so trim and green,  
In five months' time, should he be seen,  
A desert wilderness will be !

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,  
And like the very soul of evil,  
He's galloping away, away,  
And so will gallop on for aye,  
The bane of all that dread the devil !

I to the Muses have been bound  
These fourteen years, by strong in-  
    dentures :  
O gentle Muses ! let me tell  
But half of what to him befel,  
He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses ! is this kind ?  
Why will ye thus my suit repel ?  
Why of your further aid bereave me ?  
And can ye thus unfriended leave me ;  
Ye Muses ! whom I love so well ?

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,  
Which thunders down with headlong  
    force,  
Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,  
As careless as if nothing were,  
Sits upright on a feeding horse ?

Unto his horse, there feeding free,  
He seems, I think, the rein to give ;  
Of moon or stars he takes no heed ;  
Of such we in romances read ;  
'Tis Johnny ! Johnny ! as I live.

And that's the very pony too !  
Where is she, where is Betty Foy ?  
She hardly can sustain her fears ;  
The roaring waterfall she hears,  
And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

"O saints! what is become of him?  
Perhaps he's climbed into an oak,  
Where he will stay till he is dead;  
Or, sadly he has been misled,  
And joined the wandering gipsy-folk.

"Or him that wicked pony's carried  
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall;  
Or in the castle he's pursuing  
Among the ghosts his own undoing;  
Or playing with the waterfall."

At poor old Susan then she railed,  
While to the town she posts away;  
"If Susan had not been so ill,  
Alas! I should have had him still,  
My Johnny, till my dying day."

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,  
The doctor's self could hardly spare;  
Unworthy things she talked, and wild;  
Even he, of cattle the most mild,  
The pony had his share.

But now she's fairly in the town,  
And to the doctor's door she hies;  
'Tis silence all on every side;  
The town so long, the town so wide,  
Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the doctor's door,  
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap;  
The doctor at the casement shows  
His glimmering eyes that peep and  
doze!

And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"Oh, doctor! doctor! where's my  
Johnny!"

"I'm here, what is't you want with  
me?"

"Oh, sir! you know I'm Betty Foy,  
And I have lost my poor dear boy,  
You know him—him you often see;

"He's not so wise as some folks be."  
"The devil take his wisdom!" said  
The doctor, looking somewhat grim,  
"What, woman! should I know of him?"  
And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

"Oh, woe is me! Oh, woe is me!  
Here will I die; here will I die,  
I thought to find my lost one here,  
But he is neither far nor near,  
Oh! what a wretched mother I!"

She stops, she stands, she looks about;  
Which way to turn she cannot tell.  
Poor Betty! it would ease her pain  
If she had heart to knock again;  
The clock strikes three—a dismal knell!

Then up along the town she hies,  
No wonder if her senses fail,  
This piteous news so much it shocked  
her,  
She quite forgot to send the doctor,  
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,  
And she can see a mile of road;  
"Oh, cruel! I'm almost threescore;  
Such night as this was ne'er before,  
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear  
The foot of horse, the voice of man;  
The streams with softest sound are  
flowing,  
The grass you almost hear it growing,  
You hear it now if e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue  
night  
Are shouting to each other still:  
Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob  
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,  
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Your pony's worth his weight in  
gold ;

Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy !  
She's coming from among the trees,  
And now all full in view she sees  
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the pony too :  
Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy ?  
It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,  
'Tis he whom you so long have lost,  
He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—  
She screams—she cannot move for  
joy ;  
She darts, as with a torrent's force,  
She almost has o'erturned the horse  
And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud,  
Whether in cunning or in joy  
I cannot tell ; but while he laughs,  
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs  
To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she's at the pony's tail,  
And now is at the pony's head,—  
On that side now, and now on this ;  
And, almost stifled with her bliss,  
A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again  
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy ;  
She's happy here, is happy there,  
She is uneasy every where ;  
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the pony, where or when  
She knows not, happy Betty Foy !  
The little pony glad may be,  
But he is milder far than she,  
You hardly can perceive his joy.

" Oh ! Johnny, never mind the doctor ;  
You've done your best, and that is all."  
She took the reins, when this was said,  
And gently turned the pony's head  
From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,  
The moon was setting on the hill,  
So pale you scarcely looked at her :  
The little birds began to stir,  
Though yet their tongues were still.

The pony, Betty, and her boy,  
Wind slowly through the woody dale ;  
And who is she, betimes abroad,  
That hobbles up the steep rough road ?  
Who is it, but old Susan Gale ?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought,  
And many dreadful fears beset her,  
Both for her messenger and nurse ;  
And as her mind grew worse and worse,  
Her body it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,  
On all sides doubts and terrors met  
her ;  
Point after point did she discuss ;  
And while her mind was fighting thus,  
Her body still grew better.

" Alas ! what is become of them ?  
These fears can never be endured,  
I'll to the wood."—The word scarce  
said,  
Did Susan rise up from her bed,  
As if by magic cured.

Away she goes up hill and down,  
And to the wood at length is come ;  
She spies her friends, she shouts a  
greeting ;  
Oh me ! it is a merry meeting  
As ever was in Christendom.

On man, the heart of man, and human  
life.

Therefore, although it be a history  
Homely and rude, I will relate the  
same

For the delight of a few natural  
hearts;

And, with yet fonder feeling, for the  
sake

Of youthful poets, who among these  
hills

Will be my second self when I am  
gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere  
Vale

There dwelt a shepherd, Michael was  
his name;

An old man, stout of heart, and  
strong of limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth  
to age [keen,

Of an unusual strength: his mind was  
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,

And in his shepherd's calling he was  
prompt

And watchful more than ordinary men.  
Hence had he learned the meaning of

all winds,  
Of blasts of every tone; and, often-

times,  
When others heeded not, he heard

the south  
Make subterraneous music, like the

noise  
Of bagpipers on distant Highland

hills.  
The shepherd, at such warning, of

his flock  
Bethought him, and he to himself

would say,  
"The winds are now devising work

for me!"

And, truly, at all times, the storm—  
that drives

The traveller to a shelter—summoned  
him

Up to the mountains: he had been  
alone

Amid the heart of many thousand  
mists,

That came to him and left him on  
the heights.

So lived he till his eightieth year was  
past.

And grossly that man errs, who should  
suppose

That the green valleys, and the streams  
and rocks,

Were things indifferent to the shep-  
herd's thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he  
had breathed

The common air; hills, which with  
vigorous step

He had so often climbed; which had  
impressed

So many incidents upon his  
mind

Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or  
fear;

Which like a book preserved the  
memory

Of the dumb animals, whom he had  
saved,

Had fed or sheltered, linking to such  
acts,

The certainty of honourable gain;  
Those fields, those hills—what could

they less? had laid  
Strong hold on his affections, were to

him  
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,

The pleasure which there is in life  
itself.

There, while they two were sitting in  
 the shade,  
 With others round them, earnest all  
 and blithe.  
 Would Michael exercise his heart with  
 looks [stowed  
 Of fond correction and reproof be-  
 Upon the child. if he disturbed the  
 sheep  
 By catching at their legs, or with his  
 shouts  
 Scared them, while they lay still be-  
 neath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace  
 the boy grew up  
 A healthy lad, and carried in his cheek  
 Two steady roses that were five years  
 old.  
 Then Michael from a winter coppice  
 cut  
 With his own hand a sapling, which-  
 he hooped  
 With iron, making it throughout in all  
 Due requisites a perfect shepherd's  
 staff,  
 And gave it to the boy; wherewith  
 equipt [placed  
 He as a watchman oftentimes was  
 At gate or gap. to stem or turn the  
 flock;  
 And. to his office prematurely called,  
 There stood the urchin, as you will  
 divine,  
 Something between a hindrance and a  
 help;  
 And for this cause not always, I  
 believe, [praise;  
 Receiving from his father hire of  
 Though nought was left undone  
 which staff or voice,  
 Or looks, or threatening gestures  
 could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old,  
 could stand  
 Against the mountain blasts; and to  
 the heights,  
 Not fearing toil, nor length of weary  
 ways,  
 He with his father daily went, and  
 they  
 Were as companions, why should I  
 relate  
 That objects which the shepherd loved  
 before  
 Were dearer now? that from the boy  
 there came  
 Feelings and emanations — things  
 which were  
 Light to the sun and music to the  
 wind; [born again.  
 And that the old man's heart seemed

Thus in his father's sight the boy  
 grew up;  
 And now when he had reached his  
 eighteenth year,  
 He was his comfort and his daily  
 hope.

While in this sort the simple house-  
 hold lived  
 From day to day, to Michael's ear  
 there came  
 Distressful tidings. Long before the  
 time  
 Of which I speak. the shepherd had  
 been bound  
 In surety for his brother's son, a man  
 Of an industrious life, and ample  
 means—  
 But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly  
 Had prest upon him,—and old  
 Michael now  
 Was summoned to discharge the for-  
 feiture,

Father and son, while far into the  
 night  
 The housewife plied her own peculiar  
 work,  
 Making the cottage through the silent  
 hours  
 Murmur as with the sound of summer  
 flies.  
 This light was famous in its neigh-  
 bourhood,  
 And was a public symbol of the life  
 That thrifty pair had lived. For, as  
 it chanced,  
 Their cottage on a plot of rising  
 ground  
 Stood single, with large prospect,  
 north and south,  
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-  
 raise,  
 And westward to the village near the  
 lake;  
 And from this constant light, so  
 regular  
 And so far seen, the house itself, by all  
 Who dwelt within the limits of the  
 vale,  
 Both old and young, was named THE  
 EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a  
 length of years,  
 The shepherd, if he loved himself,  
 must needs  
 Have loved his helpmate; but to  
 Michael's heart  
 This son of his old age was yet more  
 dear—  
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the  
 same  
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the  
 blood of all—  
 Than that a child, more than all other  
 gifts,

That earth can offer to declining man,  
 Brings hope with it, and forward look-  
 ing thoughts,  
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they  
 By tendency of nature needs must fail.  
 Exceeding was the love he bare to  
 him,  
 His heart and his heart's joy! For  
 oftentimes  
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in  
 arms,  
 Had done him female service, not alone  
 For pastime and delight, as is the use  
 Of fathers, but with patient mind  
 enforced  
 To acts of tenderness; and he had  
 rocked  
 His cradle, as with a woman's gentle  
 hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the boy  
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael  
 love,  
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,  
 To have the young one in his sight,  
 when he  
 Wrought in the field, or on his shep-  
 herd's stool  
 Sate with a fettered sheep before him  
 stretched  
 Under the large old oak, that near his  
 door  
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth  
 of shade,  
 Chosen for the shearer's covert from  
 the sun,  
 Thence in our rustic dialect was  
 called  
 The CLIPPING TREE,\* a name which  
 yet it bears.

---

\* *Clipping* is the word used in the North of  
 England for shearing.

Went up to London, found a master  
there,  
Who out of many chose the trusty  
boy

To go and overlook his merchandise  
Beyond the seas: where he grew  
wondrous rich,

And left estates and monies to the  
poor, [floored

And at his birthplace built a chapel  
With marble, which he sent from  
foreign lands.

These thoughts, and many others of  
like sort, [Isabel

Passed quickly through the mind of  
And her face brightened. The old  
man was glad,

And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel!  
this scheme

These two days has been meat and  
drink to me. [us yet

Far more than we have lost is left  
We have enough—I wish indeed that I  
Were younger,—but this hope is a  
good hope.

Make ready Luke's best garments, of  
the best [forth

Buy for him more, and let us send him  
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-  
night:

If he *could* go, the boy should go to-  
night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the  
fields went forth

With a light heart. The housewife  
for five days

Was restless morn and night, and all  
day long [prepare

Wrought on with her best fingers to  
Things needful for the journey of her  
son. [came

But Isabel was glad when Sunday

To stop her in her work: for, when  
she lay

By Michael's side, she through the  
two last nights

Heard him, how he was troubled in  
his sleep: [could see

And when they rose at morning she  
That all his hopes were gone. That  
day at noon

She said to Luke, while they two by  
themselves

Were sitting at the door, "Thou must  
not go: [lose,

We have no other child but thee to  
None to remember—do not go away.

For if thou leave thy father he will  
die."

The youth made answer with a jocund  
voice; [fears,

And Isabel, when she had told her  
Recovered heart. That evening her  
best fare

Did she bring forth, and all together  
sat [fire.

Like happy people round a Christmas

With daylight Isabel resumed her  
work;

And all the ensuing week the house  
appeared

As cheerful as a grove in spring: at  
length

The expected letter from their kins-  
man came,

With kind assurances that he would do  
His utmost for the welfare of the boy;

To which, requests were added, that  
forthwith

He might be sent to him. Ten times  
or more

The letter was read over; Isabel  
Went forth to show it to the neigh-  
bours round;

A grievous penalty, but little less  
 Than half his substance. This un-  
 looked-for claim  
 At the first hearing, for a moment  
 took  
 More hope out of his life than he  
 supposed  
 That any old man ever could have lost.  
 As soon as he had armed himself with  
 strength  
 To look his trouble in the face, it  
 seemed  
 The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at  
 once  
 A portion of his patrimonial fields.  
 Such was his first resolve; he thought  
 again,  
 And his heart failed him. "Isabel,"  
 said he,  
 Two evenings after he had heard the  
 news,  
 "I have been toiling more than  
 seventy years,  
 And in the open sunshine of God's  
 love  
 Have we all lived; yet if these fields  
 of ours  
 Should pass into a stranger's hand, I  
 think  
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.  
 Our lot is a hard lot; the sun him-  
 self  
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I;  
 And I have lived to be a fool at last  
 To my own family. An evil man  
 That was, and made an evil choice,  
 if he  
 Were false to us; and if he were not  
 false,  
 There are ten thousand to whom loss  
 like this  
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him—  
 but

"Twere better to be dumb than to  
 talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to  
 speak  
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.  
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the  
 land [free;  
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be  
 He shall possess it free as is the wind  
 That passes over it. We have, thou  
 knowest,  
 Another kinsman—he will be our  
 friend  
 In this distress. He is a prosperous  
 man,  
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him  
 shall go,  
 And with his kinsman's help and his  
 own-thrift  
 He quickly will repair this loss, and  
 then  
 He may return to us. If here he  
 stay,  
 What can be done? Where every one  
 is poor,  
 What can be gained?"  
 At this the old man paused,  
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind  
 Was busy, looking back into past  
 times.  
 There's Richard Bateman, thought  
 she to herself,  
 He was a parish-boy—at the church-  
 door  
 They made a gathering for him,  
 shillings, pence,  
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neigh-  
 bours bought  
 A basket, which they filled with  
 pedlar's wares;  
 And with this basket on his arm, the  
 lad,



A kind and a good father: and herein  
 I but repay a gift which I myself  
 Received at others' hands; for, though  
 now old  
 Beyond the common life of man, I  
 still [youth.  
 Remember them who loved me in my  
 Both of them sleep together: here  
 they lived  
 As all their forefathers had done; and  
 when  
 At length their time was come, they  
 were not loath  
 To give their bodies to the family  
 mould.  
 I wished that thou shouldst live the  
 life they lived.  
 But 'tis a long time to look back, my  
 son, [years.  
 And see so little gain from threescore  
 These fields were burthened when they  
 came to me;  
 Till I was forty years of age, not more  
 Than half of my inheritance was  
 mine.  
 I toiled and toiled; God blessed me  
 in my work,  
 And till these three weeks past the  
 land was free.  
 It looks as if it never could endure  
 Another master. Heaven forgive me,  
 Luke, [good  
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems  
 'That thou shouldst go.'  
 At this the old man paused;  
 Then, pointing to the stones near  
 which they stood,  
 Thus, after a short silence, he re-  
 sumed:  
 "This was a work for us; and now,  
 my son,  
 It is a work for me. But, lay one  
 stone—

Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine  
 own hands, [may live  
 Nay, boy, be of good hope;—we both  
 To see a better day. At eighty-four  
 I still am strong and hale;—do thou  
 thy part,  
 I will do mine.—I will begin again  
 With many tasks that were resigned  
 to thee; [storms,  
 Up to the heights, and in among the  
 Will I without thee go again, and do  
 All works which I was wont to do  
 alone,  
 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven  
 bless thee, boy!  
 Thy heart these two weeks has been  
 beating fast  
 With many hopes—It should be so—  
 Yes—yes—  
 I knew that thou couldst never have  
 a wish [bound to me  
 To leave me, Luke: thou hast been  
 Only by links of love: when thou art  
 gone,  
 What will be left to us!—But, I forget  
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-  
 stone,  
 As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,  
 When thou art gone away, should evil  
 men [son,  
 Be thy companions, think of me, my  
 And of this moment; hither turn thy  
 thoughts,  
 And God will strengthen thee: amid  
 all fear  
 And all temptation, Luke, I pray that  
 thou  
 Mayst bear in mind the life thy  
 fathers lived.  
 Who, being innocent, did for that  
 cause  
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare  
 thee well—

Nor was there at that time on English  
land

A prouder heart than Luke's. When  
Isabel {man said,

Had to her house returned, the old  
"He shall depart to-morrow." To this  
word

The housewife answered, talking much  
of things

Which, if at such short notice he  
should go,

Would surely be forgotten. But at  
length [at ease.

She gave consent, and Michael was

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-  
head Ghyll,

In that deep valley, Michael had  
designed [heard

To build a sheep-fold; and, before he  
The tidings of his melancholy loss,  
For this same purpose he had gathered  
up

A heap of stones, which by the stream-  
let's edge

Lay thrown together, ready for the  
work. [he walked;

With Luke that evening thitherward  
And soon as they had reached the  
place he stopped,

And thus the old man spake to him.—

"My son,

To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with  
full heart

I look upon thee, for thou art the  
same

That wert a promise to me ere thy  
birth,

And all thy life hast been my daily  
joy.

I will relate to thee some little part  
Of our two histories; 'twill do thee  
good

When thou art from me, even if I  
should touch

Of things thou canst not know of.—  
After thou

First cam'st into the world—as oft  
befalls [away

To new-born infants—thou didst sleep

Two days, and blessings from thy  
father's tongue

Then fell upon thee. Day by day  
passed on,

And still I loved thee with increasing  
love.

Never to living ear came sweeter  
sounds [fireside

Than when I heard thee by our own  
First uttering, without words, a natural  
tune;

While thou, a feeding babe, didst in  
thy joy

Sing at thy mother's breast. Month  
followed month,

And in the open fields my life was  
passed [that thou

And on the mountains, else I think  
Hadst been brought up upon thy  
father's knees.

But we were playmates, Luke: among  
these hills,

As well thou know'st, in us the old  
and young [didst thou

Have played together, nor with me  
Lack any pleasure which a boy can  
know."

Luke had a manly heart; but at these  
words

He sobbed aloud. The old man  
grasped his hand, [I see

And said, "Nay, do not take it so—  
That these are things of which I need  
not speak.

Even to the utmost I have been to  
thee

When thou return'st, thou in this place  
wilt see

A work which is not here : a covenant  
'Twill be between us——But, whatever  
fate

Befall thee, I shall love thee to the  
last,

And bear thy memory with me to the  
grave."

The shepherd ended here; and  
Luke stooped down,

And, as his father had requested, laid  
The first stone of the sheep-fold. At  
the sight

The old man's grief broke from him;  
to his heart

He pressed his son, he kiss'd him and  
wept; [turned.

And to the house together they re-  
hushed was that house in peace, or  
seeming peace,

Ere the night fell;—with morrow's  
dawn the boy

Began his journey, and when he 'd  
reached

The public way, he put on a bold  
face :

And all the neighbours as he passed  
their doors

Came forth with wishes and with fare-  
well prayers, [sight.

That followed him till he was out of

A good report did from their kins-  
man come,

Of Luke and his well-doing : and the  
boy [news,

Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous  
Which, as the housewife phrased it,  
were throughout

"The prettiest letters that were ever  
seen."

Both parents read them with rejoicing  
hearts.

So, many months passed on : and once  
again [work

The shepherd went about his daily  
With confident and cheerful thoughts;  
and now

Sometimes when he could find a  
leisure hour

He to that valley took his way, and  
there

Wrought at the sheep-fold. Mean-  
time Luke began

To slacken in his duty ; and at length  
He in the dissolute city gave himself  
To evil courses : ignominy and shame  
Fell on him, so that he was driven at  
last

To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength  
of love ;

'Twill make a thing enduring, which  
else

Would overset the brain, or break the  
heart : [who well

I have conversed with more than one  
Remember the old man, and what he  
was

Years after he had heard this heavy  
news.

His bodily frame had been from youth  
to age

Of an unusual strength. Among the  
rocks [and cloud,

He went, and still looked up to sun  
And listened to the wind ; and as  
before

Performed all kinds of labour for his  
sheep,

And for the land his small inheritance.  
And to that hollow dell from time to  
time

The place to Benjamin right well  
Is known, and by as strong a spell  
As used to be that sign of love  
And hope—the OLIVE-BOUGH and

DOVE

He knows it to his cost, good man!  
Who does not know the famous

SWAN?

Object uncouth! and yet our boast,  
For it was painted by the host;  
His own conceit the figure planned,  
'Twas coloured all by his own hand;  
And that frail child of thirsty clay,  
Of whom I sing this rustic lay,  
Could tell with self-dissatisfaction  
Quaint stories of the bird's attraction!\*

Well! that is past—and in despite  
Of open door and shining light.  
And now the conqueror essays  
The long ascent of Dunmail-raise;  
And with his team is gentle here  
As when he clomb from Rydal Mere;  
His whip they do not dread—his voice  
They only hear it to rejoice.  
To stand or go is at *their* pleasure;  
Their efforts and their time they  
measure  
By generous pride within the breast,  
And, while they strain, and while they  
rest,  
He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.

Now am I fairly safe to-night—  
And with proud cause my heart is light.  
I trespassed lately worse than ever—  
But Heaven has blest a good endeavour;  
And, to my soul's content, I find  
The evil one is left behind.

\* This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of refinement) has been supplanted by a professional production.

Yes, let my master fume and fret,  
Here am I—with my horses yet!  
My jolly team, he finds that ye  
Will work for nobody but me!  
Full proof of this the country gained,  
It knows how ye were vexed and strained,  
And forced unworthy stripes to bear  
When trusted to another's care.  
Here was it—on this rugged slope,  
Which now ye climb with heart and hope,  
I saw you, between rage and fear,  
Plunge, and fling back a spiteful ear,  
And ever more and more confused,  
As ye were more and more abused:  
As chance would have it, passing by  
I saw you in that jeopardy:  
A word from me was like a charm—  
Ye pulled together with one mind;  
And your huge burthen, safe from harm,  
Moved like a vessel in the wind!  
Yes, without me, up hills so high  
'Tis vain to strive for mastery.  
Thengrieve not, jolly team! though tough  
The road we travel, steep and rough.  
Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-  
raise,  
And all their fellow banks and braes,  
Full often make you stretch and strain,  
And halt for breath and halt again,  
Yet to their sturdiness 'tis owing  
That side by side we still are going!

While Benjamin in earnest mood  
His meditations thus pursued, [long,  
A storm, which had been smothered  
Was growing inwardly more strong;  
And, in its struggles to get free,  
Was busily employed as he.  
The thunder had begun to growl—  
He heard not, too intent of soul;  
The air was now without a breath—  
He marked not that 'twas still as death.

Rise up, and grow to wondrous height.

The air, as in a lion's den,  
Is close and hot;—and now and then  
Comes a tired and sultry breeze  
With a haunting and a panting.  
Like the stifling of disease;  
But the dews allay the heat,  
And the silence makes it sweet.

Hush, there is some one on the stir!  
'Tis Benjamin the waggoner;—  
Who long hath trod this toilsome way,

Companion of the night and day.  
That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,  
Mixed with a faint yet grating sound  
In a moment lost and found,  
The wain announces—by whose side,  
Along the banks of Rydal Mere,  
He paces on, a trusty guide,—  
Listen! you can scarcely hear!  
Hither he his course is bending;—  
Now he leaves the lower ground,  
And up the craggy hill ascending  
Many a stop and stay he makes,  
Many a breathing-fit he takes;—  
Steep the way and wearisome,  
Yet all the while his whip is dumb!

The horses have worked with right good will,  
And so have gained the top of the hill;

He was patient—they were strong—  
And now they smoothly glide along,  
Recovering breath, and pleased to win  
The praises of mild Benjamin.  
Heaven shield him from mishap and snare

But why so early with this prayer?  
Is it for threatenings in the sky?  
Or for some other danger nigh?

No, none is near him yet, though he

Be one of much infirmity;  
For, at the bottom of the brow,  
Where once the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH

Offered a greeting of good ale  
To all who entered Grasmere Vale;  
And called on him who must depart  
To leave it with a jovial heart;—  
There, where the DOVE and OLIVE-BOUGH

Once hung, a poet harbours now,—  
A simple water-drinking bard;  
Why need our hero, then, (though frail

His best resolves) be on his guard?  
He marches by, secure and bold,—  
Yet, while he thinks on times of old,  
It seems that all looks wondrous cold;  
He shrugs his shoulders—shakes his head

And, for the honest folk within,  
It is a doubt with Benjamin  
Whether they be alive or dead!

Here is no danger,—none at all!  
Beyond his wish he walks secure;  
But pass a mile—and then for trial,—  
Then for the pride of self-denial;  
If he resist that tempting door,  
Which with such friendly voice will call

If he resist those casement panes,  
And that bright gleam which thence will fall

Upon his leaders' bells and manes,  
Inviting him with cheerful lure;  
For still, though all be dark else where,

Some shining notice will be there.  
Of open house and ready fare.

While, with increasing agitation,  
 The woman urged her supplication,  
 In rueful words, with sobs between—  
 The voice of tears that fell unseen;  
 There came a flash—a startling  
     glare,  
 And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare!  
 'Tis not a time for nice suggestion,  
 And Benjamin, without a question,  
 Taking her for some way-worn  
     rover,  
 Said, "Mount, and get you under  
     cover!"

Another voice, in tone as hoarse  
 As a swoln brook with rugged course,  
 Cried out, "Good brother, why so fast?  
 I've had a glimpse of you—*avast!*  
 Or, since it suits you to be civil,  
 Take her at once—for good and evil!"

"It is my husband," softly said  
 The woman, as if half afraid:  
 By this time she was snug within,  
 Through help of honest Benjamin;  
 She and her babe, which to her breast  
 With thankfulness the mother pressed;  
 And now the same strong voice more  
     near

Said cordially, "My friend, what cheer?  
 Rough doings these! as God's my judge,  
 The sky owes somebody a grudge!  
 We've had in half an hour or less  
 A twelvemonth's terror and distress!"

Then Benjamin entreats the man  
 Would mount, too, quickly as he can:  
 The sailor, sailor now no more,  
 But such he had been heretofore,  
 To courteous Benjamin replied,  
 "Go you your way, and mind not me;  
 or I must have, whate'er betide,  
     y ass and fifty things beside,—  
     and I'll follow speedily!"

The waggon moves—and with its load  
 Descends along the sloping road;  
 And the rough sailor instantly  
 Turns to a little tent hard by:  
 For when, at closing-in of day,  
 The family had come that way,  
 Green pasture and the soft warm air  
 Tempted them to settle there.  
 Green is the grass for beast to graze.  
 Around the stones of Dunmail-raise!

The sailor gathers up his bed,  
 Takes down the canvas overhead;  
 And, after farewell to the place,  
 A parting word—though not of grace,  
 Pursues, with ass and all his store,  
 The way the waggon went before.

## CANTO II.

If Wytheburn's modest house of prayer,  
 As lowly as the fowliest dwelling,  
 Had, with its belfry's humble stock,  
 A little pair that hang in air,  
 Been mistress also of a clock,  
 (And one, too, not in crazy plight)  
 Twelve strokes that clock would have  
     been telling

Under the brow of old Helvellyn—  
 Its bead-roll of midnight,  
 Then, when the hero of my tale  
 Was passing by, and down the vale  
 (The vale now silent, hushed I ween,  
 As if a storm had never been)  
 Proceeding with a mind at ease;  
 While the old familiar of the seas  
 Intent to use his utmost haste,  
 Gained ground upon the waggon fast,  
 And gives another lusty cheer;  
 For spite of rumbling of the wheels,  
 A welcome greeting he can hear:—  
 It is a fiddle in its glee  
 Dinning from the CHERRY TREE!

But soon large rain-drops on his head  
 Fell with the weight of drops of lead;—  
 He starts—and takes, at the admonition,  
 A sage survey of his condition.  
 The road is black before his eyes,  
 Glimmering faintly where it lies;  
 Black is the sky—and every hill,  
 Up to the sky, is blacker still;  
 Sky, hill, and dale, one dismal room,  
 Hung round and overhung with gloom!  
 Save that above a single height  
 Is to be seen a lurid light,  
 Above Helm-crag\*—a streak half dead,  
 A burning of portentous red;  
 And, near that lurid light, full well  
 The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,  
 Where at his desk and book he sits,  
 Puzzling aloft his curious wits;  
 He whose domain is held in common  
 With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,  
 Cowering beside her rifted cell;  
 As if intent on magic spell;—  
 Dread pair, that spite of wind and  
 weather,  
 Still sit upon Helm-crag together!

The ASTROLOGER was not unseen  
 By solitary Benjamin:  
 But total darkness came anon,  
 And he and everything was gone.  
 And suddenly a ruffling breeze,  
 (That would have rocked the sounding  
 trees  
 Had aught of sylvan growth been  
 there)  
 Swept through the hollow long and bare:  
 The rain rushed down—the road was  
 battered,  
 As with the force of billows shattered;

\* A mountain of Grasmere, the broken  
 summit of which presents two figures, full  
 as distinctly shaped as that of the famous  
 Cobbler, near Arroquhar, in Scotland.

The horses are dismayed, nor know  
 Whether they should stand or go;  
 And Benjamin is groping near them,  
 Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear  
 them.

He is astounded,—wonder not,—  
 With such a charge in such a spot;  
 Astounded in the mountain gap  
 With thunder-peals, clap after clap,  
 Close-treading on the silent flashes—  
 And somewhere, as he thinks, bycrashes  
 Among the rocks; with weight of rain,  
 And sullen motions long and slow,  
 That to a dreary distance go—  
 Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,  
 A rending o'er his head begins the fray  
 again.

Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,  
 And oftentimes compelled to halt,  
 The horses cautiously pursue  
 Their way, without mishap or fault;  
 And now have reached that pile of  
 stones,  
 Heaped over brave King Dunmail's  
 bones;  
 He who had once supreme command,  
 Last king of rocky Cumberland;  
 His bones, and those of all his power,  
 Slain here in a disastrous hour!

When, passing through this narrow  
 strait,  
 Stony, and dark, and desolate,  
 Benjamin can faintly hear  
 A voice that comes from some one  
 near,  
 A female voice:—"Whoe'er you be,  
 Stop," it exclaimed, "and pity me!"  
 And less in pity than in wonder,  
 Amid the darkness and the thunder,  
 The waggoner, with prompt command,  
 Summons his horses to a stand.

When every whirling bout is o'er—  
The fiddle's *squeak*\*—that call to bliss,  
Ever followed by a kiss;  
They envy not the happy lot,  
But enjoy their own the more!

While thus our jocund travellers fare,  
Up springs the sailor from his chair—  
Limps (for I might have told before  
That he was lame) across the floor—  
Is gone—returns—and with a prize!  
With what? a ship of lusty size;  
A gallant stately man of war,  
Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.  
Surprise to all, but most surprise  
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,  
Not knowing that he had befriended  
A man so gloriously attended!

"This," cries the sailor, "a third-rate is,  
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis!  
This was the flag-ship at the Nile,  
The VANGUARD—you may smirk and smile,  
But, pretty maid, if you look near,  
You'll find you've much in little here!  
A nobler ship did never swim,  
And you shall see her in full trim:  
I'll set, my friends, to do you honour,  
Set every inch of sail upon her."  
So said, so done; and masts, sails, yards,  
He names them all; and interlards  
His speech with uncouth terms of art,  
Accomplished in the showman's part;  
And then, as from a sudden check,  
Cries out—"Tis there, the quarter-deck  
Which brave Admiral Nelson stood—  
A sight that would have roused your  
blood!

One eye he had, which, bright as ten,  
Burned like a fire among his men;  
Let this be land, and that be sea,  
Here lay the French—and *thus* came  
we!"

Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound,  
The dancers all were gathered round,  
And, such the stillness of the house,  
You might have heard a nibbling  
mouse;

While, borrowing helps where'er he  
may,  
The sailor through the story runs  
Of ships to ships and guns to guns;  
And does his utmost to display  
The dismal conflict, and the night  
And terror of that marvellous night!  
"A bowl, a bowl of double measure,"  
Cries Benjamin, "a draught of length,  
To Nelson, England's pride and  
treasure,  
Her bulwark and her tower of  
strength!"

When Benjamin had seized the bowl,  
The mastiff from beneath the waggon,  
Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,  
Rattled his chain—'twas all in vain,  
For Benjamin, triumphant soul!  
He heard the monitory growl;  
Heard—and in opposition quaffed  
A deep, determined, desperate draught!  
Nor did the battered tar forget.  
Or flinch from what he deemed his  
debt:

Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,  
Back to her place the ship he led;  
Wheeled her back in full apparel;  
And so, flag flying at mast-head,  
Re-yoked her to the ass:—anon,  
Cries Benjamin, "We must be gone."  
Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,  
Again behold them on their way!

\* At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner.



Thence the sound—the light is there—  
As Benjamin is now aware,  
Who, to his inward thoughts confined,  
Had almost reached the festive door,  
When, startled by the sailor's roar,  
He hears a sound and sees the light,  
And in a moment calls to mind  
That 'tis the village MERRY-NIGHT!\*

Although before in no dejection,  
At this insidious recollection  
His heart with sudden joy is filled,—  
His ears are by the music thrilled,  
His eyes take pleasure in the road  
Glittering before him bright and broad;  
And Benjamin is wet and cold,  
And there are reasons manifold  
That make the good, towards which  
he's yearning,  
Look fairly like a lawful earning.

Nor has thought time to come and  
go,  
To vibrate between yes and no;  
"For," cries the sailor, "glorious  
chance  
That blew us hither! Let him dance  
Who can or will;—my honest soul  
Our treat shall be a friendly bowl!"  
He draws him to the door—"Come in,  
Come, come," cries he to Benjamin;  
And Benjamin—ah, woe is me!  
Gave the word,—the horses heard  
And halted, though reluctantly.

"Blithe souls and lightsome hearts  
have we  
Feasting at the CHERRY TREE!"  
This was the outside proclamation,  
This was the inside salutation;

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\* A term well known in the North of England, and applied to rural festivals where young persons meet in the evening for the purpose of dancing.

What bustling—jostling—high and low!  
A universal overflow;  
What tankards foaming from the tap!  
What store of cakes in every lap!  
What thumping—stumping—overhead!  
The thunder had not been more busy:  
With such a stir, you would have said,  
This little place may well be dizzy!  
'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—  
'Tis what can be most prompt and eager;  
As if it heard the fiddle's call,  
The pewter clatters on the wall;  
The very bacon shows its feeling,  
Swinging from the smoky ceiling!

A steaming bowl—a blazing fire—  
What greater good can heart desire?  
'Twere worth a wise man's while to try  
The utmost anger of the sky;  
To seek for thoughts of a gloomy cast,  
If such the bright amends at last.  
Now, should you say I judge amiss,  
The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this;  
For soon, of all the happy there,  
Our travellers are the happiest pair.  
All care with Benjamin is gone—  
A Cæsar past the Rubicon!  
He thinks not of his long, long strife;  
The sailor man, by nature gay,  
Hath no resolves to throw away;  
And he hath now forgot his wife,  
Hath quite forgotten her—or may be  
Thinks her the luckiest soul on earth,  
Within that warm and peaceful berth,  
Under cover,  
Terror over,  
Sleeping by her sleeping baby.

With bowl that sped from hand to  
hand,  
The gladdest of the gladsome band,  
Amid their own delight and fun,  
They hear—when every dance is done—



## CANTO III.

RIGHT gladly had the horses stirred,  
 When they the wished-for greeting heard.  
 The whip's loud notice from the door,  
 That they were free to move once more.  
 You think these doings must have bred  
 In them disheartening doubts and dread;  
 No, not a horse of all the eight,  
 Although it be a moonless night,  
 Fears either for himself or freight;  
 For this they know, (and let it hide,  
 In part, the offences of their guide,)   
 That Benjamin, with clouded brains,  
 Is worth the best with all their pains;  
 And, if they had a prayer to make,  
 The prayer would be that they may take  
 With him whatever comes in course,  
 The better fortune or the worse; [them,  
 That no one else may have business near  
 And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

So, forth in dauntless mood they fare,  
 And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,  
 The triumph of your late devotion!  
 Can aught on earth impede delight,  
 Still mounting to a higher height;  
 And higher still—a greedy flight!  
 Can any low-born care pursue her,  
 Can any mortal elog come to her?  
 No notion have they—not a thought,  
 That is from joyless regions brought!  
 And, while they coast the silent lake,  
 Their inspiration I partake;  
 Share their empyreal spirits—yea,  
 With their enraptured vision, see—  
 O fancy—what a jubilee!  
 What shifting pictures—glad in gleams  
 Of colour bright as feverish dreams!  
 Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,  
 Involved and restless all—a scene

Pregnant with mutual exaltation,  
 Rich change, and multiplied creation!  
 This sight to me the muse imparts;—  
 And then, what kindness in their hearts!  
 What tears of rapture, what vow-making,  
 Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking!  
 What solemn, vacant interlacing,  
 As if they'd fall asleep embracing!  
 Then, in the turbulence of glee,  
 And in the excess of amity,  
 Says Benjamin, "That ass of thine,  
 He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine;  
 If he were tethered to the waggon,  
 He'd drag as well what he is dragging;  
 And we, as brother should with brother,  
 Might trudge it alongside each other?"

Forthwith, obedient to command,  
 The horses made a quiet stand;  
 And to the waggon's skirts was tied  
 The creature, by the mastiff's side,  
 The mastiff wondering, and perplex  
 With dread of what will happen next;  
 And thinking it but sorry cheer,  
 To have such company so near!

This new arrangement made, the wain  
 Through the still night proceeds again:  
 No moon had risen her light to lend;  
 But indistinctly may be kenned  
 The VANGUARD, following close behind,  
 Sails spread, as if to catch the wind!

"Thy wife and child are snug and  
 warm,  
 Thy ship will travel without harm;  
 I like," said Benjamin, "her shape and  
 stature;  
 And this of mine—this bulky creature  
 Of which I have the steering—this,  
 Seen fairly, is not much amiss!  
 We want your 'streamers, friend, you  
 But altogether, as we go, [know;  
 We make a kind of handsome show!

Of all his failings, they love best ;  
 Whether for him they are distress ;  
 Or, by length of fasting roused,  
 Are impatient to be housed ;  
 Up against the bill they strain—  
 Tugging at the iron chain—  
 Tugging all with might and main—  
 Last and foremost, every horse  
 To the utmost of his force !  
 And the smoke and respiration  
 Rising like an exhalation,  
 Blends with the mist,—a moving  
     shroud  
 To form—an undissolving cloud ;  
 Which, with slant ray, the merry  
     sun  
 Takes delight to play upon.  
 Never golden-haired Apollo,  
 Pleased some favourite chief to  
     follow  
 Through accidents of peace or war,  
 In a perilous moment threw  
 Around the object of his care  
 Veil of such celestial hue ;  
 Interposed so bright a screen  
 Him and his enemies between !

Alas, what boots it?—who can  
     hide  
 When the malicious fates are bent  
 On working out an ill intent ?  
 Can destiny be turned aside ?  
 No—sad progress of my story !  
 Benjamin, this outward glory  
 Cannot shield thee from thy master,  
 Who from Keswick has pricked  
     forth,  
 Sour and surly as the north ;  
 And, in fear of some disaster,  
 Comes to give what help he may,  
 And to hear what thou canst say ;  
 As needs he must forebode,  
 Thou hast been loitering on the road !

His fears, his doubts, may now take  
     flight—  
 The wished-for object is in sight ;  
 Yet, trust the muse, it rather hath  
 Stirred him up to livelier wrath ;  
 Which he stifles, moody man !  
 With all the patience that he can !  
 To the end that at your meeting  
 He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is—resolved to stop,  
 Till the waggon gains the top ;  
 But stop he cannot—must advance :  
 Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,  
 Espies, and instantly is ready,  
 Self-collected, poised, and steady ;  
 And, to be the better seen,  
 Issues from his radiant shroud,  
 From his close attending cloud,  
 With careless air and open mien.  
 Erect his port, and firm his going ;  
 So struts yon cock that now is crowing ;  
 And the morning light in grace  
 Strikes upon his lifted face,  
 Hurrying the pallid hue away  
 That might his trespasses betray.  
 But what can all avail to clear him,  
 Or what need of explanation,  
 Parley, or interrogation ?  
 For the master sees, alas !  
 That unhappy figure near him,  
 Limping o'er the dewy grass,  
 Where the road it fringes, sweet,  
 Soft and cool to way-worn feet ;  
 And, oh, indignity ! an ass,  
 By his noble mastiff's side,  
 Tethered to the waggon's tail :  
 And the ship, in all her pride,  
 Following after in full sail !  
 Not to speak of babe and mother ;  
 Who, contented with each other,  
 And, snug as birds in leafy arbour,  
 Find, within, a blessed harbour !

To take of this transported pair  
 A brief and unreprieved farewell ;  
 To quit the slow-paced waggon's side,  
 And wander down yon hawthorn dell,  
 With murmuring Greta for her guide.  
 There doth she ken the awful form  
 Of Raven-crag—black as a storm—  
 Glimmering through the twilight pale ;  
 And Glimmer-crag,\* his tall twin-brother,  
 Each peering forth to meet the other ;—  
 And, while she roves through St.  
 John's Vale,

Along the smooth unpathwayed plain,  
 By sheep-track, or through cottage lane,  
 Where no disturbance comes to intrude  
 Upon the pensive solitude,  
 Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,  
 With the rude shepherd's favoured  
 Beholds the faeries in array, [glance,  
 Whose party-coloured garments gay  
 The silent company betray ;  
 Red, green, and blue ; a moment's sight  
 For Skiddaw-top with rosy light  
 Is touched— and all the band take flight.  
 Fly also, muse ! and from the dell  
 Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell ;  
 Thence look thou forth o'er wood and  
 lawn,

Hear with the frost-like dews of dawn ;  
 Across yon meadowy bottom look,  
 Where close fogs hideth their parent brook ;  
 And see, beyond that hamlet small,  
 The ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall,  
 Lurking in a double shade,  
 By trees and lingering twilight made !  
 There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,  
 Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat  
 To noble Clifford ; from annoy  
 Concealed the persecuted boy,  
 Well pleased in rustic garb to feed  
 His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed ;

\* The crag of the ewe-lamb.

Among this multitude of hills,  
 Crag, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills ;  
 Which soon the morning shall enfold,  
 From east to west, in ample vest  
 Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the streamlet's bed  
 Hung low, begin to rise and spread ;  
 Even while I speak, their skirts of gray  
 Are smitten by a silver ray ;  
 And lo !—up Castrigg's naked steep  
 (Where, smoothly urged, the vapours  
 Along—and scatter and divide [sweep  
 Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)  
 The stately waggon is ascending  
 With faithful Benjamin attending,  
 Apparent now beside his team—  
 Now lost amid a glittering steam.  
 And with him goes his sailor friend,  
 By this time near their journey's end,  
 And, after their high-minded riot,  
 Sickening into thoughtful quiet ;  
 As if the morning's pleasant hour  
 Had for their joys a killing power.  
 And, sooth, for Benjamin a vein  
 Is opened of still deeper pain  
 As if his heart by notes were stung  
 From out the lowly hedge-rows flung ;  
 As if the warbler lost in light  
 Reproved his soarings of the night,  
 In strains of rapture pure and holy  
 Upbraided his distempered folly.

Drooping is he, his step is dull ;  
 But the horses stretch and pull ;  
 With increasing vigour climb,  
 Eager to repair lost time ;  
 Whether by their own desert,  
 Knowing what cause there is for shame,  
 They are labouring to avert  
 As much as may be of the blame,  
 Which, they foresee, must soon alight  
 Upon *his* head, whom, in despite

But most of all, thou lordly wain !  
 I wish to have thee here again.  
 When windows flap and chimney roars,  
 And all is dismal out of doors ;  
 And sitting by my fire, I see  
 Eight sorry carts, no less a train !  
 Unworthy successors of thee, [rain ;  
 Come straggling through the wind and  
 And oft, as they pass slowly on,  
 Beneath my windows—one by one—  
 See, perched upon the naked height  
 The summit of a cumbrous freight,  
 A single traveller—and there  
 Another—then perhaps a pair—  
 The lame, the sickly, and the old ;  
 Men, women, heartless with the cold ;  
 And babes in wet and starveling plight ;  
 Which once, be weather as it might,  
 Had still a nest within a nest,  
 Thy shelter—and their mother's breast !  
 Then most of all, then far the most,  
 Do I regret what we have lost ;  
 Am grieved for that unhappy sin  
 Which robbed us of good Benjamin ;—  
 And of his stately charge, which none  
 Could keep alive when he was gone !

#### MATERNAL GRIEF.

DEPARTED Child ! I could forget thee  
 once [woeful gain  
 Though at my bosom nursed ; this  
 Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul  
 Is present and perpetually abides  
 A shadow, never, never to be displaced  
 By the returning substance, seen or  
 touched, [embrace.  
 Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my  
 Absence and death how differ they !  
 and how  
 Shall I admit that nothing can restore  
 What one short sigh so easily removed ?  
 Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,

Assist me, God, their boundaries to  
 know, [Will !  
 O teach me calm submission to thy

The Child she mourned had over-  
 stepped the pale  
 Of Infancy, but still did breathe the air  
 That sanctifies its confines, and partook  
 Reflected beams of that celestial light  
 To all the Little ones on sinful earth  
 Not unvouchsafed—a light that warmed  
 and cheered  
 Those several qualities of heart and  
 mind [deep,  
 Which, in her own blest nature, rooted  
 Daily before the Mother's watchful eye,  
 And not hers only, their peculiar charms  
 Unfolded,—beauty, for its present self,  
 And for its promises to future years,  
 With not unfrequent rapture fondly  
 hailed.

Have you espied upon a dewy lawn  
 A pair of Leverets each provoking each  
 To a continuance of their fearless sport.  
 Two separate Creatures in their  
 several gifts  
 Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all  
 That Nature prompts them to display,  
 their looks, [rest,  
 Their starts of motion and their fits of  
 An undistinguishable style appears  
 And character of gladness, as if Spring  
 Lodged in their innocent bosoms, and  
 the spirit [own ?  
 Of the rejoicing morning were their

Such union, in the lovely Girl main-  
 tained [seen,  
 And her twin Brother, had the parent  
 Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird of prey,  
 Death in a moment parted them, and left

With eager eyes the master pries :  
 Looks in and out—and through and  
 through ;  
 Says nothing—till at last he spies  
 A wound upon the mastiff's head,  
 A wound—where plainly might be  
 read  
 What feats an ass's hoof can do !  
 But drop the rest :—this aggravation,  
 This complicated provocation,  
 A hoard of grievances unsealed ;  
 All past forgiveness it repealed ;—  
 And thus, and through distempered  
 blood  
 On both sides, Benjamin the good,  
 The patient, and the tender-hearted,  
 Was from his team and waggon  
 parted ;  
 When duty of that day was o'er,  
 Laid down his whip—and served no  
 more.  
 Nor could the waggon long survive  
 Which Benjamin had ceased to drive :  
 It lingered on ;—guide after guide  
 Ambitiously the office tried ;  
 But each unmanageable hill  
 Called for *his* patience and *his* skill ;—  
 And sure it is, that through this night,  
 And what the morning brought to  
 light,  
 Two losses had we to sustain,  
 We lost both WAGONER and WAIN !

---

Accept, O friend, for praise or blame,  
 The gift of this adventurous song ;  
 A record which I dared to frame,  
 Though timid scruples checked me  
 long ;  
 They checked me—and I left the  
 theme  
 Untouched—in spite of many a gleam  
 Of fancy which thereon was shed,

Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still  
 Upon the side of a distant hill :  
 But nature might not be gainsaid ;  
 For what I have and what I miss  
 I sing of these—it makes my bliss !  
 Nor is it I who play the part,  
 But a shy spirit in my heart, [leap  
 That comes and goes—will sometimes  
 From hiding-places ten years deep ;  
 Or haunts me with familiar face—  
 Returning, like a ghost unladen,  
 Until the debt I owe be paid.  
 Forgive me, then ; for I had been  
 On friendly terms with this machine :  
 In him, while he was wont to trace  
 Our roads, through many a long year's  
 space,  
 A living almanack had we :  
 We had a speaking diary,  
 That, in this uneventful place,  
 Gave to the days a mark and name  
 By which we knew them when they came.  
 Yes, I, and all about me here,  
 Through all the changes of the year,  
 Had seen him through the mountains  
 go,  
 In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,  
 Majestically huge and slow :—  
 Or, with a milder grace adorning  
 The landscape of a summer's morning ;  
 While Grasmere smoothed her liquid  
 plain  
 The moving image to detain ;  
 And mighty Fairfield, with a chime  
 Of echoes, to his march kept time ;  
 When little other business stirred,  
 And little other sound was heard ;  
 In that delicious hour of balm,  
 Stillness, solitude, and calm,  
 While yet the valley is arrayed,  
 On this side with a sober shade ;  
 On that is prodigally bright—  
 Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.

While Fancy ranging with free  
scope

Shall on some lovely Alien set  
A name with us endeared to hope,  
To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,  
Some new resemblance we may  
trace

A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,  
A *Speedwell* may not want its  
place.

And so may we, with charmed mind  
Beholding what your skill has  
wrought,  
Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,  
A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion  
fleet

From heaven to earth our thoughts  
will pass,

A *Holy-thistle* here we meet  
And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass*;  
And haply some familiar name  
Shall grace the fairest, sweetest,  
plant

Whose presence cheers the drooping  
frame  
Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile  
Sad thoughts, and breathes with  
easier breath;

Alas! that meek that tender smile  
Is but a harbinger of death:

And pointing with a feeble hand  
She says, in faint words by sighs  
broken,

Bear for me to my native land  
This precious Flower, true love's last  
token.

## A MORNING EXERCISE.

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,  
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to  
throw; [sad,  
Sending sad shadows after things not  
Peopling the harmless fields with signs  
of woe;

Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry  
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

Blithe ravens croak of death; and  
when the owl

Tries his two voices for a favourite  
strain— [fowl

*Tu-whit—Tu-whoo!* the unsuspecting  
Forebodes mishap or seems but to  
complain;

Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,  
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked  
Indians stray,

Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill;  
A feathered task-master cries, "WORK  
AWAY!"

And in thy iteration, "WHIP .POOR  
WILL!"\*

Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave.  
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the  
grave!

What wonder? at her bidding,  
ancient lays

Steeped in dire grief the voice of  
Philomel; [days.

And that fleet messenger of summer  
The Swallow, twittered subject to 'like  
spell; [ant Lark

But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoy  
To melancholy service—hark! O hark!

\* See Waterton's "Wanderings in South  
America."



The Mother, in her turns of anguish,  
 worse [sound  
 Than desolate; for oft-times from the  
 Of the survivor's sweetest voice (dear  
 child, [looks,  
 He knew it not) and from his happiest  
 Did she extract the food of self-  
 reproach,  
 As one that lived ungrateful for the stay  
 By Heaven afforded to uphold her  
 maimed [Boy,  
 And tottering spirit. And full oft the  
 Now first acquainted with distress and  
 grief, [shunned with fear  
 Shrunk from his Mother's presence,  
 Her sad approach, and stole away to  
 find, [might,  
 In his known haunts of joy where'er he  
 A more congenial object. But, as time  
 Softened her pangs, and reconciled the  
 child  
 To what he saw, he gradually returned,  
 Like a scared Bird encouraged to renew  
 A broken intercourse; and, while his eyes  
 Were yet with pensive fear and gentle awe  
 Turned upon her who bore him, she  
 would stoop [to spread  
 To imprint a kiss that lacked not power

Faint colour over both their pallid cheeks,  
 And stilled his tremulous lip. Thus  
 they were calmed [fresh air  
 And cheered; and now together breathe  
 In open fields; and when the glare  
 of day [wish  
 Is gone, and twilight to the Mother's  
 Befriends the observance, readily they  
 join [One's grave,  
 In walks whose boundary is the lost  
 Which he with flowers hath planted,  
 finding there [not miss  
 Amusement, where the Mother does  
 Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf  
 In prayer, yet blending with that  
 solemn rite  
 Of pious faith the vanities of grief,  
 For such, by pitying Angels and by  
 Spirits [clouds  
 Transferred to regions upon which the  
 Of our weak nature rest not, must be  
 deemed [sighs,  
 Those willing tears, and unforbidden  
 And all those tokens of a cherished  
 sorrow, [grace of Heaven  
 Which, soothed and sweetened by the  
 As now it is, seems to her own fond heart  
 Immortal as the love that gave it being.

## POEMS OF THE FANCY.

### TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD  
 WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOME  
 DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF  
 FLOWERS IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers  
 That in Madeira bloom and fade,  
 who ne'er sate within their bowers,  
 Nor through their sunny lawns have  
 strayed?

How they in sprightly dance are worn  
 By Shepherd-groom or May-day  
 queen,  
 Or holy festal pomps adorn,  
 These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art  
 No like remembrances can give,  
 Your portraits still may reach the heart  
 And there for gentle pleasure live;

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,  
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;  
Pleased at his greeting thee again;

Yet nothing daunted,  
Nor grieved if thou be set at nought  
And oft alone in nooks remote  
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,  
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews  
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;  
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews  
Her head impearling;  
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie  
Near the green holly,  
And wearily at length should fare;  
He needs but look about, and there  
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare  
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension;  
Some steady love; some brief delight;  
Some memory that had taken flight;  
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
A lowlier pleasure;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life, our nature breeds;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,  
When thou art up, alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play  
With kindred gladness;  
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest  
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
Hath often eased my pensive breast  
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,  
All seasons through, another debt,  
Which I, wherever thou art met,  
To thee am owing;  
An instinct call it, a blind sense;  
A happy, genial influence,  
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,  
Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run  
Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun  
As ready to salute the sun  
As lark or leveret,  
Thy long-lost praise\* thou shalt regain:  
Nor be less dear to future men  
Than in old time;—thou not in vain,  
Art nature's favourite.

---

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill  
Rushed o'er the wood with startling  
sound;  
Then—all at once the air was still,  
And showers of hailstones pattered  
round.  
Where leafless oaks towered high above,  
I sat within an undergrove  
Of tallest hollies, tall and green:  
A fairer bower was never seen  
From year to year the spacious floor  
With withered leaves is covered o'er,  
And all the year the bower is green.

---

\* See, in Chaucer and the elder poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy  
lawn, [bowed;  
Not lifting yet the head that evening  
But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn, [cloud;  
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy  
Bright gem instinct with music, vocal  
spark; [the ark!  
The happiest bird that sprang out of

Hail, blest above all kinds!—  
Supremely skilled [with low,  
Restless with fixed to balance, high  
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her  
hopes to build [show;

On such forbearance as the deep may  
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly  
ties, [paradise.  
Leav'st to the wandering bird of

Faithful, though swift as lightning,  
the meek dove; [thee;  
Yet more hath nature reconciled in  
So constant with thy downward eye of  
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free; [love,  
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice  
In power of wing and never-weary'd voice!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-  
prompted strain, [bond)  
'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the  
plain: [to sing  
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege!  
All independent of the leafy spring.

How would it please old ocean to  
partake, [vain,  
With sailors longing for a breeze in  
The harmony thy notes most gladly make  
Where earth resembles most his own  
domain! [pleased ear  
Urania's self might welcome with  
These matins mounting towards her  
native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom  
no bars  
To day-light known deter from that  
pursuit,  
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when  
the stars  
Come forth at evening, keeps thee still  
and mute:  
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline  
Wert thou among them, singing as  
they shine!

### TO THE DAISY.

"Her\* divine skill taught me this,  
That from every thing I saw  
I could some instruction draw,  
And raise pleasure to the height  
Through the meanest object's sight.  
By the murmur of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rustelling;  
By a daisy whose leaves spread  
Shut when Titan goes to bed;  
Or a shady bush or tree;  
She could more infuse in me  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man."—G. WITHER.

In youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill in discontent;  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
Most pleased when most uneasy;  
But now my own delights I make,—  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly nature's love partake  
Of thee, sweet daisy!

Thee winter in the garland wears  
That thinly decks his few gray hairs;  
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,  
That she may sun thee;  
Whole summer fields are thine by right;  
And autumn, melancholy wight!  
Doth in thy crimson head delight  
When rains are on thee.

No more of pity for regrets  
With which she may have striven!  
Now but in wantonness she frets,  
Or spite, if cause be given;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird  
By social glee inspired;  
Ambitious to be seen or heard,  
And pleased to be admired!

---

THIS moss-lined shed, green, soft, and  
dry,  
Harbours a self-contented wren,  
Not shunning man's abode, though  
shy,  
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared  
She never tried, the very nest  
In which this child of spring was  
reared,  
Is warmed, through winter, by her  
feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes  
gives  
A slender unexpected strain;  
Proof that the hermitess still lives,  
Though she appear not, and be  
sought in vain.

Say, Dora! tell me by yon placid  
moon,  
If called to choose between the  
favourite pair  
Which would you be,—the bird of the  
saloon,  
By lady fingers tended with nice care,  
Cared, and applauded, upon dainties fed,  
Or nature's DARLING of this mossy  
chapel?

## TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises;  
Long as there's a sun that sets  
Primroses will have their glory;  
Long as there are violets,  
They will have a place in story:  
There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far  
For the finding of a star;  
Up and down the heavens they go,  
Men that keep a mighty rout!  
I'm as great as they, I trow,  
Since the day I found thee out,  
Little flower!—I'll make a stir  
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf  
Bold, and lavish of thyself;  
Since we need must first have met  
I have seen thee, high and low,  
Thirty years or more, and yet  
'Twas a face I did not know;  
Thou hast now, go where I may,  
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
In the time before the thrush  
Has a thought about her nest,  
Thou wilt come with half a call,  
Spreading out thy glossy breast  
Like a careless prodigal;  
Telling tales about the sun,  
When we've little warmth, or none.  
Poets, vain men in their mood!  
Travel with the multitude:  
Never heed them; I aver  
That they all are wanton wooers;  
But the thrifty cottager,  
Who stirs little out of doors,  
Joys to spy thee near her home;  
Spring is coming, thou art come!

But see! where'er the hailstones drop,  
 The withered leaves all skip and hop,  
 There's not a breeze—no breath of air—  
 Yet here, and there, and every where  
 Along the floor, beneath the shade  
 By those embowering hollies made,  
 The leaves in myriads jump and spring,  
 As if with pipes and music rare  
 Some Robin Good-fellow were there,  
 And all those leaves, in festive glee,  
 Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

---

### THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that  
 shed

Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
 With brightest sunshine round mespread

Of spring's unclouded weather,  
 In this sequestered nook how sweet  
 To sit upon my orchard-seat!  
 And birds and flowers once more to  
 greet,

My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest  
 In all this covert of the blest;

Hail to thee, far above the rest

In joy of voice and pinion,  
 Thou, linnet! in thy green array,

Presiding spirit here to-day,

Dost lead the revels of the May,

And this is thy dominion.

While birds and butterflies, and flowers  
 Make all one band of paramours,

Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,

Art sole in thy employment;

A life, a presence like the air,

Scattering thy gladness without care,

Too blest with any one to pair,

Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,  
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,

Yet seeming still to hover;  
 There! where the flutter of his wings  
 Upon his back and body flings  
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,  
 A brother of the dancing leaves;  
 Then flits, and from the cottage eaves  
 Pours forth his song in gushes;  
 As if by that exulting strain  
 He mocked and treated with disdain  
 The voiceless form he chose to feign,  
 While fluttering in the bushes.

---

### THE CONTRAST.

THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

WITHIN her gilded cage confined,  
 I saw a dazzling belle,  
 A parrot of that famous kind  
 Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;  
 And, smoothed by nature's skill,  
 With pearl or gleaming agate vies  
 Her finely-curved bill.

Her plumy mantle's living hues  
 In mass opposed to mass,  
 Outshine the splendour that imbues  
 The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter mate  
 Did never tempt the choice  
 Of feathered thing most delicate  
 In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,  
 And singleness her lot,  
 She trills her song with tutored powers,  
 Or mocks each casual note.

Rear who will a pyramid,  
Praise it is enough for me,  
If there be but three or four  
Who will love my little flower.

### THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

"BE GONE, thou fond presumptuous elf,"  
Exclaimed an angry voice,  
"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self  
Between me and my choice!"  
A small cascade fresh swoln with snows,  
Thus threatened a poor briar-rose,  
That, all bespattered with his foam,  
And dancing high and dancing low,  
Was living, as a child might know,  
In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to block?  
Off, off! or, puny thing!  
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock  
To which thy fibres cling."  
The flood was tyrannous and strong;  
The patient briar suffered long,  
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,  
Hoping the danger would be past:  
But, seeing no relief, at last  
He ventured to reply.

"Ah!" said the briar, "blame me not;  
Why should we dwell in strife?  
We who in this sequestered spot  
Once lived a happy life!  
You stirred me on my rocky bed—  
What pleasure through my veins you  
spread:  
The summer long, from day to day,  
My leaves you freshened and bedewed;  
Nor was it common gratitude  
That did your cares repay.

"When spring came on with bud and bell,  
Among these rocks did I

Before you hang my wreaths, to tell  
That gentle days were nigh!  
And in the sultry summer hours,  
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;  
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,  
The linnet lodged, and for us two  
Chanted his pretty songs, when you  
Had little voice or none.

"But now proud thoughts are in your  
What grief is mine you see. [breast—  
Ah! would you think, even yet how blest  
Together we might be!  
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,  
Some ornaments to me are left—  
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,  
With which I in my humble way,  
Would deck you many a winter day,  
A happy eglantine!"

What more he said I cannot tell,  
The torrent down the rocky dell  
Came thundering loud and fast;  
I listened, nor aught else could hear;  
The briar quaked, and much I fear  
Those accents were his last.

### THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

A PASTORAL.

His simple truths did Andrew glean  
Beside the babbling rills;  
A careful student he had been  
Among the woods and hills. [trees  
One winter's night, when through the  
The wind was roaring, on his knees  
His youngest born did Andrew hold:  
And while the rest, a ruddy quird,  
Were seated round their blazing fire,  
This tale the shepherd told:—

"I saw a crag, a lofty stone  
As ever tempest beat!  
Out of its head an Oak had grown,  
A Broom out of its feet.

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
Kindly unassuming spirit;  
Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
On the moor, and in the wood,  
In the lane—there's not a place,  
Howsoever mean it be,  
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
Children of the flaring hours!  
Buttercups, that will be seen  
Whether we will see or no;  
Others, too, of lofty mien;  
They have done as worldlings do,  
Taken praise that should be thine,  
Little, humble celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth  
Ill-requited upon earth!  
Herald of a mighty band,  
Of a joyous train ensuing,  
Serving at my heart's command,  
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,  
I will sing, as doth behove,  
Hymns in praise of what I love!

#### TO THE SAME FLOWER.

PLEASURES newly found are sweet  
When they lie about our feet:  
February last, my heart  
First at sight of thee was glad;  
All unheard of as thou art,  
Thou must needs, I think, have had,  
Celandine! and long ago,  
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,  
Whosoe'er the man might be,  
Who the first with pointed rays  
(Workman worthy to be sainted)

Set the sign-board in a blaze,  
When the rising sun he painted,  
Took the fancy from a glance  
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring  
News of winter's vanishing,  
And the children build their bowers,  
Sticking kerchief-plots of mould  
All about with full-blown flowers,  
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!  
With the proudest thou art there,  
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure  
By myself a lonely pleasure,  
Sighed to think, I read a book  
Only read, perhaps, by me;  
Yet I long could overlook  
Thy bright coronet and thee,  
And thy arch and wily ways,  
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week  
Thou dost play at hide-and seek;  
While the patient primrose sits  
Like a beggar in the cold,  
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,  
Slipp'st into thy sheltering hold;  
Liveliest of the vernal train  
When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,  
By what charm of sight or smell,  
Does the dim-eyed curious bee,  
Labouring for her waxen cells,  
Fondly settle upon thee  
Prized above all buds and bells  
Opening daily at thy side,  
By the season multiplied?

Thou art not beyond the moon,  
But a thing "beneath our shoon:"  
Let the bold discoverer thrid  
In his bark the polar sea;

"Her voice was blithe, her heart was light;  
The Broom might have pursued  
Her speech, until the stars of night  
Their journey had renewed:  
But in the branches of the Oak  
Two ravens now began to croak  
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air;  
And to her own green bower the breeze  
That instant brought two stripling bees  
To rest, or murmur there.

"One night, my children! from the north  
There came a furious blast;  
At break of day I ventured forth,  
And near the cliff I passed.  
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,  
And struck him with a mighty stroke,  
And whirled, and whirled him far away;  
And, in one hospitable cleft,  
The little careless Broom was left  
To live for many a day."

### SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT  
AMONG THE PASTORAL VALES OF  
WESTMORELAND.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel!  
Night has brought the welcome hour,  
When the weary fingers feel  
Help, as if from faëry power;  
Dewy night o'ershades the ground;  
Turn the swift wheel round and round!

Now, beneath the starry sky,  
Crouch the widely-scattered sheep;—  
Ply the pleasant labour, ply!  
For the spindle, while they sleep,  
Runs with speed more smooth and fine,  
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred  
By a glance from fickle eyes;  
But true love is like the thread  
Which the kindly wool supplies,  
When the flocks are all at rest  
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

### THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY.

ART thou the bird whom man loves best,  
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,  
Our little English robin;  
The bird that comes about our doors  
When autumn winds are sobbing?  
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?  
Their Thomas in Finland,  
And Russia far inland?  
The bird, who by some name or other  
All men who know thee call their brother,  
The darling of children and men?  
Could father Adam open his eyes,\*  
And see this sight beneath the skies,  
He'd wish to close them again.

If the butterfly knew but his friend,  
Hither his flight he would bend;  
And find his way to me,  
Under the branches of the tree:  
In and out, he darts about;  
Can this be the bird, to man so good,  
That, after their bewildering,  
Covered with leaves the little children,  
So painfully in the wood?

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou  
couldst pursue  
A beautiful creature,  
That is gentle by nature?

\* See "Paradise Lost," book xi., where  
Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the  
eagle chasing "two birds of gayest plumage," and  
the gentle hart and hind pursued by their enemy.



The time was March, a cheerful noon—  
The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,  
Breathed gently from the warm south-  
west :

When, in a voice sedate with age,  
This Oak, a giant and a sage,  
His neighbour thus addressed :

“ Eight weary weeks, through rock  
and clay,

Along this mountain's edge,  
The frost hath wrought both night  
and day,

Wedge driving after wedge.  
Look up! and think above your head  
What trouble, surely, will be bred ;  
Last night I heard a crash—'tis true,  
The splinters took another road—  
I see them yonder—what a load  
For such a thing as you !

“ You are preparing as before,  
To deck your slender shape ;  
And yet, just three years back—no  
more—

You had a strange escape.  
Down from yon cliff a fragment broke ;  
It thundered down, with fire and smoke,  
And hitherward pursued its way :  
This ponderous block was caught by me,  
And o'er your head, as you may see,  
'Tis hanging to this day !

If breeze or bird to this rough steep  
Your kind's first seed did bear ;  
The breeze had better been asleep,  
The bird caught in a snare :  
For you and your green twigs decoy  
The little witless shepherd-boy  
To come and slumber in your bower ;  
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,  
Both you and he, Heaven knows how  
soon,  
Will perish in one hour.

“ From me this friendly warning take—  
The Broom began to dose,  
And thus to keep herself awake  
Did gently interpose :  
' My thanks for your discourse are due ;  
That more than what you say is true  
I know, and I have known it long ;  
Frail is the bond by which we hold  
Our being whether young or old,  
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

“ Disasters, do the best we can,  
Will reach both great and small ;  
And he is oft the wisest man  
Who is not wise at all.  
For me, why should I wish to roam !  
This spot is my paternal home,  
It is my pleasant heritage ;  
My father many a happy year  
Spread here his careless blossoms, here  
Attained a good old age.

“ Even such as his may be my lot.  
What cause have I to haunt  
My heart with terrors? Am I not  
In truth a favoured plant !  
On me such bounty summer pours,  
That I am covered o'er with flowers ;  
And, when the frost is in the sky,  
My branches are so fresh and gay  
That you might look at me and say,  
This plant can never die.

“ The butterfly, all green and gold,  
To me hath often flown,  
Here in my blossoms to behold  
Wings lovely as his own.  
When grass is chill with rain or dew,  
Beneath my shade, the mother ewe  
Lies with her infant lamb ; I see  
The love they to each other make,  
And the sweet joy, which they partake,  
It is a joy to me.

Where is he that giddy sprite,  
 Blue-cap, with his colours bright,  
 Who was blest as bird could be,  
 Feeding in the apple-tree;  
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
 Turning blossoms inside out; [ground,  
 Hung, head pointing towards the  
 Fluttered, perched, into a round  
 Bound himself, and then unbound?  
 Lithest, gaudiest harlequin!  
 Prettiest tumbler ever seen!  
 Light of heart, and light of limb,  
 What is now become of him!  
 Lambs that through the mountains went  
 Frisking, bleating merriment,  
 When the year was in its prime,  
 They are sobered by this time.  
 If you look to vale or hill,  
 If you listen, all is still,  
 Save a little neighbouring rill,  
 That from out the rocky ground  
 Strikes a solitary sound.  
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,  
 And the air is calm in vain:  
 Vainly morning spreads the lure  
 Of a sky serene and pure;  
 Creature none can she decoy  
 Into open sign of joy:  
 Is it that they have a fear  
 Of the dreary season near?  
 Or that other pleasures be  
 Sweeter even than gaiety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell  
 In the impenetrable cell  
 Of the silent heart which nature  
 Furnishes to every creature;  
 Whatso'er we feel and know  
 Too sedate for outward show,  
 Such a light of gladness breaks,  
 Pretty kitten! from thy freaks,—  
 Spreads with such a living grace  
 O'er my little Laura's face;

Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
 Thee, baby, laughing in my arms,  
 That almost I could repine  
 That your transports are not mine,  
 That I do not wholly fare  
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!  
 And I will have my careless season  
 Spite of melancholy reason;  
 Will walk through life in such a way  
 That, when time brings on decay,  
 Now and then I may possess  
 Hours of perfect gladness.  
 —Pleased by any random toy;  
 By a kitten's busy joy,  
 Or an infant's laughing eye  
 Sharing in the ecstasy;  
 I would fare like that or this.  
 Find my wisdom in my bliss;  
 Keep the sprightly soul awake  
 And have faculties to take,  
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,  
 Matter for a jocund thought,  
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
 To gambol with life's falling leaf.

---

A FLOWER GARDEN,  
 AT COLEORTON HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.  
 TELL me, ye zephyrs! that unfold,  
 While fluttering o'er this gay recess,  
 Pinions that fanned the teeming mould  
 Of Eden's blissful wilderness,  
 Did only softly-stealing hours,  
 There close the peaceful lives of  
 flowers?

Say, when the *moving* creatures saw  
 All kinds commingled without fear,  
 Prevailed a like indulgent law  
 For the still growths that prosper here?  
 Did wanton fawn and kid forbear  
 The half-blown rose, the lily spare?

Beneath the summer sky  
 From flower to flower let him fly;  
 'Tis all that he wishes to do.  
 The cheerer thou of our indoor sadness,  
 He is the friend of our summer gladness:  
 What hinders, then, that ye should be  
 Playmates in the sunny weather,  
 And fly about in the air together!  
 His beautiful wings in crimson are  
 drest,  
 A crimson as bright as thine own:  
 Would'st thou be happy in thy nest,  
 O pious bird! whom man loves best,  
 Love him, or leave him alone!

---

### THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my infánt, lo!  
 What a pretty baby show!  
 See the kitten on the wall,  
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
 Withered leaves — one — two — and  
 three—  
 From the lofty elder-tree!  
 Through the calm and frosty air  
 Of this morning bright and fair,  
 Eddying round and round they sink  
 Softly, slowly: one might think,  
 From the motions that are made,  
 Every little leaf conveyed  
 Sylph or faery hither tending—  
 To this lower world descending,  
 Each invisible and mute,  
 In his wavering parachute.  
 —But the kitten, how she starts,  
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!  
 First at one, and then its fellow  
 Just as light and just as yellow;

There are many now—now one—  
 Now they stop; and there are none—  
 What intenseness of desire  
 In her upward eye of fire!  
 With a tiger-leap half way  
 Now she meets the coming prey,  
 Lets it go as fast, and then  
 Has it in her power again:  
 Now she works with three or four  
 Like an Indian conjuror;  
 Quick as he in feats of art,  
 Far beyond in joy of heart.  
 Were her antics played in the eye  
 Of a thousand standers-by,  
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
 What would little tabby care  
 For the plaudits of the crowd?  
 Over happy to be proud,  
 Over wealthy in the treasure  
 Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty baby-treat,  
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;  
 Here, for neither babe nor me,  
 Other playmate can I see.  
 Of the countless living things,  
 That with stir of feet and wings,  
 (In the sun or under shade,  
 Upon bough or grassy blade)  
 And with busy revellings,  
 Chirp and song, and murmurings,  
 Made this orchard's narrow space,  
 And this vale so blithe a place;  
 Multitudes are swept away  
 Never more to breathe the day:  
 Some are sleeping; some in bands  
 Travelled into distant lands;  
 Others slunk to moor and wood,  
 Far from human neighbourhood;  
 And, among the kinds that keep  
 With us closer fellowship,  
 With us openly abide,  
 All have laid their mirth aside.

The shape will vanish. and behold  
A silver shield with boss of gold,  
That spreads itself. some faery bold  
In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar;—  
And then thou art a pretty star;  
Not quite so fair as many are  
In heaven above thee!  
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—  
May peace come never to his nest.  
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright flower! for by that name at last,  
When all my reveries are past,  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
Sweet silent creature!  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont. repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature!

#### TO THE SAME FLOWER.

BRIGHT flower, whose home is every-  
where!  
Bold in maternal nature's care,  
And all the long year through the heir  
Of joy or sorrow,  
Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity.  
Given to no other flower I see  
The forest thorough!

Is it that man is soon deprest?  
A thoughtless thing! who, once unblest,  
Does little on his memory rest,  
Or on his reason;  
And thou wouldst teach him how to find  
A shelter under every wind,  
A hope for times that are unkind  
And every season.

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
With friends to greet thee, or without,  
Yet pleased and willing;  
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
And all things suffering from all,  
Thy function apostolical  
In peace fulfilling.

#### TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me! up with me into the  
clouds!  
For thy song, lark, is strong;  
Up with me, up with me into the  
clouds!  
Singing, singing,  
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,  
Lift me, guide me till I find  
That spot which seems so to thy mind.

I have walked through wildernesses  
dreary,  
And to-day my heart is weary;  
Had I now the wings of a faery  
Up to thee would I fly.  
There is madness about thee, and joy  
divine  
In that song of thine;  
Lift me, guide me high and high  
To thy banqueting-place in the sky!

Joyous as morning,  
Thou art laughing and scorning;  
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest.  
And, though little troubled with sloth,  
Drunken lark! thou wouldst be loth  
To be such a traveller as I.  
Happy, happy liver,  
With a soul as strong as a mountain river  
Pouring out praise to the almighty Giver  
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Or peeped they often from their beds  
And prematurely disappeared,  
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads  
A bosom to the sun endeared?  
If such their harsh untimely doom,  
It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All summer long the happy Eve  
Of this fair spot her flowers may bind,  
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,  
From the next glance she casts, to find  
That love for little things by fate  
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian fence is  
wound,  
So subtly are our eyes beguiled  
We see not nor suspect a bound,  
No more than in some forest wild;  
The sight is free as air—or crost  
Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse  
By random footsteps to be prest,  
And feed on never-sullied dews,  
*Ye*, gentle breezes from the west,  
With all the ministers of hope,  
Are tempted to this sunny slope!

And hither throngs of birds resort:  
Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,  
Some, perched on stems of stately  
port  
That nod to welcome transient guests;  
While hare and leveret, seen at play,  
*Appear* not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)  
This delicate enclosure shows  
Of modest kindness, that would hide  
The firm protection she bestows;  
Of manners, like its viewless fence,  
Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral muse—her wing  
Abruptly spreading to depart,  
She left that farewell offering,  
Memento for some docile heart;  
That may respect the good old age  
When fancy was truth's willing page;  
And truth would skim the flowery glade,  
Though entering but as fancy's shade.

---

### TO THE DAISY.

With little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Daisy! again I talk to thee,  
For thou art worthy,  
Thou unassuming common-place  
Of nature, with that homely face,  
And yet with something of a grace,  
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
I sit, and play with similes,  
Loose types of things through all degrees,  
Thoughts of thy raising:  
And many a fond and idle name  
I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
As is the humour of the game,  
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;  
Or sprightly maiden, of love's court;  
In thy simplicity the sport  
Of all temptations;  
A queen in crown of rubies drest;  
A starveling in a scanty vest;  
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye  
Staring to threaten and defy,  
That thought comes next—and instantly  
The freak is over,

Day and night my toils redouble,  
 Never nearer to the goal;  
 Night and day, I feel the trouble  
 Of the wanderer in my soul.

### THE CORONET OF SNOW- DROPS.

Who fancied what a pretty sight  
 This rock would be if edged around  
 With living snowdrops? circlet bright!  
 How glorious to this orchard-ground!  
 Who loved the little rock, and set  
 Upon its head this coronet?

Was it the humour of a child?  
 Or rather of some gentle maid,  
 Whose brows, the day that she was styled  
 The shepherd queen, were thus arrayed?  
 Of man mature, or matron sage?  
 Or old-man toying with his age?

I asked—'twas whispered—The device  
 To each and all might well belong:  
 It is the spirit of Paradise  
 That prompts such work, a spirit strong,  
 That gives to all the self-same bent  
 Where life is wise and innocent.

### THE SEVEN SISTERS;

OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald,  
 All children of one mother:  
 You could not say in one short day  
 What love they bore each other.  
 A garland of seven lilies wrought!  
 Seven sisters that together dwell;  
 But he, bold knight as ever fought,  
 Their father, took of them no thought,  
 He loved the wars so well.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,  
 And from the shores of Erin,  
 Across the wave, a rover brave  
 To Binnorie is steering:  
 Right onward to the Scottish strand  
 The gallant ship is borne;  
 The warriors leap upon the land,  
 And hark! the leader of the band  
 Hath blown his bugle horn.  
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grotto of their own,  
 With boughs above them closing,  
 The seven are laid, and in the shade  
 They lie like fawns reposing.  
 But now, upstarting with affright  
 At noise of man and steed.  
 Away they fly to left, to right—  
 Of your fair household, father knight  
 Methinks you take small heed!  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,  
 And, over hill and hollow,  
 With menace proud, and insult loud,  
 The youthful rovers follow.  
 Cried they, "Your father loves to  
 roam:

Enough for him to find  
 The empty house when he comes  
 home;  
 For us your yellow ringlets comb,  
 For us be fair and kind!"  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side i  
 side,  
 Like clouds in stormy weather,  
 They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die  
 And let us die together."

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,  
Through prickly moors or dusty ways  
must wind;  
But hearing thee, or others of thy  
kind,  
As full of gladness and as free of  
heaven,  
I, with my fate contented, will plod  
on,  
And hope for higher raptures, when  
life's day is done.

Thus then, each to other dear,  
Let them all in quiet lie,  
Andrew there, and Susan here,  
Neighbours in mortality.  
And, should I live through sun and rain  
Seven widowed years without my Jane,  
O sexton, do not then remove her,  
Let one grave hold the loved and lover!

## SONG

FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

## TO A SEXTON.

Let thy wheelbarrow alone—  
Wherefore, sexton, piling still  
In thy bone-house bone on bone?  
'Tis already like a hill  
In a field of battle made,  
Where three thousand skulls are laid;  
These died in peace each with the  
other,  
Father, sister, friend, and brother.

Mark the spot to which I point!  
From this platform, eight feet square,  
Take not even a finger joint:  
Andrew's whole fire-side is there.  
Here, alone, before thine eyes,  
Simon's sickly daughter lies,  
From weakness now, and pain de-  
fended  
Whom he twenty-winters tended.

Look but at the gardener's pride—  
How he glories, when he sees  
Roses, lilies, side by side,  
Violets in families!  
By the heart of man, his tears,  
By his hopes and by his fears,  
Thou, too heedless, art the warden  
Of a far superior garden.

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains  
Roar down many a craggy steep,  
Yet they find among the mountains  
Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,  
Ere the storm its fury stills,  
Helmet-like themselves will fasten  
On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen centre  
Of the Alps the chamois bound,  
Yet he has a home to enter  
In some nook of chosen ground.

And the sea-horse, though the ocean  
Yield him no domestic cave,  
Slumbers without sense of motion,  
Couched upon the rocking wave.

If on windy days the raven  
Gambol like a dancing skiff,  
Not the less she loves her haven  
In the bosom of the cliff.

The fleet ostrich, till day closes  
Vagrant over desert sands,  
Brooding on her eggs reposes  
When chill night that care demands.

When this in modest guise was said,  
Across the welkin seemed to spread  
A boding sound—for aught but sleep  
ur'd!

Hills quaked—the rivers backward ran—  
That star, so proud of late, looked wan;  
And reeled with visionary stir  
In the blue depth, like Lucifer  
Cast headlong to the pit!

Fireraged,—and when the spangled floor  
Of ancient ether was no more,  
New heavens succeeded, by the dream  
brought forth:

And all the happy souls that rode  
Transfigured through that fresh abode,  
Had heretofore, in humble trust,  
Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,  
The glow-worms of the earth!

This knowledge, from an angel's voice  
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice  
Of him who slept upon the open lea:  
Waking at morn he murmured not;  
And, till life's journey closed, the spot  
Was to the pilgrim's soul endeared,  
Where by that dream he had been  
cheered  
Beneath the shady tree.

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### STRAY PLEASURES.

*"Pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts, to be claimed by whoever shall  
find."*

By their floating mill,  
That lies dead and still,  
Behold yon prisoners three,  
The miller with two dames, on the  
breast of the Thames!  
The platform is small, but gives room  
for them all;  
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes  
To their mill where it floats,  
To their house and their mill tethered  
fast;  
To the small wooden isle where, their  
work to beguile,  
They from morning to even take what  
ever is given;—  
And many a blithe day they have  
past.

In sight of the spires,  
All alive with the fires  
Of the sun going down to his rest,  
In the broad open eye of the solitary  
sky,  
They dance,—there are three, as  
jocund as free,  
While they dance on the calm river's  
breast.

Man and maidens wheel,  
They themselves make the reel.  
And their music's a prey which they  
seize;  
It plays not for them,—what matter?  
'tis theirs;  
And if they had care, it has scattered  
their cares,  
While they dance, crying, "Long as  
ye please!"

They dance not for me,  
Yet mine is their glee!  
Thus pleasure is spread through the  
earth  
In stray gifts, to be claimed by who-  
ever shall find;  
Thus a rich loving-kindness, redun-  
dantly kind,  
Moves all nature to gladness and  
mirth.



A lake was near; the shore was steep;  
 There never foot had been;  
 They ran, and with a desperate leap  
 Together plunged into the deep,  
 Nor ever more were seen.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

The stream that flows out of the lake,  
 As through the glen it rambles,  
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,  
 For those seven lovely Campbells.  
 Seven little islands, green and bare,  
 Have risen from out the deep:  
 The fishers say, those sisters fair  
 By fairies are all buried there,  
 And there together sleep.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

### THE PILGRIM'S DREAM;

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A PILGRIM, when the summer day  
 Had closed upon his weary way,  
 A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof;  
 But him the haughty warden spurned;  
 And from the gate the pilgrim turned,  
 To seek such covert as the field  
 Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,  
 Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along; and, pensively,  
 Halting beneath a shady tree,  
 Whose moss-grown root might serve  
 for couch or seat,  
 Fixed on a star his upward eye;  
 Then, from the tenant of the sky  
 He turned, and watched with kindred  
 look,  
 A glow-worm, in a dusty nook,  
 Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream  
 Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,  
 A pregnant dream, within whose  
 shadowy bounds  
 He recognised the earth-born star,  
 And *that* which glittered from afar;  
 And (strange to witness!) from the  
 frame

Of the ethereal orb, there came  
 Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humble light  
 That now, when day was fled, and  
 night  
 Hushed the dark earth—fast closing  
 weary eyes,  
 A very reptile could presume  
 To show her taper in the gloom,  
 As if in rivalry with one  
 Who sate a ruler on his throne  
 Erected in the skies.

"Exalted star!" the worm replied,  
 "Abate this unbecoming pride.  
 Or with a less uneasy lustre shine;  
 Thou shrink'st as momentarily thy rays  
 Are mastered by the breathing haze;  
 While neither mist, nor thickest  
 cloud  
 That shapes in heaven its murky  
 shroud,  
 Hath power to injure mine.

"But not for this do I aspire  
 To match the spark of local fire,  
 That at my will burns on the dewy  
 lawn,  
 With thy acknowledged glories;—  
 No!

Yet, thus upbraided, I may show  
 What favours do attend me here,  
 Till, like thyself, I disappear  
 Before the purple dawn."

A spirit of noon-day is he;  
 Yet seems a form of flesh and blood;  
 Nor piping shepherd shall he be,  
 Nor herd-boy of the wood.  
 A regal vest of fur he wears,  
 In colour like a raven's wing;  
 It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;  
 But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue  
 As budding pines in spring;  
 His helmet has a vernal grace,  
 Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

A harp is from his shoulder slung;  
 Resting the harp upon his knee;  
 To words of a forgotten tongue,  
 He suits its melody.  
 Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill  
 He is the darling and the joy;  
 And often, when no cause appears,  
 The mountain ponies prick their ears,  
 They hear the Danish boy,  
 While in the dell he sits alone  
 Beside the tree and corner-stone.

There sits he: in his face you spy  
 No trace of a ferocious air,  
 Nor ever was a cloudless sky  
 So steady or so fair.  
 The lovely Danish boy is blest  
 And happy in his flowery cove:  
 From bloody deeds his thoughts are far,  
 And yet he warbles songs of war,  
 That seem like songs of love.  
 For calm and gentle is his mien;  
 Like a dead boy he is serene.

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### ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP.

THE WORK OF E. H. S.

Frowns are on every muse's face,  
 Reproaches from their lips are sent,  
 That mimicry should thus disgrace  
 The noble instrument.

A very harp in all but size!  
 Needles for strings in apt gradation!  
 Minerva's self would stigmatize  
 The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* needle that subdued  
 Arachne's rival spirit,  
 Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest  
 mood,  
 Such honour could not merit.

And this, too, from the laureate's child,  
 A living lord of melody!  
 How will her sire be reconciled  
 To the refined indignity?

I spake, when whispered a low voice:  
 "Bard! moderate your ire;  
 Spirits of all degrees rejoice  
 In presence of the lyre.

"The minstrels of pygmean bands,  
 Dwarf genii, moonlight-loving fays,  
 Have shells to fit their tiny hands  
 And suit their slender lays.

"Some, still more delicate of ear,  
 Have lutes (believe my words)  
 Whose framework is of gossamer.  
 While sunbeams are the chords.

"Gay sylphs this miniature will court  
 Made vocal by their brushing wings;  
 And sullen gnomes will learn to sport  
 Around its polished strings;

"Whence strains to love-sick maids  
 dear,  
 While in her lonely bower she tries  
 To cheat the thought she cannot cheat  
 By fanciful embroideries.

"Trust, angry bard! a knowing spirit  
 Nor think the harp her lot depletes  
 Though 'mid the stars the lyre shines  
 bright.  
 Love stoops as fondly as he soars."

The showers of the spring  
 Rouse the birds, and they sing;  
 If the wind do but stir for his proper  
 delight,  
 Each leaf, that and this, his neighbour  
 will kiss;  
 Each wave, one and t'other, speeds  
 after his brother;  
 They are happy, for that is their right!

"Such it is;—the aspiring creature  
 Soaring on undaunted wing  
 (So you fancied) is by nature  
 A dull helpless thing,  
 Dry and withered, light and yellow;—  
*That* to be the tempest's fellow!  
 Wait and you shall see how hollow  
 Its endeavouring!"

## THE DANISH BOY.

## A FRAGMENT.

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS  
FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.

"Who but hails the sight with  
 pleasure  
 When the wings of genius rise,  
 Their ability to measure  
 With great enterprise;  
 But in man was ne'er such daring  
 As yon hawk exhibits, pairing  
 His brave spirit with the war in  
 The stormy skies!

"Mark him, how his power he uses,  
 Lays it by, at will resumes!  
 Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses  
 Clouds and utter glooms!  
 There he wheels in downward mazes;  
 Sunward now his flight he raises,  
 Catches fire, as seems, and blazes  
 With uninjured plumes!"

## ANSWER.

Stranger, 'tis no act of courage  
 Which aloft thou dost discern;  
 So bold *bird* gone forth to forage  
 'Mid the tempest stern;  
 Not such mockery as the nations  
 See, when public perturbations  
 Lift men from their native stations,  
 Like yon TUFT OF FERN;

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills  
 There is a spot that seems to lie  
 Sacred to flowerets of the hills,  
 And sacred to the sky:  
 And in this smooth and open dell  
 There is a tempest-stricken tree;  
 A corner-stone by lightning cut,  
 The last stone of a lonely hut;  
 And in this dell you see  
 A thing no storm can e'er destroy,  
 The shadow of a Danish boy.\*

In clouds above, the lark is heard,  
 But drops not here to earth for rest:  
 Within this lonesome nook the bird  
 Did never build her nest.  
 No beast, no bird hath here his  
 home;  
 Bees, wafted on the breezy air,  
 Pass high above those fragrant bells  
 To other flowers; to other dells  
 Their burthens do they bear;  
 The Danish boy walks here alone:  
 The lovely dell is all his own.

\* These stanzas were designed to introduce a ballad upon the story of a Danish prince who had fled from battle, and for the sake of the valuables about him, was murdered by the inhabitant of a cottage in which he had taken refuge. The house fell under a curse, and the spirit of the youth, it was believed, haunted the valley where the crime had been committed.

And first;—thy sinless progress,  
 through a world  
 By sorrow darkened and by care dis-  
 turbed.  
 Apt likeness bears to hers, through  
 gathered clouds,  
 Moving untouched in silver purity,  
 And cheering oft-times their reluctant  
 gloom.  
 Fair are ye both, and both are free  
 from stain :  
 But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy  
 horn  
 With brightness!—leaving her to post  
 along,  
 And range about—disquieted in change.  
 And still impatient of the shape she  
 wears.  
 Once up, once down the hill. one  
 journey, babe.  
 That will suffice thee; and it seems  
 that now  
 Thou hast fore-knowledge that such  
 task is thine;  
 Thou travellest so contentedly. and  
 sleep'st  
 In such a heedless peace. Alas! full  
 soon  
 Hath this conception. grateful to behold.  
 Changed countenance. like an object  
 sullied o'er

By breathing mist! and thine appears  
 to be  
 A mournful labour. while to her is  
 given  
 Hope—and a renovation without end.  
 That smile forbids the thought;—for  
 on thy face  
 Smiles are beginning, like the beams  
 of dawn,  
 To shoot and circulate;—smiles have  
 there been seen,—  
 Tranquil assurances that Heaven  
 supports  
 The feeble motions of thy life. and  
 cheers  
 Thy loneliness;—or shall those smiles  
 be called  
 Feelers of love.—put forth as if to  
 explore  
 This untried world. and to prepare  
 thy way  
 Through a strait passage intricate and  
 dim?  
 Such are they.—and the same are  
 tokens. signs.  
 Which. when the appointed season  
 hath arrived.  
 Joy, as her holiest language. shall  
 adopt;  
 And reason's godlike power be proud  
 to own.

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT  
DAUGHTER,

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS  
A MONTH OLD ON THAT DAY.

HAST thou then survived,  
Mild offspring of infirm humanity,  
Meek infant! among all forlornest  
things

The most forlorn, one life of that  
bright star,

The second glory of the heavens?—  
Thou hast:

Already hast survived that great decay;  
That transformation through the wide  
earth felt,

And by all nations. In that Being's  
sight

From whom the race of human kind  
proceed,

A thousand years are but as yester-  
day;

And one day's narrow circuit is to  
Him

Not less capacious than a thousand  
years.

But what is time? What outward  
glory? Neither

A measure is of Thee, whose claims  
extend

Through "heaven's eternal year."—

Yet hail to thee,

Frail, feeble monthling!—by that  
name, methinks,

Thy scanty breathing-time is por-  
tioned out

Not idly.—Hadst thou been of Indian  
birth,

Touched on a casual bed of moss and  
leaves,

And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,  
Or to the churlish elements exposed

wo

On the blank plains,—the coldness of  
the night,

Or the night's darkness, or its cheer-  
ful face

Of beauty, by the changing moon  
adorned,

Would, with imperious admonition,  
then

Have scored thine age, and punctually  
timed

Thine infant history, on the minds  
of those

Who might have wandered with  
thee.—Mother's love.

Nor less than mother's love in other  
breasts,

Will, among us warm clad and warmly  
housed,

Do for thee what the finger of the  
heavens

Doth all too often harshly execute

For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds

Where fancy hath small liberty to  
grace

The affections, to exalt them or refine;

And the maternal sympathy itself.

Though strong, is, in the main, a joy-  
less tie

Of naked instinct, wound about the  
heart.

Happier, far happier is thy lot and  
ours!

Even now—To solemnise thy help-  
less state,

And to enliven in the mind's regard

Thy passive beauty—parallels have  
risen,

Resemblances, or contrasts, that con-  
nect,

Within the region of a father's  
thoughts,

Thee and thy mate and sister of the  
sky.

Maiden ! now take flight ;—inherit  
 Alps or Andes—they are thine !  
 With the morning's roseate spirit.  
 Sweep their length of snowy line ;

Or survey their bright dominions  
 In the gorgeous colours drest,  
 Flung from off the purple pinions,  
 Evening spreads throughout the west !

Thine are all the choral fountains  
 Warbling in each sparry vault  
 Of the untrodden lunar mountains ;  
 Listen to their songs !—or halt,

To Niphates top invited,  
 Whither spiteful Satan steered ;  
 Or descend where the ark alighted,  
 When the green earth re-appeared ;

For the power of hills is on thee,  
 As was witnessed through thine eye  
 Then, when old Helvellyn won thee  
 To confess their majesty !

### YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton  
 Vale,  
 Which to this day stands single, in the  
 midst  
 Of its own darkness. as it stood of  
 yore,  
 Not loth to furnish weapons for the  
 bands  
 Of Umfraville or Percy ere they  
 marched  
 To Scotland's heaths : or those that  
 crossed the sea  
 And drew their sounding bows at  
 Azincour,  
 Maps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.

Of vast circumference and gloom pro-  
 found

This solitary tree !—a living thing  
 Produced too slowly ever to decay ;  
 Of form and aspect too magnificent  
 To be destroyed. But worthier still of  
 note

Are those fraternal four of Borrow-  
 dale,

Joined in one solemn and capacious  
 grove ;

Huge trunks !—and each particular  
 trunk a growth

Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
 Up-coiling, and inveterately con-  
 volved,—

Nor uninformed with phantasy, and  
 looks

That threaten the profane ;—a pil-  
 lared shade,

Upon whose grassless floor of red-  
 brown hue,

By sheddings from the pining umbrage  
 tinged

Perennially—beneath whose sable roof  
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose  
 decked

With unrejoicing berries, ghostly  
 shapes

May meet at noontide—Fear and  
 trembling Hope,

Silence and Foresight—Death the  
 Skeleton,

And Time the Shadow,—there to cele-  
 brate,

As in a natural temple scattered o'er  
 With altars undisturbed of mossy  
 stone.

United worship ; or in mute repose  
 To lie, and listen to the mountain  
 flood

Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost  
 caves.

# POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

---

## THERE WAS A BOY.

THERE was a boy ; ye knew him well,  
ye cliffs

And islands of Winander ! many a time,  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,  
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmer-  
ing lake ;

And there, with fingers interwoven,  
both hands [his mouth

Pressed closely palm to palm and to  
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him.—And  
they would shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call,—with quivering  
peals,

And long halloos, and screams, and  
echoes loud

Redoubled and redoubled ; concourse  
wild

Of jocund din ! And, when there came  
a pause

Of silence such as baffled his best skill :  
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while  
he hung

Listening, a gentle shock of mild sur-  
prise

Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain torrents ; or the visible  
scene

Would enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven,  
received

Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates,  
and died

In childhood, ere he was full twelve  
years old.

Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale  
Where he was born and bred : the grassy  
church-yard hangs

Upon a slope above the village school ;  
And through that church-yard when  
my way has led [there

On summer evenings, I believe, that  
A long half-hour together I have stood  
Mute—looking at the grave in which  
he lies !

---

## TO —,

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT  
OF HELVELLYN.

INMATE of a mountain-dwelling,  
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed,  
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn ;  
Awed, delighted, and amazed !

Potent was the spell that bound thee,  
Not unwilling to obey ;  
For blue ether's arms, flung round thee,  
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo ! the dwindled woods and meadows !  
What a vast abyss is there !  
Lo ! the clouds, the solemn shadows,  
And the glistenings—heavenly fair !

And a record of commotion  
Which a thousand ridges yield ;  
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean  
Gleaming like a silver shield !

## TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard  
I hear thee and rejoice.  
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear,  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only, to the vale,  
Of sunshine and of flowers.  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird: but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy  
days  
I listened to; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial faëry place;  
That is fit home for thee!

## A NIGHT-PIECE.

THE sky is overcast  
With a continuous cloud of texture close,  
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the  
moon,  
Which through that veil is indistinctly  
seen,  
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light  
So feebly spread, that not a shadow  
falls,  
Chequering the ground—from rock,  
plant, tree, or tower.  
At length a pleasant instantaneous  
gleam  
Startles the pensive traveller while he  
treads  
His lonesome path, with unobserving  
eye  
Bent earthwards: he looks up—the  
clouds are split  
Asunder,—and above his head he sees  
The clear moon, and the glory of the  
heavens.  
There, in a black blue vault she sails  
along, [small  
Followed by multitudes of stars, that,  
And sharp, and bright, along the dark  
abyss  
Drive as she drives;—how fast they  
wheel away,  
Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the  
tree,  
But they are silent;—still they roll  
along  
Immeasurably distant;—and the vault,  
Built round by those white clouds,  
enormous clouds,  
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.  
At length the vision closes; and the  
mind,  
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,  
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,  
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.



## WATER-FOWL.

"Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these visitants sometimes perform, on a fine day towards the close of winter."—Extract from the Author's Book on the Lakes.

MARK how the feathered tenants of  
the flood,

With grace of motion that might  
scarcely seem

Inferior to angelical, prolong

Their curious pastime! shaping in mid  
air [that soars

(And sometimes with ambitious wing  
High as the level of the mountain tops)

A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,  
Their own domain;—but ever, while  
intent [round,

On tracing and retracing that large  
Their jubilant activity evolves

Hundreds of curves and circles, to and  
fro, [tricate,

Upward and downward, progress in-  
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed

Their indefatigable flight.—'Tis done—  
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had  
ceased:

But lo! the vanished company again  
Ascending:—they approach—I hear  
their wings [sound

Faint, faint at first: and then an eager  
Past in a moment—and as faint again!  
They tempt the sun to sport amid  
their plumes:

They tempt the water, or the gleaming  
ice, [themselves.

To show them a fair image:—'tis  
Their own fair forms, upon the glim-  
mering plain. [descend

Painted more soft and fair as they  
Almost to touch:—then up again aloft,  
Up with a sally and a flush of speed,

As if they scorned both resting-place  
and rest!

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF  
BLACK COMB.\*

THIS height, a ministering angel might  
select:

For from the summit of Black Comb  
(dread name

Derived from clouds and storms!) the  
amplest range

Of unobstructed prospect may be seen  
That British ground commands:—low

dusky tracts,

Where Trent is nursed, far southward!  
Cambrian hills

To the south-west, a multitudinous  
show;

And, in a line of eye-sight linked with  
these,

The hoary peaks of Scotland that give  
birth

To Teviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed,  
and Clyde;—

Crowding the quarter whence the sun  
comes forth

Gigantic mountains rough with crags;  
beneath,

Right at the imperial station's western  
base,

Main Ocean, breaking audibly and  
stretched

Far into silent regions blue and  
pale;—

And visibly engirding Mona's Isle,

That, as we left the plain, before our  
sight

Stood like a lofty mount uplifting  
slowly.

(Above the convex of the watery globe)

\* Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland; its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in these parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain.

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 So feebly spread, that not a shadow  
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 Chequering the ground—from rock,  
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 At length a pleasant instantaneous  
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 Startles the pensive traveller while he  
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 His lonesome path, with unobserving  
 eye  
 Bent earthwards : he looks up,—the  
 clouds are split  
 Asunder,—and above his head he sees  
 The clear moon, and the glory of the  
 heavens.  
 There, in a black blue vault she sails  
 along, [small  
 Followed by multitudes of stars, that,  
 And sharp, and bright, along the dark  
 abyss  
 Drive as she drives ;—how fast they  
 wheel away,  
 Yet vanish not !—the wind is in the  
 tree,  
 But they are silent ;—still they roll  
 along  
 Immeasurably distant ;—and the vault,  
 Built round by those white clouds,  
 enormous clouds,  
 Still deepens its unfathomable depth.  
 At length the vision closes ; and the  
 mind,  
 Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,  
 Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,  
 Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

That, fleeced with moss, under the  
 shady trees,  
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of  
 sheep,  
 I heard the murmur and the murmur-  
 ing sound,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasure  
 loves to pay  
 Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,  
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent  
 things,  
 Wasting its kindliness on stocks and  
 stones,  
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
 And dragged to earth both branch and  
 bough, with crash  
 And merciless ravage; and the shady  
 nook  
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy  
 bower,  
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
 Their quiet being: and, unless I now  
 Confound my present feelings with the  
 past,  
 Ere from the mutilated bower I turned  
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of  
 kings,  
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
 The silent trees and saw the intruding  
 sky.—  
 Then, dearest maiden! move along  
 these shades  
 In gentleness of heart; with gentle  
 hand  
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the  
 woods.

SHE was a phantom of delight  
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
 A lovely apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament;  
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
 Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheerful  
 dawn:

A dancing shape, an image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A spirit, yet a woman too!  
 Her household motions light and  
 free,  
 And steps of virgin liberty;  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
 A creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food;  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and  
 smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine;  
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A traveller between life and death;  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and  
 skill,  
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command;  
 And yet a spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light.

---

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art  
 A creature of a fiery heart:—  
 These notes of thine—they pierce and  
 pierce;  
 Tumultuous harmony and fierce!  
 Thou sing'st as if the god of wine  
 Had helped thee to a valentine;  
 A song in mockery and despite  
 Of shades, and dews, and silent night:  
 And steady bliss, and all the loves  
 Now sleeping in these peaceful groves

Into clear view the cultured fields  
 that streak  
 Her habitable shores; but now appears  
 A dwindled object, and submits to lie  
 At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure  
 ridge,  
 Is it a perishable cloud? Or there  
 Do we behold the line of Erin's coast?  
 Land sometimes by the roving shep-  
 herd swain  
 (Like the bright confines of another  
 world)  
 Not doubtfully perceived.—Look  
 homeward now!  
 In depth, in height, in circuit how serene  
 The spectacle, how pure! Of nature's  
 works,  
 In earth, and air, and earth-embracing  
 sea,  
 A revelation infinite it seems;  
 Display august of man's inheritance,  
 Of Britain's calm felicity and power.

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### NUTTING.

It seems a day  
 (I speak of one from many singled out)  
 One of those heavenly days that cannot  
 die;  
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
 I left our cottage-threshold, sallying  
 forth [slung,  
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders  
 A nutting crook in hand, and turned  
 my steps  
 Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a figure  
 quaint,  
 Trick'd out in proud disguise of cast-  
 off weeds  
 Which for that service had been  
 husbanded,  
 By exhortation of my frugal dame.

Motley accoutrement, of power to  
 smile  
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,  
 —and in truth,  
 More ragged than need was! O'er  
 pathless rocks,  
 Through beds of matted fern, and  
 tangled thickets,  
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear  
 nook  
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
 Drooped with its withered leaves, un-  
 gracious sign  
 Of devastation, but the hazels rose  
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters  
 hung,  
 A virgin scene!—A little while I  
 stood,  
 Breathing with such suppression of the  
 heart  
 As joy delights in; and with wise  
 restraint  
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
 The banquet,—or beneath the trees I  
 sate  
 Among the flowers, and with the  
 flowers I played;  
 A temper known to those, who, after  
 long  
 And weary expectation, have been  
 blest  
 With sudden happiness beyond all  
 hope.—  
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose  
 leaves  
 The violets of five seasons reappear  
 And fade, unseen by any human eye;  
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur  
 on  
 For ever,—and I saw the sparkling  
 foam,  
 And with my cheek on one of those  
 green stones

- Heirs from times of earliest record  
 10 Had the house of Lucie born,  
 Who of right had held the lord-  
 ship  
 Claimed by proof upon the horn: 45  
 Each at the appointed hour  
 Tried the horn.—it owned his power;  
 15 He was acknowledged: and the blast,  
 Which good Sir Eustace sounded was  
 the last.
- With his lance Sir Eustace pointed.  
 And to Hubert thus said he—  
 "What I speak this horn shall  
 witness  
 20 For thy better memory.  
 Hear, then, and neglect me not!  
 At this time, and on this spot.  
 The words are uttered from my  
 heart,  
 As my last earnest prayer ere we  
 depart.
- 5 "On good service we are going  
 Life to risk by sea and land.  
 In which course if Christ our Saviour 6  
 Do my sinful soul demand.  
 Hither come thou back straightway,  
 30 Hubert, if alive that day:  
 Return, and sound the horn, that we  
 May have a living house still left in  
 thee!"
- "Fear not!" quickly answered Hu-  
 bert;  
 "As I am thy father's son,  
 25 What thou askest, noble brother,  
 With God's favour shall be done."  
 So were both right well content:  
 Forth they from the castle went,  
 And at the head of their array  
 7 To Palestine the brothers took their  
 way.
- Side by side they fought, (the Lucies  
 Were a line for valour famed.)  
 And where'er their strokes alighted,  
 There the Saracens were tamed.  
 Whence, then, could it come—the  
 thought—  
 By what evil spirit brought?  
 Oh! can a brave man wish to take  
 His brother's life, for land's and  
 castle's sake?
- "Sir!" the ruffians said to Hubert.  
 50 "Deep he lies in Jordan's flood,"  
 Stricken by this ill assurance,  
 Pale and trembling Hubert stood.  
 "Take your earnings."—Oh! that I  
 Could have *seen* my brother die!  
 55 It was a pang that vexed him then;  
 And oft returned, again, and yet  
 again.
- Months passed on, and no Sir  
 Eustace!  
 Nor of him were tidings heard.  
 Wherefore, bold as day, the murderer  
 60 Back again to England steered.  
 To his castle Hubert sped:  
 Nothing has he now to dread.  
 But silent and by stealth he came,  
 And at an hour which nobody could  
 name.
- 65 None could tell if it were night-  
 time,  
 Night or day, at even or morn:  
 No one's eye had seen him  
 enter.  
 —No one's ear had heard the horn.  
 But bold Hubert lives in glee:  
 70 Months and years went smilingly;  
 With plenty was his table spread;  
 And bright the lady is who shares his  
 bed.

I heard a stock-dove sing or say  
 His homely tale this very day;  
 His voice was buried among trees,  
 Yet to be come at by the breeze;  
 He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed,  
 And somewhat pensively he wooed:  
 He sang of love with quiet blending,  
 Slow to begin, and never ending;  
 Of serious faith and inward glee;  
 That was the song—the song for me!

THREE years she grew in sun and shower  
 Then nature said, "A lovelier flower  
 On earth was never sown;  
 This child I to myself will take;  
 She shall be mine, and I will make  
 A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
 Both law and impulse: and with me  
 The girl, in rock and plain,  
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
 Shall feel an overseeing power  
 To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn  
 That wild with glee across the lawn  
 Or up the mountain springs;  
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
 And hers the silence and the calm  
 Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their states shall lend  
 To her; for her the willow bend:  
 Nor shall she fail to see  
 Even in the motions of the storm  
 Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
 By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
 To her; and she shall lean her ear  
 In many a secret place  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward  
 round,  
 W.O.

And beauty born of murmuring sound  
 Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
 Shall rear her form to stately height,  
 Her virgin bosom swell;  
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
 While she and I together live  
 Here in this happy dell."

Thus nature spake—the work was done—  
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
 She died, and left to me  
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene;  
 The memory of what has been,  
 And never more will be.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;  
 I had no human fears:  
 She seemed a thing that could not feel  
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;  
 She neither hears nor sees,  
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
 With rocks and stones and trees!

### THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.\*

ERE the brothers through the gateway,  
 Issued forth with old and young,  
 To the horn Sir Eustace pointed  
 Which for ages there had hung.  
 Horn it was which none could sound;  
 No one upon living ground,  
 Save he who came as rightful heir  
 To Egremont's domains and castle fair.

\* This story is a Cumberland tradition; I have heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient residence of the Huddlestons, in a sequestered valley upon the river Dacor.

Remote from sheltered village green,  
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,  
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns  
lean  
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,  
Two poor old dames, as I have known,  
Will often live in one small cottage;  
But she, poor woman! housed alone.  
'Twas well enough when summer came,  
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,  
Then at her door the *canty* Dame  
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,  
Oh! then how her old bones would shake,  
You would have said, if you had met  
her,

'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.  
Her evenings then were dull and  
dead!

Sad case it was, as you may think,  
For very cold to go to bed;  
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh, joy for her! whene'er in winter  
The winds at night had made a rout;  
And scattered many a lusty splinter  
And many a rotten bough about.  
Yet never had she, well or sick,  
As every man who knew her says,  
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,  
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,  
And made her poor old bones to ache,  
Could anything be more alluring  
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?  
And, now and then, it must be said,  
When her old bones were cold and chill,  
She left her fire, or left her bed,  
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected  
This trespass of old Goody Blake;  
And vowed that she should be de-  
tected,

That he on her would vengeance take  
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,  
And to the fields his road would take.  
And there, at night, in frost and snow,  
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,  
Thus looking out did Harry stand:  
The moon was full and shining clearly,  
And crisp with frost the stubble land.  
He hears, a noise—he's all awake—  
Again!—on tip-toe down the hill  
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake,  
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld  
her:

Stick after stick did Goody pull:  
He stood behind a bush of elder,  
Till she had filled her apron full.  
When with her load she turned about,  
The by-way back again to take;  
He started forward with a shout,  
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,  
And by the arm he held her fast,  
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,  
And cried, "I've caught you, then, at  
last!"

Then Goody, who had nothing said,  
Her bundle from her lap let fall;  
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed  
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,  
While Harry held her by the arm—  
"God! who art never out of hearing.  
Oh, may he never more be warm!"

Likewise he had sons and daughters ;  
 And, as good men do, he sate  
 At his board by these surrounded,  
 Flourishing in fair estate.  
 And while thus in open day  
 Once he sate, as old books say,  
 A blast was uttered from the horn,  
 Where by the castle-gate it hung for-  
 loin.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace !  
 He is come to claim his right :  
 Ancient castle, woods, and mountains  
 Hear the challenge with delight.  
 Hubert ! though the blast be blown  
 He is helpless and alone :  
 Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word !  
 And there he may be lodged, and thou  
 be lord.

Speak !—astounded Hubert cannot ;  
 And if power to speak he had,  
 All are daunted, all the household  
 Smitten to the heart, and sad.  
 'Tis Sir Eustace ; if it be  
 Living man, it must be he !  
 Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,  
 And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of :  
 To his brother then he came,  
 Made confession, asked forgiveness,  
 Asked it by a brother's name,  
 And by all the saints in heaven ;  
 And of Eustace was forgiven :  
 Then in a convent went to hide  
 His melancholy head, and there he  
 died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels  
 Had preserved from murderers' hands,  
 And from pagan chains had rescued,  
 Lived with honour on his lands.

Sons he had, saw sons of theirs :  
 And through ages, heirs of heirs,  
 A long posterity renowned,  
 Sounded the horn which they alone  
 could sound.

### GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

#### A TRUE STORY.

OH ! what's the matter ? what's the  
 matter ?

What is't that ails young Harry Gill ?  
 That evermore his teeth they chatter,  
 Chatter, chatter, chatter still !  
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,  
 Good duffle gray, and flannel fine ;  
 He has a blanket on his back,  
 And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,  
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;  
 The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,  
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still !  
 At night, at morning, and at noon,  
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;  
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,  
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still !

Young Harry was a lusty drover,  
 And who so stout of limb as he ?  
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover ;  
 His voice was like the voice of three.  
 Old Goody Blake was old and poor ;  
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;  
 And any man who passed her door  
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling :  
 And then her three hours' work at night,  
 Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,  
 It would not pay for candle-light.



Green pastures she views in the midst  
 of the dale,  
 Down which she so often has tripped  
 with her pail;  
 And a single small cottage, a nest like  
 a dove's, [she loves.  
 The one only dwelling on earth that

She looks, and her heart is in heaven:  
 but they fade,  
 The mist and the river, the hill and  
 the shade: [will not rise,  
 The stream will not flow, and the hill  
 And the colours have all passed away  
 from her eyes.

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### POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus! an Orpheus!—yes, faith  
 may grow bold,  
 And take to herself all the wonders  
 of old;— [with the same  
 [Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet  
 In the street that from Oxford hath  
 borrowed its name.

His station is there;—and he works  
 on the crowd,  
 He sways them with harmony merry  
 and loud;  
 He fills with his power all their hearts  
 to the brim— [and him?  
 Was aught ever heard like his fiddle

What an eager assembly! what an  
 empire is this!  
 The weary have life and the hungry  
 have bliss;  
 The mourner is cheered, and the  
 anxious have rest;  
 And the guilt-burthened soul is no  
 longer oppress.

As the moon brightens round her the  
 clouds of the night,  
 So he, where he stands, is a centre of  
 light;  
 It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-  
 browed Jack,  
 And the pale-visaged baker's, with  
 basket on back.

That errand-bound 'prentice was pass-  
 ing in haste—  
 What matter! he's caught—and his  
 time runs to waste—  
 The newsman is stopped, though he  
 stops on the fret,  
 And the half-breathless lamplighter—  
 he's in the net!

The porter sits down on the weight  
 which he bore;  
 The lass with her barrow wheels hither  
 her store;—  
 If a thief could be here he might pilfer  
 at ease;  
 She sees the musician, 'tis all that she  
 sees!

He stands, backed by the wall;—he  
 abates not his din;  
 His hat gives him vigour, with boons  
 dropping in,  
 From the old and the young, from the  
 poorest; and there!  
 The one-pennied boy has his penny to  
 spare.

Oh, blest are the hearers, and proud  
 be the hand  
 Of the pleasure it spreads through so  
 thankful a band:  
 I am glad for him, blind as he is!—  
 all the while  
 If they speak 'tis to praise, and they  
 praise with a smile.

The cold, cold moon above her head,  
 Thus on her knees did Goody pray,  
 Young Harry heard what she had  
     said:  
 And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow  
 That he was cold and very chill:  
 His face was gloom, his heart was  
     sorrow;

Alas! that day for Harry Gill  
 That day he wore a riding-coat,  
 But not a whit the warmer he:  
 Another was on Thursday brought,  
 And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter—  
 And blankets were about him pinned;  
 Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,  
 Like a loose casement in the wind.  
 And Harry's flesh it fell away;  
 And all who see him say, 'tis plain,  
 That, live as long as live he may,  
 He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,  
 A-bed or up, to young or old;  
 But ever to himself he mutters,  
 "Poor Harry Gill is very cold."  
 A-bed or up, by night or day;  
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.  
 Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,  
 Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and  
     hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd,  
 A host of golden daffodils;  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
 And twinkle on the milky way,  
 They stretched in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of a bay:  
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but  
     they  
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—  
 A poet could not but be gay,  
 In such a jocund company:  
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
 What wealth the show to me had  
     brought:

For oft when on my couch I lie  
 In vacant or in pensive mood,  
 They flash upon that inward eye  
 Which is the bliss of solitude,  
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
 And dances with the daffodils.

#### THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when  
     daylight appears,  
 Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has  
     sung for three years:  
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot,  
     and has heard  
 In the silence of morning the song of  
     the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails  
     her? She sees  
 A mountain ascending, a vision of  
     trees;  
 Bright volumes of vapour through  
     Lothbury glide,  
 And a river flows on through the vale  
     of Cheapside.

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that  
 they who pry and pore  
 Seem to meet with little gain, seem  
 less happy than before ;  
 One after one they take their turn, nor  
 have I one espied  
 That doth not slackly go away, as if  
 dissatisfied.

### THE HAUNTED TREE.

TO —

THOSE silver clouds collected round  
 the sun  
 His mid-day warmth abate not, seem-  
 ing less  
 To overshadow than multiply his beams  
 By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,  
 To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth  
 our human sense  
 Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy  
 More ample than the time-dismantled  
 oak  
 Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which  
 now, attired  
 In the whole fulness of its bloom,  
 affords  
 Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use  
 Was fashioned ; whether by the hand  
 of art  
 That eastern sultan, amid flowers en-  
 wrought  
 On silken tissue, might diffuse his  
 limbs  
 n languor ; or, by nature, for repose  
 Of panting wood-nymph wearied with  
 the chase.  
 O lady ! fairer in thy poet's sight  
 Than fairest spiritual creature of the  
 groves,  
 Approach—and thus invited crown  
 with rest

The noon-tide hour ;—though truly  
 some there are  
 Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid  
 This venerable tree ; for, when the  
 wind  
 Blows keenly, it sends forth a creak-  
 ing sound  
 (Above the general roar of woods and  
 crags)  
 Distinctly heard from far—a doleful  
 note !  
 As if (so Grecian shepherds would have  
 deemed)  
 The Hamadryad, pent within, be-  
 wailed  
 Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbe-  
 lieved,  
 By ruder fancy, that a troubled  
 ghost  
 Haunts the old trunk ; lamenting  
 deeds of which  
 The flowery ground is conscious. But  
 no wind  
 Sweeps now along this elevated  
 ridge ;  
 Not even a zephyr stirs ;—the ob-  
 noxious tree  
 Is mute,—and, in his silence, would  
 look down,  
 O lovely wanderer of the trackless  
 hills,  
 On thy reclining form with more de-  
 light  
 Than his coevals, in the sheltered  
 vale  
 Seem to participate, the whilst they  
 view  
 Their own far stretching arms and  
 leafy heads  
 Vividly pictured in some glassy  
 pool,  
 That, for a brief space, checks the  
 hurrying stream !

## POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,  
 Not an inch of his body is free from delight ;  
 Can he keep himself still, if he would ?  
 oh, not he ! [through a tree.  
 The music stirs in him like wind

Mark that cripple who leans on his crutch ; like a tower  
 That long has leaned forward, leans hour after hour !—  
 That mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound, [arms to the sound.  
 While she dandles the babe in her

Now, coaches and chariots ! roar on like a stream ;  
 Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream :  
 They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you, [pursue !  
 Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye

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### STAR-GAZERS.

WHAT crowd is this ? what have we here ! we must not pass it by ;  
 A telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky :  
 Long is it as a barber's pole, or mast of little boat,  
 Some little pleasure-skiff, that doth on Thames's waters float.

The showman chooses well his place, 'tis Leicester's busy Square.  
 And is as happy in his night, for the heavens are blue and fair ;  
 Calm, though impatient, is the crowd : each stands ready with the fee.  
 And envies him that's looking—what an insight must it be !

Yet, showman, where can lie the cause ?  
 Shall thy implement have blame,  
 A boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and is put to shame ?  
 Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes in fault ?  
 Their eyes, or minds ? or, finally, is yon resplendent vault ?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have here ?  
 Or gives a thing but small delight that never can be dear ?  
 The silver moon with all her vales, and hills of mightiest fame,  
 Doth she betray us when they're seen ! or are they but a name ?

Or is it rather that conceit rapacious is and strong,  
 And bounty never yields so much but it seems to do her wrong ?  
 Or is it that when human souls a journey long have had,  
 And are returned into themselves they cannot but be sad ?

Or must we be constrained to think that these spectators rude,  
 Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multitude,  
 Have souls which never yet have risen, and therefore prostrate lie ?  
 No, no, this cannot be—men thirst for power and majesty !

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the blissful mind employ  
 Of him who gazes, or has gazed ? a grave and steady joy,  
 That doth reject all show of pride, admits no outward sign,  
 Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine !

Her skin was of Egyptian brown ;  
 Haughty as if her eye had seen  
 Its own light to a distance thrown.  
 She towered—fit person for a queen,  
 To lead those ancient Amazonian files ;  
 Or ruling bandit's wife among the  
 Grecian isles.

Advancing, forth she stretched her hand  
 And begged an alms with doleful plea  
 That ceased not ; on our English land  
 Such woes, I knew, could never be ;  
 And yet a boon I gave her : for the  
 creature  
 Was beautiful to see—a weed of  
 glorious feature :

I left her and pursued my way ;  
 And soon before me did espy  
 A pair of little boys at play,  
 Chasing a crimson butterfly :  
 The taller followed with his hat in hand,  
 Wreathed round with yellow flowers  
 the gayest of the land.

The other wore a rimless crown  
 With leaves of laurel stuck about ;  
 And, while both followed up and down,  
 Each whooping with a merry shout,  
 In their fraternal features I could  
 trace  
 Unquestionable lines of that wild sup-  
 pliant's face.

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit  
 For finest tasks of earth or air ;  
 Wings let them have, and they might  
 flit  
 Precursors to Aurora's car,  
 Scattering fresh flowers ; though  
 happier far, I ween,  
 To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock  
 and level green.

They dart across my path—but lo!  
 Each ready with a plaintive whine !  
 Said I, " Not half an hour ago  
 Your mother has had alms of  
 mine."

"That cannot be," one answered—  
 "she is dead"—  
 I looked reproof—they saw—but  
 neither hung his head.

"She has been dead, sir, many a  
 day."

"Hush, boys! you're telling me a  
 lie ;

It was your mother, as I say!"

And, in the twinkling of an eye,

"Come! come!" cried one, and with-  
 out more ado,

Off to some other play the joyous  
 vagrants flew!

## SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING,

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER.

WHERE are they now, those wanton  
 boys?

For whose free range the dædal  
 earth

Was filled with animated toys,  
 And implements of frolic mirth ;  
 With tools for ready wit to guide ;  
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,  
 More fresh, more bright, than princes  
 wear ;

For what one moment flung aside,  
 Another could repair ;

What good or evil have they seen  
 Since I their pastime witnessed  
 here,

Their daring wiles, their sportive  
 cheer?

I ask—but all is dark between !

## WRITTEN IN MARCH,

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT  
THE FOOT OF BROTHER'S WATER.

THE cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!  
  
Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The plough-boy is whooping—anon—  
anon:  
There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!

## GIPSIES.

YET are they here the same unbroken  
knot  
Of human beings, in the self-same  
spot!  
Men, women, children, yea, the  
frame  
Of the whole spectacle the same!  
Only their fire seems bolder, yielding  
light,  
Now deep and red, the colouring of  
night;  
That on their gipsy-faces falls.  
Their bed of straw and blanket-  
walls.

Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours,  
are gone, while I  
Have been a traveller under open sky,  
Much witnessing of change and  
cheer,  
Yet as I left I find them here!  
The weary sun betook himself to rest,  
Then issued vesper from the fulgent  
west,  
Outshining like a visible god  
The glorious path in which he  
trod.  
And now, ascending, after one dark  
hour  
And one night's diminution of her  
power,  
Behold the mighty moon! this  
way  
She looks as if at them—but  
they  
Regard not her:—oh better wrong  
and strife,  
(By nature transient) than this torpid  
life;  
Life which the very stars reprove  
As on their silent tasks they move!  
Yet witness all that stirs in heaven or  
earth!  
In scorn I speak not; they are what  
their birth  
And breeding suffer them to be;  
Wild outcasts of society!

## BEGGARS.

SHE had a tall man's height, or more;  
Her face from summer's noontide heat  
No bonnet shaded, but she wore  
A mantle, to her very feet  
Descending with a graceful flow;  
And on her head a cap as white as  
new-fallen snow.

He was a lovely youth! I guess  
 The panther in the wilderness  
 Was not so fair as he;  
 And when he chose to sport and play,  
 No dolphin ever was so gay  
 Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought;  
 And with him many tales he brought  
 Of pleasure and of fear;  
 Such tales as told to any maid  
 By such a youth, in the green shade,  
 Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls—a happy rout!  
 Who quit their fold with dance and  
     shout,  
 Their pleasant Indian town,  
 To gather strawberries all day long;  
 Returning with a choral song  
 When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change  
 Their blossoms, through a boundless  
     range  
 Of intermingling hues!  
 With budding, fading, faded flowers  
 They stand the wonder of the bowers  
 From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia spread  
 High as a cloud, high over head!  
 The cypress and her spire:  
 Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam  
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem  
 To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,  
 And many an endless, endless lake.  
 With all its fairy crowds  
 Of islands, that together lie  
 As quietly as spots of sky  
     among the evening clouds.

"How pleasant," then he said, "it were  
 A fisher or a hunter there,  
 In sunshine or in shade  
 To wander with an easy mind  
 And build a household fire, and find  
 A home in every glade!"

"What days and what bright years  
     Ah me!  
 Our life were life indeed, with thee  
 So passed in quiet bliss.  
 And all the while," said he, "to know  
 That we were in a world of woe,  
 On such an earth as this!"

And then he sometimes interwove  
 Fond thoughts about a father's love:  
 "For there," said he, "are spun  
 Around the heart such tender ties,  
 That our own children to our eyes,  
 Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go with  
     me  
 My helpmate in the woods to be,  
 Our shed at night to rear:  
 Or run my own adopted bride,  
 A sylvan huntress at my side.  
 And drive the flying deer!"

"Beloved Ruth!"—No more he said.  
 The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed  
 A solitary tear:  
 She thought again—and did agree  
 With him to sail across the sea,  
 And drive the flying deer.

"And now, as fitting is and right,  
 We in the church our faith will plight,  
 A husband and a wife."  
 Even so they did: and I may say  
 That to sweet Ruth that happy day  
 Was more than human life.

They met me in a genial hour,  
 When universal nature breathed  
 As with the breath of one sweet  
     flower,—  
 A time to overrule the power  
 Of discontent, and check the birth  
 Of thoughts with better thoughts at  
     strife.

The most familiar bane of life  
 Since parting innocence bequeathed  
 Mortality to earth !  
 Soft clouds, the whitest of the  
     year.

Sailed through the sky—the brooks  
     ran clear ;

The lambs from rock to rock were  
     bounding ;

With songs the budded groves re-  
     sounding ;

And to my heart are still endeared  
 The thoughts with which it then was  
     cheered ;

The faith which saw that gladsome  
     pair

Walk through the fire with unsinged  
     hair.

Or, if such faith must needs de-  
     ceive,

Then, spirits of beauty and of  
     grace,

Associates in that eager chase ;

Ye, who within the blameless mind

Your favourite seat of empire find—

Kind spirits ! may we not believe

That they so happy and so fair,

Through your sweet influence, and the  
     care

Of pitying Heaven, at least were  
     free

From touch of *deadly* injury ?

Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,

For mercy and immortal bloom !

## RUTH.

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,  
 Her father took another mate ;  
 And Ruth, not seven years old,  
 A slighted child, at her own will  
 Went wandering over dale and hill,  
 In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,  
 And music from that pipe could draw  
 Like sounds of winds and floods ;  
 Had built a bower upon the green,  
 As if she from her birth had been  
 An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone  
 She seemed to live ; her thoughts her own ;  
 Herself her own delight ;  
 Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay ;  
 And passing thus the live-long day,  
 She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's  
     shore—

A military casque he wore,  
 With splendid feathers drest ;  
 He brought them from the Cherokees ;  
 The feathers nodded in the breeze.  
 And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung :  
 Ah no ! he spake the English tongue,  
 And bore a soldier's name ;  
 And, when America was free  
 From battle and from jeopardy,  
 He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek  
 In finest tones the youth could speak.  
 While he was yet a boy,  
 The moon, the glory of the sun,  
 And streams that murmur as they run,  
 Had been his dearest joy.



Full soon that better mind was gone;  
 No hope, no wish remained, not one,—  
 They stirred him now no more;  
 New objects did new pleasure give;  
 And once again he wished to live  
 As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,  
 They for the voyage were prepared,  
 And went to the sea-shore;  
 But, when they thither came, the youth  
 Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth  
 Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth!—Such pains she  
 had

That she in half a year was mad,  
 And in a prison housed;  
 And there, with many a doleful song  
 Made of wild words, her cup of wrong  
 She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,  
 Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,  
 Nor pastimes of the May,  
 They all were with her in her cell;  
 And a clear brook with cheerful knell  
 Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,  
 There came a respite to her pain;  
 She from her prison fled:  
 But of the vagrant none took thought;  
 And where it liked her best she sought  
 Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again:  
 The master-current of her brain  
 Ran permanent and free:  
 And, coming to the banks of Tone,\*  
 There did she rest; and dwell alone.  
 Under the greenwood tree.

\* A river in Somersetshire, at no great distance from the Quantock Hills.

The engines of her pain, the tools  
 That shaped her sorrow, rocks and  
 pools.

And airs that gently stir  
 The vernal leaves, she loved them still,  
 Nor ever taxed them with the ill  
 Which had been done to her.

A barn her *winter* bed supplies;  
 But, till the warmth of summer skies  
 And summer days is gone.  
 (And all do in this tale agree)  
 She sleeps beneath the greenwood  
 tree.

And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!  
 And Ruth will, long before her day,  
 Be broken down and old:  
 Sore aches she needs must have! but  
 less

Of mind than body's wretchedness,  
 From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,  
 She from her dwelling in the wood  
 Repairs to a road-side;  
 And there she begs at one steep place,  
 Where up and down with easy pace  
 The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,  
 Or thrown away: but with a flute  
 Her loneliness she cheers:  
 This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,  
 At evening in his homeward walk  
 The Quantock woodman hears.

I too, have passed her on the hills  
 Setting her little water-mills  
 By spouts and fountains wild—  
 Such small machinery as she turned  
 Ere she had wept, ere she had  
 mourned.

A young and happy child!

Through dream and vision did she sink,  
 Delighted all the while to think  
 That on those lonesome floods,  
 And green savannahs, she should share  
 His board with lawful joy, and bear  
 His name in the wild woods.

But ill he lived, much evil saw  
 With men to whom no better law  
 Nor better life was known;  
 Deliberately, and undeceived,  
 Those wild men's vices he received,  
 And gave them back his own.

But, as you have before been told,  
 This stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,  
 And with his dancing crest  
 So beautiful, through savage lands  
 Had roamed about, with vagrant bands  
 Of Indians in the west.

His genius and his moral frame  
 Were thus impaired, and he became  
 The slave of low desires:  
 A man who without self-control  
 Would seek what the degraded soul  
 Unworthily admires.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,  
 The tumult of a tropic sky,  
 Might well be dangerous food  
 For him, a youth to whom was given  
 So much of earth—so much of  
 heaven,  
 And such impetuous blood.

And yet he with no feigned delight  
 Had wooed the maiden, day and night  
 Had loved her, night and morn:  
 What could he less than love a maid  
 Whose heart with so much nature played?  
 So kind and so forlorn!

Whatever in those climes he found  
 Irregular in sight or sound  
 Did to his mind impart  
 A kindred impulse, seemed allied  
 To his own powers, and justified  
 The workings of his heart.

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,  
 "Oh Ruth! I have been worse than  
 dead;  
 False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,  
 Encompassed me on every side  
 When I, in confidence and pride,  
 Had crossed the Atlantic main.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,  
 The beauteous forms of nature wrought,  
 Fair trees and gorgeous flowers;  
 The breezes their own languor lent:  
 The stars had feelings, which they sent  
 Into those favoured bowers.

"Before me shone a glorious world,  
 Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled  
 To music suddenly:  
 I looked upon those hills and plains,  
 And seemed as if let loose from chains  
 To live at liberty.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween  
 That sometimes there did intervene  
 Pure hopes of high intent:  
 For passions linked to forms so fair  
 And stately, needs must have their  
 share  
 Of noble sentiment.

"No more of this; for now, by  
 thee  
 Dear Ruth! more happily set free  
 With nobler zeal I burn;  
 My soul from darkness is released,  
 Like the whole sky when to the east  
 The morning doth return."

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle  
foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the  
Trojan strand  
Should die; but me the threat could  
not withhold:  
A generous cause a victim did de-  
mand;  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;  
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest,  
best!  
Thymatchless courage I bewail no more.  
Which then, when tens of thousands  
were deprest  
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal  
shore;  
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—  
here thou art— [heart.  
A nobler counsellor than my poor

"But thou, though capable of sternest  
deed, [brave;  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as  
And he, whose power restores thee,  
hath decreed  
Thou should'st elude the malice of the  
grave;  
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as  
fair [salian air.  
As when their breath enriched Thes-

"No spectre greets me,—no vain  
shadow this:  
Come, blooming hero, place thee by  
my side! [nuptial kiss  
Give, on this well-known couch, one  
To me, this day, a second time thy  
bride!"  
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious  
Parce threw  
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom  
is past:  
Nor should the change be mourned,  
even if the joys  
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish.—Earth  
destroys  
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:  
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic  
pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to  
control  
Rebellious passion: for the gods ap-  
prove  
The depth, and not the tumult, of the  
soul;  
A fervent, not ungovernable love.  
Thy transports moderate; and meekly  
mourn [journ—  
When I depart, for brief is my so-

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules  
by force  
Wrest from the guardian monster of  
the tomb  
Alcestris, a reanimated corse  
Given back to dwell on earth in verna-  
bloom?  
Medea's spells dispersed the weight o  
years. [ful peers  
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youth

"The gods to us are merciful—and  
they  
Yet further may relent: for mightie  
far  
Than strength of nerve and sinew, o  
the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star.  
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,  
And though his favourite seat b  
feeble woman's breast.

Farewell! and when thy days are told,  
 Ill-fated Ruth! in hallowed mould  
 Thy corpse shall buried be;  
 For thee a funeral bell shall ring,  
 And all the congregation sing  
 A Christian psalm for thee.

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LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn  
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope  
 inspired;  
 And from the infernal gods, 'mid  
 shades forlorn,  
 Of night, my slaughtered lord have I  
 required;  
 Celestial pity I again implore;—  
 Restore him to my sight—great Jove,  
 restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love en-  
 dowed  
 With faith, the suppliant heavenward  
 lifts her hands;  
 While, like the sun emerging from a  
 cloud,  
 Her countenance brightens—and her  
 eye expands;  
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her  
 stature grows;  
 And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?  
 —O joy!  
 What doth she look on?—whom doth  
 she behold?  
 Her hero slain upon the beach of  
 Troy?  
 His vital presence—his corporeal  
 mould?  
 It is —if sense deceive her not—'tis he!  
 And a god leads him—wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her  
 with his wand  
 That calms all fear: "Such grace hath  
 crowned thy prayer,  
 Laodamia! that at Jove's command  
 Thy husband walks the paths of upper  
 air:  
 He comes to tarry with thee three  
 hours' space; [face!"  
 Accept the gift—behold him face to

Forth sprang the impassioned queen  
 her lord to clasp!  
 Again that consummation she essayed;  
 But unsubstantial form eludes her  
 grasp  
 As often as that eager grasp was made.  
 The phantom parts—but parts to re-  
 unite,  
 And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!  
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy  
 voice:  
 This is our palace,—yonder is thy  
 throne;  
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on  
 will rejoice.  
 Not to appal me have the gods be-  
 stowed  
 This precious boon,—and blest a sad  
 abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not  
 leave  
 His gifts imperfect:—spectre though  
 I be,  
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;  
 But in reward of thy fidelity.  
 And something also did my worth  
 obtain;  
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless  
 gain.

"And thou, though strong in love, art  
all too weak  
In reason, in self-government too slow;  
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
Our blest re-union in the shades below.  
The invisible world with thee hath  
sympathised;  
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

"Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend  
Seeking a higher object—Love was  
given,  
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for  
that end:  
For this the passion to excess was  
driven—  
That self might be annulled: her  
bondage prove  
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

✓ Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-  
appears!  
Round the dear shade she would have  
clung—'tis vain.  
The hours are past—too brief had  
they been years;  
And him no mortal effort can detain:  
Swift, toward the realms that know  
not earthly day.  
He through the portal takes his silent  
way, [corse she lay.  
And on the palace floor a lifeless

Thus, all in vain exhorted and re-  
proved  
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,  
By the just gods whom no weak pity  
moved,  
Was doomed to wear out her appointed  
time,  
Apart from happy ghosts—that gather  
flowers  
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;  
And mortal hopes defeated and o'er-  
thrown  
Are mourned by man, and not by man  
alone,  
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side  
Of Hellespont (such faith was enter-  
tained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
From out the tomb of him for whom  
she died;  
And ever, when such stature they had  
gained  
That Ilium's walls were subject to  
their view,  
The trees' tall summits withered at  
the sight;  
A constant interchange of growth and  
blight!\*

#### HER EYES ARE WILD.

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,  
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;  
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,  
And she came far from over the main.  
She has a baby on her arm,  
Or else she were alone;  
And underneath the hay-stack warm,  
And on the green-wood stone,  
She talked and sung the woods among  
And it was in the English tongue.

"Sweet babe! they say that I am mad  
But nay, my heart is far too glad;  
And I am happy when I sing  
Full many a sad and doleful thing:  
Then, lovely baby, do not fear!

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\* For the account of these long-lived tree  
see Pliny's "Natural History," lib. 16, cap. 41  
and for the features in the character of Prote-  
lus see the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripide  
Virgil places the shade of Laodamia in  
mournful region, among unhappy lovers.

"But if thou goest I. follow—"

/"Peace!" he said—

She looked upon him and was calmed  
and cheered;

The ghastly colour from his lips had  
fled; [appeared

In his deportment, shape, and mien,  
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,

Brought from a pensive, though a  
happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits  
feel

In worlds whose course is equable and  
pure;

No fears to beat away—no strife to  
heal— [sure;

The past unsighed for, and the future  
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
Revived, with finer harmony pursued:

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged  
there

In happier beauty; more pellucid  
streams,

An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal  
gleams;

Climes which the sun, who sheds the  
brightest day

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which  
hath earned

That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said  
he,

"The end of man's existence I dis-  
cerned,

Who from ignoble games and revelry  
Could draw, when we had parted, vain  
delight

While tears were thy best pastime,—  
day and night:

"And while my youthful peers, before  
my eyes,

(Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
Prepared themselves for glorious enter-  
prise

By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,  
Chieftains and kings in council were  
detained; [chained.

What time the fleet at Aulis lay en-

"The wished-for wind was given:—  
I then revolved

The oracle, upon the silent sea;  
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
That, of a thousand vessels, mine  
should be

The foremost prow in pressing to the  
strand,— [Trojan sand.

Mine the first blood that tinged the

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the  
pang

When of thy loss I thought, beloved  
wife!

On thee too fondly did my memory  
hang,

And on the joys we shared in mortal  
life,—

The paths which we had trod—these  
fountains—flowers; [towers.

My new-planned cities, and unfinished

"But should suspense permit the foe  
to cry,

'Behold, they tremble!—haughty  
their array,

Yet of their number no one dares to  
die!—

In soul I swept the indignity away:  
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty  
thought,

In act embodied, my  
wrought.

"Oh, smile on me, my little lamb!  
 For I thy own dear mother am.  
 My love for thee has well been tried:  
 I've sought thy father far and wide.  
 I know the poisons of the shade,  
 I know the earth-nuts fit for food;  
 Then, pretty dear, be not afraid:  
 We'll find thy father in the wood.  
 Now laugh and be gay, to the woods  
 away! [aye."  
 And there, my babe, we'll live for

### RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all  
 night;  
 The rain came heavily, and fell in  
 floods;  
 But now the sun is rising calm and  
 bright;  
 The birds are singing in the distant  
 woods;  
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-  
 dove broods;  
 The jay makes answer as the magpie  
 chatters;  
 And all the air is filled with pleasant  
 noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out  
 of doors:  
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;  
 The grass is bright with rain-drops;—  
 on the moors  
 The hare is running races in her mirth:  
 And with her feet she from the plashy  
 earth  
 Raises a mist; that, glittering in the  
 sun,  
 Runs with her all the way, wherever  
 she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;  
 I saw the hare that raced about with  
 joy;  
 I heard the woods and distant waters  
 roar.  
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:  
 The pleasant season did my heart  
 employ:  
 My old remembrances went from me  
 wholly;  
 And all the ways of men so vain and  
 melancholy!

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from  
 the might  
 Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
 As high as we have mounted in delight  
 In our dejection do we sink as low,  
 To me that morning did it happen so;  
 And fears, and and fancies, thick upon  
 me came:  
 Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I  
 knew not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;  
 And I bethought me of the playful  
 hare:  
 Even such a happy child of earth am I;  
 Even as these blissful creatures do I  
 fare;  
 Far from the world I walk, and from  
 all care:  
 But there may come another day to  
 me—  
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and  
 poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant  
 thought.  
 As if life's business were a summer  
 mood:  
 As if all needful things would come  
 unsought

I pray thee have no fear of me,  
But, safe as in a cradle, here,  
My lovely baby! thou shalt be:  
To thee I know too much I owe;  
I cannot work thee any woe.

"A fire was once within my brain,  
And in my head a dull, dull pain;  
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,  
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me.  
But then there came a sight of joy:  
It came at once to do me good;  
I waked, and saw my little boy,  
My little boy of flesh and blood;  
Oh, joy for me that sight to see!  
For he was here, and only he.

"Suck, little babe, oh, suck again!  
It cools my blood; it cools my brain:  
Thy lips I feel them, baby! they  
Draw from my heart the pain away.  
Oh! press me with thy little hand:  
It loosens something at my chest;  
About that tight and deadly band  
I feel thy little fingers prest.  
The breeze I see is in the tree:  
It comes to cool my babe and me.

"Oh! love me, love me, little boy!  
Thou art thy mother's only joy;  
And do not dread the waves below,  
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go:  
The high crag cannot work me harm,  
Nor leaping torrents when they howl;  
The babe I carry on my arm,  
He saves for me my precious soul:  
Then happy lie, for blest am I;  
Without me my sweet babe would die.

"Then do not fear, my boy! for thee  
Bold as a lion will I be;  
And I will always be thy guide,  
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.

I'll build an Indian bower; I know  
The leaves that make the softest  
bed:

And, if from me thou wilt not go,  
But still be true till I am dead,  
My pretty thing! then thou shalt  
sing  
As merry as the birds in spring.

"Thy father cares not for my breast,  
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest;  
'Tis all thine own!—and, if its hue  
Be changed, that was so fair to view,  
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove!  
My beauty, little child, is flown;  
But thou wilt live with me in love,  
And what if my poor cheek be brown?  
'Tis well for me, thou canst not see  
How pale and wan it else would be.

"Dread not their taunts, my little life;  
I am thy father's wedded wife;  
And underneath the spreading tree  
We two will live in honesty.  
If his sweet boy he could forsake,  
With me he never would have stayed:  
From him no harm my babe can  
take,

But he, poor man! is wretched made;  
And every day we two will pray  
For him that's gone and far away.

"I'll teach my boy the sweetest things:  
I'll teach him how the owlet sings.  
My little babe! thy lips are still,  
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.  
Where art thou gone, my own dear  
child?

What wicked looks are those I see?  
Alas! alas! that look so wild,  
It never, never came from me:  
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,  
Then I must be for ever sad.



A gentle answer did the old man  
make,  
In courteous speech which forth he  
slowly drew :  
And him with further words I thus  
bespake,  
"What occupation do you there pur-  
sue?  
This is a lonesome place for one like  
you."  
Ere he replied, a flash of mild sur-  
prise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet  
vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble  
chest,  
But each in solemn order followed  
each.  
With something of a lofty utterance  
drest ;  
Choice word, and measured phrase,  
above the reach  
Of ordinary men : a stately speech ;  
Such as grave livers do in Scotland  
use.  
Religious men, who give to God and  
man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had  
come  
To gather leeches, being old and  
poor :  
Employment hazardous and wearisome !  
And he had many hardships to  
endure :  
From pond to pond he roamed, from  
moor to moor :  
Housing, with God's good help, by  
choice or chance :  
And in this way he gained an honest  
maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my  
side ;  
But now his voice to me was like a  
stream  
Scarce heard ; nor word from word  
could I divide ;  
And the whole body of the man did  
seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a  
dream ;  
Or like a man from some far region  
sent,  
To give me human strength, by apt  
admonishment.

My former thoughts returned : the fear  
that kills ;  
And hope that is unwilling to be  
fed ;  
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly  
ills :  
And mighty poets in their misery  
dead.  
Perplexed, and longing to be com-  
forted,  
My question eagerly did I renew,  
"How is it that you live, and what is  
it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words  
repeat ;  
And said, that, gathering leeches, far  
and wide  
He travelled ; stirring thus about his  
feet  
The waters of the pools where they  
abide.  
"Once I could meet with them on  
every side ;  
But they have dwindled long by slow  
decay ;  
Yet still I persevere, and find them  
where I may."

To genial faith, still rich in genial  
good ;  
But how can he expect that others should  
Build for him, sow for him, and at  
his call  
Love him, who for himself will take  
no heed at all ?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvel-  
lous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perished in his  
pride ;  
Of him who walked in glory and in joy  
Following his plough, along the moun-  
tain-side :  
By our own spirits are we deified :  
We poets in our youth begin in glad-  
ness :  
But thereof come in the end despon-  
dency and madness.

Now whether it were by peculiar grace,  
A leading from above, a something given,  
Yet it befel, that, in this lonely place,  
When I with these untoward thoughts  
had striven,  
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven  
I saw a man before me unawares :  
The oldest man he seemed that ever  
wore gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to  
lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence ;  
Wonder to all who do the same espy,  
By what means it could thither come,  
and whence ;  
So that it seems a thing endued with  
sense :  
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on  
a shelf  
Of rock or sand repositeth, there to sun  
itself ;

Such seemed this man, not all alive  
nor dead,  
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old  
age :  
His body was bent double, feet and  
head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;  
As if some dire constraint of pain, or  
rage  
Of sickness felt by him in times long  
past,  
A more than human weight upon his  
frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and  
pale face,  
Upon a long gray staff of shaven  
wood :  
And, still as I drew near with gentle  
pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish  
flood  
Motionless as a cloud the old man  
stood ;  
That heareth not the loud winds when  
they call ;  
And moveth all together, if it move at  
all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the  
pond  
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did  
look  
Upon the muddy water, which he  
conned,  
As if he had been reading in a  
book :  
And now a stranger's privilege I  
took ;  
And, drawing to his side, to him did  
say,  
" This morning gives us promise of a  
glorious day."

This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,  
Which close beside the thorn you see,  
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,  
Is like an infant's grave in size,  
As like as like can be:  
But never, never any where,  
An infant's grave was half so fair.

"Now would you see this aged thorn,  
This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,  
You must take care and choose your time  
The mountain when to cross.  
For oft there sits between the heap  
So like an infant's grave in size,  
And that same pond of which I spoke,  
A woman in a scarlet cloak,  
And to herself she cries,  
'Oh, misery! oh, misery!  
Oh, woe is me! oh, misery!'

"At all times of the day and night  
This wretched woman thither goes;  
And she is known to every star,  
And every wind that blows;  
And there, beside the thorn, she sits  
When the blue daylight's in the skies,  
And when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
Or frosty air is keen and still,  
And to herself she cries,  
'Oh, misery! oh, misery!  
Oh, woe is me! oh, misery!'"

"Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,  
In rain, in tempest, and in snow,  
Thus to the dreary mountain-top  
Does this poor woman go?  
And why sits she beside the thorn  
When the blue daylight's in the sky,  
Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
Or frosty air is keen and still.  
And wherefore does she cry?—  
Oh, wherefore? wherefore? tell me why  
Does she repeat that doleful cry?"

"I cannot tell; I wish I could;  
For the true reason no one knows:  
But would you gladly view the spot,  
The spot to which she goes;  
The hillock like an infant's grave,  
The pond—and thorn so old and  
gray;

Pass by her door—'tis seldom shut—  
And, if you see her in her hut,  
Then to the spot away!—  
I never heard of such as dare  
Approach the spot when she is there."

"But wherefore to the mountain-top  
Can this unhappy woman go,  
Whatever star is in the skies,  
Whatever wind may blow?"

"Full twenty years are passed and  
gone  
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)  
Gave with a maiden's true good will  
Her company to Stephen Hill;  
And she was blithe and gay,  
While friends and kindred all approved  
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

"And they had fixed the wedding day,  
The morning that must wed them both;  
But Stephen to another maid  
Had sworn another oath;  
And with this other maid to church  
Unthinking Stephen went—  
Poor Martha! on that woeful day  
A pang of pitiless dismay  
Into her soul was sent:  
A fire was kindled in her breast,  
Which might not burn itself to rest.

"They say, full six months after this,  
While yet the summer leaves were  
green,  
She to the mountain-top would go,  
And there was often seen.

While he was talking thus, the lonely  
 place,  
 The old man's shape, and speech, all  
 troubled me:  
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him  
 pace  
 About the weary moors continually,  
 Wandering about alone and silently.  
 While I these thoughts within myself  
 pursued,  
 He, having made a pause, the same  
 discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter  
 blended,  
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour  
 kind,  
 But stately in the main; and when he  
 ended,  
 I could have laughed myself to scorn  
 to find  
 In that decrepit man so firm a  
 mind.  
 "God," said I, "be my help and stay  
 secure;  
 I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the  
 lonely moor!"

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### THE THORN.

"THERE is a thorn—it looks so old,  
 In truth, you'd find it hard to say  
 How it could ever have been young,  
 It looks so old and gray.  
 Not higher than a two years' child  
 It stands erect, this aged thorn;  
 No leaves it has, no prickly points;  
 It is a mass of knotted joints,  
 A wretched thing forlorn.  
 It stands erect, and like a stone  
 With lichens it is overgrown.

"Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,  
 With lichens to the very top,  
 And hung with heavy tufts of moss,  
 A melancholy crop:  
 Up from the earth these mosses creep,  
 And this poor thorn they clasp it  
 round  
 So close, you'd say, that they are bent  
 With plain and manifest intent  
 To drag it to the ground;  
 And all have joined in one endeavour  
 To bury this poor thorn for ever.

"High on a mountain's highest ridge,  
 Where oft the stormy winter gale  
 Cuts like a scythe, while through the  
 clouds  
 It sweeps from vale to vale;  
 Not five yards from the mountain path,  
 This thorn you on your left espy;  
 And to the left, three yards beyond,  
 You see a little muddy pond  
 Of water—never dry;  
 Though but of compass small, and  
 bare  
 To thirsty suns and parching air.

"And, close beside this aged thorn,  
 There is a fresh and lovely sight,  
 A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,  
 Just half a foot in height.  
 All lovely colours there you see,  
 All colours that were ever seen;  
 And mossy net-work too is there,  
 As if by hand of lady fair  
 The work had woven been;  
 And cups, the darlings of the eye,  
 So deep is their vermilion dye.

"Ah me! what lovely tints are there!  
 Of olive green and scarlet bright,  
 In spikes, in branches, and in stars,  
 Green, red, and pearly white.

"I cannot tell; but some will say  
 She hanged her baby on the tree;  
 Some say she drowned it in the pond,  
 Which is a little step beyond:  
 But all and each agree,  
 The little babe was buried there,  
 Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

"I've heard the moss is spotted red  
 With drops of that poor infant's blood.  
 But kill a new-born infant thus,  
 I do not think she could!  
 Some say, if to the pond you go,  
 And fix on it a steady view,  
 The shadow of a babe you trace,  
 A baby and a baby's face,  
 And that it looks at you;  
 Whene'er you look on it, 'tis plain  
 The baby looks at you again.

"And some had sworn an oath that she  
 Should be to public justice brought;  
 And for the little infant's bones  
 With spades they would have sought.  
 But instantly the hill of moss  
 Before their eyes began to stir!  
 And for full fifty yards around,  
 The grass—it shook upon the ground!  
 Yet all do still aver  
 The little babe lies buried there,  
 Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

"I cannot tell how this may be;  
 But plain it is, the thorn is bound  
 With heavy tufts of moss, that strive  
 To drag it to the ground;  
 And this I know, full many a time,  
 When she was on the mountain high,  
 By day and in the silent night,  
 When all the stars shone clear and bright  
 That I have heard her cry,  
 'Oh, misery! oh, misery!  
 Oh, woe is me! oh, misery!'"

## HART-LEAP WELL.

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Ashrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second part of the following poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE knight had ridden down from  
 Wensley moor  
 With the slow motion of a summer's  
 cloud;  
 And now, as he approached a vassal's  
 door,  
 "Bring forth another horse!" he cried  
 aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the  
 vassal heard,  
 And saddled his best steed, a comely  
 gray;  
 Sir Walter mounted him; he was the  
 third  
 Which he had mounted on that glorious  
 day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's  
 eyes;  
 The horse and horseman are a happy  
 pair:  
 But though Sir Walter like a falcon  
 flies,  
 There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's  
 hall,  
 That as they galloped made the echoes  
 roar;  
 But horse and man are vanished one  
 and all:  
 Such race, I think, was never seen  
 before.

What could she seek?—or wish to hide?  
 Her state to any eye was plain;  
 She was with child, and she was mad;  
 Yet often she was sober sad  
 From her exceeding pain.  
 O guilty father,—would that death  
 Had saved him from that breach of faith!

"Sad case for such a brain to hold  
 Communion with a stirring child!  
 Sad case, as you may think, for one  
 Who had a brain so wild!  
 Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,  
 And gray-haired Wilfred of the glen  
 Held that the unborn infant wrought  
 About its mother's heart, and brought  
 Her senses back again:  
 And when at last her time drew near,  
 Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

"More know I not, I wish I did,  
 And it should all be told to you;  
 For what became of this poor child  
 No mortal ever knew;  
 Nay—if a child to her was born  
 No earthly tongue could ever tell;  
 And if 'twas born alive or dead,  
 Far less could this with proof be said;  
 But some remember well,  
 That Martha Ray about this time  
 Would up the mountain often climb.

"And all that winter, when at night  
 The wind blew from the mountain-peak,  
 'Twas worth your while, though in the  
 dark,  
 The church-yard path to seek:  
 For many a time and oft were heard  
 Cries coming from the mountain-head:  
 Some plainly living voices were;  
 And others, I've heard many swear,  
 Were voices of the dead:  
 I cannot think, whate'er they say,  
 They had to do with Martha Ray.

wo.

"But that she goes to this old thorn,  
 The thorn which I described to you,  
 And there sits in a scarlet cloak,  
 I will be sworn is true.  
 For one day with my telescope,  
 To view the ocean wide and bright,  
 When to this country first I came,  
 Ere I had heard of Martha's name,  
 I climbed the mountain's height:  
 A storm came on, and I could see  
 No object higher than my knee.

"'Twas mist and rain, and storm and  
 rain;  
 No screen, no fence could I discover;  
 And then the wind! in sooth, it was  
 A wind full ten times over.  
 I looked around, I thought I saw  
 A jutting crag,—and off I ran,  
 Head-foremost, through the driving  
 rain,  
 The shelter of the crag to gain;  
 And as I am a man,  
 Instead of jutting crag, I found  
 A woman seated on the ground.

"I did not speak—I saw her face;  
 Her face!—it was enough for me;  
 I turned about and heard her cry,  
 'Oh, misery! oh, misery!'  
 And there she sits, until the moon  
 Through half the clear blue sky will go;  
 And, when the little breezes make  
 The waters of the pond to shake,  
 As all the country know,  
 She shudders, and you hear her cry,  
 'Oh, misery! oh, misery!'

"But what's the thorn? and what the  
 pond?  
 And what the hill of moss to her?  
 And what the creeping breeze that comes  
 The little pond to stir?"

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this  
spot,  
And a small harbour, made for rural  
joy;  
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the  
pilgrim's cot,  
A place of love for damsels that are  
coy.

Then home he went, and left the hart,  
stone-dead,  
With breathless nostrils stretched  
above the spring.  
Soon did the knight perform what he  
had said,  
And far and wide the fame thereof did  
ring.

"A cunning artist will I have to  
frame  
A basin for that fountain in the  
dell!  
And they who do make mention of the  
same,  
From this day forth shall call it HART-  
LEAP WELL.

Ere thrice the moon into her port had  
steered,  
A cup of stone received the living  
well;  
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter  
reared,  
And built a house of pleasure in the  
dell.

"And, gallant stag! to make thy  
praises known,  
Another monument shall here be  
raised;  
Three several pillars, each a rough-  
hewn stone,  
And planted where thy hoofs the turf  
have grazed.

And near the fountain, flowers of  
stature tall  
With trailing plants and trees were  
intertwined,—  
Which soon composed a little sylvan  
hall,  
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

"And, in the summer-time when days  
are long,  
I will come hither with my paramour;  
And with the dancers and the min-  
strel's song  
We will make merry in that pleasant  
bower.

And thither, when the summer days  
were long,  
Sir Walter led his wondering para-  
mour;  
And with the dancers and the min-  
strel's song  
Made merriment within that pleasant  
bower.

"Till the foundations of the mountains  
fail  
My mansion with its harbour shall en-  
dure;—  
The joy of them who till the fields of  
Swale,  
And them who dwell among the woods  
of Ure!"

The knight, Sir Walter, died in course  
of time,  
And his bones lie in his paternal  
vale.—  
But there is matter for a second  
rhyme,  
And I to this would add another  
tale.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering  
wind,  
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet  
remain :  
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of  
their kind,  
Follow, and up the weary mountain  
strain.

The knight hallooed, he cheered, and  
chid them on  
With suppliant gestures and upbraid-  
ings stern ;  
But breath and eyesight fail : and, one  
by one,  
The dogs are stretched among the  
mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the  
race ?  
The bugles that so joyfully were  
blown ?  
This chase it looks not like an earthly  
chase ;  
Sir Walter and the hart are left alone.

The poor hart toils along the mountain  
side ;  
will not stop to tell how far he fled ;  
Nor will I mention by what death he  
died ;  
But now the knight beholds him lying  
dead.

Dismounting then, he leaned against a  
thorn :  
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor  
boy :  
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew  
his horn.  
But gazed upon the spoil with silent  
joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter  
leaned,  
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious  
feat :  
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is  
yeaned ;  
And white with foam as if with cleaving  
sleet.

Upon his side the hart was lying  
stretched ;  
His nostril touched a spring beneath a  
hill,  
And with the last deep groan his  
breath had fetched  
The waters of the spring were trembling  
still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
(Never had living man such joyful  
lot !)  
Sir Walter walked all round, north,  
south, and west,  
And gazed and gazed upon that  
darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at  
least  
Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter  
found  
Three several hoof-marks which the  
hunted beast  
Had left imprinted on the grassy  
ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried,  
" Till now  
Such sight was never seen by human  
eyes :  
Three leaps have borne him from this  
lofty brow  
Down to the very fountain where he  
lies.



"What thoughts must through the  
creature's brain have past!  
Even from the topmost stone, upon  
the steep,  
Are but three bounds—and look, sir,  
at this last—  
O master! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate  
race;  
And in my simple mind we cannot  
tell  
What cause the hart might have to  
love this place,  
And come and make his death-bed  
near the well.

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he  
sank,  
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-  
tide;  
This water was perhaps the first he  
drank\*  
When he had wandered from his  
mother's side.

"In April here beneath the flowering  
thorn  
He heard the birds their morning  
carols sing;  
And he, perhaps, for aught we know,  
was born  
Not half a furlong from that self-same  
spring.

"Now, here is neither grass nor  
pleasant shade;  
The sun on drearier hollow never  
shone;  
So will it be, as I have often said,  
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all  
are gone."

"Gray-headed shepherd, thou hast  
spoken well;  
Small difference lies between thy creed  
and mine:  
This beast not unobserved by nature  
fell;  
His death was mourned by sympathy  
divine.

"The being that is in the clouds and  
air,  
That is in the green leaves among the  
groves,  
Maintains a deep and reverential  
care  
For the unoffending creatures whom  
He loves.

"The pleasure-house is dust:—behind  
before,  
This is no common waste, no com-  
mon gloom;  
But nature, in due course of time, c-  
more  
Shall here put on her beauty and h-  
bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow  
decay,  
That what we are, and have to-  
may be known;  
But, at the coming of the mild  
day,  
These monuments shall all be over-  
grown.

"One lesson, shepherd, let us  
divide,  
Taught both by what she shows,  
what conceals,  
Never to blend our pleasure or  
pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing

## PART II.

THE moving accident is not my trade,  
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;  
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
To pipe a simple song for thinking  
hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did  
repair,

It chanced that I saw standing in a dell  
Three aspens at three corners of a  
square: [well.  
And one not four yards distant, near a

What this imported I could ill divine:  
And pulling now the rein my horse to  
stop,

I saw three pillars standing in a line,  
The last stone pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms  
nor head:

Half-wasted the square mound of  
tawny green;

So that you just might say, as then I  
said, [hath been."

"Here in old time the hand of man

"I looked upon the hill both far and near,  
More doleful place did never eye survey;

"It seemed as if the spring-time came  
not here,

"And nature here were willing to decay."

I stood in various thoughts and fancies  
lost,

When one, who was in shepherd's garb  
attired,

Came up the hollow:—him did I  
accost,

And what this place might be I then  
inquired.

The shepherd stopped, and that same  
story told

Which in my former rhyme I have  
rehearsed.

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of  
old!

But something ails it now; the spot is  
cursed.

"You see these lifeless stumps of  
'aspen wood—

Some say that they are beeches, others  
elms—

These were the bower: and here a  
mansion stood,

The finest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbour does its own condition  
tell;

You see the stones, the fountain, and  
the stream;

But as to the great lodge! you might  
as well

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There's neither dog nor heifer, horse  
nor sheep,

Will wet his lips within that cup of  
stone;

And oftentimes, when all are fast  
asleep,

This water doth send forth a dolorous  
groan.

"Some say that here a murder has  
been done

And blood cries out for blood: but, for  
my part,

I've guessed, when I've been sitting in  
the sun,

That it was all for that unhappy hart.

Not long the avenger was withstood—  
 Earth helped him with the cry of  
 blood:—  
 St. George was for us, and the  
 might  
 Of blessed angels crowned the right.  
 Loud voice the land has uttered  
 forth,  
 We loudest in the faithful north:  
 Our fields rejoice, our mountains  
 ring,  
 Our streams proclaim a welcoming;  
 Our strong abodes and castles see  
 The glory of their loyalty.

“How glad is Skipton at this  
 hour—  
 Though lonely, a deserted tower;  
 Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and  
 groom,  
 We have them at the feast of  
 Broughm.  
 How glad Pendragon—though the sleep  
 Of years be on her!—She shall reap

repaired several of his castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles.” Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd-life he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal edifices, spoken of in the poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these castles; and we have seen that after the wars of York and Lancaster they were rebuilt: in the civil war of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, etc., etc. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed to the Family of Tufion, three of these

A taste of this great pleasure, viewing  
 As in a dream her own renewing.  
 Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem  
 Beside her little humble stream;  
 And she that keepeth watch and ward  
 Her statelier Eden's course to guard;  
 They both are happy at this hour,  
 Though each is but a lonely tower:—  
 But here is perfect joy and pride  
 For one fair house by Emont's side,  
 This day distinguished without peer  
 To see her master and to cheer  
 Him, and his lady mother dear!

“Oh! it was a time forlorn  
 When the fatherless was born—  
 Give her wings that she may fly,  
 Or she sees her infant die!  
 Swords that are with slaughter wild  
 Hunt the mother and the child.  
 Who will take them from the light?  
 Yonder is a man in sight—  
 Yonder is a house—but where?  
 No, they must not enter there.

castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that when this order was issued, the earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th Chapter, 12th Verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his grandmother) at the time she repaired the structure, refers the reader. “*And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the fairer of the breach, the restorer of faith, and dwell in.*” The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the estates, with a due respect to the memory of his ancestors, and a proper regard of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.

\* This line is from the Battle of Bosworth Field, by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the dramatist), whose poems are written with a spirit, elegance, and harmony.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF  
BROUGHAM CASTLE,

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD  
CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE  
ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS  
ANCESTORS.\*

HIGH in the breathless hall the minstrel sate,  
And Emont's murmur mingled with the song.—  
The words of ancient time I thus translate,  
A festal strain that hath been silent long:—

"From town to town, from tower to tower,  
The red rose is a gladsome flower.

Her thirty years of winter past,  
The red rose is revived at last;  
She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming:  
Both roses flourish, red and white.  
In love and sisterly delight  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old troubles now are ended.—  
Joy! joy to both! but most to her—  
Who is the flower of Lancaster!  
Behold her how she smiles to-day  
On this great throng, this bright array!  
Fair greeting doth she send to all  
From every corner of the hall;  
But chiefly from above the board  
Where sits in state our rightful lord,  
A Clifford to his own restored!

"They came with banner, spear, and shield;  
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.

\* Henry Lord Clifford, etc., etc., who is the subject of this poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field, which John Lord Clifford, as is known to the reader of English history, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, who had fallen in the battle, "in part of revenge" (say the authors of the History of Cumberland and Westmoreland); "for the earl's father had slain his." A deed which worthily blemished the author (says Speed); but who, as he adds, "dare promise anything temperate of himself in the heat of martial fury? chiefly when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one maketh this lord to speak." This, no doubt, I would observe, by the by, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented; "for the earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this (say the Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke, who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stigma from the illustrious name to which she was born), that he was the next child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard

Duke of York, and that king was then eighteen years of age; and for the small distance betwixt her children, see Austin Vincent in his book of Nobility, page 622, where he writes of them all. It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading man and commander, two or three years together in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth.—But independent of this act, at the best a cruel and savage one, the family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York; so that after the battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, when called to parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he

Among the heavens his eye can see  
 The face of thing that is to be ;  
 And, if that men report him right,  
 His tongue could whisper words of  
 Now another day is come, [might.  
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom :  
 He hath thrown aside his crook,  
 And hath buried deep his book ;  
 Armour rusting in his halls  
 On the blood of Clifford calls ;—\*  
 ‘Quell the Scot,’ exclaims the iance—  
 Bear me to the heart of France,  
 Is the longing of the shield—  
 Tell thy name, thou trembling field ;  
 Field of death, where’er thou be,  
 Groan thou with our victory !  
 Happy day, and mighty hour,  
 When our shepherd, in his power,  
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
 To his ancestors restored,  
 Like a re-appearing star,  
 Like a glory from afar,  
 First shall head the flock of war !”

Alas ! the impassioned minstrel did not  
 know  
 How, by heaven’s grace, this Clifford’s  
 heart was framed, [to go,  
 How he, long forced in humble walks  
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and  
 tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor  
 men lie ; [rills,  
 His daily teachers had been woods and  
 The silence that is in the starry sky.  
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

\* The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history ; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines, and what follows, that, besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate progenitors of the person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken, all died in the field.

In him the savage virtue of the race,  
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts  
 were dead :  
 Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty  
 place  
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.  
 Glad were the vales, and every cottage  
 hearth ;  
 The shepherd lord was honoured more  
 and more :  
 And, ages after he was laid in  
 earth,  
 “The good Lord Clifford” was the  
 name he bore.

YES, it was the mountain echo,  
 Solitary, clear, profound,  
 Answering to the shouting cuckoo,  
 Giving to her sound for sound !

Unsolicited reply  
 To a babbling wanderer sent ;  
 Like her ordinary cry,  
 Like—but oh, how different !

Hears not also mortal life ?  
 Hear not we, unthinking creatures !  
 Slaves of folly, love, or strife,  
 Voices of two different natures ?

Have not *we* too ;—yes, we have  
 Answers, and we know not whence :  
 Echoes from beyond the grave,  
 Recognised intelligence ?

Such rebounds our inward ear  
 Catches sometimes from afar ;—  
 Listen, ponder, hold them dear ;  
 For of God,—of God they are.

To the caves, and to the brooks,  
To the clouds of heaven she looks;  
She is speechless, but her eyes  
Pray in ghostly agonies.  
Blissful Mary, mother mild,  
Maid and mother undefiled,  
Save a mother and her child!

"Now who is he that bounds with joy  
On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy?  
No thoughts hath he but thoughts  
that pass

Light as the wind along the grass.  
Can this be he who hither came  
In secret, like a smothered flame?  
O'er whom such thankful tears were  
shed

For shelter, and a poor man's bread!  
God loves the child; and God hath  
willed

'That those dear words 'should be  
fulfilled,

'The lady's words, when forced away;  
The last she to her bahe did say.

'My own, my own, thy fellow-guest  
I may not be; but rest thee, rest,  
For lowly shepherd's life is best!'

"Alas! when evil men are strong  
No life is good, no pleasure long.  
The boy must part from Mosedale's  
groves,

And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,  
And quit the flowers that summer brings  
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;  
Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
Be turned to heaviness and fear.  
Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!  
Hear it, good man, old in days!

Thou tree of covert and of rest  
For this young bird that is distrest;  
Among thy branches safe he lay,  
And he was free to sport and play,  
When falcons were abroad for prey.  
wo.

"A recreant harp, that sings of fear  
And heaviness in Clifford's ear!  
I said, when evil men are strong,  
No-life is good, no pleasure long,  
A weak and cowardly untruth!  
Our Clifford was a happy youth,  
And thankful through a weary time,  
'That brought him up to manhood's  
prime.

Again he wanders forth at will,  
And tends a flock from hill to hill;  
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen  
Such garb with such a noble mien;  
Among the shepherd grooms no mate  
Hath he, a child of strength and  
state!

Yet lacks not friends for simple  
glee,

Nor yet for higher sympathy.

'To his side the fallow-deer  
Came, and rested without fear;  
The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
Stooped down to pay him fealty;  
And both the undying fish that  
swim

Through Bowscale-Tarn\* did wait on  
him.

The pair were servants of his eye  
In their immortality;  
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,  
Moved to and fro, for his delight.  
He knew the rocks which angels  
haunt

Upon the mountains visitant;  
He hath kenned them taking wing;  
And into caves where faeries sing  
He hath entered; and been told  
By voices how men lived of old.

---

\* It is imagined by the people of the country  
that there are two immortal fish, inhabitants of  
this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not  
far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned  
before is the old and proper name of the  
mountain vulgarly called Saddle-back.

When reason seemed the most to  
 assert her rights,  
 When most intent on making of herself  
 A prime, enchantress—to assist the  
 work,  
 Which then was going forward in her  
 name!  
 Not favoured spots alone, but the  
 whole earth,  
 The beauty wore of promise—that  
 which sets  
 (As at some moment might not be  
 unfelt  
 Among the bowers of paradise itself)  
 The budding rose above the rose full  
 blown.  
 What temper at the prospect did not  
 wake  
 To happiness unthought of? The inert  
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt  
 away!  
 They who have fed their childhood  
 upon dreams,  
 The playfellows of fancy, who had  
 made  
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and  
 strength  
 Their ministers,—who in lordly wise  
 had stirred  
 Among the grandest objects of the  
 sense,  
 And dealt with whatsoever they found  
 there  
 As if they had within some lurking  
 right  
 To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle  
 mood  
 Had watched all gentle motions, and  
 to these.  
 Had fitted their own thoughts,  
 schemers more mild.  
 And in the region of their peaceful  
 selves;—

Now was it that both found, the meek  
 and lofty  
 Did both find helpers to their heart's  
 desire,  
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could  
 wish,—  
 Were called upon to exercise their  
 skill,  
 Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,  
 Or some secreted island, Heaven  
 knows where!  
 But in the very world, which is the  
 world  
 Of all of us,—the place where in the  
 end  
 We find our happiness, or not at all!

### THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work,  
 A deep delight the bosom thrills,  
 Oft as I pass along the fork  
 Of these fraternal hills:  
 Where, save the rugged road, we find  
 No appanage of human kind;  
 Nor hint of man: if stone or rock  
 Seem not his handy-work to mock  
 By something cognizably shaped;  
 Mockery—or model roughly hewn,  
 And left as if by earthquake strewn,  
 Or from the flood escaped:—  
 Altars for Druid service fit;  
 (But where no fire was ever lit,  
 Unless the glow-worm to the skies  
 Thence offer nightly sacrifice;  
 Wrinkled Egyptian monument;  
 Green moss-grown tower; or hoar  
 tent;  
 Tents of a camp that never shall be  
 raised:  
 On which four thousand years have  
 gazed!

## TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the  
sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where  
cares abound?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart  
and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy  
ground?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into  
at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that  
music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady  
wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine;  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world  
a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
Type of the wise who soar, but never  
roam;  
True to the kindred points of heaven  
and home!

It is no spirit who from heaven hath  
flown,  
And is descending on his embassy;  
Nor traveller gone from earth the  
heavens to espy!  
'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with  
glittering crown,  
First admonition that the sun is down!  
For yet it is broad daylight! clouds  
pass by;  
A few are near him still—and now the  
sky,  
He hath it to himself—'tis all his  
own.  
O most ambitious star! an inquest  
wrought

Within me when I recognised thy  
light;  
A moment I was startled at the sight:  
And, while I gazed, there came to me  
a thought  
That I might step beyond my natural  
race,  
As thou seem'st now to do; might one  
day trace  
Some ground not mine; and, strong  
her strength above,  
My soul, an apparition in the place,  
Tread there, with steps that no one  
shall reprove!

## FRENCH REVOLUTION,

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT  
ITS COMMENCEMENT.\* REPRINTED  
FROM "THE FRIEND."

OH! pleasant exercise of hope and  
joy!  
For mighty were the auxiliars, which  
then stood  
Upon our side, we who were strong in  
love!  
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven!—  
Oh! times,  
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding  
ways  
Of custom, law, and statute, took at  
once  
The attraction of a country in ro-  
mance!

\* This, and the extract ("The Influence of  
Natural Objects"), page 40, and the first piece  
of this class, are from the unpublished poem of  
which some account is given in the preface to  
"The Excursion."



Time was when field and watery cove  
 With modulated echoes rang.  
 While choirs of fervent angels sang  
 Their vespers in the grove:  
 Or, crowning, star-like, each some  
     sovereign height,  
 Warbled, for heaven above and earth  
     below.  
 Strains suitable to both.—Such holy  
     rite.  
 Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
 From hill or valley, could not move  
 Sublimier transport, purer love,  
 Than doth this silent spectacle—the  
     gleam—  
 The shadow—and the peace supreme!

No sound is uttered,—but a deep  
 And solemn harmony pervades  
 The hollow vale from steep to steep,  
 And penetrates the glades.  
 Far-distant images draw nigh.  
 Called forth by wondrous potency  
 Of beamy radiance, that imbues  
 Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like  
     hues

In vision exquisitely clear,  
 Herds range along the mountain side;  
 And glistening antlers are descried:  
 And gilded flocks appear.  
 Thine is the tranquil hour, purpleal  
     eve!

But long as god-like wish, or hope  
     divine.

Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
 That this magnificence is wholly  
     thine!

From worlds not quickened by the sun  
 A portion of the gift is won:  
 An intermingling of heaven's pomp is  
     spread

On ground which British shepherds  
     tread!

And, if there be whom broken ties  
 Afflict, or injuries assail,  
 Yon hazy ridges to their eyes  
 Present a glorious scale.  
 Climbing suffused with sunny air,  
 To stop—no record hath told where!  
 And tempting fancy to ascend,  
 And with immortal spirits blend!  
 Wings at my shoulders seem to play;  
 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze  
 On those bright steps that heaven-  
     ward raise  
 Their practicable way.  
 Come forth, ye drooping old men, look  
     abroad,  
 And see to what fair countries ye are  
     bound!

And if some traveller, weary of his  
     road,  
 Hath slept since noon-tide on the  
     grassy ground.  
 Ye genii! to his covert speed;  
 And wake him with such gentle heed  
 As may attune his soul to meet the  
     dower  
 Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

Such hues from their celestial urn  
 Were wont to stream before mine eye.  
 Where'er it wandered in the morn  
 Of blissful infancy.

This glimpse of glory, why renewed?  
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude;  
 For, if a vestige of those gleams  
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.  
 Dread power! whom peace and calm-  
     ness serve

No less than nature's threatenin'  
     voice.

If aught unworthy be my choice.  
 From THEE if I would swerve.

Oh, let thy grace remind me of the  
     light

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes!  
 Ye snow-white lambs that trip  
 Imprisoned 'mid the formal props  
 Of restless ownership!  
 Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall  
 To feed the insatiate prodigal!  
 Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,  
 All that the fertile valley shields;  
 Wages of folly—baits of crime,—  
 Of life's uneasy game the stake,  
 Playthings that keep the eyes awake  
 Of drowsy, dotard time;—  
 O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,  
 Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,  
 A genius dwells, that can subdue  
 At once all memory of you,—  
 Most potent when mists veil the sky,  
 Mists that distort and magnify;  
 While the coarse rushes, to the sweep-  
     ing breeze,  
 Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

List to those shriller notes! *that* march  
 Perchance was on the blast,  
 When, through this height's inverted arch,  
 Rome's earliest legion passed!  
 They saw, adventurously impelled,  
 And older eyes than theirs beheld,  
 This block—and yon, whose church-  
     like frame

Gives to this savage pass its name.  
 Aspiring road! that lov'st to hide  
 Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,  
 Not seldom may the hour return  
 When thou shalt be my guide;  
 And I (as all men may find cause,  
 When life is at a weary pause,  
 And they have panted up the hill  
 Of duty with reluctant will)  
 Be thankful, even though tired and faint,  
 For the rich bounties of constraint;  
 Whence oft invigorating transports flow  
 That choice lacked courage to bestow.

My soul was grateful for delight  
 That wore a threatening brow;  
 A veil is lifted—can she slight  
 The scene that opens now!  
 Though habitation none appear,  
 The greenness tells, man must be there;  
 The shelter—that the perspective  
 Is of the clime in which we live;  
 Where toil pursues his daily round;  
 Where pity sheds sweet tears, and love.  
 In woodbine bower or birchen grove,  
 Inflicts his tender wound.  
 Who comes not hither ne'er shall know  
 How beautiful the world below;  
 Nor can he guess how lightly leaps  
 The brook adown the rocky steeps.  
 Farewell, thou' desolate domain!  
 Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,  
 Carols like a shepherd-boy;  
 And who is she?—Can that be joy!  
 Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,  
 Smoothly skims the meadows wide;  
 While faith, from yonder opening cloud  
 To hill and vale proclaims aloud,  
 "Whate'er the weak may dread, the  
     wicked dare,  
 Thy lot, O man, is good, thy portion fair!"

### EVENING ODE,

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF  
 EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND  
 BEAUTY.

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
 With flying haste, I might have sent,  
 Among the speechless clouds, a look  
 Of blank astonishment;  
 But 'tis endued with power to stay,  
 And sanctify one closing day,  
 That frail mortality may see—  
 What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!

Of unremembered pleasure: such,  
perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's  
life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered  
acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I  
trust,  
To them I may have owed another  
gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed  
mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary  
weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed  
mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us  
on,—  
Until, the breath of this corporeal  
frame,  
And even the motion of our human  
blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the  
power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of  
joy.  
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief. yet, oh! how  
oft—  
In darkness, and amid the many  
shapes  
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful  
stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the  
world.  
Have hung upon the beatings of my  
heart,

How oft, in spirit, have I turned to  
thee,  
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer  
through the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to  
thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extin-  
guished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again:  
While here I stand, not only with the  
sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing  
thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and  
food  
For future years. And so I dare to  
hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what  
I was when first  
I came among these hills; when like  
a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the  
sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely  
streams,  
Wherever nature led: more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads,  
than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For  
nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish  
days,  
And their glad animal movements all  
gone by)  
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding  
cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and  
gloomy wood,

Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored ;  
Which, at this moment, on my waking  
sight

Appears to shine, by miracle restored !  
My soul, though yet confined to earth,  
Rejoices in a second birth ;

'Tis past, the visionary splendour  
fades ;

And night approaches with her shades.

*Note.*—The multiplication of mountain ridges, described at the commencement of the third stanza of this ode, as a kind of Jacob's ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze ;—in the present instance, by the latter cause. Allusions to the ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality," pervade the last stanza of the foregoing poem.

### LINES,

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN  
ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF  
THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13,  
1798.

Five years have past ; five summers,  
with the length

Of five long winters ! and again I  
hear

These waters, rolling from their moun-  
tain springs

With a sweet inland murmur.\*—Once  
again

Do I behold these steep and lofty  
cliffs,

That on a wild secluded scene im-  
press

Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and  
connect

The landscape with the quiet of the  
sky.

The day is come when I again  
repose

Here, under this dark sycamore, and  
view

These plots of cottage-ground, these  
orchard-tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe  
fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose  
themselves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again  
I see

These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows,  
little lines

Of sportive wood run wild ; these  
pastoral farms,

Green to the very door ; and wreaths  
of smoke

Sent up in silence, from among the  
trees !

With some uncertain notice, as might  
seem,

Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless  
woods,

Or of some hermit's cave, where by his  
fire

The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not  
been to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's  
eye :

But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the  
din

Of towns and cities, I have owed to  
them,

In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the  
heart ;

And passing even into my purer  
mind,

With tranquil restoration :—feelings,  
too,

\* The river is not affected by the tides a few  
miles above Tintern.

With quietness and beauty, and so  
 feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil  
 tongues  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of  
 selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is,  
 nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we  
 behold  
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the  
 moon

Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
 And let the misty mountain winds be  
 free  
 To blow against thee: and, in after  
 years,  
 When these wild ecstasies shall be  
 matured  
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies;  
 oh! then,  
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
 Should be thy portion, with what  
 healing thoughts  
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
 And these my exhortations! Nor, per-  
 chance—  
 If I should be where I no more can  
 hear  
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild  
 eyes these gleams  
 Of past existence—wilt thou then  
 forget  
 That on the banks of this delightful  
 stream  
 We stood together; and that I, so  
 long  
 A worshipper of nature, hither came,

Unwearied in that service: rather say  
 With warmer love—oh! with far  
 deeper zeal  
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then  
 forget,  
 That after many wanderings, many  
 years  
 Of absence, these steep woods and  
 lofty cliffs,  
 And this green pastoral landscape,  
 were to me  
 More dear, both for themselves and for  
 thy sake!

### PETER BELL, A TALE.

"What's in a name?" . . .  
 "Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar!"

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., P.L.,  
 ETC., ETC.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the public, has, in its manuscript state, nearly survived its *minority*;—for it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourable reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the literature of my country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavours in poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the art not lightly to be approached; and that the attainment of excellence in it may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man, who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.

The poem of Peter Bell, as the prologue will show, was composed under a belief that the imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth *ex imperio*, and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments

Their colours and their forms, were  
then to me

An appetite: a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter  
charm,

By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time  
is past,

And all its aching joys are now no  
more,

And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other  
gifts

Have followed, for such loss, I would  
believe,

Abundant recompense. For I have  
learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing  
oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of  
ample power

To chasten and subdue. And I have  
felt

A presence that disturbs me with the  
joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply inter-  
fused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting  
suns,

And the round ocean, and the living  
air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of  
man:

A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all  
thought,

And rolls through all things. There-  
fore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the  
woods,

And mountains; and of all that we  
behold

From this green earth; of all the  
mighty world

Of eye and ear, both what they half  
create,\*

And what perceive; well pleased to  
recognise

In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts,  
the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart,  
and soul

Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the  
more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay:

For thou art with me, here upon the  
banks

Of this fair river; thou, my dearest  
friend,

My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice  
I catch

The language of my former heart, and  
read

My former pleasures in the shooting  
lights

Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little  
while

May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer

I make,

Knowing that nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her  
privilege,

Through all the years of this our life,  
to lead

From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress

\* This line has a close resemblance to an  
admirable line of Young, the exact expression  
of which I cannot recollect.

See! there she is, the matchless earth!  
 There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean!  
 Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear  
 Through the gray clouds—the Alps  
     are here,  
 Like waters in commotion!

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands—  
 That silver thread the river Dnieper—  
 And look, where clothed in brightest green  
 Is a sweet isle, of isles the queen;  
 Ye fairies, from all evil keep her!

And see the town where I was born!  
 Around those happy fields we span  
 In boyish gambols—I was lost  
 Where I have been, but on this coast  
 I feel I am a man.

Never did fifty things at once  
 Appear so lovely, never, never,—  
 How tunefully the forests ring?  
 To hear the earth's soft murmuring  
 Thus could I hang for ever!

'Shame on you!' cried my little boat,  
 "Was ever such a homesick loon,  
 Within a living boat to sit,  
 And make no better use of it,—  
 A boat twin-sister of the crescent-moon!

"Ne'er in the breast of full-grown poet  
 Fluttered so faint a heart before;—  
 Was it the music of the spheres  
 That overpowered your mortal ears!  
 Such din shall trouble them no more.

"These nether precincts do not lack  
 Charms of their own;—then come  
     with me—

I want a comrade, and for you  
 'Here's nothing that I would not do;  
 'Tough is there that you shall not see.

"Haste! and above Siberian snows  
 We'll sport amid the boreal morning.  
 Will mingle with her lustres, gliding  
 Among the stars, the stars now hiding,  
 And now the stars adorning.

"I know the secrets of a land  
 Where human foot did never stray;  
 Fair is that land as evening skies,  
 And cool,—though in the depth it lies  
 Of burning Africa.

"Or we'll into the realm of faery,  
 Among the lovely shades of things,  
 The shadowy forms of mountains bare,  
 And streams, and bowers, and ladies  
     fair,  
 The shades of palaces and kings!

"Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal  
 Less quiet regions to explore,  
 Prompt voyage shall to you reveal  
 How earth and heaven are taught to  
     feel  
 The might of magic lore!"

"My little vagrant form of light,  
 My gay and beautiful canoe,  
 Well have you played your friendly part;  
 As kindly take what from my heart  
 Experience forces—then adieu!

"Temptation lurks among your words;  
 But, while these pleasures you're pursuing  
 Without impediment or let,  
 No wonder if you quite forget  
 What on the earth is doing.

"There was a time when all mankind  
 Did listen with a faith sincere  
 To tuneful tongues in mystery versed;  
 Then poets fearlessly rehearsed  
 The wonders of a wild career.

daily life. Since that prologue was written, *you* have exhibited most splendid effects of judicious daring, in the opposite and usual course. Let this acknowledgment make my peace with the lovers of the supernatural; and I am persuaded it will be admitted, that to you, as a master in that province of the art, the following tale, whether from contrast or congruity, is not an inappropriate offering. Accept it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate admiration from one with whose name yours has been often coupled (to use your own words) for evil and for good; and believe me to be, with earnest wishes that life and health may be granted you to complete the many important works in which you are engaged, and with high respect, most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, April 7, 1819.

### PROLOGUE.

THERE'S something in a flying horse,  
There's something in a huge balloon;  
But through the clouds I'll never float  
Until I have a little boat,  
For shape just like the crescent-moon.

And now *I have* a little boat,  
In shape a very crescent-moon:—  
Fast through the clouds my boat can  
sail;  
But if perchance your faith should fail,  
Look up—and you shall see me soon!

The woods, my friends, are round you  
roaring,  
Rocking and roaring like a sea;  
The noise of danger's in your ears,  
And ye have all a thousand fears  
Both for my little boat and me!

Meanwhile untroubled I admire  
The pointed horns of my canoe:  
And, did not pity touch my breast,  
To see how ye are all distressed,  
Till my ribs ached, I'd laugh at you!

Away we go, my boat and I—  
Frail man ne'er sate in such another;  
Whether among the winds we strive,  
Or deep into the clouds we dive,  
Each is contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we  
For treasons, tumults, and for wars?  
We are as calm in our delight  
As is the crescent-moon so bright  
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my boat among the stars  
Through many a breathless field of light,  
Through many a long blue field of ether,  
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her.  
Up goes my little boat so bright!

The Crab—the Scorpion—and the  
Bull—  
We pry among them all—have shot  
High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,  
Covered from top to toe with scars:  
Such company I like it not!

The towns in Saturn are decayed,  
And melancholy spectres throng them;  
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss  
Each other in the vast abyss,  
With joy I sail among them!

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,  
Great Jove is full of stately bowers;  
But these, and all that they contain,  
What are they to that tiny grain,  
That little earth of ours?

Then back to earth, the dear green  
earth;  
Whole ages if I here should roam,  
The world for my remarks and me  
Would not a whit the better be;  
I've left my heart at home.



## PART I.

ALL by the moonlight river side  
Groaned the poor beast—alas! in  
vain;

The staff was raised to loftier height,  
And the blows fell with heavier weight  
As Peter struck—and struck again.

“Hold!” cried the squire, “against  
the rules  
Of common sense you’re surely  
sinning;

This leap is for us all too  
bold;

Who Peter was let that be told,  
And start from the beginning.”

—“A potter,\* sir, he was by trade,”  
Said I, becoming quite collected!  
“And wheresoever he appeared,  
Full twenty times was Peter feared  
For once that Peter was respected.

He, two-and-thirty years or more,  
Had been a wild and woodland rover:  
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar  
On farthest Cornwall’s rocky shore,  
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

And he had seen Caernarvon’s towers,  
And well he knew the spire of Sarum:  
And he had been where Lincoln bell  
Flings o’er the fen that ponderous knell,  
A far-renowned alarum!

At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds  
And merry Carlisle had he been:  
And all along the Lowlands fair,  
All through the bonny shire of Ayr—  
And far as Aberdeen.

\* In the dialect of the north, a hawker of earthenware is thus designated.

And he had been at Inverness;  
And Peter, by the mountain rills,  
Had danced his round with Highland  
lasses.

And he had lain beside his asses  
On lofty Cheviot Hills:

And he had trudged through York-  
shire dales.

Among the rocks and winding *scars*;  
Where deep and low the hamlets lie  
Beneath their little patch of sky  
And little lot of stars:

And all along the indented coast,  
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam;  
Where’er a knot of houses lay  
On headland, or in hollow bay;—  
Sure never man like him did roam!

As well might Peter, in the Fleet,  
Have been fast bound, a begging  
debtor;—

He travelled here, he travelled  
there;—

But not the value of a hair  
Was heart or head the better.

He roved among the vales and  
streams,

In the green wood and hollow dell;  
They were his dwellings night and  
day.—

But nature ne’er could find the way  
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful  
year,

Did nature lead him as before:  
A primrose by the river’s brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

"Go—(but the world's a sleepy world,  
And 'tis, I fear, an age too late;)   
Take with you some ambitious youth;  
For, restless wanderer! I, in truth,  
Am all unfit to be your mate.

"Long have I loved what I behold,  
The night that calms, the day that  
    cheers;  
The common growth of mother earth  
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,  
Her humblest mirth and tears.

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,  
I shall not covet for my dower,  
If I along that lowly way  
With sympathetic heart may stray,  
And with a soul of power.

"These given, what more need I desire  
To stir—to soothe—or elevate?  
What nobler marvels than the mind  
May in life's daily prospect find,  
May find or there create?

"A potent wand doth sorrow wield;  
What spell so strong as guilty fear!  
Repentance is a tender sprite;  
If aught on earth have heavenly might,  
'Tis lodged within her silent tear.

"But grant my wishes,—let us now  
Descend from this ethereal height;  
Then take thy way, adventurous skiff,  
More daring far than Hippogriff,  
And be thy own delight!

"To the stone-table in my garden,  
Loved haunt of many a summer hour.  
The squire is come;—his daughter  
    Bess  
Beside him in the cool recess  
Sits blooming like a flower.

"With these are many more convened;  
They know not I have been so far—  
I see them there, in number nine,  
Beneath the spreading Weymouth  
    pine—  
I see them—there they are!

"There sits the vicar and his dame;  
And there my good friend, Stephen  
    Otter;  
And, ere the light of evening fail,  
To them I must relate the tale  
Of Peter Bell the potter."

Off flew the boat—away she flees,  
Spurning her freight with indignation!  
And I, as well as I was able,  
On two poor legs, toward my stone-  
    table  
Limped on with sore vexation.

"Oh, here he is!" cried little Bess—  
She saw me at the garden door;  
"We've waited anxiously and long,"  
They cried, and all around me throng,  
Full nine of them or more!

"Reproach me not—your fears be  
    still—  
Be thankful we again have met;—  
Resume, my friends! within the  
    shade  
Your seats, and quickly shall be  
    paid  
The well-remembered debt."

I spake with faltering voice, like  
    one  
Not wholly rescued from the pale  
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion;  
But, straight to cover my confusion,  
Began the promised tale.

ONE NIGHT, (and now, my little Bess!  
We've reached at last the promised tale;)  
One beautiful November night.  
When the full moon was shining bright  
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river's winding banks  
Peter was travelling all alone;—  
Whether to buy or sell, or led  
By pleasure running in his head,  
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copse and  
brake,

He trudged along o'er hill and dale;  
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle.  
And for the stars he cared as little,  
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to espy a path  
That promised to cut short the way,  
As many a wiser man hath done,  
He left a trusty guide for one  
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought  
Where cheerfully his course he weaves,  
And whistling loud may yet be heard,  
Though often buried, like a bird  
Darkling among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter's mood is changed.  
And on he drives with cheeks that  
burn

In downright fury and in wrath—  
There's little sign the treacherous path  
Will to the road return!

The path grows dim, and dimmer still;  
Now up—now down—the rover wends  
With all the sail that he can carry,  
Till brought to a deserted quarry;  
And there the pathway ends.

He paused—for shadows of strange  
shape,  
Massy and black, before him lay:  
But through the dark, and through the  
cold,  
And through the yawning fissures old,  
Did Peter boldly press his way

Right through the quarry;—and behold  
A scene of soft and lovely hue!  
Where blue and gray, and tender green,  
Together make as sweet a scene  
As ever human eye did view.

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw  
A little field of meadow ground;  
But field or meadow name it not;  
Call it of earth a small green plot,  
With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the gray rocks  
But he flowed quiet and unseen:  
You need a strong and stormy gale  
To bring the noises of the Swale  
To that green spot, so calm and green!

And is there no one dwelling here,  
No hermit with his beads and glass?  
And does no little cottage look  
Upon this soft and fertile nook?  
Does no one live near this green grass?

Across the deep and quiet spot  
Is Peter driving through the grass—  
And now has reached the skirting trees;  
When, turning round his head, he sees  
A solitary ass

"A prize!" cries Peter, but he first  
Must spy about him far and near;  
There's not a single house in sight,  
No woodman's hut, no cottage light,  
Peter, you need not fear!

Small change it made in Peter's heart  
 To see his gentle panniered train  
 With more than vernal pleasure feeding,  
 Where'er the tender grass was leading  
 Its earliest green along the lane.

In vain, through water, earth, and air  
 The soul of happy sound was spread,  
 When Peter, on some April morn,  
 Beneath the broom or budding thorn,  
 Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when by the forest's edge,  
 He lay beneath the branches high,  
 The soft blue sky did never melt  
 Into his heart,—he never felt  
 The witchery of the soft blue sky!

On a fair prospect some have looked  
 And felt, as I have heard them say,  
 As if the moving time had been  
 A thing as steadfast as the scene  
 On which they gazed themselves away.

Within the breast of Peter Bell  
 These silent raptures found no place;  
 He was a carl as wild and rude  
 As ever hue-and-cry pursued,  
 As ever ran 'a felon's race.

Of all that lead a lawless life,  
 Of all that love their lawless lives,  
 In city or in village small,  
 He was the wildest far of all;  
 He had a dozen wedded wives.

Nay, start not!—wedded wives—and  
 twelve!

But how one wife could e'er come near  
 him,  
 In simple truth I cannot tell;  
 For be it said of Peter Bell,  
 To see him was to fear him.

Though nature could not teach his  
 heart  
 By lovely forms and silent weather,  
 And tender sounds, yet you might see  
 At once, that Peter Bell and she  
 Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung  
 As of a dweller out of doors;  
 In his whole figure and his mien  
 A savage character was seen,  
 Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human  
 thoughts  
 Which solitary nature feeds  
 'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,  
 Had Peter joined whatever vice  
 The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind  
 That cuts along the hawthorn fence;  
 Of courage you saw little there,  
 But, in its stead, a medley air  
 Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,  
 And long and slouching was his gait;  
 Beneath his looks so bare and bold,  
 You might perceive, his spirit cold  
 Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred;  
 A work, one half of which was done  
 By thinking of his *whens* and *hows*;  
 And half, by knitting of his brows  
 Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,  
 There was a hardness in his eye,  
 As if the man had fixed his face,  
 In many a solitary place,  
 Against the wind and open sky!

The meagre beast lay still as death :  
 And Peter's lips with fury quiver—  
 Quoth he, " You little mulish dog,  
 I'll fling your carcass like a log  
 Head-foremost down the river !"

An impious oath confirmed the threat—  
 Whereat from the earth on which he lay,  
 To all the echoes, south and north,  
 And east and west, the ass sent forth  
 A long and clamorous bray !

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,  
 Seems like a note of joy to strike,—  
 Joy at the heart of Peter knocks ;—  
 But in the echo of the rocks  
 Was something Peter did not like.

Whether to cheer his coward breast,  
 Or that he could not break the chain,  
 In this scene and solemn hour,  
 Twined round him by demoniac power,  
 To the blind work he turned again.—

Among the rocks and winding crags—  
 Among the mountains far away—  
 Once more the ass did lengthen out  
 More ruefully an endless shout,  
 The hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray !

What is there now in Peter's heart ?  
 Or whence the might of this strange  
 sound ?

The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,  
 The broad blue heavens appeared to  
 glimmer,  
 And the rocks staggered all around.

From Peter's hand the sapling dropped !  
 Threat has he none to execute—  
 " If any one should come and see  
 That I am here, they'll think," quoth he,  
 " I'm helping this poor dying brute."

He scans the ass from limb to limb ;  
 And ventures now to uplift his eyes :—  
 More steady looks the moon, and clear  
 More like themselves the rocks appear  
 And touch more quiet skies.

His scorn returns—his hate revives,  
 He stoops the ass's neck to seize  
 With malice—that again takes flight ;  
 For in the pool a startling sight  
 Meets him, among the inverted trees.

Is it the moon's distorted face ?  
 The ghost-like image of a cloud ?  
 Is it a gallows there portrayed ?  
 Is Peter of himself afraid ?  
 Is it a coffin,—or a shroud ?

A grisly idol hewn in stone ?  
 Or imp from witch's lap let fall ?  
 Perhaps a ring of shining fairies,  
 Such as pursue their feared vagaries  
 In sylvan bower, or haunted hall ?

Is it a fiend that to a stake  
 Of fire his desperate self is tethering ?  
 Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell  
 In solitary ward or cell,  
 Ten thousand miles from all his  
 brethren ?

Never did pulse so quickly throb,  
 And never heart so loudly panted ;  
 He looks, he cannot choose but look :  
 Like some one reading in a book—  
 A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell !—  
 He will be turned to iron soon,  
 Meet statue for the court of fear !  
 His hat is up—and every hair  
 Bristles—and whitens in the moon !

There's nothing to be seen but woods,  
And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,  
And this one beast, that from the bed  
Of the green meadow hangs his head  
Over the silent stream.

His head is with a halter bound ;  
The halter seizing, Peter leapt  
Upon the creature's back, and plied  
With ready heels his shaggy side ;  
But still the ass his station kept.

Then Peter gave a sudden jerk,  
A jerk that from a dungeon floor  
Would have pulled up an iron ring ;  
But still the heavy-headed thing  
Stood just as he had stood before !

Quoth Peter, leaping from his seat,  
"There is some plot against me  
laid ;"

Once more the little meadow ground  
And all the hoary cliffs around  
He cautiously surveyed.

All, all is silent—rocks and woods  
All still and silent—far and near !  
Only the ass, with motion dull,  
Upon the pivot of his skull  
Turns round his long left ear.

Thought Peter, What can mean all  
this ?

Some ugly witchcraft must be here !  
Once more the ass, with motion dull,  
Upon the pivot of his skull  
Turned round his long left ear.

Suspicion ripened into dread ;  
Yet with deliberate action slow,  
His staff high-raising, in the pride  
Of skill, upon the sounding hide,  
He dealt a sturdy blow.

The poor ass staggered with the  
shock ;  
And then, as if to take his ease,  
In quiet uncomplaining mood,  
Upon the spot where he had stood,  
Dropped gently down upon his knees.

As gently on his side he fell,  
And by the river's brink did lie ;  
And, while he lay like one that  
mourned,  
The patient beast on Peter turned  
A shining hazel eye.

'Twas but `one mild, reproachful  
look,  
A look more tender than severe ;  
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,  
He turned the eye-ball in his head  
Towards the smooth river deep and  
clear.

Upon the beast the sapling rings,—  
His lank sides heaved, his limbs they  
stirred ;  
He gave a groan, and then another,  
Of that which went before the brother,  
And then he gave a third.

All by the moonlight river side  
He gave three miserable groans ;  
And not till now hath Peter seen  
How gaunt the creature is—how  
lean  
And sharp his staring bones !

With legs stretched out and stiff he  
lay :—  
No word of kind commiseration  
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue ;  
With hard contempt his heart was  
wrung,  
With hatred and vexation

But no—that Peter on his back  
Must mount, he shews well as he can ;  
Thought Peter then, come weal or woe,  
I'll do what he would have me do,  
In pity to this poor drowned man.

With that resolve he boldly mounts  
Upon the pleased and thankful ass ;  
And then, without a moment's stay,  
That earnest creature turned away,  
Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,  
The beast four days and nights had  
passed.  
A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,  
And there the ass four days had been,  
Nor ever once did break his fast !

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart !  
The mead is crossed—the quarry's  
mouth  
Is reached—but there the trusty guide  
Into a thicket turns aside,  
And deftly ambles towards the south.

When hark a burst of doleful sound !  
And Peter honestly might say,  
The like came never to his ears,  
Though he has been, full thirty years,  
A rover—night and day.

'Tis not a plover of the moors,  
'Tis not a bittern of the fen ;  
Nor can it be a barking fox—  
Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks—  
Nor wild-cat in a woody glen !

The ass is startled—and stops short  
Right in the middle of the thicket ;  
And Peter, wont to whistle loud  
Whether alone or in a crowd,  
Is silent as a silent cricket.

What ails you now, my little Bess ?  
Well may you tremble and look grave !  
This cry—that rings along the wood,  
This cry—that floats adown the flood,  
Comes from the entrance of a cave ;

I see a blooming wood-boy there,  
And, if I had the power to say  
How sorrowful the wanderer is,  
Your heart would be as sad as his  
Till you had kissed his tears away !

Grasping a hawthorn branch in hand,  
All bright with berries ripe and red,  
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps—  
Thence back into the moonlight  
creeps. [dead :  
Whom seeks he—whom?—the silent

His father !—Him doth he require,  
Him hath he sought with fruitless  
pains,  
Among the rocks, behind the trees,  
Now creeping on his hands and knees.  
Now running o'er the open plains.

And hither is he come at last,  
When he through such a day has gone,  
By this dark cave to be distrest  
Like a poor bird—her plundered nest  
Hovering around with dolorous moan !

Of that intense and piercing cry  
The listening ass conjectures well ;  
Wild as it is, he there can read  
Some intermingled notes that plead  
With touches irresistible ;

But Peter, when he saw the ass  
Not only stop but turn, and change  
The cherished tenor of his pace  
That lamentable cry to chase,  
It wrought in him conviction strange ;

He looks—he ponders—looks again :  
 He sees a motion—hears a groan ;—  
 His eyes will burst—his heart will  
 break—  
 He gives a loud and frightful shriek,  
 And back he falls, as if his life were  
 flown !

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PART II.

We left our hero in a trance,  
 Beneath the alders, near the river ;  
 The ass is by the river side,  
 And where the feeble breezes glide,  
 Upon the stream the moonbeams  
 quiver.

A happy respite!—but at length  
 He feels the glimmering of the moon ;  
 Wakes with glazed eye, and feebly  
 sighing—  
 To sink perhaps, where he is lying,  
 Into a second swoon !

He lifts his head—he sees his staff ;  
 He touches—'tis to him a treasure !  
 Faint recollection seems to tell  
 That he is yet where mortals dwell—  
 A thought received with languid  
 pleasure !

His head upon his elbow propped,  
 Becoming less and less perplexed.  
 Skyward he looks—to rock and wood—  
 And then—upon the glassy flood—  
 His wandering eye is fixed.

Thought he, that is the face of one  
 In his last sleep securely bound !  
 So toward the stream his head he bent,  
 And downward thrust his staff, intent  
 The river's depth to sound.

*Now*—like a tempest-shattered bark  
 That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,  
 And in a moment to the verge  
 Is lifted of a foaming surge—  
 Full suddenly the ass doth rise !

His staring bones all shake with joy—  
 And close by Peter's side he stands :  
 While Peter o'er the river bends,  
 The little ass his neck extends,  
 And fondly licks his hands.

Such life is in the ass's eyes—  
 Such life is in his limbs and ears—  
 That Peter Bell, if he had been  
 The veriest coward ever seen,  
 Must now have thrown aside his fears.

The ass looks on—and to his work  
 Is Peter quietly resigned ;  
 He touches here—he touches there—  
 And now among the dead man's hair  
 His sapling Peter has entwined.

He pulls—and looks—and pulls again ;  
 And he whom the poor ass had lost,  
 The man who had been four days  
 dead,  
 Head foremost from the river's bed  
 Uprises—like a ghost !

And Peter draws him to dry land ;  
 And through the brain of Peter pass  
 Some poignant twitches, fast and faster,  
 “No doubt,” quoth he, “he is the  
 master  
 Of this poor miserable ass !”

The meagre shadow that looks on—  
 What would he now? what is he doing?  
 His sudden fit of joy is flown,—  
 He on his knees hath laid him down,  
 As if he were his grief renewing.



Of him whom sudden death had seized  
 He thought.—of thee, O faithful ass!  
 And once again those ghastly pains,  
 Shoot to and fro through heart and  
     reins,  
 And through his brain like lightning  
     pass.

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### PART III.

I've heard of one, a gentle soul,  
 Though given to sadness and to gloom,  
 And for the fact will vouch,—one night  
 It chanced that by a taper's light  
 This man was reading in his room ;

Bending, as you or I might bend  
 At night o'er any pious book.  
 When sudden blackness overspread  
 The snow-white page on which he read,  
 And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all  
     round,—  
 And to his book he turned again ;  
 The light had left the lonely  
     taper,  
 And formed itself upon the paper  
 Into large letters—bright and plain !

The godly book was in his hand—  
 And, on the page more black than  
     coal,  
 Appeared, set forth in strange array,  
 A word—which to his dying day  
 Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.

The ghostly word, thus plainly seen  
 Did never from his lips depart ;  
 But he hath said, poor gentle wight !  
 It brought full many a sin to light  
 Out of the bottom of his heart.

Dread spirits ! to confound the meek  
 Why wander from your course so far,  
 Disorder colour, form, and stature !  
 Let good men feel the soul of nature,  
 And see things as they are.

Yet, potent spirits ! well I know  
 How ye, that play with soul and sense,  
 Are not unused to trouble friends  
 Of goodness, for most gracious ends—  
 And this I speak in reverence !

But might I give advice to you,  
 Whom in my fear I love so well,  
 From men of pensive virtue go,  
 Dread beings ! and your empire show  
 On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence often have I felt  
 In darkness and the stormy night ;  
 And with like force, if need there be,  
 Ye can put forth your agency  
 When earth is calm, and heaven is  
     bright.

Then, coming from the wayward world,  
 That powerful world in which ye dwell,  
 Come, spirits of the mind ! and try  
 To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,  
 What may be done with Peter Bell !

Oh, would that some more skilful voice  
 My further labour might prevent !  
 Kind listeners, that around me sit,  
 I feel that I am all unfit  
 For such high argument.

I've played, I've danced, with my  
     narration—

I loitered long ere I began :  
 Ye waited then on my good pleasure,—  
 Pour out indulgence still, in measure  
 As liberal as ye can !

A faith that, for the dead man's sake  
And this poor slave who loved him well,  
Vengeance upon his head will fall,  
Some visitation worse than all  
Which ever till this night befel.

Meanwhile the ass to reach his home,  
Is striving stoutly as he may ;  
But, while he climbs the woody hill,  
The cry grows weak—and weaker still  
And now at last it dies away !

So with his freight the creature turns  
Into a gloomy grove of beech,  
Along the shade with footsteps true  
Descending slowly, till the two  
The open moonlight reach.

And there, along the narrow dell,  
A fair smooth pathway you discern,  
A length of green and open road—  
As if it from a fountain flowed—  
Winding away between the fern.

The rocks that tower on either side  
Build up a wild fantastic scene ;  
Temples like those among the Hindoos,  
And mosques, and spires, and abbey  
    windows,  
And castles all with ivy green !

And, while the ass pursues his way,  
Along this solitary dell,  
As pensively his steps advance,  
The mosques and spires change countenance,  
And look at Peter Bell !

That unintelligible cry  
Hath left him high in preparation,—  
Convinced that he, or soon or late,  
This very night, will meet his fate—  
And so he sits in expectation !

The strenuous animal hath clomb  
With the green path,—and now he wend:  
Where, shining like the smoothest sea,  
In undisturbed immensity  
A level plain extends.

But whence this faintly-rustling sound  
By which the journeying pair are chased?  
—A withered leaf is close behind,  
Light plaything for the sportive wind  
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spied the moving thing,  
It only doubled his distress ;  
“Where there is not a bush or tree,  
The very leaves they follow me—  
So huge hath been my wickedness !”

To a close lane they now are come,  
Where, as before, the enduring ass  
Moves on without a moment's stop,  
Nor once turns round his head to crop  
A bramble leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,  
The white dust sleeps upon the lane ;  
And Peter, ever and anon  
Back-looking, sees, upon a stone  
Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain—as of a drop of blood  
By moonlight made more faint and wan—  
Ha ! why these sinkings of despair?  
He knows not how the blood comes there,  
And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spies a bleeding wound,  
Where he had struck the creature's head ;  
He sees the blood, knows what it is,—  
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,  
But then it quickly fled ;

The unheeding ass moves slowly on,  
And now is passing by an inn  
Brimful of a carousing crew,  
That make, with curses, not a few,  
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts  
Which Peter in those noises found;—  
A stifling power compressed his frame,  
While, as a swimming darkness came  
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound;  
The language of those drunken joys  
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,  
But a few hours ago, had been  
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

Now, turned adrift into the past,  
He finds no solace in his course;  
Like planet-stricken men of yore,  
He trembles, smitten to the core  
By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung  
To think of one, almost a child;  
A sweet and playful Highland girl,  
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,  
As beauteous and as wild!

Her dwelling was a lonely house,  
A cottage in a heathy dell;  
And she put on her gown of green,  
And left her mother at sixteen,  
And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pious thoughts  
Had she; and, in the kirk to pray,  
Two long Scotch miles, through rain  
or snow,  
To kirk she had been used to go,  
Twice every Sabbath-day.

And, when she followed Peter Bell  
It was to lead an honest life:  
For he, with tongue not used to falter,  
Had pledged his troth before the altar  
To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother's hope is hers;—but soon  
She drooped and pined like one for-  
lorn:—  
From Scripture she a name did borrow:  
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,  
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,  
And took it in most grievous part;  
She to the very bone was worn,  
And, ere that little child was born,  
Died of a broken heart.

And now the spirits of the mind  
Are busy with poor Peter Bell;  
Upon the rights of visual sense  
Usurping, with a prevalence  
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze  
(Above it shivering aspens play)  
He sees an unsubstantial creature,  
His very self in form and feature,  
Not four yards from the broad highway.

And stretched beneath the furze he ~~see~~  
The Highland girl—it is no other;  
And hears her crying, as she cried,  
The very moment that she died,  
“My mother! oh, my mother!”

The sweat pours down from Peter  
face,  
So grievous is his heart's contrition:  
With agony his eye-balls ache  
While he beholds by the furze-brake  
This miserable vision!

Our travellers, ye remember well,  
Are thridding a sequestered lane;  
And Peter many tricks is trying,  
And many anodynes applying,  
To ease his conscience of its pain.

By this his heart is lighter far;  
And, finding that he can account  
So snugly for that crimson stain,  
His evil spirit up again  
Does like an empty bucket mount.

And Peter is a deep logician  
Who hath no lack of wit mercurial;  
"Blood drops—leaves rustle—yet,"  
    quoth he,  
"This poor man never, but for me.  
Could have had Christian burial.

"And, say the best you can, 'tis plain,  
That here hath been some wicked  
    dealing;  
No doubt the devil in me wrought;  
I'm not the man who could have thought  
'An ass like this was worth the stealing!"

So from his pocket Peter takes  
His shining horn tobacco-box;  
And, in a light and careless way,  
As men who with their purpose play,  
Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the  
    clouds—  
Whose cunning eye can see the wind—  
'ell to a curious world the cause  
Why, making here a sudden pause,  
The ass turned round his head—and  
    grinned.

A appalling process! I have marked  
He like on heath—in lonely wood,  
And, verily, have seldom met  
A spectacle more hideous—yet  
As suited Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth  
He in jocose defiance showed—  
When, to upset his spiteful mirth,  
A murmur, pent within the earth,  
In the dead earth beneath the road,

    Rolled audibly!—it swept along—  
A muffled noise—a rumbling sound!  
'Twas by a troop of miners made,  
Plying with gunpowder their trade,  
Some twenty fathoms under ground.

Small cause of dire effect!—for, surely,  
If ever mortal, king or cotter,  
Believed that earth was charged to quake  
And yawn for his unworthy sake,  
'Twas Peter Bell the potter!

But, as an oak in breathless air  
Will stand though to the centre hewn;  
Or as the weakest things, if frost  
Have stiffened them, maintain their  
    post;  
So he, beneath the gazing moon!

The beast bestriding thus, he reached  
A spot where, in a sheltering cove,  
A little chapel stands alone,  
With greenest ivy overgrown,  
And tufted with an ivy grove.

Dying insensibly away  
From human thoughts and purposes,  
It seemed—wall, window, roof, and  
    tower  
To bow to some transforming power,  
And blend with the surrounding trees.

As ruinous a place it was,  
Thought Peter, "In the shire of Fife,  
That served my turn, when following  
From land to land a reckless will, [still  
I married my sixth wife!"

The very word was plainly heard,  
 Heard plainly by the wretched  
 mother—

Her joy was like a deep affright;  
 And forth she rushed into the light,  
 And saw it was another!

And instantly, upon the earth,  
 Beneath the full moon shining bright,  
 Close to the ass's feet she fell;  
 At the same moment Peter Bell  
 Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

As he beheld the woman lie  
 Breathless and motionless; the mind  
 Of Peter sadly was confused;  
 But, though to such demands unused,  
 And helpless almost as the blind,

He raised her up, and while he held  
 Her body propped against his knee,  
 The woman waked—and when she spied  
 The poor ass standing by her side  
 She moaned most bitterly.

"Oh! God be praised—my heart's at  
 ease—

For he is dead—I know it well!"

At this she wept a bitter flood:  
 And, in the best way that he could,  
 His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles—he is pale as death—  
 His voice is weak with perturbation—  
 He turns aside his head—he pauses,  
 Poor Peter from a thousand causes  
 Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied  
 The ass in that small meadow ground;  
 And that her husband now lay dead,  
 Beside that luckless river's bed  
 In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the widow cast  
 Upon the beast that near her stands;  
 She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same;  
 She calls the poor ass by his name,  
 And wrings, and wrings her hands.

"Oh, wretched loss—untimely stroke!  
 If he had died upon his bed!  
 He knew not one forewarning pain—  
 He never will come home again—  
 Is dead—for ever dead!"

Beside the woman Peter stands:  
 His heart is opening more and more;  
 A holy sense pervades his mind:  
 He feels what he for human kind  
 Had never felt before.

At length, by Peter's arm sustained,  
 The woman rises from the ground—  
 "Oh, mercy! something must be done,—  
 My little Rachel, you must run,—  
 Some willing neighbour must be found.

"Make haste—my little Rachel—do,  
 The first you meet with—bid him  
 come,—

Ask him to lend his horse to-night—  
 And this good man, whom Heaven  
 requite,

Will help to bring the body home."

Away goes Rachel, weeping loud;—  
 An infant, waked by her distress,  
 Makes in the house a piteous cry,  
 And Peter hears the mother sigh,  
 "Seven are they, and all fatherless!"

And now is Peter taught to feel  
 That man's heart is a holy thing;  
 And Nature, through a world of death,  
 Breathes into him a second breath,  
 More searching than the breath of spring.

Calm is the well-deserving brute,  
*His* peace, hath no offence betrayed;—  
 But now, whiledown that slope he wends,  
 A voice to Peter's ear ascends,  
 Resounding from the woody glade:

The voice, though clamorous as a horn  
 Re-echoed by a naked rock,  
 Comes from that tabernacle—List!  
 Within, a fervent Methodist  
 Is preaching to no heedless flock!

"Repent! repent!" he cries aloud,  
 "While yet ye may find mercy;—strive  
 To love the Lord with all your might,  
 Turn to Him, seek Him day and night!  
 And save your souls alive.

"Repent! repent! though ye have gone  
 Through paths of wickedness and woe,  
 After the Babylonian harlot,  
 And, though your sins be red as  
     scarlet,  
 They shall be white as snow!"

Even as he passed the door, these words  
 Did plainly come to Peter's ears:  
 And they such joyful tidings were,  
 The joy was more than he could  
     bear!—  
 He melted into tears.

Sweet tears of hope and tenderness  
 And fast they fell, a plenteous shower!  
 His nerves, his sinews seemed to melt;  
 Through all his iron frame was felt  
 A gentle, a relaxing power!

Each fibre of his frame was weak;  
 Weak all the animal within;  
 But, in its helplessness, grew mild  
 And gentle as an infant child,  
 An infant that has known no sin.

'Tis said, meek beast! that, through  
     heaven's grace,  
 He not unmoved did notice now  
 The cross upon thy shoulder scored,  
 For lasting impress, by the Lord  
 To whom all human-kind shall bow;

Memorial of His touch—that day  
 When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,  
 Entering the proud Jerusalem,  
 By an immeasurable stream  
 Of shouting people deified!

Meanwhile the persevering ass,  
 Turned towards a gate that hung in view,  
 Across a shady lane; his chest  
 Against the yielding gate he pressed  
 And quietly passed through.

And up the stony lane he goes;  
 No ghost more softly ever trod;  
 Among the stones and pebbles, he  
 Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,  
 As if with felt his hoofs were shod.

Along the lane the trusty ass  
 Went twice two hundred yards or more,  
 And no one could have guessed his aim,  
 Till to a lonely house he came,  
 And stopped beside the door.

Thought Peter, 'tis the poor man's  
     home!  
 He listens—not a sound is heard  
 Save from the trickling household rill,  
 But, stepping o'er the cottage sill,  
 Forthwith a little girl appeared.

She to the meeting-house was bound  
 In hope some tidings there to gather;  
 No glimpse it is—no doubtful gleam—  
 She saw—and uttered with a scream,  
 "My father! here's my father!"

# MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

## DEDICATION.

TO —.

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom  
 thrown [shall spare  
 In perfect shape (whose beauty time  
 Though a breath made it) like a  
 bubble blown  
 For summer pastime into wanton air;  
 Happy the thought best likened to a  
 stone  
 Of the sea-beach, when, polished with  
 nice care,

Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,  
 Which for the loss of that moist gleam  
 atone

That tempted first to gather it. That  
 here, [present,  
 O chief of friends! such feelings I  
 To thy regard, with thoughts so for-  
 tunate;  
 Were a vain notion; but the hope is  
 dear,  
 That thou, if not with partial joy elate,  
 Wilt smile upon this gift with more  
 than mild content!

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow  
 room;  
 And hermits are contented with their  
 cells;  
 And students with their pensive citadels:  
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his  
 loom,  
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar  
 for bloom, [Fells,  
 High as the highest peak of Furness  
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove  
 bells:

In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
 Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,  
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be  
 bound

Within the sonnet's scanty plot of  
 ground:

Pleased if some souls (for such there  
 needs must be)

Who have felt the weight of too much  
 liberty,

Should find brief solace there, as I  
 have found.

## AT FURNESS ABBEY.

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash  
 undoing,

Man left this structure to become Time's  
 prey,

A soothing spirit follows in the way  
 That Nature takes, her counter-work  
 pursuing,

See how her ivy clasps the sacred ruin,  
 Fall to prevent or beautify decay;

And, on the mouldered walls, how  
 bright, how gay,

The flowers in pearly dew's their bloom  
 renewing! [hour:

Thanks to the place, blessings upon the  
 Even as I speak the rising sun's first  
 smile

Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon  
 tall tower, [claim

Whose caving occupants with joy pro-  
 Prescriptive title to the shattered pile,  
 Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing  
 but a name!

Upon a stone the woman sits  
In agony of silent grief—  
From his own thoughts did Peter start;  
He longs to press her to his heart,  
From love that cannot find relief.

But roused, as if through every limb  
Had past a sudden shock of dread,  
The mother o'er the threshold flies,  
And up the cottage stairs she hies,  
And on the pillow lays her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside  
Into a shade of darksome trees,  
Where he sits down, he knows not how,  
With his hands pressed against his brow,  
His elbows on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involved, does Peter sit  
Until no sign of life he makes,  
As if his mind were sinking deep  
Through years that have been long asleep!  
The trance is past away—he wakes,—

He lifts his head—and sees the ass  
Yet standing in the clear moonshine.  
“When shall I be as good as thou?  
Oh! would, poor beast, that I had now  
A heart but half as good as thine!”

But *he*—who deviously hath sought  
His father through the lonesome woods,  
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear  
Of night his grief and sorrowful fear—  
He comes—escaped from fields and  
floods;—

With weary pace is drawing nigh—  
He sees the ass—and nothing living  
Had ever such a fit of joy  
As hath this little orphan boy,  
For he has no misgiving!

Forth to the gentle ass he springs,  
And up about his neck he climbs;  
In loving words he talks to him,  
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—  
He kisses him a thousand times!

This Peter sees, while in the shade  
He stood beside the cottage door:  
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,  
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,  
“Oh! God, I can endure no more!”

Here ends my tale:—for in a trice  
Arrived a neighbour with his horse;  
Peter went forth with him straightway;  
And, with due care, ere break of day  
Together they brought back the corse.

And many years did this poor ass,  
Whom once it was my luck to see  
Cropping the shrubs of Leming  
Lane,  
Help by his labour to maintain  
The widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,  
Had been the wildest of his clan,  
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly.  
And after ten months' melancholy,  
Became a good and honest man.



There is a little unpretending rill  
Of limpid water, humbler far than  
aught

That ever among men or naiads sought  
Notice or name!—It quivers down the  
hill, [dubious will ;

Furrowing its shallow way with  
Yet to my mind this scanty stream is  
brought . . . [thought

Oftener than Ganges or the Nile, a  
 Of private recollection sweet and still!  
 Months perish with their moons; year  
 . . . . . treads on year;

But, faithful Emma, thou with me  
canst say

That, while ten thousand pleasures  
disappear, [they,  
And flies their memory fast almost as  
The immortal spirit of one Lappy day  
Lingers beside that rill, in vision clear.

THE fairest, brightest hues of ether  
fade:

The sweetest notes must terminate and die ;

O friend! thy flute has breathed a  
harmony

Softly resounded through this rocky  
glade ;

Such strains of rapture as the genius played

In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit  
high;

He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,  
Never before to human sight betrayed.  
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening  
spread!

The visionary arches are not there,  
Nor the green islands, nor the shining  
seas :

Yet sacred is to me this mountain's  
head,

Whence I have risen, uplifted on the  
breeze

Of harmony, above all earthly care.

HER only pilot the soft breeze, the boat  
Lingers, but fancy is well satisfied ;  
With keen-eyed hope, with memory, at  
her side.

And the glad muse at liberty to note .  
All that to each is precious, as we  
float [chide

Gently along; regardless who shall  
If the heavens smile, and leave us free  
to glide,

Happy associates breathing air remote  
From trivial cares. But, fancy and  
the muse, [with you

Why have I crowded this small bark  
And others of your kind, ideal crew !

While here sits one whose brightness  
o'ers its hues

To flesh and blood; no goddess from  
above,

No floating spirit, but my own true love?

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL  
PICTURE.

(Painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.)

PRAISED be the art whose subtle power  
 could stay

You cloud, and fix it in that glorious  
shape :

Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape.

Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake  
the day ;

Which stopped that band of travellers  
on their way.

\* See "Vision of Mirza" in the "Spectator."

ADMONITION.

Intended more particularly for the perusal  
of those who may have happened to be  
enamoured of some beautiful place of retreat,  
in the country of the lakes.

WELL may'st thou halt, and gaze with  
brightening eye!

The lovely cottage in the guardian  
nook

Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own  
dear brook,

Its own small pasture, almost its own  
sky!

But, covet not the abode;—forbear to  
sigh,

As many do, repining while they look;  
Intruders who would tear from nature's  
book

This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.  
Think what the home must be if it  
were thine,

Even thine, though few thy wants!—  
Roof, window, door,

The very flowers are sacred to the  
poor,

The roses to the porch which they  
entwine:

Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from  
the day

On which it should be touched would  
melt away.

---

“BELOVED vale!” I said, “when I  
shall con

Those many records of my childish  
years,

Remembrance of myself, and of my  
peers

Will press me down: to think of what  
is gone

Will be an awful thought, if life have  
one.”

But, when into the vale I came, no  
fears

Distressed me; from mine eyes  
— escaped no tears;

Deep thought, or dread remembrance,  
— had I none.

By doubts and thousand petty fancies  
crossed,

I stood of simple shame the blushing  
thrall;

So narrow seemed the brooks, the  
fields so small.

A juggler's balls old time about him  
tossed;

I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed;  
— and all

The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

---

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,  
Together in immortal books enrolled:  
His ancient dower Olympus hath not  
sold;

And that inspiring hill which “did  
divide

Into two ample horns his forehead  
wide,”

Shines with poetic radiance as of old;  
While not an English mountain we  
behold

By the celestial muses glorified.

Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise  
in crowds:

What was the great Parnassus' self to  
thee,

Mount Skiddaw? In his natural  
sovereignty

Our British hill is nobler far: he  
shrouds

His double front among Atlantic  
clouds,

And pours forth streams more sweet  
than Castaly.

Now on the water vexed with mockery.  
 I have no pain that calls for patience,  
     no;  
 Hence am I cross and peevish as a  
     child;  
 Am pleased by fits to have thee for my  
     foe,  
 Yet ever willing to be reconciled :  
 O gentle creature ! do not use me so,  
 But once and deeply let me be be-  
     guiled.

---

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass  
     by,  
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and  
     bees  
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds  
     and seas,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water,  
     and pure sky ;  
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet  
     do lie  
 Sleepless, and soon the small birds'  
     melodies  
 Must hear, first uttered from my  
     orchard trees ;  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy  
     cry.  
 Even thus last night, and two nights  
     more, I lay,  
 And could not win thee, sleep ! by any  
     stealth ;  
 So do not let me wear to-night away :  
 Without thee what is all the morning's  
     wealth ?  
 Come, blessed barrier between day and  
     day,  
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and  
     joyous health !

TO SLEEP.

FOND words have oft been spoken to  
     thee, sleep !  
 And thou hast had thy store of ten-  
     derest names ;  
 The very sweetest, fancy culls or  
     frames,  
 When thankfulness of heart is strong  
     and deep !  
 Dear bosom child we call thee, that  
     dost steep  
 In rich reward all suffering ; balm that  
     tames  
 All anguish ; saint that evil thoughts  
     and aims  
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,  
 Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall  
     I alone,  
 I surely not a man ungently made,  
 Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is  
     crossed ?  
 Perverse, self-willed to own and to  
     disown,  
 Mere slave of them who never for thee  
     prayed, [wanted most !  
 Still last to come where thou art

---

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

THE imperial consort of the fairy king  
 Owns not a sylvan bower ; or gorgeous  
     cell  
 With emerald floored, and with pur-  
     pureal shell  
 Ceilined and roofed, that is so fair a  
     thing  
 As this low structure—for the tasks of  
     spring  
 Prepared by one who loves the buoy-  
     ant swell  
 Of the brisk waves, yet here consents  
     to dwell ;

Ere they were lost within the shady  
 wood;  
 And showed the bark upon the glassy  
 flood  
 For ever anchored in her sheltering  
 bay. [noontide, even  
 Soul-soothing art! whom morning,  
 Do serve with all their changeful  
 pageantry;  
 Thou, with ambition modest yet  
 sublime,  
 Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast  
 given  
 To one brief moment caught from  
 fleeting time  
 The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

---

"WHY, minstrel, these untuneful mur-  
 murings—  
 Dull, flagging notes, that with each  
 other jar?"  
 "Think, gentle lady, of a harp so far  
 From its own country, and forgive the  
 strings." [springs,  
 A simple answer! but even so forth  
 From the Castalian fountain of the  
 heart,  
 The poetry of life, and all *that* art  
 Divine of words quickening insensate  
 things.  
 From the submissive necks of guiltless  
 men  
 Stretched on the block, the glittering  
 axe recoils; the toils  
 Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in  
 Of mortal sympathy; what wonder  
 then  
 That the poor harp distempered music  
 yields  
 To its sad lord, far from his native  
 fields?

AERIAL rock—whose solitary brow  
 From this low threshold daily meets  
 my sight,  
 When I step forth to hail the morning  
 light,  
 Or quit the stars with lingering fare-  
 well—how  
 Shall fancy pay to thee a grateful  
 vow?  
 How, with the muse's aid, her love  
 attest?  
 By planting on thy naked head the  
 crest  
 Of an imperial castle, which the  
 plough  
 Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent  
 scheme!  
 That doth presume no more than to  
 supply  
 A grace the sinuous vale and roaring  
 stream  
 Want, through neglect of hoar anti-  
 quity.  
 Rise, then, ye votive towers, and catch  
 a glean  
 Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die!

---

TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE sleep, do they belong to  
 thee,  
 These twinklings of oblivion! Thou  
 dost love  
 To sit in meekness, like the brooding  
 dove,  
 A captive never wishing to be free.  
 This tiresome night, O sleep! thou art  
 to me  
 A fly, that up and down himself doth  
 shove  
 Upon a fretful rivulet, now above

Or Roy, renowned through many a  
 Scottish dell;  
 But some (who brook those hackneyed  
 themes full well,  
 Nor heat at Tam o' Shanter's name  
 their blood) [harpy brood,  
 Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a  
 On bard and hero clamorously fell.  
 Heed not, wild rover once through  
 heath and glen,  
 Who mad'st at length the better life  
 thy choice.  
 Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of  
 men [voice,  
 To thee appear not an unmeaning  
 Lift up that gray-haired forehead, and  
 rejoice  
 In the just tribute of thy poet's pen!

---

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

Among the mountains were we nursed,  
 loved stream!  
 Thou, near the eagle's nest—within  
 brief sail,  
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale.  
 Where thy deep voice could lull me!—  
 Faint the beam [gleam  
 Of human life when first allowed to  
 On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,  
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown  
 though frail  
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the  
 steam [entwined  
 Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath  
 Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was  
 worn.  
 Meed of some Roman chief—in  
 triumph borne [from his car  
 With captives chained; and shedding  
 The sunset splendours of a finished war  
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind:

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF  
 WESTMORELAND ON EASTER SUNDAY.

With each recurrence of this glorious  
 morn  
 That saw the Saviour in His human  
 frame  
 Rise from the dead, erewhile the  
 cottage-dame  
 Put on fresh raiment—till that hour  
 unworn;  
 Domestic hands the home-bred wool  
 had shorn, [fleece.  
 And she who spun it culled the daintiest  
 In thoughtful reverence to the Prince  
 of Peace,  
 Whose temples bled beneath the  
 platted thorn.  
 A blest estate when piety sublime  
 These humble props disdained not! O  
 green dales! [chime  
 Sad may I be who heard your Sabbath  
 When art's abused inventions were  
 unknown;  
 Kind nature's various wealth was all  
 your own; [scales!  
 And benefits were weighed in reason's

---

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever-ready  
 friend  
 Now that the cottage spinning-wheel  
 is mute;  
 And care—a comforter that best could  
 suit  
 Her froward mood, and softliest repre-  
 hend;  
 And love—a charmer's voice, that used  
 to lend.  
 More efficaciously than aught that flows  
 From harp or lute, kind influence to  
 compose

And spreads in steadfast peace her  
brooding-wing.  
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing  
yew-tree-bough,  
And dimly-gleaming nest,—a hollow  
crown [down,  
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver  
Fine as the mother's softest plumes  
allow; [sighed  
I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing,  
For human-kind, weak slaves of cum-  
brous pride!

---

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN  
"THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

While flowing rivers yield a blameless  
sport.  
Shall live the name of Walton;—sage  
benign!  
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod  
and line  
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort  
To reverend watching of each still  
report  
That nature utters from her rural  
shrine.  
Meek, nobly versed in simple dis-  
cipline,  
He found the longest summer day too  
short,  
To his loved pastime given by sedgy  
Lee,  
Or down the tempting maze of Shaw-  
ford brook!  
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet  
book,  
The cowslip bank and shady willow  
tree,  
And the fresh meads; where flowed  
from every nook  
Of his full bosom, gladsome piety!  
wo.

✓ TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful  
genius made  
That work a living landscape fair and  
bright;  
Nor hallowed less with musical delight  
Than those soft scenes through which  
thy childhood strayed,  
Those southern tracts of Cambria,  
"deep embayed,  
With green hills fenced, with ocean's  
murmur lulled,"  
Though hasty fame hath many a  
chaplet culled  
For worthless brows, while in the pen-  
sive shade  
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head  
ungraced,  
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts  
meek and still,  
A grateful few, shall love thy modest  
lay,  
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock  
shall stray  
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial  
waste;  
Long as the thrush shall pipe on  
Grongar Hill!

---

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED  
THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN  
POEM.

See Milton's sonnet, beginning "A book was  
writ of late called 'Tetrachordon.'"

A BOOK came forth of late, called  
"Peter Bell;"  
Not negligent the style;—the matter?  
—good  
As aught that song records of Robin  
Hood;

Even for such promise ;—serious is her  
 face,  
 Modest her mien ; and she, whose  
 thoughts keep pace  
 With gentleess, in that becoming way  
 Will thank you. Faultless doth the  
 maid appear,  
 No disproportion in her soul, no strife :  
 But, when the closer view of wedded  
 life  
 Hath shown that nothing human can  
 be clear  
 From frailty, for that insight may the  
 wife [dear.  
 To her indulgent lord become more

---

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL  
 ANGELO.

YES! hope may with my strong desire  
 keep pace,  
 And I be undeluded, unbetrayed ;  
 For if of our affections none find grace  
 In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore  
 hath God made  
 The world which we inhabit! Better  
 plea [thee  
 Love cannot have, than that in loving  
 Glory to that eternal peace is paid,  
 Who such divinity to thee imparts  
 As hallows and makes pure all gentle  
 hearts.  
 His hope is treacherous only whose  
 love dies  
 With beauty, which is varying every  
 hour ;  
 But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by  
 the power  
 Of outward change, there blooms a  
 deathless flower,  
 That breathes on earth the air of  
 paradise.

FROM THE SAME.

No mortal object did these eyes be-  
 hold  
 When first they met the placid light of  
 thine,  
 And my soul felt her destiny divine,  
 And hope of endless peace in me grew  
 bold :  
 Heaven-born, the soul a heaven-ward  
 course must hold ;  
 Beyond the visible world she soars to  
 seek  
 (For what delights the sense is false  
 and weak)  
 Ideal form, the universal mould.  
 The wise man, I affirm, can find no  
 rest [lend  
 In that which perishes : nor will he  
 His heart to aught which doth on time  
 depend.  
 'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true  
 love.  
 That kills the soul : love betters what  
 is best, [above.  
 Even here below, but more in heaven

---

FROM THE SAME.  
 TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet  
 indeed  
 If Thou the spirit give by which I  
 pray :  
 My unassisted heart is barren clay  
 That of its native self can nothing  
 feed :  
 Of good and pious works Thou art the  
 seed,  
 That quickens only where Thou say'st  
 it may :  
 Unless Thou show to us Thine own  
 true way

The throbbing pulse,—else troubled  
without end;  
Even joy could tell, joy craving truce  
and rest  
From her own overflow, what power  
sedate  
On those revolving motions did await  
Assiduously, to soothe her aching  
breast—  
And—to a point of just relief—  
abate  
The mantling triumphs of a day too  
blest.

---

TO S. H.

Excuse is needless when with love  
sincere  
Of occupation, not by fashion led,  
Thou turn'st the wheel that slept with  
dust o'erspread;  
My nerves from no such murmur  
shrink—tho' near,  
Soft as the dorhawk's to a distant  
ear,  
When twilight shades darken the moun-  
tain's head.  
Even she who toils to spin our vital  
thread  
Might smile on work, O lady! once so  
dear  
To household virtues. Venerable  
art,  
Torn from the poor! yet shall kind  
Heaven protect  
Its own; though rulers, with undue  
respect,  
Trusting to crowded factory and mart  
And proud discoveries of the intellect,  
Heed not the pillage of man's ancient  
heart.

## DECAY OF PIETY.

OfT have I seen, ere time had  
ploughed my cheek,  
Matrons and sires—who, punctual to  
the call  
Of their loved church, on fast or  
festival  
Through the long year the house of  
prayer would seek:  
By Christmas snows, by visitation  
bleak  
Of Easter winds, unseared, from hut or  
hall  
They came to lowly bench or sculp-  
tured stall,  
But with one fervour of devotion meek.  
I see the places where they once were  
known,  
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling  
crowds,  
Is ancient piety for ever flown?  
Alas! even then they seemed like  
fleecy clouds  
That, struggling through the western  
sky, have won  
Their pensive light from a departed  
sun!

---

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE  
MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND, IN THE  
VALE OF GRASMERE, 1812.

What need of clamorous bells, or  
ribands gay,  
These humble nuptials to proclaim or  
grace?  
Angels of love, look down upon the  
place,  
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright  
day!  
Yet no proud gladness would the bride  
display



Imagination is that sacred power,  
 Imagination lofty and refined;  
 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine  
     flower  
 Of Faith, and round the sufferer's  
     temples bind  
 Wreaths that endure affliction's  
     heaviest shower, [keenest wind.  
 And do not shrink from sorrow's

---

It is a beauteous evening, calm and  
     free;  
 The holy time is quiet as a nun  
 Breathless with adoration; the broad  
     sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er  
     the sea:  
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
 And doth with His eternal motion  
     make  
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
 Dear child! dear girl! that walkest  
     with me here,  
 If thou appear untouched by solemn  
     thought,  
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the  
     year:  
 And worship'st at the temple's inner  
     shrine, [not.  
 God being with thee when we know it

---

WHERE lies the land to which yon  
     ship must go?  
 Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,  
 Festively she puts forth in trim array;  
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?  
 What boots the inquiry?—Neither  
     friend nor foe

She cares for; let her travel where she  
     may,  
 She finds familiar names, a beaten  
     way  
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow.  
 Yet still I ask, what haven is her  
     mark?  
 And, almost as it was when ships were  
     rare.  
 (From time to time, like pilgrims, here  
     and there  
 Crossing the waters) doubt, and some-  
     thing dark,  
 Of the old sea some reverential fear,  
 Is with me at thy farewell, joyous  
     bark!

---

WITH ships the sea was sprinkled far  
     and nigh,  
 Like stars in heaven, and joyously it  
     showed;  
 Some lying fast at anchor in the road,  
 Some veering up and down, one knew  
     not why.  
 A goodly vessel did I then espy  
 Come like a giant from a haven  
     broad:  
 And lustily along the bay she strode,  
 "Her tackling rich, and of apparel  
     high.  
 This ship was nought to me, nor I to  
     her,  
 Yet I pursued her with a lover's  
     look;  
 This ship to all the rest did I prefer:  
 When will she turn, and whither? She  
     will brook  
 No tarrying; where she comes the  
     winds must stir:  
 On went she,—and due north her  
     journey took.

No man can find it. Father! Thou  
 must lead.  
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts  
 into my mind  
 By which such virtue may in me be  
 bred  
 That in Thy holy footsteps I may  
 tread;  
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou  
 unbind,  
 That I may have the power to sing of  
 Thee,  
 And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

---

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the  
 wind  
 I turned to share the transport—Oh!  
 with whom  
 But thee deep buried in the silent  
 tomb,  
 That spot which no vicissitude can  
 find,  
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to  
 my mind—  
 But how could I forget thee?—  
 Through what power,  
 Even for the least division of an hour,  
 Have I been so beguiled as to be  
 blind  
 To my most grievous loss?—That  
 thought's return  
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever  
 bore,  
 Save one, one only, when I stood  
 forlorn,  
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was  
 no more;  
 That neither present time, nor years  
 unborn  
 Could to my sight that heavenly face  
 restore.

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a  
 throne  
 Which mists and vapours from mine  
 eyes did shroud—  
 Nor view of who might sit thereon  
 allowed;  
 But all the steps and ground about  
 were strown  
 With sights the ruefullest that flesh  
 and bone  
 Ever put on; a miserable crowd,  
 Sick, hale, old, young, who cried be-  
 fore that cloud,  
 "Thou art our king, O Death! to thee  
 we groan!"  
 Those steps I clomb; the mists before  
 me gave [one  
 Smooth way; and I beheld the face of  
 Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,  
 With her face up to heaven; that  
 seemed to have  
 Pleasing remembrance of a thought  
 foregone;  
 A lovely beauty in a summer grave!

---

"WEAK is the will of man, his judg-  
 ment blind;  
 Remembrance persecutes, and hope  
 betrays;  
 Heavy is woe;—and joy, for human-  
 kind,  
 A mournful thing, so transient is the  
 blaze!"  
 Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal  
 days  
 Who wants the glorious faculty as-  
 signed  
 To elevate the more-than-reasoning  
 mind,  
 And colour life's dark cloud with  
 orient rays.

## PERSONAL TALK.

## I.

I AM not one who much or oft delight  
 To season my fireside with personal  
 talk,—  
 Of friends, who live within an easy  
 walk,  
 Or neighbours. daily, weekly, in my  
 sight:  
 And, for my chance-acquaintance,  
 ladies bright.  
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on  
 the stalk,  
 These all wear out of me, like forms,  
 with chalk  
 Painted on rich men's floors for one  
 feast night,  
 Better than such discourse doth silence  
 long. [desire;  
 Long, barren silence, square with my  
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
 In the loved presence of my cottage-  
 fire,  
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
 Or kettle whispering its faint under-  
 song.

## II.

"YET life," you say, "is life; we have  
 seen and see.  
 And with a living pleasure we de-  
 scribe;  
 And fits of sprightly malice do but  
 bribe  
 The languid mind into activity.  
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth  
 and glee  
 Are fostered by the comment and the  
 gibe."  
 Even be it so: yet still among your  
 tribe,  
 Our daily world's true worldlings, rank  
 not me!

Children are blest, and powerful, their  
 world lies  
 More justly balanced; partly at their  
 feet, [melodies  
 And part far from them:—sweetest  
 Are those that are by distance made  
 more sweet; [own eyes,  
 Whose mind is but the mind of his  
 He is a slave; the meanest we can  
 meet!

## III.

WINGS have we,—and as far as we  
 can go  
 We may find pleasure: wilderness and  
 wood, [that mood  
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support  
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the  
 low,  
 Dreams, books. are each a world; and  
 books, we know,  
 Are a substantial world, both pure and  
 good:  
 Round these. with tendrils strong as  
 flesh and blood, [grow.  
 Our pastime and our happiness will  
 There find I personal themes, a  
 plenteous store;  
 Matter wherein right voluble I am:  
 To which I listen with a ready ear;  
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently  
 dear—  
 The gentle lady married to the Moor:  
 And heavenly Una with her milk-  
 white lamb.

## IV.

NOR can I not believe but that hereby  
 Great gains are mine; for thus I live  
 remote  
 From evil-speaking; rancour. never  
 sought.  
 Comes to me not: malignant truth, or  
 lie.

THE world is too much with us : late  
and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste  
our powers :

Little we see in nature that is ours ;  
We have given our hearts away, a  
sordid boon !

This sea that bares her bosom to the  
moon :

The winds that will be howling at all  
hours,

And are up gathered now like sleeping  
flowers ;

For this, for every thing, we are out of  
tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd  
rather be

A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant  
lea,

Have glimpses that would make me  
less forlorn ;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the  
sea ;

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd  
horn.

---

A VOLANT tribe of bards on earth are  
found,

Who, while the flattering zephyrs  
round them play,

On "coignes of vantage" hang their  
nests of clay ;

How quickly from that aery hold  
unbound,

Dust for oblivion ! To the solid  
ground

Of nature trusts the mind that builds  
for aye :

Convinced that there, there only, she  
can lay

Secure foundations. As the year runs  
round,

Apart she toils within the chosen ring ;  
While the stars shine, or while day's  
purple eye

Is gently closing with the flowers of  
spring ;

Where even the motion of an angel's  
wing

Would interrupt the intense tran-  
quillity

Of silent hills, and more than silent  
sky.

---

How sweet it is, when mother fancy  
rocks

The wayward brain, to saunter through  
a wood !

An old place, full of many a lovely  
brood,

Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-  
flowers in flocks ;

And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn  
stocks,

Like a bold girl, who plays her agile  
pranks

At wakes and fairs with wandering  
mountebanks,—

When she stands cresting the clown's  
head, and mocks

The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,  
Such place to me is sometimes like a  
dream

Or map of the whole world : thoughts,  
link by link,

Enter through ears and eyesight, with  
such gleam

Of all things, that at last in fear I  
shrink,

And leap at once from the delicious  
stream.

Fair prime of life! arouse the deeper  
heart;  
Confirm the spirit glorying to pursue  
Some path of steep ascent and lofty  
aim;  
And, if there be a joy that slights the  
claim  
Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

---

I HEARD (alas! 'twas only in a  
dream)  
Strains—which, as sage antiquity believed,  
By waking ears have sometimes been  
received  
Wafted adown the wind from lake or  
stream;  
A most melodious requiem,—a  
supreme  
And perfect harmony of notes,  
achieved  
By a fair swan on drowsy billows  
heaved,  
O'er which her pinions shed a silver  
gleam.  
For is she not the votary of  
Apollo?  
And knows she not, singing as he inspires,  
That bliss awaits her which the un-  
genial hollow  
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor  
desires?  
Mount, tuneful bird, and join the im-  
mortal quires!  
She soared—and I awoke,—struggling  
in vain to follow.

## RETIREMENT.

If the whole weight of what we think  
and feel  
Save only far as thought and feeling  
blend  
With action, were as nothing, patriot  
friend! [appeal!  
From thy remonstrance would be no  
But to promote and fortify the weal  
Of our own being, is her paramount  
end;  
A truth which they alone shall com-  
prehend  
Who shun the mischief which they  
cannot heal.  
Peace in these feverish times is  
sovereign bliss;  
Here, with no thirst but what the  
stream can slake,  
And startled only by the rustling  
brake,  
Cool air I breathe; while the unin-  
cumbered mind,  
By some weak aims at services  
assigned [amiss.  
To gentle natures, thanks not heaven

---

TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT.  
CALVERT! it must not be unheard by  
them  
Who may respect my name, that I to  
thee  
Owed many years of early liberty.  
This care was thine when sickness did  
condemn  
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root  
and stem:  
That I, if frugal and severe, might  
stray  
Where'er I liked; and finally array  
My temples with the muse's diadem.

---

\* See the "Phædo" of Plato, by which this sonnet was suggested.

Hence have I genial seasons, hence  
 have I  
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse,  
 and joyous thought:  
 And thus from day to day my little  
 boat [ably.  
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peace-  
 Blessings be with them—and eternal  
 praise,  
 Who gave us nobler loves and nobler  
 cares— [heirs  
 The poets, who on earth have made us  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly  
 lays!  
 Oh! might my name be numbered  
 among theirs, [days.  
 Then gladly would I end my mortal

---

TO R. B. HAYDON.

HIGH is our calling, friend!—Creative  
 art [use,  
 (Whether the instrument of words she  
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,  
 Demands the service of a mind and  
 heart, [part,  
 Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest  
 Heroically fashioned—to infuse  
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely  
 muse,  
 While the whole world seems adverse  
 to desert. [she may,  
 And oh! when nature sinks, as oft  
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure  
 distress,  
 Still to be strenuous for the bright  
 reward,  
 And in the soul admit of no decay.  
 Brook no continuance of weak-minded-  
 ness;  
 Great is the glory, for the strife is  
 hard!

FROM the dark chambers of dejection  
 freed,  
 Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,  
 Rise, Gillies, rise: the gales of youth  
 shall bear  
 Thy genius forward like a winged  
 steed.  
 Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove  
 decreed  
 In wrath) fell headlong from the fields  
 of air, [dare,  
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that  
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,  
 And reason govern that audacious  
 flight  
 Which heaven-ward they direct.—  
 Then droop not thou,  
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow  
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded  
 grove:  
 A cheerful life is what the muses love,  
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

---

FAIR prime of life! were it enough to  
 gild  
 With ready sunbeams every straggling  
 shower;  
 And, if an unexpected cloud should  
 lower,  
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to  
 build  
 For fancy's errands.—then, from fields  
 half-tilled  
 Gathering green weeds to mix with  
 poppy flower,  
 Thee might thy minions crown, and  
 chant thy power,  
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure  
 stilled.  
 Ah! show that worthier honours are  
 thy due;

For me, who under kindlier laws  
 belong  
 To nature's tuneful quire, this rustling  
 dry  
 Through leaves yet green, and yon  
 crystalline sky,  
 Announce a season potent to renew,  
 'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive  
 joys of song,  
 And nobler cares than listless summer  
 knew.

## NOVEMBER I.

How clear, how keen, how marvel-  
 lously bright  
 The effluence from yon distant moun-  
 tain's head,  
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as  
 the sky can shed,  
 Shines like another sun—on mortal  
 sight  
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching  
 night.  
 And all her twinkling stars. Who now  
 would tread,  
 If so he might, yon mountain's glitter-  
 ing head—  
 'Terrestrial—but a surface, by the  
 flight  
 Of sad mortality's earth-sully-  
 ing wing,  
 Unswept, unstained! Nor shall the  
 aerial powers  
 Dissolve that beauty—destined to  
 endure,  
 White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely  
 pure,  
 Through all vicissitudes—till genial  
 spring  
 Has filled the laughing vales with  
 welcome flowers.

## COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his  
 soul  
 Yet failed to seek the sure relief of  
 prayer,  
 Went forth—his course surrendering  
 to the care  
 Of the fierce wind, while mid-day  
 lightnings prowl  
 Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;  
 While trees, dim-seen; in frenzied  
 numbers tear  
 The lingering remnant of their yellow  
 hair,  
 And shivering wolves, surprised with  
 darkness, howl  
 As if the sun were not. He raised his  
 eye  
 Soul-smitten—for, that instant, did  
 appear  
 Large space, 'mid dreadful clouds, of  
 purest sky,  
 An azure disc—shield of tranquillity,  
 Invisible, unlooked-for minister  
 Of providential goodness ever nigh!

## TO A SNOWDROP.

LONE flower, hemmed in with snows,  
 and white as they,  
 But hardier far, once more I see thee  
 bend  
 Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,  
 Like an unbidden guest. Though  
 day by day,  
 Storms, sallying from the mountain-  
 tops, waylay  
 The rising sun, and on the plains  
 descend;  
 Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a  
 friend

Hence, if in freedom I have loved the  
truth,  
If there be aught of pure, or good, or  
great,  
In my past verse; or shall be, in the  
lays  
Of higher mood, which now I medi-  
tate,—  
It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived  
youth!  
To think how much of this will be thy  
praise.

---

SCORN not the sonnet; critic, you have  
frowned,  
Mindless of its just honours:—with  
this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the  
melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to  
Petrarch's wound;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso  
sound;  
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's  
grief;  
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle  
leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante  
crowned  
His visionary brow: a glow-worm  
lamp.  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from  
faery-land  
To struggle through dark ways; and  
when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his  
hand  
The thing became a trumpet, whence  
he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

Nor love, nor war, nor the tumultuous  
swell  
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of  
change,  
Nor duty struggling with afflictions  
strange,  
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful  
shell;  
But where untroubled peace and con-  
cord dwell,  
There also is the muse not loth to  
range.  
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or  
grange,  
Skyward ascending from a woody  
dell.  
Meek aspirations please her, lone  
endeavour,  
And sage content, and placid melan-  
choly;  
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river,  
Diaphanous, because it travels slowly;  
Soft is the music that would charm for  
ever; [and lowly.  
The flower of sweetest smell is shy

---

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded,—while  
the fields,  
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,  
In brightest sunshine bask,—this nip-  
ping air,  
Sent from some distant clime where  
winter yields  
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields  
Of bitter change—and bids the flowers  
beware;  
And whispers to the silent birds, "Pre-  
pare  
Against the threatening foe your  
trustiest shields."



A labyrinth, lady! which your feet  
 shall rove.  
 Yes! when the sun of life more feebly  
 shines,  
 Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn  
 gloom  
 Or of high gladness you shall hither  
 bring;  
 And these perennial bowers and mur-  
 muring pines  
 Be gracious as the music and the  
 bloom [spring.  
 And all the mighty ravishment of

---

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER,

With a selection from the poems of Anne,  
 Countess of Winchilsea; and extracts of similar  
 character from other writers; transcribed by a  
 female friend.

LADY! I rifled a Parnassian cave  
 (But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming  
 ore;  
 And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid  
 store  
 Of genuine crystals, pure as those that  
 pave [to lave  
 The azure brooks where Dian joys  
 Her spotless limbs; and ventured to  
 explore  
 Dim shades—for reliques, upon  
 Lethe's shore,  
 Cast up at random by the sullen wave.  
 To female hands the treasures were  
 resigned;  
 And lo this work!—a grotto bright  
 and clear  
 From stain or taint; in which thy  
 blameless mind  
 May feed on thoughts though pensive  
 not austere;  
 Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined  
 To holy musing, it may enter here.

*THERE is a pleasure in poetic pains*  
*Which only poets know ;—'twas rightly*  
*said;*  
 Whom could the muses else allure to  
 tread  
 Their smoothest paths, to wear their  
 lightest chains?  
 When happiest fancy has inspired the  
 strains,  
 How oft the malice of one luckless  
 word  
 Pursues the enthusiast to the social  
 board,  
 Haunts him belated on the silent  
 plains!  
 Yet he repines not, if his thought  
 stand clear  
 At last of hindrance and obscurity,  
 Fresh as the star that crowns the brow  
 of morn:  
 Bright, speckless as a softly-moulded  
 tear  
 The moment it has left the virgin's  
 eye,  
 Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed  
 thorn.

---

THE shepherd, looking eastward, softly  
 said,  
 "Bright is thy veil, O moon, as thou  
 art bright!"  
 Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether  
 spread,  
 And penetrated all with tender  
 light,  
 She cast away, and showed her fulgent  
 head  
 Uncovered; dazzling the beholder's  
 sight  
 As if to vindicate her beauty's right,  
 Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.

Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May  
Shall soon behold this border thickly set  
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing  
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers:  
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,  
Chaste snowdrop, venturous harbinger of spring,  
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

---

COMPOSED A FEW DAYS AFTER THE  
FOREGOING.

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,  
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,  
Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring  
Mature release, in fair society  
Survive, and fortune's utmost anger try;  
Like these frail snowdrops that together cling,  
And nod their helmets smitten by the wing  
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.  
Observe the faithful flowers! if small to great  
May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to stand  
The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate:  
And so the bright immortal Theban band,  
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's command,  
Might overwhelm—but could not separate!

THE stars are mansions built by nature's hand;  
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest  
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;  
'Huge ocean shows, within his yellow strand,  
A habitation marvellously planned,  
For life to occupy in love and rest;  
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,  
Or fortress, reared at nature's sage command.  
Glad thought for every season! but the spring  
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,  
'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;  
And while the youthful year's prolific art—  
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fashioning  
Abodes, where self-disturbance hath no part.

---

TO LADY BEAUMONT.

LADY! the songs of spring were in the grove  
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;  
While I was planting green unfading bowers,  
And shrubs to hang upon the warm alcove,  
And sheltering wall; and still, as fancy wove  
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers  
I gave this paradise for winter hours,

Yet round the body of that joyless  
 thing,  
 Which sends so far its melancholy  
 light,  
 Perhaps are seated in domestic ring  
 A gay society with faces bright,  
 Conversing, reading, laughing;—or  
 they sing, [unite.  
 While hearts and voices in the song

---

MARK the concentrated hazels that in-  
 close [ray  
 Yon old gray stone, protected from the  
 Of noontide suns: and even the beams  
 that play  
 And glance, while wantonly the rough  
 wind blows,  
 Are seldom free to touch the moss that  
 grows [gloom  
 Upon that roof—amid embowering  
 The very image framing of a tomb,  
 In which some ancient chieftain finds  
 repose  
 Among the lonely mountains.—Live,  
 ye trees! [ness keep  
 And thou, gray stone, the pensive like-  
 Of a dark chamber where the mighty  
 sleep; [bends  
 Far more than fancy to the influence  
 When solitary nature condescends  
 To mimic time's forlorn humanities.

---

CAPTIVITY.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way  
 Strikes through the traveller's frame  
 with deadlier chill,  
 Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,  
 Glistening with unparticipated ray,  
 Or shining slope where he must never  
 stray;

So joys, remembered without wish or  
 will,  
 Sharpen the keenest edge of present  
 ill,—  
 On the crushed heart a heavier  
 burthen lay.  
 Just Heaven, contract the compass of  
 my mind [state!  
 To fit proportion with my altered  
 Quench those felicities whose light I  
 find  
 Reflected in my bosom all too late!  
 Oh, be my spirit, like my thralldom,  
 strait; [sorrow, blind."  
 And, like mine eyes that stream with

---

BROOK! whose society the poet seeks  
 Intent his wasted spirits to renew;  
 And whom the curious painter doth  
 pursue  
 Through rocky passes, among flowery  
 creeks,  
 And tracks thee dancing down thy  
 water-breaks;  
 If wish were mine some type of thee  
 to view, [not do  
 Thee, and not thee thyself, I would  
 Like Grecian artists, give thee human  
 cheeks,  
 Channels for tears; no naiad shouldst  
 thou be,  
 Have neither limbs, feet, feathers,  
 joints nor hairs;  
 It seems the eternal soul is clothed in  
 thee  
 With purer robes than those of flesh  
 and blood,  
 And hath bestowed on thee a safer  
 good;  
 Unwearied joy, and life without its  
 cares.

Meanwhile that veil, removed or  
 thrown aside,  
 Went floating from her, darkening as it  
 went ;  
 And a huge mass, to bury or to  
 hide,  
 Approached this glory of the firma-  
 ment ;  
 Who meekly yields, and is obscured ;  
 —content  
 With one calm triumph of a modest  
 pride.

---

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one  
 peaceful hour !  
 Not dull art thou as undiscerning  
 night ;  
 But studious only to remove from  
 sight  
 Days mutable distinctions. Ancient  
 power !  
 Thus did the waters gleam, the moun-  
 tains lower,  
 To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-  
 skin vest  
 Here roving wild, he laid him down  
 to rest  
 On\* the bare rock, or through a leafy  
 bower  
 Looked ere his eyes were closed. By  
 him was seen  
 The self-same vision which we now be-  
 hold,  
 At thy meek bidding, shadowy power !  
 brought forth ;  
 These mighty barriers, and the gulf  
 between ;  
 The flood,—the stars,—a spectacle as  
 old  
 As the beginning of the heavens and  
 earth !

With how sad steps, O moon, thou  
 climb'st the sky,  
 " How silently, and with how wan a  
 face !"  
 Where art thou ? Thou so often seen  
 on high  
 Running among the clouds a wood-  
 nymph's race !  
 Unhappy nuns, whose common  
 breath's a sigh  
 Which they would stifle, move at such  
 a pace !  
 The northern wind, to call thee to the  
 chase,  
 Must blow to night his bugle horn.  
 Had I  
 The power of Merlin, goddess ! this  
 should be ;  
 And all the stars, fast as the clouds  
 were riven,  
 Should sally forth, to keep thee com-  
 pany,  
 Hurrying and sparkling through the  
 clear blue heaven ;  
 But Cynthia ! should to thee the palm  
 be given,  
 Queen both for beauty and for  
 majesty.

---

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the  
 stress  
 Of a bedumming sleep, or as a lamp  
 Suddenly glaring through sepulchral  
 damp,  
 So burns yon taper 'mid a black  
 recess  
 Of mountains, silent, dreary, motion-  
 less :  
 The lake below reflects it not ; the sky  
 Muffled in clouds affords no company  
 To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.



COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY  
STREAM.

DOGMATIC teachers of the snow-white  
fur!

Ye wrangling schoolmen of the scarlet  
hood!

Who, with a keenness not to be with-  
stood,

Press the point home,—or falter and  
demur,

Checked in your course by many a  
teasing burr;

These natural council-seats your acrid  
blood

Might cool;—and, as the genius of the  
flood

Stoops willingly to animate and spur  
Each lighter function slumbering in  
the brain,

Yon eddying balls of foam—these  
arrowy gleams,

That o'er the pavement of the surging  
streams

Welter and flash—a synod might  
detrain

With subtle speculations, haply vain,  
But surely less so than your far-fetched  
themes!

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE  
SUGGESTED BY MR. W. WESTALL'S  
VIEWS OF THE CAVES, ETC., IN  
YORKSHIRE.

PURE element of waters! wheresoe'er  
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean  
haunts,

Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-  
bearing plants,

Rise into life and in thy train appear:  
And, through the sunny portion of the  
year,

Swift-insects shine, thy hovering pur-  
sivants:

And, if thy bounty fail, the forest  
pants; [his spear,

And hart and hind and hunter with  
Languish and droop together. Nor  
unfelt [benign;

In man's perturbed soul thy sway  
And, haply, far within the marble belt  
Of central earth, where tortured spirits  
pine

For grace and goodness lost, thy mur-  
murs melt [songs with thine.\*

Their anguish,—and they blend sweet

MALHAM COVE.

WAS the aim frustrated by force or  
guile,

When giants scooped from out the  
rocky ground [found

Tier under tier—this semicirque pro-  
(Giants—the same who built in Erin's  
isle

That causeway with incomparable toil!)

Oh, had this vast theatric structure  
wound [round,

With finished sweep into a perfect  
No mightier work had gained the  
plausive smile

Of all-beholding Phœbus! But, alas,  
Vain earth!—false world!—Founda-  
tions must be laid

In heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of is  
and WAS,

Things incomplete, and purposes be-  
trayed [glass

Make sadder transits o'er thoughts optic  
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

\* Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the  
letter-press prefixed to his admirable views) are  
invariably found to flow through these caverns.

The crescent moon clove with its glittering prow  
 The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough,  
 But in plain daylight:—She too, at my side,  
 Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,  
 Maintains inviolate its slightest vow!  
 Sweet fancy! other gifts must I receive;  
 Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim;  
 Take from *her* brow the withering flowers of eve,  
 And to that brow life's morning wreath restore:  
 Let *her* be comprehended in the frame  
 Of these illusions, or they please no more.

---

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF  
 KING HENRY VIII., TRINITY LODGE,  
 CAMBRIDGE.

THE imperial stature, the colossal stride,  
 Are yet before me; yet do I behold  
 The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,  
 The vestments broidered with barbaric pride:  
 And lo! a poniard, at the monarch's side,  
 Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy  
 With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,  
 Below the white rimmed bonnet, far descried.

Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?  
 'Mid those surrounding worthies, haughty king!  
 We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,  
 How Providence educeth, from the spring  
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,  
 Which neither force shall check nor time abate.

---

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY  
 GEORGE III.

WARD of the law!—dread shadow of a king!  
 Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;  
 Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,  
 Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,  
 Save haply for some feeble glimmering  
 Of faith and hope; if thou, by nature's doom,  
 Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,  
 Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,  
 When thankfulness were best!—Fresh-flowing tears,  
 Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,  
 Yield to such after-thought the sole reply  
 Which justly it can claim. The nation hears  
 In this deep knell—silent for three-score years,  
 An unexampled voice of awful memory.

"They are of the sky,  
And from our earthly memory fade away."

THOSE words were uttered as in pen-  
sive mood

We turned, departing from that solemn  
sight :

A contrast and reproach to gross delight,  
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily  
wooded !

But now upon this thought I cannot  
brood ;

It is unstable as a dream of night ;  
Nor will I praise a cloud, however  
bright, [food.

Disparaging man's gifts, and proper  
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-  
built dome,

Though clad in colours beautiful and  
pure,

Find in the heart of man no natural  
home ; [endure :

The immortal mind craves objects that  
These cleave to it ; from these it can-  
not roam, [secure.

Nor they from it : their fellowship is

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or  
hill ;

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will :

Dear God ! the very houses seem  
asleep ;

And all that mighty heart is lying still !

---

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

YE sacred nurseries of blooming  
youth !

In whose collegiate shelter England's  
flowers [hours

Expand—enjoying through their vernal  
The air of liberty, the light of truth ;

Much have ye suffered from time's  
gnawing tooth, [towers !

Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and  
Gardens and groves ! your presence  
overpowers

The soberness of reason ; till, in sooth,  
Transformed, and rushing on a bold  
exchange,

I slight my own beloved Cam, to range  
Where silver Isis leads my stripling  
feet ;

Pace the long avenue, or glide adown  
The stream-like windings of that  
glorious street, [gown !

An eager novice robed in fluttering

---

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

SHAME on this faithless heart ! that  
could allow

Such transport—though but for a  
moment's space ;

Not while—to aid the spirit of the  
place—

---

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,  
SEPT. 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more  
fair :

Dull would he be of soul who could  
pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty :

This city now doth like a garment  
wear [bare,

The beauty of the morning ; silent,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and  
temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
All bright and glittering in the smoke  
less air.



TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON.

MISS P.

Composed in the grounds of Plass Newidd,  
near Llangollen, 1824.A STREAM, to mingle with your  
favourite Dee,

Along the Vale of Meditation flows ;\*

So styled by those fierce Britons,  
pleased to seeIn nature's face the expression of  
repose ;Or haply there some pious hermit  
To live and die, the peace of heaven

his aim ;

To whom the wild sequestered region  
At this late day, its sanctifying name.Glyn Cafailgaroch, in the Cambrian  
tongue,In ours the Vale of Friendship, let  
*this* spotBe named ; where, faithful to a low-  
roofed cot,On Deva's banks, ye have abode so  
long ;Sisters in love—a love allowed to  
climb,

Even on this earth, above the reach

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S  
BRIDGE, NORTH WALES, 1824.How art thou named ? In search of  
what strange landFrom what huge height, descending ?  
Can such forcewaters issue from a British source,  
hath not Pindus fed thee, where  
the bandpatriots scoop their freedom out,  
with hand

\* Glyn Myrwr.

Desperate as thine ? Or, come the in-  
cessant shocksFrom that young stream, that smites  
the throbbing rocksOf Viamala ? There I seem to stand,  
As in life's morn ; permitted to be  
hold.From the dread chasm, woods climb-  
ing above woodsIn pomp that fades not, everlasting  
snows,And skies that ne'er relinquish their  
repose :Such power possess the family of  
floods

Over the minds of poets, young or

" Gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."THOUGH narrow be that old man's  
cares, and near,The poor old man is greater than he  
seems :For he hath waking empire, wide as  
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.Rich are his walks with supernatural  
cheer ;The region of his inner spirit teems  
With vital sounds and monitory gleams  
Of high astonishment and pleasing  
fear.He the seven birds hath seen, that  
never part.Seen the Seven Whistlers in their  
nightly rounds,And counted them ; and oftentimes  
will start—For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's  
hounds,Doomed, with their impious lord, the  
flying hart

To chase for ever, on aerial grounds !

JUNE, 1820.

FAME tells of groves—from England  
far away—\*

Groves that inspire the nightingale to  
trill

And modulate, with subtle reach of  
skill [lay ;

Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying

Such bold report I venture to gainsay :

For I have heard the choir of Rich-  
mond Hill

Chanting, with indefatigable bill,  
Strains, that recalled to mind a distant  
day ;

When, haply under shade of that same  
wood,

And scarcely conscious of the dashing  
oars [shores,

Plied steadily between those willowy

The sweet-souled poet of "The Sea-  
sons" stood—

Listening, and listening long, in rap-  
turous mood,

Ye heavenly birds ! to your progenitors.

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

WHERE holy ground begins, unhal-  
lowed ends,

Is marked by no distinguishable line ;

The turf unites, the pathways inter-  
twine ;

And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep  
tends,

Garden, and that domain where kin-  
dred, friends,

And neighbours rest together, here  
confound

Their several features, mingled like  
the sound

Of many waters, or as evening  
blends

With shady night. Soft airs, from  
shrub and flower,

Waft fragrant greetings to each silent  
grave ; [wave

And while those lofty poplars gently

Their tops, between them comes and  
goes a sky

Bright as the glimpses of eternity,

To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A  
CASTLE IN NORTH WALES!

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid  
roofless halls,

Wandering with timid footsteps oft  
betrayed,

The stranger sighs, nor scruples to  
upbraid

Old Time, though he, gentlest among  
the thralls

Of destiny, upon these wounds hath  
laid [falls,

His lenient touches, soft as light that  
From the wan moon, upon the towers  
and walls,

Light deepening the profoundest sleep  
of shade.

Relic of kings ! wreck of forgotten  
wars,

To winds abandoned and the prying  
stars,

Time *loves* thee ! at his call the seasons  
twine

Luxuriant wreaths around thy fore-  
head hoar,

And, though past pomp no changes  
can restore,

A soothing recompence, his gift, is  
thine !

\* Wallachia is the country alluded to

## TO THE CUCKOO.

NOT the whole warbling grove in concert heard  
 When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill  
 Like the first summons, cuckoo! of thy bill,  
 With its twin notes inseparably paired.  
 The captive, 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,  
 Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,  
 That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room  
 Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared,  
 The lordly eagle-race through hostile May perish;  
 time may come when never more  
 The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;  
 But long as cock shall crow from household perch  
 To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,  
 [the spring!  
 And thy erratic voice be faithful to

## THE INFANT M—— M——.

UNQUIET childhood here by special grace  
 Forgets her nature, opening like a flower  
 That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power  
 In painful struggles. Months each other chase,  
 And nought untunes that infant's voice; no trace  
 Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek;  
 Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek

That one enrapt with gazing on her face,  
 (Which even the placid innocence of death  
 Could scarcely make more placid, heaven more bright.)  
 Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,  
 [light;  
 The virgin, as she shone with kindred  
 A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,  
 Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

## TO ROTH A Q——.

ROTH A, my spiritual child! this head was gray  
 When at the sacred font for thee I stood;  
 Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,  
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:  
 Too late, I feel, sweet orphan! was the day  
 [fulfil;  
 For steadfast hope the contract to  
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,  
 Embodied in the music of this lay  
 Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain stream\*  
 Whose murmur soothed thy languid mother's ear  
 After her throes, this stream of name more dear  
 Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme  
 For others; for thy future self a spell  
 To summon fancies out of time's dark cell.

\* The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

WILD Redbreast! hadst thou at  
 Jemima's lip  
 Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love  
 might say,  
 A half-blown rose had tempted thee  
 to sip  
 Its glistening dew: but hallowed is  
 the clay  
 Which the muse warms; and I, whose  
 head is gray,  
 Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;  
 Nor could I let one thought—one  
 motion—slip  
 That might thy sylvan confidence  
 betray.  
 For are we not all His, without whose  
 care  
 Vouchsafed, no sparrow falleth to the  
 ground?  
 Who gives His angels wings to speed  
 through air,  
 And rolls the planets through the blue  
 profound;  
 Then peck or perch, fond flutterer!  
 nor forbear  
 To trust a poet in still musings bound.

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian  
 isle  
 Like a form sculptured on a monument  
 Lay couched; on him or his dread  
 bow unbent,  
 Some wild bird oft might settle, and  
 beguile  
 The rigid features of a transient  
 smile,  
 Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give  
 vent,  
 Slackening the pains of ruthless  
 banishment [toil.  
 From his lov'd home, and from heroic

And trust that spiritual creatures round  
 us move,  
 Grievs to allay which reason cannot  
 heal;  
 Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to  
 prove  
 To fettered wretchedness, that no  
 Bastile  
 Is deep enough to exclude the light of  
 love,  
 Though man for brother man has  
 ceased to feel.

WHILE Anna's peers and early play-  
 mates tread  
 In freedom mountain turf and river's  
 marge;  
 Or float with music in the festal  
 barge;  
 Rein the proud steed, or through the  
 dance are led;  
 Her doom it is to press a weary  
 bed—  
 Till oft her guardian angel, to some  
 charge  
 More urgent called, will stretch his  
 wings at large,  
 And friends too rarely prop the  
 languid head.  
 Yet helped by genius—untired com-  
 forter!  
 The presence even of a stuffed owl  
 for her  
 Can cheat the time; sending her fancy  
 out  
 To ivied castles and to moonlight  
 skies,  
 Though he can neither stir a plume,  
 nor shout,  
 Nor veil, with restless film, his staring  
 eyes.

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK.

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I  
 should rear  
 A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,  
 On favoured ground, thy gift, where I  
 might dwell  
 In neighbourhood with One to me  
 most dear,  
 That undivided we from year to year  
 Might work in our high Calling—a  
 bright hope  
 To which our fancies, mingling, gave  
 free scope  
 Till checked by some necessities severe.  
 And should these slacken, honoured  
 BEAUMONT! still  
 Even then we may perhaps in vain  
 implore  
 Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.  
 Whether this boon be granted us  
 or not,  
 Old Skiddaw will look down upon the  
 Spot  
 With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

---

I WATCH, and long have watched, with  
 calm regret  
 Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire  
 (So might he seem) of all the glittering  
 quire!  
 Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—  
 and yet;  
 But now the horizon's rocky parapet  
 Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright  
 attire,  
 He burns—transmuted to a dusky  
 fire—  
 Then pays submissively the appointed  
 debt  
 To the flying moments, and is seen no  
 more.

Angels and gods! We struggle with our  
 fate.  
 While health, power, glory, from their  
 height decline,  
 Depressed: and then extinguished:  
 and our state.  
 In this, how different, lost Star, from  
 thine,  
 That no to-morrow shall our beams  
 restore!

---

A GRAVESTONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE  
 CLOISTERS OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

"*MISERRIMUS!*" and neither name  
 nor date,  
 Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon  
 the stone:  
 Nought but that word assigned to the  
 unknown.  
 That solitary word—to separate  
 From all, and cast a cloud around the  
 fate  
 Of him who lies beneath. Most  
 wretched one,  
*Who* chose his epitaph? — Himself  
 alone  
 Could thus have dared the grave to  
 agitate,  
 And claim, among the dead, this awful  
 crown;  
 Nor doubt that He marked also for  
 his own  
 Close to these cloistral steps a burial-  
 place,  
 That every foot might fall with heavier  
 tread,  
 Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger,  
 pass  
 Softly!—To save the contrite, Jesus  
 bled.

In my mind's eye a temple, like a  
cloud  
Slowly surmounting some invidious  
hill,  
Rose out of darkness: the bright work  
stood still,  
And might of its own beauty have  
been proud,  
But it was fashioned and to God was  
vowed  
By virtues that diffused, in every part,  
Spirit divine through forms of human  
art:  
wo

If these brief records, by the Muses'  
 art  
 Produced as lonely nature or the strife  
 That animates the scenes of public  
 life  
 Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a  
 part ;  
 And if these transcripts of the private  
 heart  
 Have gained a sanction from thy fall-  
 ing tears,  
 Then I repent not : but my soul hath  
 fears  
 Breathed from eternity ; for as a dart  
 Cleaves the blank air, life flies : now  
 every day  
 Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift  
 wheel  
 Of the revolving week. Away, away,  
 All fitful cares, all transitory zeal ;  
 So timely grace the immortal wing  
 may heal,  
 And honour rest upon the senseless  
 clay.

Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-  
 like trance,  
 One upward hand, as if she needed rest  
 From rapture, lying softly on her  
 breast!  
 Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal  
 glance;  
 But not the less—nay more—that  
 countenance,  
 While thus illumined, tells of painful  
 strife  
 For a sick heart made weary of this life  
 By love, long crossed with adverse  
 circumstance.  
 —Would She were now as when she  
 hoped to pass  
 At God's appointed hour to them who  
 tread  
 Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet  
 breathed well content,  
 Well pleased, her foot should print  
 earth's common grass,  
 Lived thankful for day's light, for daily  
 bread,  
 For health, and time in obvious duty  
 spent.

---

TO A PAINTER.

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill  
 portrayed;  
 But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,  
 Who, yielding not to changes Time has  
 made,  
 By the habitual light of memory see  
 Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that  
 cannot fade,  
 And smiles that from their birthplace  
 ne'er shall flee  
 Into the land where ghosts and phan-  
 toms be;  
 And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.

Couldst thou go back into far-distant  
 years,  
 Or share with me, fond thought! that  
 inward eye,  
 Then, and then only, Painter! could  
 thy Art  
 The visual powers of Nature satisfy,  
 Which hold, whate'er to common sight  
 appears,  
 Their sovereign empire in a faithful  
 heart.

---

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank  
 surprise  
 This Work, I now have gazed on it so  
 long  
 I see' its truth with reluctant  
 eyes;  
 O, my Belovèd! I have done thee  
 wrong,  
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence  
 it sprung,  
 Ever too heedless, as I now per-  
 ceive:  
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into  
 eve,  
 And the old day was welcome as the  
 young,  
 As welcome, and as beautiful—in  
 sooth  
 More beautiful, as being a thing more  
 holy:  
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal  
 youth  
 Of all thy goodness, never melan-  
 choly;  
 To thy large heart and humble mind,  
 that cast  
 Into one vision, future, present, past.

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN DARLEY  
DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair  
hill  
Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face  
from face,  
Not one look more exchanging, grief to  
still  
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place  
A chosen Tree; then, eager to fulfil  
Their courses, like two new-born rivers,  
they  
In opposite directions urged their way  
Down from the far-seen mount. No  
blast might kill  
Or blight that fond memorial;—the  
trees grew,  
And now entwine their arms; but ne'er  
again  
Embraced those Brothers upon earth's  
wide plain:  
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew  
Until their spirits mingled in the sea  
That to itself takes all, Eternity.

FILIAL PIETY.

On the Wayside between Preston and Liverpool.  
UNTOUCHED through all severity of cold;  
Inviolatè, whate'er the cottage hearth  
Might need for comfort, or for festal  
mirth;  
That Pile of Turf is half a century old:  
Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been  
told  
Since suddenly the dart of death went  
forth  
'Gainst him who raised it,—his last  
work on earth:  
Thence has it, with the Son, so strong  
a hold

Upon his Father's memory, that his  
hands,  
'Through reverence, touch it only to  
repair  
Its waste.—Though crumbling with each  
breath of air,  
In annual renovation thus it stands—  
Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle  
there,  
And red-breasts warble when sweet  
sounds are rare.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE  
OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE ON THE  
ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise  
the skill  
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of  
lines  
And charm of colours; I applaud those  
signs  
Of thought, that give the true poetic  
thrill:  
That unencumbered whole of blank and  
still,  
Sky without cloud—ocean without a  
wave:  
And the one Man that laboured to  
enslave  
The World, sole standing high on the  
bare hill—  
Back turned, arms folded, the un-  
apparent face  
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary  
place [sun  
With light reflected from the invisible  
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye  
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues  
his way.  
And before *him* doth dawn perpetual  
run.



WANSFELL! this Household has a  
 favoured lot,  
 Living with liberty on thee to gaze,  
 To watch while Mom first crowns thee  
 with her rays,  
 Or when along thy breast serenely  
 float  
 Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a  
 note  
 Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!)  
 thy praise  
 For all that thou, as if from heaven,  
 hast brought  
 Of glory lavished on our quiet days.  
 Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are  
 gone  
 From every object dear to mortal  
 sight,  
 As soon we shall be, may these words  
 attest  
 How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone  
 Thy visionary majesties of light,  
 How in thy pensive glooms our hearts  
 found rest.

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide  
 and high,  
 Deep in the vale a little rural  
 Town\*  
 Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of  
 its own,  
 That mounts not toward the radiant  
 morning sky,  
 But, with a less ambitious sympathy,  
 Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the  
 cares  
 Troubles and toils that every day pre-  
 pares.  
 'O Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,

\* Ambleside.

Endears that Lingerer. And how blest  
 her sway,  
 (Like influence never may my soul  
 reject),  
 If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith  
 decked  
 With glorious forms in numberless  
 array,  
 To the lone shepherd on the hills  
 disclose  
 Gleams from a world in which the  
 saints repose.

---

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND  
 WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

Is then no nook of English ground  
 secure  
 From rash assault? \* Schemes of retire-  
 ment sown  
 In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept  
 pure  
 As when their earliest flowers of hope  
 were blown,  
 Must perish;—how can they this blight  
 endure?  
 And must he too the ruthless change  
 bemoan  
 Who scorns a false utilitarian lure  
 'Mid his paternal fields at random  
 thrown?

---

\* The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it!" exclaimed the yeoman, "I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling.

OH what a Wreck ! how changed in  
mien and speech !  
Yet—though dread Powers, that work  
in mystery, spin  
Entanglings of the brain ; though  
shadows stretch  
O'er the chilled heart—reflect ; far, far  
within  
Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin.  
She is not what she seems, a forlorn  
wretch,  
But delegated Spirits comforts fetch  
To Her from heights that Reason may  
not win.  
Like Children, She is privileged to  
hold  
Divine communion ; both do live and  
move,  
Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways  
unfold,  
Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying  
love ;  
Love pitying innocence, not long to  
last,  
In them—in Her our sins and sorrows  
past.

---

VALEDICTORY SONNET.

*SERVING* no haughty Muse, my hands  
have here  
Disposed some cultured Flowerets  
(drawn from spots  
Where they bloomed singly, or in  
scattered knots),  
Each kind in several beds of one par-  
terre ;  
Both to allure the casual Loiterer,  
And that, so placed, my Nurslings may  
requite  
Studious regard with opportune delight,  
Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.

But metaphor dismissed, and thanks  
apart,  
Reader, farewell ! My last words let  
them be—  
If in this book Fancy and Truth agree ;  
If simple Nature trained by careful Art  
Through It have won a passage to thy  
heart ;  
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee !

---

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDS-  
WORTH, D.D., MASTER OF HARROW  
SCHOOL,

After the perusal of his "Theophilus  
Anglicanus."

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy  
hand  
Have I received this proof of pains  
bestowed  
By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the  
road  
That, in our native isle, and every land,  
The Church, when trusting in divine  
command  
And in her Catholic attributes, hath  
trod :  
O may these lessons be with profit  
scanned  
To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by  
God !  
So the bright faces of the young and gay  
Shall look more bright—the happy,  
happier still ;  
Catch, in the pauses of their keenest  
play,  
Motions of thought which elevate the  
will  
And, like the Spire that from your  
classic Hill  
Points heavenward, indicate the end  
and way.

---

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND,

1803.

DEPARTURE FROM THE VALE  
OF GRASMERE.

AUGUST 1803.

THE gentlest shade that walked  
Elysian plains  
Might sometimes covet dissoluble  
chains; [lies  
Even for the tenants of the zone that  
Beyond the stars, celestial paradise,  
Methinks 'twould heighten joy, to  
overleap  
At will the crystal battlements, and  
peep [fair,  
Into some other region, though less  
To see how things are made and  
managed there;  
Change for the worse might please,  
incursion bold  
Into the tracts of darkness and of cold;  
O'er Limbo lake with aery flight to steer,  
And on the verge of Chaos hang in  
fear.  
Such animation often do I find,  
Power in my breast, wings growing in  
my mind,  
Then, when some rock or hill is over-  
past,  
Perchance without one look behind  
me cast,  
Some barrier with which nature, from  
the birth [on earth.  
Of things, has fenced this fairest spot  
Oh, pleasant transit, Grasmere! to  
resign  
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as  
thine;

Not like an outcast with himself at  
strife;  
The slave of business, time, or care  
for life.  
But moved by choice; or, if con-  
strained in part,  
Yet still with nature's freedom at the  
heart; [shores,  
To cull contentment upon wildest  
And luxuries extract from bleakest  
moors; [infold,  
With prompt embrace all beauty to  
And having rights in all that we  
behold. [bright adieu,  
Then why these lingering steps? A  
For a brief absence, proves that love  
is true;  
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn,  
That winds into itself, for sweet return.

## TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR  
FATHER.

"The poet's grave is in a corner of the church-  
yard. We looked at it with melancholy and  
painful reflections, repeating to each other his  
own verses. 'Is there a man whose judgment  
clear,' etc."—*Extract from the Journal of my  
Fellow-Traveller.*

'Mid crowded obelisks and urns,  
I sought the untimely grave of Burns:  
Sons of the bard, my heart still mourns  
With sorrow true:  
And more would grieve, but that it  
turns  
Trembling to you!

Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from  
 Orrest-head  
 Given to the pausing traveller's raptur-  
 ous glance :  
 Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful  
 romance  
 Of nature : and, if human hearts be  
 dead,  
 Speak, passing winds ; ye torrents, with  
 your strong  
 And constant voice, protest against the  
 wrong.

---

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in  
 times of old,  
 Your patriot sons, to stem invasive  
 war,  
 Intrenched your brows ; ye glóried in  
 each scar :  
 Now, for your shame, a Power, the  
 Thirst of Gold,  
 That rules o'er Britain like a baneful  
 star,  
 Wills that your peace, your beauty,  
 shall be sold,  
 And clear way made for her triumphal  
 car  
 Through the beloved retreats your arms  
 enfold !  
 Hear ye that Whistle ? As her long-  
 linked Train  
 Swept onwards, did the vision cross  
 your view ?  
 Yes, ye were startled ;—and, in balance  
 true,

Weighing the mischief with the prom-  
 ised gain,  
 Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I  
 call on you  
 To share the passion of a just disdain.

---

## AT FURNESS ABBEY.

WELL have yon Railway Labourers to  
 THIS ground  
 Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit,  
 they walk  
 Among the Ruins, but no idle talk  
 Is heard ; to grave demeanour all are  
 bound ;  
 And from one voice a Hymn with  
 tuneful sound  
 Hallows once more the long-deserted  
 Quire  
 And thrills the old sepulchral earth,  
 around.  
 Others look up, and with fixed eyes  
 admire  
 That wide-spanned arch, wondering  
 how it was raised,  
 To keep, so high in air, its strength and  
 grace :  
 All seem to feel the spirit of the  
 place,  
 And by the general reverence God is  
 praised :  
 Profane Despoilers, stand ye not re-  
 proved,  
 While thus these simple-hearted men  
 are moved ?

Proud Gordon, maddened by the  
thoughts

That through his brain are travelling,—  
Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce  
He launched a deadly javelin !

Fair Ellen saw it as it came,  
And, starting up to meet the same,  
Did with her body cover  
The youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,  
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,  
Thus, from the heart of her true-love,  
The mortal spear repelling.

And Bruce, as soon as he had slain  
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain ;  
And fought with rage incessant  
Against the Moorish crescent.

But many days, and many months,  
And many years ensuing,  
This wretched knight did vainly seek  
The death that he was wooing :  
So coming his last help to crave,  
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave  
His body he extended,  
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard  
The tale I have been telling,  
May in Kirkconnel churchyard view  
The grave of lovely Ellen :  
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid ;  
And, for the stone upon his head  
May no rude hand deface it,  
And its forlorn *HIC JACET* !

#### TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNIAID, UPON LOCH LOMOND.)

SWEET Highland girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head :  
And these gray rocks ; that household  
lawn ;

Those trees, a veil just half with-  
drawn ;

This fall of water, that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake ;  
This little bay, a quiet road  
That holds in shelter thy abode ;  
In truth together do ye seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
Such forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep !  
But, O fair creature ! in the light  
Of common day, so heavenly bright.  
I bless thee, vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart :  
God shield thee to thy latest years !  
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers ;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away :  
For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here scattered like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress.  
And maidenly shamefacedness :  
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a mountaineer.  
A face with gladness overspread !  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !  
And seemliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech :  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
Thus beating up against the wind.

Through twilight shades of good and ill  
 Ye now are panting up life's hill,  
 And more than common strength and  
 skill

Must ye display,  
 If ye would give the better will  
 Its lawful sway.

Hath nature strung your nerves to bear  
 Intemperance with less harm, beware!  
 But if the poet's wit ye share,

Like him can speed  
 The social hour—of tenfold care  
 There will be need.

Even honest men delight will take  
 To spare your failings for his sake,  
 Will flatter you,—and fool and rake  
 Your steps pursue;  
 And of your father's name will make  
 A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,  
 And add your voices to the quire  
 That sanctify the cottage fire  
 With service meet;  
 There seek the genius of your sire,  
 His spirit greet;

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and  
 hows,"

He paid to nature tuneful vows;  
 Or wiped his honourable brows  
 Bedewed with toil,  
 While reapers strove, or busy ploughs  
 Upturned the soil;

His judgment with benignant ray  
 Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;  
 But ne'er to a seductive lay  
 Let faith be given;  
 Nor deem that "light which leads  
 astray,  
 Is light from heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave:  
 Be independent, generous, brave;  
 Your father such example gave,  
 And such revere:  
 But be admonished by his grave,  
 And think, and fear!

---

### ELLEN IRWIN, OR THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate  
 Upon the braes of Kirtle,\*  
 Was lovely as a Grecian maid  
 Adorned with wreaths of myrtle.  
 Young Adam Bruce beside her lay;  
 And there did they beguile the day  
 With love and gentle speeches,  
 Beneath the budding beeches.

From many knights and many squires  
 The Bruce had been selected;  
 And Gordon, fairest of them all,  
 By Ellen was rejected.  
 Sad tidings to that noble youth!  
 For it may be proclaimed with truth,  
 If Bruce hath loved sincerely,  
 That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what are Gordon's form and face,  
 His shattered hopes and crosses,  
 To them 'mid Kirtle's pleasant braes  
 Reclined on flowers and mosses?  
 Alas that ever he was born!  
 The Gordon, couched behind a  
 thorn,  
 Sees them and their caressing;  
 Beholds them blest and blessing.

---

\* The Kirtle is a river in the southern part of Scotland, on whose banks the events here related took place.

Were in this place the guests of chance :  
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,  
Though home or shelter he had none,  
With such a sky to lead him on ?

The dewy ground was dark and cold ;  
Behind, all gloomy to behold ;  
And stepping westward seemed to be  
A kind of *heavenly* destiny ;  
I liked the greeting ; 'twas a sound  
Of something without place or bound ;  
And seemed to give me spiritual right  
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake  
Was walking by her native lake ;  
The salutation had to me  
The very sound of courtesy :  
Its power was felt ; and while my eye  
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,  
The echo of the voice inwrought  
A human sweetness with the thought  
Of travelling through the world that lay  
Before me in my endless way.

### THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
Oh, listen ! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands :  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago :  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;—  
I listened—motionless and still ;  
And as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

### ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE, UPON LOCH AWE.

"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined castle on an island at some distance from the shore backed by a cove of the mountain Cruachan down which came a foaming stream. The castle occupied every foot of the island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain side with spots of sunshine ; there was a mild desolation in the low-grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of turrets—nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated war ! the mountain stream  
Roars in thy hearing ; but thy hour of rest  
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age ;  
Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught  
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.

What hand but would a garland cull  
 For thee, who art so beautiful?  
 Oh, happy pleasure! here to dwell  
 Beside thee in some heathy dell;  
 Adopt your homely ways and dress,  
 A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!  
 But I could frame a wish for thee  
 More like a grave reality:  
 Thou art to me but as a wave  
 Of the wild sea: and I would have  
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
 Though but of common neighbourhood.  
 What joy to hear thee, and to see!  
 Thy elder brother I would be,  
 Thy father, anything to thee!

Now thanks to heaven! that of its grace  
 Hath led me to this lonely place.  
 Joy have I had; and going hence  
 I bear away my recompense.  
 In spots like these it is we prize  
 Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:  
 Then, why should I be loth to stir?  
 I feel this place was made for her;  
 To give new pleasure like the past,  
 Continued long as life shall last.  
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
 Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part;  
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
 As fair before me shall behold,  
 As I do now, the cabin small,  
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall;  
 And thee, the spirit of them all!

### GLEN-ALMAIN, OR THE NARROW GLEN.

In this still place, remote from men,  
 Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow glen;  
 In this still place, where murmurs on  
 But one meek streamlet, only one:  
 He sang of battles, and the breath  
 Of stormy war, and violent death;

And should, methinks, when all was past,  
 Have rightfully been laid at last  
 Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent  
 As by a spirit turbulent;  
 Where sights were rough, and sounds  
 were wild  
 And every thing unreconciled;  
 In some complaining, dim retreat,  
 For fear and melancholy meet;  
 But this is calm; there cannot be  
 A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the bard sleep here indeed?  
 Or is it but a groundless creed!  
 What matters it?—I blame them not  
 Whose fancy in this lonely spot  
 Was moved; and in such way expressed  
 Their notion of its perfect rest.  
 A convent, even a hermit's cell  
 Would break the silence of this dell:  
 It is not quiet; is not ease;  
 But something deeper far than these:  
 The separation that is here  
 Is of the grave; and of austere  
 Yet happy feelings of the dead:  
 And, therefore, was it rightly said  
 That Ossian, last of all his race!  
 Lies buried in this lonely place.

### STEPPING WESTWARD.

[While my fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Katrine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a hut where, in the course of our tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, "What! you are stepping westward?"]

"What! you are stepping westward?"

—"Yea."

'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,  
 If we, who thus together roam  
 In a strange land, and far from home,



Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless  
heart  
And wondrous length and strength of  
arm;

Nor craved he more to quell his foes,  
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave;  
Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—  
A poet worthy of Rob Roy  
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;  
As wise in thought as bold in deed:  
For in the principles of things  
*He* sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of  
books?  
Burn all the statutes and their shelves:  
They stir us up against our kind;  
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion, make a law,  
Too false to guide us or control!  
And for the law itself we fight  
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose  
Distinctions that are plain and few:  
These find I graven on my heart:  
*That* tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,  
And those that travel on the wind!  
With them no strife can last; they live  
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan.  
That they should take who have the  
power  
And they should keep who can

"A lesson that is quickly learned,  
A signal this which all can see!  
Thus nothing here provokes the strong  
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked;  
He tamed, who foolishly aspires;  
While to the measure of his might  
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds, and creatures, stand and  
fall  
By strength of prowess or of wit:  
'Tis God's appointment who must  
sway  
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is  
plain,  
And longest life is but a day;  
To have my ends, maintain my rights,  
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,  
Through summer heat and winter snow:  
The eagle, he was lord above,  
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least, have been  
But through untowardness of fate:  
For polity was then too strong;  
He came an age too late.

Or shall we say an age too soon?  
For, were the bold man living *now*,  
How might he flourish in his pride,  
With buds on every bough!

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,  
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains,  
Would all have seemed but paltry  
things.  
Not worth a moment's pains.

Oh! there is life that breathes not:  
 powers there are  
 That touch each other to the quick  
 in modes  
 Which the gross world no sense hath  
 to perceive,  
 No soul to dream of. What art thou,  
 from care [sire,  
 Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged  
 Nor by soft peace adopted; though,  
 in place  
 And in dimension, such that thou  
 mightst seem  
 But a mere footstool to yon sovereign  
 lord,  
 Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner  
 hills  
 Might crush, nor know that it had  
 suffered harm;)  
 Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy  
 claims  
 To reverence suspends his own; sub-  
 mitting  
 All that the God of nature hath con-  
 ferred,  
 All that he holds in common with the  
 stars,  
 To the memorial majesty of time  
 Impersonated in thy calm decay!

Take, then, thy seat, vicegerent un-  
 reproved!  
 Now, while a farewell gleam of even-  
 ing light  
 Is fondly lingering on thy shattered  
 front,  
 Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and  
 rule  
 Over the pomp and beauty of a scene  
 Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and  
 woods, unite  
 To pay thee homage; and with these  
 are joined,

In willing admiration and respect,  
 Two hearts, which in thy presence  
 might be called  
 Youthful as spring. Shade of de-  
 parted power,  
 Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,  
 The chronicle were welcome that  
 should call  
 Into the compass of distinct regard  
 The toils and struggles of thy infant  
 years! [as ice;  
 Yon foaming flood seems motionless  
 Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,  
 Frozen by distance: so, majestic pile,  
 To the perception of this age, appear  
 Thy fierce beginnings, softened and  
 subdued  
 And quieted in character; the strife,  
 The pride, the fury uncontrollable,  
 Lost on the ærial heights of the  
 Crusades!\*

### ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Katrine, in one of those small pinfold-like burial-grounds of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,  
 The English ballad-singer's joy!  
 And Scotland has a thief as good,  
 An outlaw of as daring mood;  
 She has her brave Rob Roy!  
 Then clear the weeds from off his  
 grave,  
 And let us chant a passing stave  
 In honour of that hero brave!

---

\* The tradition is that the castle was built by a lady during the absence of her lord in Palestine.

On wrongs, which nature scarcely  
seems to heed :  
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks,  
and bays,  
And the pure mountains, and the  
gentle Tweed, [main.  
And the green silent pastures, yet re-

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,  
That glides the dark hills under?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder."  
Strange words they seemed of slight  
and scorn :  
My true love sighed for sorrow :  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

### YARROW UNVISITED.

[See the various poems the scene of which is  
laid upon the banks of the Yarrow ; in par-  
ticular, the exquisite ballad of Hamilton,  
beginning

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !"]

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled ;  
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled ;  
And when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my "*winsome marrow*,"  
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ;  
Each maiden to her dwelling !  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !  
But we will downward with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us :  
And Dryburgh, where with chiming  
Tweed

The lintwhites sing in chorus ;  
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land  
Made blithe with plough and harrow :  
'hy throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow ?

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's  
holms,  
And sweet is Yarrow flowing !  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,\*  
But we will leave it growing.  
O'er hilly path, and open strath,  
We'll wander Scotland thorough ;  
But, though so near, we will not turn  
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine par-  
take  
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;  
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow !  
We will not see them ; will not go,  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;  
Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !  
It must, or we shall rue it :  
We have a vision of our own ;  
Ah! why should we undo it ?  
The treasured dreams of times long  
past.  
We'll keep them, winsome marrow !  
For when we're there, although 'tis  
fair,  
'Twill be another Yarrow !

\* See Hamilton's ballad, as above.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,  
To these few meagre vales confined;  
But thought how wide the world, the  
times

How fairly to his mind!

And to his sword he would have said,  
"Do thou my sovereign will enact  
From land to land through half the earth!  
Judge thou of law and fact!

"'Tis fit that we should do our part;  
Becoming, that mankind should learn  
That we are not to be surpassed  
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,  
Of good things none are good enough:—  
We'll show that we can help to frame  
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take  
From me the sign of life and death:  
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,  
Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,  
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy!  
France would have had her present boast;  
And we our own Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not:  
I would not wrong thee, champion brave!  
Would wrong thee nowhere, least of  
all

Here standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild  
thoughts,  
Wild chieftain of a savage clan!  
Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love  
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live  
With us who now behold the light,  
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,  
And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,  
The poor man's heart, the poor man's  
hand;  
And all the oppressed, who wanted  
strength,  
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh  
Of thoughtful herdsman when he strays  
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,  
And by Loch Lomond's braes!

And, far and near, through vale and hill,  
Are faces that attest the same;  
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,  
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

---

### SONNET.

COMPOSED AT — CASTLE.

DEGENERATE Douglas! oh, the un-  
worthy lord! [far please,  
Whom mere despite of heart could so  
And love of havoc (for with such  
disease  
Fame taxes him) that he could send  
forth word,  
To level with the dust a noble horde,  
A brotherhood of venerable trees,  
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers  
like these,  
Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts  
deplored  
The fate of those old trees; and oft  
with pain  
The traveller, at this day, will stop  
and gaze

With all its bravery on ; in times  
When all alive with merry chimes,  
Upon a sun-bright morn of May,  
It roused the vale to holiday.

I praise thee, matron ! and thy due  
Is praise, heroic praise, and true !  
With admiration I behold  
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold :  
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present  
The picture of a life well spent :  
This do I see : and something more ;  
A strength unthought of heretofore !  
Delighted am I for thy sake ;  
And yet a higher joy partake.  
Our human nature throws away  
Its second twilight, and looks gay ;  
A land of promise and of pride  
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah ! see her helpless charge ! inclosed  
Within himself as seems, composed :  
To fear of loss, and hope of gain.  
The strife of happiness and pain,  
Utterly dead ! yet in the guise  
Of little infants, when their eyes  
Begin to follow to and fro  
The persons that before them go,  
He tracks her motions, quick or slow.  
Her buoyant spirit can prevail  
Where common cheerfulness would  
fail :

She strikes upon him with the heat  
Of July suns : he feels it sweet ;  
An animal delight, though dim !  
'Tis all that now remains for him !

Thence I looked. I wondered more—  
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,  
Some inward trouble suddenly [eye ;  
Broke from the matron's strong black  
A remnant of uneasy light.  
A flash of something over bright

Nor long this mystery did detain  
My thoughts ; she told in pensive  
'strain

That she had borne a heavy yoke,  
Been stricken by a twofold stroke ;  
Ill health of body ; and had pined  
Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it !—but let praise ascend  
To Him who is our Lord and friend !  
Who from disease and suffering  
Hath called for thee a second spring ;  
Repaid thee for that sore distress  
By no untimely joyousness ;  
Which makes of thine a blissful state :  
And cheers thy melancholy mate !

---

FLY, some kind harbinger, to Grasmere-  
dale,  
Say that we come, and come by this  
day's light ;  
Fly upon swiftest wing round field and  
height ;  
But chiefly let one cottage hear the  
tale ;  
There let a mystery of joy prevail,  
The kitten frolic, like a gamesome  
sprite,  
And Rover whine, as at a second sight  
Of near-approaching good that shall  
not fail ;  
And from that infant's face let joy  
appear ;  
Yea, let our Mary's one companion  
child,  
That hath her six weeks' solitude be-  
guiled  
With intimations manifold and dear,  
While we have wandered over wood  
and wild,  
Smile on his mother now with bolder  
cheer.

"If care, with freezing years should  
 come,  
 And wandering seem but folly,—  
 Should we be loth to stir from home,  
 And yet be melancholy ;  
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,  
 That earth has something yet to show,  
 The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

---

### SONNET.

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKIE,

An invasion being expected, October, 1803.

Six thousand veterans practised in  
 war's game,  
 Tried men at Killicrankie were  
 arrayed  
 Against an equal host that wore the  
 plaid,  
 Shepherds and herdsmen.—Like a  
 whirlwind came  
 The Highlanders, the slaughter spread  
 like flame ;  
 And Garry, thundering down his moun-  
 tain road,  
 Was stopped, and could not breathe  
 beneath the load  
 Of the dead bodies.—'Twas a day of  
 shame  
 For them whom precept and the  
 pedantry  
 Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.  
 Oh, for a single hour of that Dundee,  
 Who on that day the word of onset  
 gave!  
 Like conquest would the men of Eng-  
 land see ;  
 And her foes find a like inglorious  
 grave.

### THE MATRON OF JEDBURGH AND HER HUSBAND.

[At Jedburgh, my companion and I went  
 into private lodgings for a few days ; and the  
 following verses were called forth by the  
 character and domestic situation of our  
 hostess.]

AGE ! twine thy brows with fresh spring  
 flowers,  
 And call a train of laughing hours ;  
 And bid them dance and bid them  
 sing ;

And thou, too, mingle in the ring !  
 Take to thy heart a new delight ;  
 If not, make merry in despite  
 That there is one who scorns thy  
 power :—

But dance ! for under Jedburgh tower,  
 A matron dwells, who though she bears  
 The weight of more than seventy years,  
 Lives in the light of youthful glee,  
 And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay ! start not at that figure—there !  
 Him who is rooted to his chair !  
 Look at him—look again ! for he  
 Hath long been of thy family.  
 With legs that move not, if they can,  
 And useless arms, a trunk of man,  
 He sits, and with a vacant eye ;  
 A sight to make a stranger sigh !  
 Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom :  
 His world is in this single room ;  
 Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?  
 Can merry making enter here ?

The joyous woman is the mate  
 Of him in that forlorn estate !  
 He breathes a subterraneous damp ;  
 But bright as vesper shines her lamp ;  
 He is as mute as Jedburgh tower ;  
 She jocund as it was of yore,



wo.

"To Kirk he on the Sabbath day  
Went hand in hand with her."

And with the coming of the tide,  
Come boats and ships that safely ride,  
Between the woods and lofty rocks :  
And to the shepherds with their flocks  
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were.  
The blind boy always had his share :  
Whether of mighty towns, or vales  
With warmer suns and softer gales,  
Or wonders of the deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it  
stirred,  
When from the water-side he heard  
The shouting, and the jolly cheers,  
The bustle of the mariners  
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail ?  
For he must never handle sail ;  
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float  
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat  
Upon the rocking waves.

His mother often thought, and said,  
What sin would be upon her head  
If she should suffer this. " My son,  
Whate'er you do, leave this undone ;  
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side.  
Still sounding with the sounding tide.  
And heard the billows leap and dance.  
Without a shadow of mischance.  
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me  
well,  
Ye soon shall know how this befel)  
He in a vessel of his own.  
On the swift flood is hurrying down  
Down to the mighty sea.

In such a vessel never more  
May human creature leave the shore !  
If this or that way he should stir,  
Woe to the poor blind mariner !  
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen  
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,  
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage  
bright :  
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,  
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men  
Spread round that haven in the glen ;  
Each hut, perchance, might have its  
own,  
And to the boy they all were known ;  
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a turtle shell  
Which he, poor child, had studied well ;  
A shell of ample size, and light  
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,  
That sportive dolphins drew.

And, as a coracle that braves  
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,  
This shell upon the deep would swim,  
And gaily lift its fearless brim  
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind boy knew :  
And he a story strange, yet true.  
Had heard, how in a shell like this  
An English boy, oh, thought of bliss !  
Had stoutly launched from shore ;

Launched from the margin of a bay  
Among the Indian isles, where lay  
His father's ship, and had sailed far.  
To join that gallant ship of war,  
In his delightful shell.



## THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE, AFTER  
RETURNING TO THE VALE OF GRAS-  
MERE.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,  
Have romped enough, my little boy!  
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,  
And you shall bring your stool and  
rest;

This corner is your own.

There! take your seat, and let me see  
That you can listen quietly;  
And, as I promised, I will tell  
That strange adventure which befel  
A poor blind Highland boy.

A *Highland* boy!—why call him so?—  
Because, my darlings, ye must know,  
That, under hills which rise like towers,  
Far higher hills than these of ours!  
He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight:  
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;  
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,  
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,  
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,  
Nor had a melancholy mind;  
For God took pity on the boy.  
And was his friend; and gave him joy  
Of which we nothing know.

His mother, too, no doubt above  
Her other children him did love:  
For, was she here, or was she there,  
She thought of him with constant care,  
And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad  
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,  
And bonnet with a feather gay,  
To kirk he on the Sabbath-day  
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he; not for need,  
But one to play with and to feed;  
Which would have led him, if bereft  
Of company or friends, and left  
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow;  
And thus from house to house would go,  
And all were pleased to hear and see;  
For none made sweeter melody  
Than did the poor blind boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream:  
Both when he heard the eagles scream,  
And when he heard the torrents roar,  
And heard the water beat the shore  
Near which their cottage stood.

Beside a lake their cottage stood,  
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;  
But one of mighty size, and strange;  
That, rough or smooth, is full of  
change,  
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake by night and day,  
The great sea-water finds its way  
Through long, long windings of the  
hills:  
And drinks up all the pretty rills,  
And rivers large and strong:

Then hurries back the road it came—  
Returns, on errand still the same:  
This did it when the earth was new;  
And this for evermore will do,  
As long as earth shall last.

Alas! and when he felt their hands—  
You've often heard of magic wands,  
That with a motion overthrow  
A palace of the proudest show,  
Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light  
With which his soul had shown so  
bright,  
All vanished;—'twas a heartfelt cross  
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,  
As he had ever known.

But hark! a gratulating voice  
With which the very hills rejoice :  
'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly  
Have watched the event, and now can  
That he is safe at last. [see

And then, when he was brought to land,  
Full sure they were a happy band,  
Which gathering round did on the  
banks  
Of that great water give God thanks,  
And welcomed the poor child.

And in the general joy of heart  
The blind boy's little dog took part :  
He leapt about, and oft did kiss  
His master's hands in sign of bliss,  
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his mother dear,  
She who had fainted with her fear,  
Rejoiced when waking she espies  
The child; when she can trust her eyes,  
And touches the blind boy.

She led him home, and wept amain.  
When he was in the house again :  
Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes  
She kissed him—how could she chastise!  
She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved  
The perilous deep, the boy was saved  
And, though his fancies had been wild  
Yet he was pleased and reconciled  
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell  
Still do they keep the turtle shell :  
And long the story will repeat  
Of the blind boy's adventurous feat.  
And how he was preserved.\*

---

\* It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages, that a boy, the son of a captain of a man-of-war, seated himself in a turtle shell, and floated in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant vessel in which my blind voyager did actually intrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.

Our Highland boy oft visited  
 The house that held this prize; and,  
     led  
 By choice or chance, did thither come  
 One day when no one was at home,  
 And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,  
 That story flashed upon his mind;—  
 A bold thought roused him, and he  
     took  
 The shell from out its secret nook,  
 And bore it on his head.

He launched his vessel—and in pride  
 Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,  
 Stepped into it—his thoughts all free  
 As the light breezes that with glee  
     Sang through the adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet;  
 He felt the motion—took his seat;  
 Still better pleased as more and more  
 The tide retreated from the shore,  
     And sucked and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of heaven!  
 How rapidly the child is driven!  
 The fourth part of a mile I ween  
 He thus had gone, ere he was seen  
     By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh, me,  
 What shrieking and what misery!  
 For many saw; among the rest  
 His mother, she who loved him best,  
     She saw her poor blind boy.

But for the child, the sightless boy,  
 It is the triumph of his joy!  
 The bravest traveller in balloon,  
 Mounting as if to reach the moon,  
     Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,  
 Alone, and innocent, and gay!  
 For, if good angels love to wait  
 On the forlorn unfortunate,  
     This child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,  
 Which from the crowd on shore was sent,  
 The cries which broke from old and  
     young  
 In Gaelic, or the English tongue,  
     Are stifled—all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew  
 A boat is ready to pursue;  
 And from the shore their course they  
     take,  
 And swiftly down the running lake  
     They follow the blind boy.

But soon they move with softer pace;  
 So have ye seen the fowler chase  
 On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast  
 A youngling of the wild-duck's nest  
     With deftly-lifted oar.

Or as the wily sailors crept  
 To seize (while on the deep it slept)  
 The hapless creature which did dwell  
 Erewhile within the dancing shell,  
     They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made  
 They follow, more and more afraid,  
 More cautious as they draw more near,  
 But in his darkness he can hear,  
     And guesses their intent.

"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—he then cried out,  
 "*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—with eager shout;  
 Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,  
 And what he meant was, "Keep away,  
     And leave me to myself!"

Him—free from all malicious taint,  
 And guiding, like the Patmos saint,  
 A pen unwearied— 'o indite,  
 In his lone isle, the dreams of night ;  
 Impassioned dreams, that strove to span  
 The faded glories of his clan !

Suns that through blood their western  
 harbour sought,  
 And stars that in their courses fought,—  
 Towers rent, winds combating with  
 woods—

Lands deluged by unbridled floods,—  
 And beast and bird that from the spell  
 Of sleep took import terrible,  
 These types mysterious (if the show  
 Of battle and the routed foe  
 Had failed) would furnish an array  
 Of matter for the dawning day !

How disappeared he?—ask the newt  
 and toad,

Inheritors of his abode ;  
 The otter crouching undisturbed,  
 In her dank cleft ;—but be thou curbed,  
 O froward fancy ! 'mid a scene  
 Of aspect winning and serene ;  
 For those offensive creatures shun  
 The inquisition of the sun !  
 And in this region flowers delight,  
 And all is lovely to the sight.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,  
 When she applies her annual test  
 To dead and living ; when her breath  
 Quickens, as now, the withered heath ;—  
 Nor flaunting summer—when he throws  
 His soul into the briar-rose ;  
 Or calls the lily from her sleep ;  
 Prolonged beneath the bordering  
 deep :

Nor autumn, when the viewless wren  
 Is warbling near the Brownie's den.

Wild relique ! beauteous as the choicer  
 spot

In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot ;  
 Whither by care of Libyan Jove  
 (High servant of paternal love),  
 Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie  
 Safe from his stepdame Rhea's eye ;  
 Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage  
 glowed,

Close crowding round the infant god,  
 All colours, and the liveliest streak  
 A foil to his celestial cheek !

### COMPOSED AT CORRA LINX,

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER.

"How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the  
 name  
 Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,  
 All over his dear country ; left the deeds  
 Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,  
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,  
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local coal  
 Of independence and stern liberty."—MS.

LORD of the vale ! astounding flood !  
 The dullest leaf in this thick wood  
 Quakes—conscious of thy power ;  
 The caves reply with hollow moan ;  
 And vibrates to its central stone,  
 Yon time-cemented tower !

And yet how fair the rural scene !  
 For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been  
 Beneficent as strong ;  
 Pleased in refreshing dews to steep  
 The little trembling flowers that peep  
 Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love  
 To look on thee—delight to rove  
 Where they thy voice can hear ;  
 And, to the patriot warrior's shade,  
 Lord of the vale ! to heroes laid  
 In dust, that voice is dear !

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1814.

## THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

[Suggested by a beautiful ruin upon one of the islands of Loch Lomond, a place chosen for the retreat of a solitary individual from whom this habitation acquired its name.]

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking  
Or depth of labyrinthine glen ; [fen,  
Or into trackless forest set  
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met ;  
World-wearied men withdrew of yore,—  
(Penance their trust, and prayer their  
store ;)

And in the wilderness were bound  
To such apartments as they found ;  
Or with a new ambition raised ;  
That God might suitably be praised.

High lodged the *warrior*, like a bird  
of prey ;  
Or where broad waters round him lay ;  
But this wild ruin is no ghost  
Of his devices—buried, lost !  
Within this little lonely isle  
There stood a consecrated pile ;  
Where tapers burned, and mass was  
sung,  
For them whose timid spirits clung  
To mortal succour, though the tomb  
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom !

Upon those servants of another world  
When madding power her bolts had  
hurled,  
Their habitation shook :—it fell,  
And perished—save one narrow cell ;  
Whither, at length, a wretch retired ;  
Who neither grovelled nor aspired :

He, struggling in the net of pride,  
The future scorned, the past defied ;  
Still tempering from the unguilty forge  
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge !

Proud remnant was he of a fearless  
race,  
Who stood and flourished face to face  
With their perennial hills ;—but crime  
Hastening the stern decrees of time,  
Brought low a power, which from its  
home

Burst when repose grew wearisome ;  
And taking impulse from the sword,  
And mocking its own plighted word,  
Had found, in ravage widely dealt  
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt !

All, all were dispossessed, save him  
whose smile  
Shot lightning through this lonely isle !  
No right had he but what he made  
To this small spot, his leafy shade ;—  
But the ground lay within that ring  
To which he only dared to cling ;  
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,  
The craven few who bowed the head  
Beneath the change, who heard a  
claim  
How loud ! yet lived in peace with  
shame.

From year to year this shaggy mortal  
went  
(So seemed it) down a strange descent ;  
Till they, who saw his outward frame,  
Fixed on him an unhallowed name ;

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation :  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy ;  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
Rich groves of lofty stature,  
With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
Of cultivated nature ;  
And, rising from those lofty groves,  
Behold a ruin hoary !  
The shattered front of Newark's towers,  
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening  
bloom,  
For sportive youth to stray in ;  
For manhood to enjoy his strength ;  
And age to wear away in !  
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
A covert for protection  
Of tender thoughts that nestle there,  
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
The wild-wood fruits to gather,  
And on my true love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather !  
And what if I enwreathed my own !  
'Twere no offence to reason ;  
The sober hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone.  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee !  
A ray of fancy still survives—  
Her sunshine plays upon thee ! ...  
Thy ever youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure,  
And glad some notes my lips can breathe  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,  
They melt—and soon must vanish ;  
One hour is theirs, no more is mine—  
Sad thought, which I would banish,  
But that I know where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !  
Will dwell with me to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

## EFFUSION,

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE  
BANKS OF THE BRAN, NEAR DUNKELD.

" The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle—flying asunder as by the touch of magic—and lo ! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions ; the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls."—  
*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-  
Traveller.*

WHAT he—who 'mid the kindred  
throng  
Of heroes that inspired his song,  
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,  
The stars dim-twinkling through their  
forms !  
What ! Ossian here—a painted thrall.  
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall ;  
To serve, an unsuspected screen  
For show that must not yet be seen :  
And, when the moment comes, to part  
And vanish by mysterious art ;  
Head, harp, and body, split asunder,  
For ingress to a world of wonder ;  
A gay saloon, with waters dancing  
Upon the sight wherever glancing ;

Along thy banks, at dead of night  
Sweeps visibly the Wallace wight;  
Or stands in warlike vest,  
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,  
A champion worthy of the stream,  
Yon gray tower's living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide  
A form not doubtfully descried :—  
Their transient mission o'er,  
Oh, say to what blind region flee  
These shapes of awful phantasy?  
'To what untrodden shore?

Less than divine command they spurn;  
But this we from the mountains learn,  
And this the valleys show,  
That never will they deign to hold  
Communion where the heart is cold  
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain  
Shall walk the Marathonian plain;  
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,  
That still invests the guardian pass  
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas,  
Devoted to the tomb.

And let no slave his head incline,  
Or kneel, before the votive shrine  
By Uri's lake, where Tell  
Leapt, from his storm-vest boat, to land,  
Heaven's instrument, for by his hand  
That day the tyrant fell.

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### YARROW VISITED,

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

AND is this—Yarrow?—*This* the stream  
Of which my fancy cherished,  
So faithfully, a waking dream?  
An image that hath perished!

Oh, that some minstrel's harp were  
near,  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air,  
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—A silvery current flows  
With uncontrolled meanderings;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's  
Lake  
Is visibly delighted;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused,  
A tender hazy brightness;  
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
All profitless dejection;  
Though not unwilling here to admit  
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower  
Of Yarrow vale lay bleeding?  
His bed perchance was yon smooth  
mound  
On which the herd is feeding:  
And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The water-wraith ascended thrice—  
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings  
The haunts of happy lovers,  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers:  
And pity sanctifies the verse  
That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of love;  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

What though the granite would deny  
 All fervour to the sightless eye;  
 And touch from rising suns in vain  
 Solicit a Memnonian strain;  
 Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,  
 The wind might force the deep-  
     grooved harp  
 To utter melancholy moans  
 Not unconnected with the tones  
 Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;  
 While grove and river notes would  
     lend,  
 Less deeply sad, with these to blend!

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,  
 For ever with yourselves at strife;  
 Through town and country both  
     deranged  
 By affectations interchanged,  
 And all the perishable gauds  
 That heaven-deserted man applauds;  
 When will your hapless patrons learn  
 To watch and ponder—to discern  
 The freshness, the everlasting youth,  
 Of admiration sprung from truth;  
 From beauty infinitely growing  
 Upon a mind with love o'erflowing;  
 To sound the depths of every art  
 That seeks its wisdom through the  
     heart?

Thus (where the intrusive pile, ill-  
     graced  
 With baubles of theatric taste,  
 O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers  
 On motley bands of alien flowers,  
 In stiff confusion set or sown,  
 Till nature cannot find her own,  
 Or keep a remnant of the sod  
 Which Caledonian heroes trod)  
 I mused; and, thirsting for redress,  
 Recoiled into the wilderness.

# AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS, 1803.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,  
 At thought of what I now behold:  
 As vapours breathed from dungeons  
     cold

Strike pleasure dead,  
 So sadness comes from out the mould  
     Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,  
 And thou forbidden to appear?  
 As if it were thyself that's here  
     I shrink with pain;  
 And both my wishes and my fear  
     Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight!—  
     away  
 Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to  
     stay:  
 With chastened feelings would I pay  
     The tribute due  
 To him, and aught that hides his clay  
     From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth  
 He sang, his genius “glinted” forth,  
 Rose like a star that touching earth,  
     For so it seems,  
 Doth glorify its humble birth  
     With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,  
 The struggling heart, where be they  
     now?—  
 Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,  
     The prompt, the brave,  
 Slept, with the obscurest, in the low  
     And silent grave.



One loud cascade in front, and lo!  
 A thousand like it, white as snow—  
 Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam  
 As active round the hollow dome,  
 Illusive cataracts! of their terrors  
 Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,  
 That catch the pageant from the flood  
 Thundering adown a rocky wood!  
 What pains to dazzle and confound!  
 What strife of colour, shape and sound  
 In this quaint medley, that might seem  
 Devised out of a sick man's dream!  
 Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy  
 As ever made a maniac dizzy,  
 When disenchanted from the mood  
 That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!

O nature, in thy changeful visions,  
 Through all thy most abrupt transitions,  
 Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime,  
 Ever averse to pantomime,  
 Thee neither do they know nor us  
 Thy servants, who can trifle thus;  
 Else verily the sober powers [roars,  
 Of rock that frowns, and stream that  
 Exalted by congenial sway  
 Of spirits, and the undying lay,  
 And names that moulder not away,  
 Had wakened some redeeming thought  
 More worthy of this favoured spot;  
 Recalled some feeling—to set free  
 The bard from such indignity!

The effigies of a valiant wight\*  
 I once beheld, a Templar knight;  
 Not prostrate, not like those that rest  
 On tombs, with palms together pressed,  
 But sculptured out of living stone,  
 And standing upright and alone,  
 Both hands with rival energy  
 Employed in setting his sword free

\* On the banks of the river Nid, near  
 Knaresborough.

From its dull sheath—stern sentinel  
 Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;  
 As if with memory of the affray  
 Far distant, when, as legends say,  
 The monks of Fountain's thronged to  
 force

From its dear home the hermit's corse,  
 That in their keeping it might lie,  
 To crown their abbey's sanctity.  
 So had they rushed into the grot  
 Of sense despised, a world forgot,  
 And torn him from his loved retreat,  
 Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat  
 Still hint that quiet best is found,  
 Even by the *living*, under ground;  
 But a bold knight, the selfish aim  
 Defeating, put the monks to shame,  
 There where you see his image stand  
 Bare to the sky, with threatening brand  
 Which lingering Nid is proud to show  
 Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,  
 Our sires set forth their grateful praise;  
 Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!  
 But, nursed in mountain solitude,  
 Might some aspiring artist dare  
 To seize whate'er, through misty air,  
 A ghost, by glimpses, may present  
 Of imitable lineament,  
 And give the phantom an array  
 That less should scorn the abandoned  
 clay:

Then let him hew, with patient stroke,  
 An Ossian out of mural rock,  
 And leave the figurative man  
 Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!  
 Fixed, liked the Templar of the steep,  
 An everlasting watch to keep;  
 With local sanctities in trust:  
 More precious than a hermit's dust;  
 And virtues through the mass infused,  
 Which old idolatry abused.

But, leaving each unquiet theme  
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem.  
And prompt to welcome every gleam  
Of good and fair.

Let us beside the limpid Stream  
Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight ;  
Think rather of those moments bright  
When to the consciousness of right  
His course was true,  
When Wisdom prospered in his sight  
And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,  
Freely as in youth's season bland,  
When side by side, his Book in hand,  
We wont to stray.  
Our pleasure varying at command  
Of each sweet Lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod  
These pathways, yon far-stretching road !  
There lurks his home ; in that Abode,  
With mirth elate,  
Or in his nobly-pensive mood,  
The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes.  
Before it humbly let us pause.  
And ask of Nature from what cause  
And by what rules  
She trained her Burns to win applause  
That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest  
glen  
Are felt the flashes of his pen :  
He rules 'mid winter snows, and  
when

Bees fill their hives :  
Deep in the general heart of men  
His power survives.

What need of fields in some far  
clime  
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,  
And all that fetched the flowing  
rhyme

From genuine springs.  
Shall dwell together till old Time  
Folds up his wings ?

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of  
Heaven  
This Minstrel lead, his sins for-  
given :  
The rueful conflict, the heart riven  
With vain endeavour,  
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,  
Effaced for ever.

But why to Him confine the prayer,  
When kindred thoughts and yearnings  
bear  
On the frail heart the purest share  
With all that live ?—  
The best of what we do and are,  
Just God, forgive !

I mourned with thousands, but as one  
 More deeply grieved, for He was gone  
 Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
     And showed my youth  
 How Verse may build a princely throne  
     On humble truth.

Alas ! where'er the current tends,  
 Regret pursues and with it blends,—  
 Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends  
     By Skiddaw seen,—  
 Neighbours we were, and loving friends  
     We might have been ;

True friends though diversely inclined ;  
 But heart with heart and mind with  
     mind,  
 Where the main fibres are entwined,  
     Through Nature's skill,  
 May even by contraries be joined  
     More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow ;  
 Thou "poor Inhabitant below,"  
 At this dread moment—even so—  
     Might we together  
 Havesate and talked where gowans blow,  
     Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been  
     placed  
 Within my reach ; of knowledge graced  
 By fancy what a rich repast !  
     But why go on ?—  
 Oh ! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,  
     His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,  
 (Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)  
 Lies gathered to his Father's side,  
     Soul-moving sight !  
 Yet one to which is not denied  
     Some sad delight.

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed  
 Hath early found among the dead,  
 Harboured where none can be misled,  
     Wronged, or distressed ;  
 And surely here it may be said  
     That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace  
 Checked oft-times in a devious race,  
 May He, who halloweth the place  
     Where Man is laid,  
 Receive thy Spirit in the embrace  
     For which it prayed !

Sighing I turned away ; but ere  
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,  
 Music that sorrow comes not near,  
     A ritual hymn,  
 Chanted in love that casts out fear  
     By Seraphim.

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## THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON  
 THE BANKS OF NITH, NEAR THE  
 POET'S RESIDENCE.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow<sup>1</sup>  
 That must have followed when his brow  
 Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us  
     how—

With holly spray,  
 He faltered, drifted to and fro,  
     And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister,  
     throng  
 Our minds when, lingering all too long,  
 Over the grave of Burns we hung  
     In social grief—  
 Indulged as if it were a wrong  
     To seek relief.

With which it looked on this delightful  
 day  
 Were native to the summer.—Up the  
 brook  
 I roamed in the confusion of my heart.  
 Alive to all things and forgetting all.  
 At length I to a sudden turning came  
 In this continuous glen, where down a  
 rock  
 The stream, so ardent in its course  
 before,  
 Sent forth such sallies of glad sound,  
 that all  
 Which I till then had heard, appeared  
 the voice  
 Of common pleasure: beast and bird,  
 the lamb,  
 The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the  
 thrush  
 Vied with this waterfall, and made a  
 song  
 Which, while I listened, seemed like  
 the wild growth  
 Or like some natural produce of the air,  
 That could not cease to be. Green  
 leaves were here;  
 But 'twas the foliage of the rocks, the  
 birch,  
 The yew, the holly, and the bright  
 green thorn,  
 With hanging islands of resplendent  
 furze:  
 And on a summit, distant a short  
 space,  
 By any who should look beyond the  
 dell,  
 A single mountain cottage might be  
 seen.  
 I gazed and gazed, and to myself I  
 said,  
 "Our thoughts at least are ours; and  
 this wild nook,  
 My Emma, I will dedicate to thee."

Soon did the spot become my other  
 home.  
 My dwelling, and my out-of-door  
 abode.  
 And, of the shepherds who have seen  
 me there,  
 To whom I sometimes in our idle talk  
 Have told this fancy, two or three  
 perhaps,  
 Years after we are gone and in our  
 graves,  
 When they have cause to speak of  
 this wild place,  
 May call it by the name of Emma's  
 Dell.

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### TO JOANNA.

AMID the smoke of cities did you pass  
 The time of early youth: and there  
 you learned,  
 From years of quiet industry, to love  
 The living beings by your own fire-side.  
 With such a strong devotion, that your  
 heart  
 Is slow to meet the sympathies of them  
 Who look upon the hills with tenderness,  
 And make dear friendships with the  
 streams and groves.  
 Yet we, who are transgressors in this  
 kind,  
 Dwelling retired in our simplicity  
 Among the woods and fields, we love  
 you well.  
 Joanna! and I guess, since you have been  
 So distant from us now for two long  
 years,  
 That you will gladly listen to discourse  
 However trivial, if you thence are taught  
 That they, with whom you once were  
 happy, talk  
 Familiarly of you and of old times.

# POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

By persons resident in the country, and attached to rural objects, many places will be found unnamed or of unknown names, where little incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will have given to

such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such incidents, and renew the gratification of such feelings, names have been given to places by the author and some of his friends, and the following poems written in consequence.

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around  
whose base  
Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad  
Rocks ascend  
In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair  
Rising to no ambitious height; yet  
both,  
O'er lake and stream, mountain and  
flowery mead,  
Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes  
Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,  
To one or other brow of those twin  
Peaks  
Were two adventurous Sisters wont to  
climb,  
And took no note of the hour while  
thence they gazed,  
The blooming heath their couch, gazed  
side by side,  
In speechless admiration. I, a witness  
And frequent sharer of their calm  
delight  
With thankful heart, to either Eminence  
Gave the baptismal name each Sister  
bore.  
Now are they parted, far as Death's  
cold hand  
Hath power to part the Spirits of those  
who love  
As they did love. Ye kindred  
Pinnacles—  
That, while the generations of mankind  
Follow each other to their hiding-place  
In time's abyss, are privileged to endure

Beautiful in yourselves, and richly  
graced  
With like command of beauty—grant  
your aid  
For MARY'S humble, SARAH'S silent  
claim,  
That their pure joy in nature may  
survive  
From age to age in blended memory.

It was an April morning: fresh and  
clear  
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,  
Ran with a young man's speed; and  
yet the voice  
Of waters which the winter had sup-  
plied  
Was softened down into a vernal tone.  
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,  
And hopes and wishes, from all living  
things  
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.  
The budding groves seemed eager to  
urge on  
The steps of June; as if their various  
hues  
Were only hindrances that stood between  
Them and their object: but, mean-  
while, prevailed  
Such an entire contentment in the air,  
That every naked ash, and tardy tree  
Yet leafless, showed as if the coun-  
tenance

Of ancient mountains, or my ear was  
touched  
With dreams and visionary impulses -  
To me alone imparted, sure I am  
That there was a loud uproar in the  
hills: -  
And, while we both were listening, to  
my side  
The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished  
To shelter from some object of her  
fear.  
And hence, long afterwards, when  
eighteen moons  
Were wasted, as I chanced to walk  
alone  
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a  
calm  
And silent morning. I sat down, and  
there,  
In memory of affections, old and true,  
I chiselled out in those rude characters  
Joanna's name deep in the living stone.  
And I, and all who dwell by my fire-side.  
Have called the lovely rock, Joanna's  
Rock." \*

THERE is an eminence,—of these our  
hills  
The last that parleys with the setting  
sun.  
We can behold it from our orchard-  
seat;  
And when at evening we pursue our  
walk

Along the public way, this peak, so high  
Above us, and so distant in its height,  
Is visible; and often seems to send  
Its own deep quiet to restore our  
hearts.

The meteors make of it a favourite  
haunt:

The star of Jove, so beautiful and  
large

In the mid heavens, is never half so fair  
As when he shines above it. 'Tis in  
truth

The loneliest place we have among the  
clouds.

And she who dwells with me, whom I  
have loved

With such communion, that no place  
on earth

Can ever be a solitude to me,  
Hath to this lonely summit given my  
name.

A NARROW girdle of rough stones and  
crag,

A rude and natural causeway, inter-  
posed

Between the water and a winding slope  
Of copse and thicket, leaves the  
eastern shore

Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy.  
And there, myself and two beloved  
friends,

One calm September morning, ere the  
mist

\* In Cumberland and Westmoreland are several inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of time, and the rudeness of the workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic. They are, without doubt, Roman. The Retha, mentioned in this poem, is the river which, flowing through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal, falls into Wyndander.—On Helm-Crag, that impressive single mountain at

the head of the vale of Grasmere, is a rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an old woman cowering. Close by this rock is one of those fissures of cavern which in the language of the country are called dungeons. Most of the mountains here mentioned immediately surround the vale of Grasmere; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

While I was seated, now some ten  
 days past,  
 Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop  
 Their ancient neighbour, the old  
 steeple tower,  
 The vicar from his gloomy house hard  
 by  
 Came forth to greet me; and when he  
 had asked,  
 "How fares Joanna; that wild-hearted  
 maid!  
 And when will she return to us?" he  
 paused;  
 And, after short exchange of village  
 news,  
 He with grave looks demanded, for  
 what cause,  
 Reviving obsolete idolatry,  
 I, like a Runic priest, in characters  
 Of formidable size had chiselled out  
 Some uncouth name upon the native  
 rock,  
 Above the Rotha, by the forest side.  
 Now by those dear immunities of heart  
 Engendered between malice and true  
 love,  
 I was not loth to be so catechised,  
 And this was my reply:—"As it befel,  
 One summer morning we had walked  
 abroad  
 At break of day, Joanna and myself.  
 'Twas that delightful season when the  
 broom,  
 Full-flowered, and visible on every  
 steep,  
 Along the copses runs in veins of gold.  
 Our pathway led us on to Rotha's  
 banks;  
 And when we came in front of that tall  
 rock  
 That castward looks, I there stopped  
 short—and stood  
 Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye

From base to summit; such delight I  
 found  
 To note in shrub and tree, in stone and  
 flower,  
 That intermixture of delicious hues,  
 Along so vast a surface, all at once,  
 In one impression, by connecting force  
 Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.  
 When I had gazed perhaps two minutes,  
 space,  
 Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld  
 That ravishment of mine, and laughed  
 aloud.  
 The rock, like something starting from  
 a sleep,  
 Took up the lady's voice, and laughed  
 again:  
 That ancient woman seated on Helm-  
 Crag  
 Was ready with her cavern: Hammer-  
 Scar,  
 And the tall steep of Silver-how, sent  
 forth  
 A noise of laughter; southern Lough-  
 rigg heard,  
 And Fairfield answered with a moun-  
 tain tone:  
 Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky  
 Carried the lady's voice,—old Skiddaw  
 blew  
 His speaking trumpet;—back out of  
 the clouds  
 Of Glaramara southward came the  
 voice:  
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty  
 head.  
 Now whether (said I to our cordial  
 friend,  
 Who in the hey-day of astonishment  
 Smiled in my face) this were in simple  
 truth  
 A work accomplished by the brother-  
 hood

He stood alone; whereat he turned  
 his head  
 To greet us—and we saw a man worn  
 down  
 By sickness, gaunt and lean, with  
 sunken cheeks  
 And wasted limbs, his legs so long and  
 lean  
 That for my single self I looked at  
 them,  
 Forgetful of the body they sus-  
 tained.—  
 Too weak to labour in the harvest  
 field,  
 The man was using his best skill to  
 gain  
 A pittance from the dead unfeeling  
 lake  
 That knew not of his wants. I will  
 not say  
 What thoughts immediately were ours,  
 nor how  
 The happy idleness of that sweet morn,  
 With all its lovely images, was  
 changed  
 To serious musing and to self-  
 reproach.  
 Nor did we fail to see within ourselves  
 What need there is to be reserved in  
 speech,  
 And temper all our thoughts with  
 charity.  
 Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,  
 My friend, myself, and she who then  
 received  
 The same admonishment, have called  
 the place  
 By a memorial name, uncouth indeed  
 As e'er by mariner was given to bay  
 Or foreland, on a new-discovered  
 coast;  
 And Point Rash Judgment is the name  
 it bears.

TO M. H.

OUR walk was far among the ancier  
 trees;  
 There was no road, nor any woodman  
 path;  
 But a thick umbrage, checking th  
 wild growth  
 Of weed and sapling, along soft gree  
 turf  
 Beneath the branches, of itself ha  
 made  
 A track, that brought us to a slip of  
 lawn,  
 And a small bed of water in the woods  
 All round this pool both flocks and  
 herds might drink  
 On its firm margin, even as from a  
 well,  
 Or some stone-basin which the herds-  
 man's hand  
 Had shaped for their refreshment; nor  
 did sun,  
 Or wind from any quarter, ever come,  
 But as a blessing, to this calm recess,  
 This glade of water and this one green  
 field.  
 The spot was made by nature for herself,  
 The travellers know it not, and 'twill  
 remain  
 Unknown to them: but it is beautiful:  
 And if a man should plant his cottage  
 near,  
 Should sleep beneath the shelter of its  
 trees,  
 And blend its waters with his daily meal.  
 He would so love it, that in his death  
 hour  
 Its image would survive among his  
 thoughts;  
 And therefore, my sweet Mary, this  
 still nook,  
 With all its beeches, we have named  
 from you.



Had altogether yielded to the sun,  
 Sauntered on this retired and difficult  
 way.  
 Ill suits the road with one in haste, but  
 we  
 Played with our time; and, as we  
 strolled along,  
 It was our occupation to observe.  
 Such objects as the waves had tossed  
 ashore,  
 Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered  
 bough,  
 Each on the other heaped, along the  
 line  
 Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant  
 mood,  
 Not seldom did we stop to watch some  
 tuft  
 Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,  
 That skimmed the surface of the dead  
 calm lake,  
 Suddenly halting now—a lifeless  
 stand!  
 And starting off again with freak as  
 sudden;  
 In all its sportive wanderings, all the  
 while,  
 Making report of an invisible breeze  
 That was its wings, its chariot, and its  
 horse,  
 Its playmate, rather say its moving  
 soul.  
 And often, trifling with a privilege  
 Alike indulged to all, we paused, one  
 now,  
 And now the other, to point out, per-  
 chance  
 To pluck, some flower or water-weed,  
 too fair  
 Either to be divided from the place  
 On which it grew, or to be left alone  
 To its own beauty. Many such there  
 are,

Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that  
 tall fern,  
 So stately, of the Queen Osmunda  
 named;  
 Plant lovelier in its own retired abode  
 On Grasmere's beach, than naiad by  
 the side  
 Of Grecian brook, or lady of the mere,  
 Sole-sitting by the shores of old  
 romance,  
 So fared we that bright morning: from  
 the fields,  
 Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the  
 busy mirth  
 Of reapers, men and women, boys and  
 girls.  
 Delighted much to listen to those  
 sounds,  
 And feeding thus our fancies, we  
 advanced  
 Along the indented shore; when sud-  
 denly,  
 Through a thin veil of glittering haze  
 was seen  
 Before us, on a point of jutting land,  
 The tall and upright figure of a man  
 Attired in peasant's garb, who stood  
 alone,  
 Angling beside the margin of the lake.  
 Improvident and reckless, we ex-  
 claimed,  
 The man must be, who thus can lose a  
 day  
 Of the mid-harvest, when the labourer's  
 hire  
 Is ample, and some little might be  
 stored  
 Wherewith to cheer him in the winter  
 time.  
 Thus talking of that peasant, we ap-  
 proached  
 Close to the spot where with his rod  
 and line



wo

"A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain-flock.  
Would watch my motions with suspicious stare."

And winding on with such an easy line  
 Along a natural opening, that I stood  
 Much wondering how I could have  
 sought in vain

For what was now so obvious. To abide,  
 For an allotted interval of ease,  
 Under my cottage roof, had gladly come  
 From the wild sea a cherished visitant;  
 And with the sight of this same path—  
 begun,

Begun and ended, in the shady grove,  
 Pleasant conviction flashed upon my  
 mind

That, to this opportune recess allured,  
 He had surveyed it with a finer eye,  
 A heart more wakeful; and had worn  
 the track

By pacing here, unwearied and alone,  
 In that habitual restlessness of foot  
 That haunts the sailor measuring o'er  
 and o'er

His short domain upon the vessel's  
 deck,

While she pursues her course through  
 the dreary sea.

When thou hadst quitted Esth-  
 waite's pleasant shore,

And taken thy first leave of those  
 green hills

And rocks that were the play-ground of  
 thy youth,

Year followed year, my brother! and  
 we two,

Conversing not, knew little in what  
 mould

Each other's mind was fashioned; and  
 at length,

When once again we met in Grasmere  
 vale,

Between us there was little other bond  
 Than common feelings of fraternal  
 love.

But thou, a school-boy, to the sea  
 hadst carried

Undying recollections: nature there  
 Was with thee; she, who loved us  
 both, she still

Was with thee; and even so didst thou  
 become

A *silent* poet; from the solitude  
 Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful  
 heart

Still couchant, an inevitable ear,  
 And an eye practised like a blind man's  
 touch.

Back to the joyless ocean thou art  
 gone;

Nor from this vestige of thy musing  
 hours

Could I withhold thy honoured name,  
 and now

I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.  
 Thither do I withdraw when cloudless  
 suns

Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome  
 and strong:

And there I sit at evening, when the  
 steep

Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peace-  
 ful lake,

And one green island, gleam between  
 the stems

Of the dark firs, a visionary scene!

And, while I gaze upon the spectacle  
 Of clouded splendour, on this dream-  
 like sight

Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,  
 My brother, and on all which thou hast  
 lost.

Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while  
 thou,

Muttering the verses which I muttered  
 first

Among the mountains, through the  
 midnight watch

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy  
 world,  
 Preferring studious leisure, I had  
 chosen  
 A habitation in this peaceful vale,  
 Sharp season followed of continual  
 storm  
 In deepest winter; and, from week to  
 week,  
 Pathway, and lane, and public road,  
 were clogged  
 With frequent showers of snow. Upon  
 a hill  
 At a short distance from my cottage  
 stands  
 A stately fir-grove, whither I was wont  
 To hasten, for I found beneath the  
 roof  
 Of that perennial shade, a cloistral  
 place  
 Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.  
 Here, in a safe covert, on the shallow  
 snow,  
 And, sometimes, on a speck of visible  
 earth.  
 The redbreast near me hopped; nor  
 was I loth  
 To sympathise with vulgar coppice birds  
 That, for protection from the nipping  
 blast,  
 Hither repaired.—A single beech-tree  
 grew  
 Within this grove of firs; and, on the  
 fork  
 Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's  
 nest;  
 A last year's nest, conspicuously built  
 At such small elevation from the  
 ground  
 As gave sure sign that they, who in  
 that house  
 Of nature and of love had made their  
 home

Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long  
 Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And often-  
 times,  
 A few sheep, stragglers from some  
 mountain-flock,  
 Would watch my motions with sus-  
 picious stare,  
 From the remotest outskirts of the  
 grove,—  
 Some nook where they had made their  
 final stand,  
 Huddling together from two fears—the  
 fear  
 Of me and of the storm. Full many  
 an hour  
 Here did I lose. But in this grove the  
 trees  
 Had been so thickly planted, and had  
 thriven  
 In such perplexed and intricate array,  
 That vainly did I seek, beneath their  
 stems,  
 A length of open space, where to and fro  
 My feet might move without concern  
 or care. [day to day  
 And, baffled thus, though earth from  
 Was fettered, and the air by storm dis-  
 turbed,. [prized,  
 I ceased the shelter to frequent,—and  
 Less than I wished to prize, that calm  
 recess.  
  
 The snows dissolved, and genial  
 spring returned  
 To clothe the fields with verdure.  
 Other haunts  
 Meanwhile were mine; till, one bright  
 April day,  
 By chance retiring from the glare of  
 noon  
 To this forsaken covert, there I found  
 A hoary pathway traced between the  
 trees,

And all its stately trees are passed  
 away,  
 This little niche, unconscious of decay,  
 Perchance may still survive. And be  
 it known  
 That it was scooped within the living  
 stone,—  
 Not by the sluggish and ungrateful  
 pains  
 Of labourer plodding for his daily  
 gains;  
 But by an industry that wrought in  
 love,  
 With help from female hands, that  
 proudly strove  
 To aid the work, what time these walks  
 and bowers—  
 Were shaped to cheer dark winter's  
 lonely hours.

---

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR  
 GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., AND IN  
 HIS NAME, FOR AN URN, PLACED BY  
 HIM AT THE TERMINATION OF A  
 NEWLY-PLANTED AVENUE, IN THE  
 SAME GROUNDS.

YE lime-trees, ranged before this hal-  
 lowed urn,  
 Shoot forth with lively power at  
 spring's return;  
 And be not slow a stately growth to rear  
 Of pillars, branching off from year to  
 year,  
 Till they have learned to frame a dark-  
 some aisle;—  
 That may recall to mind that awful  
 pile  
 Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's  
 noblest dead,  
 In the last sanctity of fame is laid.

There, though by right the excelling  
 painter sleep  
 Where death and glory a joint Sab-  
 bath keep,  
 Yet not the less his spirit would hold  
 dear  
 Self-hidden praise, and friendship's  
 private tear.  
 Hence, on my patrimonial grounds,  
 have I  
 Raised this frail tribute to his memory,  
 From youth a zealous follower of the  
 art  
 That he professed, attached to him  
 in heart:  
 Admiring, loving, and with grief and  
 pride  
 Feeling what England lost when Rey-  
 nolds died.

---

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF  
 COLEORTON.

BENEATH yon eastern ridge, the craggy  
 bound,  
 Rugged and high, of Charnwood's  
 forest ground,  
 Stand yet, but, stranger! hidden from  
 thy view,  
 The ivied ruins of forlorn Grace  
 Dieu;  
 Erst a religious house, which day and  
 night  
 With hymns resounded, and the  
 chanted rite:  
 And when those rites had ceased, the  
 spot gave birth  
 To honourable men of various worth:  
 There, on the margin of a streamlet  
 wild,  
 Did Francis Beaumont sport an eager  
 child;

Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel's deck  
 In some far region, here, while o'er my  
 head,  
 At every impulse of the moving breeze,  
 The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like  
 sound,  
 Alone I tread this path;—for aught I  
 know,  
 Timing my steps to thine: and, with a  
 store  
 Of undistinguishable sympathies,

Mingling most earnest wishes for the  
 day  
 When we, and others whom we love,  
 shall meet  
 A second time, in Grasmere's happy  
 vale.

---

*Note.*—This wish was not granted; the  
 lamented person, not long after, perished by  
 shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as com-  
 mander of the Honourable East India Com-  
 pany's vessel, the *Earl of Abergavenny*.

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## INSCRIPTIONS.

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IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE  
 SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT,  
 BART., LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE embowering rose, the acacia, and  
 the pine,  
 Will not unwillingly their place resign;  
 If but the cedar thrive that near them  
 stands,  
 Planted by Beaumont's and by Words-  
 worth's hands.

One wooed the silent art with studious  
 pains,—

These groves have heard the other's  
 pensive strains;

Devoted thus, their spirits did unite  
 By interchange of knowledge and de-  
 light.

May nature's kindest powers sustain  
 the tree,

And love protect it from all injury!

And when its potent branches, wide  
 out-thrown,

Darken the brow of this memorial stone,  
 Here may some painter sit in future  
 days,

Some future poet meditate his lays;  
 Not mindless of that distant age  
 renowned

When inspiration hovered o'er this  
 ground,

The haunt of him who sang how spear  
 and shield

In civil conflict met on Bosworth field;  
 And of that famous youth, full soon  
 removed

From earth, perhaps by Shakespeare's  
 self approved, [beloved.

Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend

---

### IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

OF is the medal faithful to its trust.

When temples, columns, towers are  
 laid in dust;

And 'tis a common ordinance of fate  
 That things-obscure and small outlive  
 the great:

Hence, when yon mansion and the  
 flowery trim

Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,

But thee may no such boisterous visitants  
 Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;  
 And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air  
 Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle.  
 From centre to circumference, unveiled!  
 Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,  
 That on the summit whither thou art bound.  
 A geographic labourer pitched his tent.  
 With books supplied and instruments of art,  
 To measure height and distance; lonely task.  
 Week after week pursued!—To him was given  
 Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed  
 On timid man) of nature's processes  
 Upon the exalted hills. He made report  
 That once, while there he plied his studious work  
 Within that canvass dwelling, colours, lines, [map.  
 And the whole surface of the out-spread  
 Became invisible: for all around  
 Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—  
 As if the golden day itself had been  
 Extinguished in a moment: total gloom,  
 In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes,  
 Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL UPON  
 A STONE, THE LARGEST OF A HEAP  
 LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY,  
 UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT  
 RYDAL.

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shapen stones  
 Is not a ruin spared or made by time,  
 Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the cairn  
 Of some old British chief: 'tis nothing more  
 Than the rude embryo of a little dome  
 Or pleasure-house, once destined to be built  
 Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.  
 But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned  
 That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,  
 And make himself a freeman of this spot  
 At any hour he chose, the prudent knight  
 Desisted, and the quarry and the mound  
 Are monuments of his unfinished task.  
 The block on which these lines are traced, perhaps,  
 Was once selected as the corner-stone  
 Of that intended pile, which would have been  
 Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate skill.  
 So that, I guess, the Linnet and the thrush,  
 And other little builders who dwell here,  
 Had wondered at the work. But blame him not.  
 For old Sir William was a gentle knight

There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,  
 Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;  
 Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,  
 Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams  
 Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,  
 With which his genius shook the buskined stage.  
 Communities are lost, and empires die,  
 And things of holy use unhallowed lie;  
 They perish;—but the intellect can raise,  
 From airy words alone, a pile that ne'er decays.

---

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A  
 STONE IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE  
 (AN OUT-HOUSE) ON THE ISLAND AT  
 GRASMERE.

RUDE is this edifice, and thou hast seen  
 Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained  
 Proportions more harmonious, and approached  
 To closer fellowship with ideal grace.  
 But take it in good part:—alas! the poor  
 Vitruvius of our village had no help  
 From the great city; never upon leaves  
 Of red morocco folio saw displayed  
 In long succession, pre-existing ghosts  
 Of beauties yet unborn, the rustic lodge  
 Antique, and cottage with verandah  
 graced,  
 Nor lacking, for fit company, alcove,  
 Green-house, shell-grot, and moss-lined  
 hermitage.

W O.

Thou see'st a homely pile, yet to these walls  
 The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here  
 The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the wind.  
 And hither does one poet sometimes row  
 His pinnace, a small vagrant barge, up-piled  
 With plenteous store of heath and withered fern,  
 (A lading which he with his sickle cuts  
 Among the mountains) and beneath this roof [here at noon  
 He makes his summer couch, and  
 Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the sheep,  
 Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,  
 Lie round him, even as if they were a part [his bed  
 Of his own household; nor, while from  
 He looks through the open door-place toward the lake  
 And to the stirring breezes, does he want  
 Creations lovely as the work of sleep—  
 Fair sights and visions of romantic joy!

---

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL ON A  
 STONE, ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF BLACK COMB.

STAY, bold adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs  
 On this commodious seat! for much remains  
 Of hard ascent before thou reach the top  
 Of this huge eminence,—from blackness named,  
 And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,  
 A favourite spot of tournament and war!



Give voice to what my hand shall  
trace,  
And fear not lest an idle sound  
Of words unsuited to the place  
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this rock, while vernal air  
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,  
Uphold a monument as fair  
As church or abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,  
Like marble white, like ether pure;  
As if beneath some hero lay,  
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed;  
And, ever as the sun shone forth,  
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,  
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous pile  
Unsound as those which fortune builds;  
To undermine with secret guile,  
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock  
Fell the whole fabric to the ground;  
And naked left this dripping rock,  
With shapeless ruin spread around!

---

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,  
Bubbles gliding under ice,  
Bodied forth and evanescent,  
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts!—A wind-swept  
meadow  
Mimicking a troubled sea,  
Such is life: and death a shadow  
From the rock eternity!

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.  
TROUBLED long with warring notions,  
Long impatient of thy rod,  
I resign my soul's emotions  
Unto thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter  
Yielded by this craggy rent,  
If my spirit toss and welter  
On the waves of discontent?

Parching summer hath no warrant  
To consume this crystal well;  
Rains that make each rill a torrent,  
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,  
Would my life present to thee,  
Gracious God, the pure oblation,  
Of divine tranquillity!

---

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;  
Not seldom evening in the west  
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

Thesmoothest seas will sometimes prove,  
To the confiding bark, untrue;  
And, if she trust the stars above,  
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,  
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,  
Draws lightning down upon the head  
It promised to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord,  
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;  
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,  
And asked for peace on suppliant knee:  
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,  
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

Bred in this vale, to which he apper-  
tained  
With all his ancestry. Then peace to  
him,  
And for the outrage which he had  
devised  
Entire forgiveness!—But if thou art  
one  
On fire with thy impatience to be-  
come  
An inmate of these mountains,—if,  
disturbed  
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast  
hewn  
Out of the quiet rock the elements  
Of thy trim mansion destined soon to  
blaze  
In snow-white splendour,—think again,  
and, taught  
By old Sir William and his quarry,  
leave  
Thy fragments to the bramble and  
the rose;  
There let the vernal slow-worm sun  
himself,  
And let the redbreast hop from stone  
to stone.

What is glory?—in the socket  
See how dying tapers fare!  
What is pride?—a whizzing rocket  
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship?—do not trust her,  
Nor the vows which she has made;  
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth?—a staff rejected;  
Duty?—an unwelcome clog;  
Joy?—a moon by fits reflected  
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,  
To the traveller's eye it shone:  
He hath hailed it re-appearing—  
And as quickly it is gone;

Such is joy—as quickly hidden,  
Or mis-shapen to the sight,  
And by sullen weeds forbidden  
To resume its native light.

What is youth?—a dancing billow,  
(Winds behind, and rocks before!)  
Age?—a drooping, tottering willow  
On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace?—when pain is over,  
And love ceases to rebel,  
Let the last faint sigh discover  
That precedes the passing knell!

---

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND  
IN AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL.

HOPES what are they?—Beads of  
morning  
Strung on slender blades of grass;  
Or a spider's web adorning  
In a strait and treacherous pass.

---

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

What are fears but voices airy?  
Whispering harm where harm is not;  
And deluding the unwary  
Till the fatal bolt is shot!

PAUSE, traveller! whoso'er thou be  
Whom chance may lead to this retreat  
Where silence yields reluctantly  
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat;

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,  
 Or what is it that ye go forth to see?  
 Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of  
 low degree,  
 Men known, and men unknown, sick,  
 lame, and blind,  
 Post forward all, like creatures of one  
 kind,  
 With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend  
 the knee  
 In France, before the new-born  
 majesty.  
 'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate  
 mind!  
 A seemly reverence may be paid to  
 power;  
 But that's a loyal virtue, never sown  
 In haste, nor springing with a tran-  
 sient shower:  
 When truth, when sense, when liberty  
 were flown,  
 What hardship had it been to wait  
 an hour?  
 Shame on you, feeble heads, to slavery  
 prone!

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD  
 LEADING TO ARDRES, AUGUST 7,  
 1802.

JONES! as from Calais southward you  
 and I  
 Went pacing side by side, this public  
 way  
 Streamed with the pomp of a too-  
 credulous day,\*  
 When faith was pledged to new-born  
 liberty:

\* 14th July, 1790.—[The day on which the  
 unfortunate Louis XVI. took the oath of fidelity  
 to the new constitution.]

A homeless sound of joy was in the sky;  
 From hour to hour the antiquated earth,  
 Beat like the heart of man: songs,  
 garlands, mirth,  
 Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!  
 And now, sole register that these  
 things were,  
 Two solitary greetings have I heard,  
 "Good morrow, citizen!" a hollow word,  
 As if a dead man spake it! Yet despair  
 Touches me not, though pensive as a  
 bird  
 Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid  
 bare.

1801.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain  
 And an unthinking grief! The tenderest  
 mood [what food  
 Of that man's mind—what can it be?  
 Fed his first hopes? what knowledge  
 could he gain?  
 'Tis not in battles that from youth we  
 train  
 The governor who must be wise and  
 good,  
 And temper with the sternness of the  
 brain  
 Thoughts motherly, and meek as  
 womanhood.  
 Wisdom doth live with children round  
 her knees:  
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and  
 the talk  
 Man holds with week-day man in the  
 hourly walk  
 Of the mind's business: these are the  
 degrees  
 By which true sway doth mount; this  
 is the stalk  
 True power doth grow on; and her  
 rights are these.

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE  
STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND,  
DERWENT-WATER.

If thou in the dear love of some one  
friend [what thoughts

Hast been so happy that thou know'st  
Will sometimes in the happiness of love  
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou  
reverence [unmoved

This quiet spot; and, stranger! not  
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap  
of stones,

The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's cell.  
Here stood his threshold; here was  
spread the roof

That sheltered him, a self-secluded man,  
After long exercise in social cares  
And offices humane, intent to adore  
The Deity, with undistracted mind,  
And meditate on everlasting things,  
In utter solitude.—But he had left  
A fellow-labourer, whom the good man  
loved [upraised

As his own soul. And, when with eye  
To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,  
While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore

Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced  
Along the beach of this small isle  
and thought [both

Of his companion, he would pray that  
(Now that their earthly duties were  
fulfilled) [in vain

Might die in the same moment. Nor  
So prayed he:—as our chronicles  
report, [last day,

Though here the hermit numbered his  
Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved  
friend, [hour.

Those holy men both died in the same

---

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind  
Crowded with thoughts that need a  
settled home,

Yet, like to eddying balls of foam  
Within this whirlpool, they each other  
chase

Round and round, and neither find  
An outlet nor a resting place!  
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,  
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

---

## SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

---

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR  
CALAIS, AUGUST, 1862.

FAIR star of evening, splendour of the  
west,

Star of my country!—on the horizon's  
brink

Thou hangest, stooping, as might  
seem, to sink [to rest,

On England's bosom: yet well pleased  
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious  
crest [think,

Conspicuous to the nations. Thou, I

Shouldst be my country's emblem;  
and shouldst wink, [banners, drest  
Bright star! with laughter on her  
In thy fresh beauty. There! that  
dusky spot [she lies.

Beneath thee, that is England; there  
Blessings be on you both! one hope,  
one lot, [fear

One life, one glory! I with many a  
For my dear country, many heartfelt  
sighs, [linger here.

Among men who do not love her,

## TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of  
men!

Whether the whistling rustic tend his  
plough

Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's ear-  
less den;

O miserable chieftain! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not!  
do thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful  
brow:

Though fallen thyself never to rise again,  
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast  
left behind

Powers that will work for thee, air,  
earth, and skies:

There's not a breathing of the common  
wind [allies;

That will forget thee; thou hast great  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable  
mind.

---

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that  
disgraced those times, was the chasing of all  
negroes from France by decree of the govern-  
ment: we had a fellow-passenger who was  
one of the expelled.

We had a female passenger who came  
From Calais with us, spotless in array,  
A white-robed negro, like a lady gay,  
Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;  
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim  
She sat, from notice turning not away,  
But on all proffered intercourse did lay  
A weight of languid speech,—or to the  
same

No sign of answer made by word or  
face:

Yet still her eyes retained their tropic  
fire,  
That, burning independent of the  
mind,  
Joined with the lustre of her rich  
attire  
To mock the outcast—O ye heavens  
be kind!  
And feel, thou earth, for this afflicted  
race!

---

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY. NEAR DOVER,  
ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil we breathe  
once more.  
The cock that crows, the smoke that  
curls, that sound  
Of bells,—those boys who in yon  
meadow-ground  
In white-sleeved shirts are playing,—  
and the roar  
Of the waves breaking on the chalky  
shore,  
All, all are English. Oft have I looked  
round  
With joy in Kent's green vales; but  
never found  
Myself so satisfied in heart before.  
Europe is yet in bonds; but let that  
pass,  
Thought for another moment. Thou  
art free,  
My country! and 'tis joy enough and  
pride  
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread  
the grass  
Of England once again, and hear and  
see,  
With such a dear companion at my  
side.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names :

This is young Buonaparté's natal day,  
And his is henceforth an established sway,

Consul for life. With worship France proclaims

Her approbation, and with pomps and games.

Heaven grant that other cities may be gay !

Calais is not : and I have bent my way

To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames

His business as he likes. Far other show

My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time ;

The senselessness of joy was then sublime !

Happy is he, who, caring not for pope,  
Consul, or king, can sound himself to know

The destiny of man, and live in hope.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN  
REPUBLIC.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East  
in fee ;

And was the safeguard of the west :  
the worth

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest child of liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free ;

No guile seduced, no force could violate ;

And when she took unto herself a mate,

She must espouse the everlasting sea !  
And what if she had seen those glories  
fade,

Those titles vanish, and that strength  
decay ;

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reached its  
final day :

Men are we, and must grieve when  
even the shade

Of that which once was great, is passed  
away.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE voice of song from distant lands  
shall call

To that great king ; shall hail the  
crownèd youth

Who, taking counsel of unbending  
truth,

By one example hath set forth to all  
How they with dignity may stand ; or  
fall ;

If fall they must. Now, whither doth  
it tend ?

And what to him and his shall be the  
end ?

That thought is one which neither can  
appal

Nor cheer him : for the illustrious  
Swede hath done

The thing which ought to be : is raised  
*above*

All consequences ; work he hath  
begun

Of fortitude, and piety, and love,  
Which all his glorious ancestors  
approve :

The heroes bless him, him their right-  
ful son.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at  
 this hour:  
 England hath need of thee; she is a  
 fen  
 Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and  
 pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and  
 bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English  
 dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish  
 men;  
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom,  
 power.  
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt  
 apart;  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was  
 like the sea;  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,  
 free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common  
 way,  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy  
 heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

---

GREAT men have been among us;  
 hands that penned  
 And tongues that uttered wisdom,  
 better none:  
 The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,  
 Young Vane, and others who called  
 Milton friend.  
 These moralists could act and compre-  
 hend:  
 They knew how genuine glory was put  
 on;  
 Taught us how rightfully a nation  
 shone

In splendour: what strength was, that  
 would not bend  
 But in magnanimous meekness.  
 France, 'tis strange,  
 Hath brought forth no such souls as  
 we had then.  
 Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!  
 No single volume paramount, no  
 code,  
 No master spirit, no determined  
 road;  
 But equally a want of books and  
 men!

---

It is not to be thought of that the  
 flood  
 Of British freedom, which, to the open  
 sea  
 Of the world's praise, from dark an-  
 tiquity  
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters  
 unwithstood,"  
 Roused though it be full often to a  
 mood  
 Which spurns the check of salutary  
 bands,  
 That this most famous stream in bogs  
 and sands  
 Should perish; and to evil and to  
 good  
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
 Armoury of the invincible knights of  
 old:  
 We must be free or die, who speak the  
 tongue  
 That Shakspeare spake: the faith and  
 morals hold  
 Which Milton held. In every thing we  
 are sprung  
 Of earth's first blood, have titles mani-  
 fold.

SEPTEMBER, 1802. NEAR DOVER.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;  
And saw, while sea was calm and air  
was clear.

The coast of France, the coast of  
France how near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighbour-  
hood.

! shrunk, for verily the barrier flood  
Was like a lake, or river bright and  
fair,

A span of waters; yet what power is  
there!

What mightiness for evil and for good!  
Even so doth God protect us if we be  
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and  
waters roll,

Strength to the brave, and power, and  
deity,

Yet in themselves are nothing! One  
decree

Spake laws to *them*, and said that by  
the soul

Only the nations shall be great and  
free!

---

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUB-  
JUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains; each a mighty  
voice

in both from age to age thou didst  
rejoice,

They were thy chosen music, liberty!  
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against him; but hast  
vainly striven.

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length  
art driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by  
thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been  
bereft;

Then cleave, oh, cleave to that which  
still is left;

For, high-souled maid, what sorrow  
would it be

That mountain floods should thunder  
as before,

And ocean bellow from his rocky  
shore,

And neither awful voice be heard by  
thee!

---

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER,  
1802.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I  
must look

For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd,  
To think that now our life is only  
drest

For show; mean handy-work of crafts-  
man, cook,

Or gloom!—We must run glittering  
like a brook

In the open sunshine, or we are  
unblest:

The wealthiest man among us is the  
best;

No grandeur now in nature or in  
book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry; and these we  
adore;

Plain living and high thinking are no  
more;

The homely beauty of the good old  
cause

Is gone; our peace, our fearful in-  
nocence

And pure religion breathing household  
laws.



While tens of thousands, thinking on  
 the affray,  
 Men unto whom sufficient for the day  
 And minds not stinted or untilled are  
 given,  
 Sound, healthy children of the God of  
 heaven.  
 Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.  
 What do we gather hence but firmer  
 faith  
 That every gift of noble origin  
 Is breathed upon by hope's perpetual  
 breath?  
 That virtue and the faculties within  
 Are vital,—and that riches are akin  
 To fear, to change, to cowardice and  
 death!

---

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou  
 shouldst wean  
 Thy heart from its emasculating  
 food;  
 The truth should now be better under-  
 stood;  
 Old things have been unsettled; we  
 have seen  
 Fair seed-time, better harvest might  
 have been  
 But for thy trespasses; and at this day,  
 If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,  
 Aught good were destined, thou  
 wouldst step between.  
 England! all nations in this charge  
 agree:  
 But worse, more ignorant in love and  
 hate,  
 Far, far more abject is thine enemy:  
 Therefore the wise pray for thee,  
 though the freight  
 Of thy offences be a heavy weight:  
 Oh, grief! that earth's best hopes rest  
 all with thee!

OCTOBER, 1803.

WHEN, looking on the present face of  
 things.  
 I see one man, of men the meanest  
 too!  
 Raised up to sway the world, to do  
 undo.  
 With mighty nations for his underlings.  
 The great events with which old story  
 rings  
 Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing  
 great:  
 Nothing is left which I can venerate;  
 So that a doubt almost within me  
 springs  
 Of Providence, such emptiness at  
 length  
 Seems at the heart of all things. But,  
 great God!  
 I measure back the steps which I have  
 trod:  
 And tremble, seeing whence proceeds  
 the strength  
 Of such poor instruments, with  
 thoughts sublime  
 I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

---

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803.  
 VANGUARD of liberty, ye men of Kent.  
 Ye children of a soil that doth advance  
 Her haughty brow against the coast of  
 France.  
 Now is the time to prove your hardi-  
 ment!  
 To France be words of invitation sent!  
 They from their fields can see the  
 countenance  
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glitter-  
 ing lance,  
 And hear you shouting forth your  
 brave intent.

WHEN I have borne in memory what  
 has tamed  
 Great nations, how ennobling thoughts  
 depart  
 When men change swords for ledgers,  
 and desert  
 The student's bower for gold, some  
 fears unnamed  
 I had, my country!—am I to be  
 blamed?  
 Now, when I think of thee, and what  
 thou art,  
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who  
 find  
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of  
 men;  
 And I by my affection was beguiled.  
 What wonder if a poet now and then,  
 Among the many movements of his  
 mind,  
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child?

---

OCTOBER, 1803.

ONE might believe that natural  
 miseries  
 Had blasted France, and made of it a  
 land  
 Unfit for men; and that in one great  
 band  
 Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell  
 at ease.  
 But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and  
 breeze  
 Shed gentle favours; rural works are there  
 And ordinary business without care;  
 Spot rich in all things that can soothe  
 and please!  
 How piteous then that there should be  
 such dearth

Of knowledge; that whole myriads  
 should unite  
 To work against themselves such fell  
 despite:  
 Should come in frenzy and in drunken  
 mirth,  
 Impatient to put out the only light  
 Of liberty that yet remains on earth!

---

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse,  
 to bear  
 Than his who breathes, by roof, and  
 floor, and wall,  
 Pent in, a tyrant's solitary thrall;  
 'Tis his who walks about in the open air  
 One of a nation who, henceforth, must  
 wear  
 Their fetters in their souls. For who  
 could be,  
 Who, even the best, in such condition,  
 free  
 From self-reproach, reproach that he  
 must share  
 With human nature? Never be it ours  
 To see the sun how brightly it will shine,  
 And know that noble feelings, manly  
 powers,  
 Instead of gathering strength, must  
 droop and pine,  
 And earth with all her pleasant fruits  
 and flowers  
 Fade, and participate in man's decline.

---

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times strike monied worldlings  
 with dismay:  
 Even rich men, brave by nature, taint  
 the air  
 With words of apprehension and de-  
 spair:

And spreads her arms—as if the  
 general air  
 Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.  
 Melt, principalities, before her melt!  
 Her love ye hailed—her wrath have  
 felt;  
 But she through many a change of  
 form hath gone,  
 And stands amidst you now, an armed  
 creature,  
 Whose panoply is not a thing put on,  
 But the live scales of a portentous  
 nature;  
 That, having forced its way from birth  
 to birth,  
 Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a  
 terror to the earth!

I marked the breathings of her  
 dragon crest;  
 My soul, a sorrowful interpreter,  
 In many a midnight vision bowed  
 Before the ominous aspect of her  
 spear;  
 Whether the mighty beam, in scorn  
 upheld,  
 Threatened her foes,—or, pompously  
 at rest,  
 Seemed to bisect her orbéd shield,  
 As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud  
 Across the setting sun, and all the fiery  
 west.

So did she daunt the earth, and God  
 defy!  
 And, wheresoe'er she spread her sover-  
 eignty,  
 Pollution tainted all that was most  
 pure.  
 Have we not known—and live we not  
 to tell—  
 That Justice seemed to hear her final  
 knell?

Faith buried deeper in her own deep  
 breast  
 Her stores, and sighed to find them  
 insecure!  
 And Hope was maddened by the drops  
 that fell  
 From shades, her chosen place of  
 short-lived rest:  
 Shame followed shame—and woe sup-  
 planted woe—  
 Is this the only change that time can  
 show?  
 How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye  
 patient heavens, how long?  
 Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue  
 Of nations wanting virtue to be strong  
 Up to the measure of accorded might  
 And daring not to feel the majesty of  
 right.

Weak spirits are there—who would  
 ask.  
 Upon the pressure of a painful thing.  
 The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;  
 Or let their wishes loose, in forest glade  
 Among the lurking powers  
 Of herbs and lowly flowers,  
 Or seek, from saints above, miraculous  
 aid;  
 That man may be accomplished for a  
 task  
 Which his own nature hath enjoined—  
 and why?  
 If, when that interference hath relieved  
 him,  
 He must sink down to languish  
 In worse than former helplessness—  
 and lie  
 Till the caves roar,—and, im-  
 becility  
 Again engendering anguish,  
 The same weak wish returns, that had  
 before deceived him.

Left single, in bold parley, ye of  
 yore,  
 Did from the Norman win a gallant  
 wreath;  
 Confirmed the charters that were yours  
 before;—  
 No parleying now! In Britain is one  
 breath;  
 We all are with you now from shore to  
 shore:  
 Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!

---

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803.

SHOUT, for a mighty victory is won!  
 On British ground the invaders are laid  
 low:  
*The breath of Heaven has drifted*  
*them like snow,*  
 And left them lying in the silent  
 sun,  
 Never to rise again! the work is  
 done.  
*Come forth, ye old men, now in peace-*  
*ful show,*  
 And greet your sons! drums beat and  
 trumpets blow!  
 Make merry, wives! ye little children,  
 stun  
 Your grandame's ears with pleasure of  
 your noise!  
 Clap, infants, clap your hands! Divine  
 must be  
 That triumph, when the very worst, the  
 pain,  
 And even the prospect of our brethren  
 slain,  
 Had something in it which the heart  
 enjoys:—  
 In glory will they sleep and endless  
 sanctity.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!  
 Another mighty empire overthrown!  
 And we are left, or shall be left, alone;  
 The last that dare to struggle with the  
 foe.  
 'Tis well! from this day forward we  
 shall know  
 That in ourselves our safety must be  
 sought;  
 That by our own right hands it must  
 be wrought,  
 That we must stand unpropped, or be  
 laid low,  
 O dastard whom such foretaste doth  
 not cheer!  
 We shall exult, if they who rule the  
 land  
 Be men who hold its many blessings  
 dear,  
 Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile  
 band,  
 Who are to judge of danger which they  
 fear,  
 And honour which they do not under-  
 stand.

---

ODE.

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,  
 And binds her temples with the civic  
 wreath?  
 What joy to read the promise of her  
 mien!  
 How sweet to rest her wide-spread  
 wings beneath!  
 But they are ever playing,  
 And twinkling in the light,  
 And if a breeze be straying,  
 That breeze she will invite;  
 And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is  
 fair,  
 And calls a look of love into her face,

Hast heard the constant voice its  
 charge repeat,  
 Which, out of thy young heart's ora-  
 cular seat,  
 First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow  
 of Time,  
 Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm  
 Is won, and by all nations shall be  
 worn! [torn,  
 The blood-stained writing is for ever  
 And thou henceforth wilt have a good  
 man's calm,  
 A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall  
 find  
 Repose at length, firm friend of human  
 kind!

---

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY, 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come  
 from you!  
 Thus in your books the record shall  
 be found,  
 "A watchword was pronounced, a  
 potent sound,  
 ARMINIUS!—all the people quaked  
 like dew  
 Stirred by the breeze—they rose a  
 nation, true,  
 True to herself—the mighty Germany,  
 She of the Danube and the Northern sea,  
 She rose, and off at once the yoke she  
 threw.  
 All power was given her in the dread-  
 ful trance;  
 Those new-born kings she withered  
 like a flame."  
 Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and  
 shame  
 To that Bavarian who could first advance  
 His banner in accursed league with  
 France,  
 First open traitor to the German name!

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMER  
 LAKE, 1807.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid  
 bars  
 Through the gray west; and lo! these  
 waters, steeled [yield  
 By breezeless air to smoothest polish,  
 A vivid repetition of the stars;  
 Jove—Venus—and the ruddy crest of  
 Mars,  
 Amid his fellows beautifully revealed  
 At happy distance from earth's groan-  
 ing field,  
 Where ruthless mortals wage incessant  
 wars.  
 Is it a mirror?—or the nether sphere  
 Opening to view the abyss in which she  
 feeds  
 Her own calm fires?—But list! a voice  
 is near;  
 Great Pan himself low-whispering  
 through the reeds,  
 "Be thankful, thou; for if unholy  
 deeds  
 Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

---

Go back to antique ages, if thine  
 eyes  
 The genuine mien and character would  
 trace  
 Of the rash spirit that still holds her  
 place,  
 Prompting the world's audacious  
 vanities!  
 Go back, and see the Tower of Babel  
 rise;  
 The pyramid extend its monstrous  
 base,  
 For some aspirant of our short-lived  
 race,  
 Anxious an aery name to immortalize.

But Thou, Supreme Disposer! may'st  
not speed  
The course of things, and change the  
creed,  
Which hath been held aloft before  
men's sight  
Since the first framing of societies,  
Whether, as bards have told in ancient  
song,  
Built up by soft seducing harmonies;  
Or prest together by the appetite,  
And by the power, of wrong!

---

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT  
HISTORY.

A ROMAN master stands on Grecian  
ground,  
And to the people at the Isthmian  
games  
Assembled he, by a herald's voice,  
proclaims  
The liberty of Greece!—the words re-  
bound [drowned;  
Until all voices in one voice are  
Glad acclamation by which the air was  
rent!  
And birds, high flying in the element,  
Dropped to the earth, astonished at  
the sound!  
Yet were the thoughtful grieved; and  
still that voice  
Haunts, with sad echoes, musing  
fancy's ear:  
Ah! that a *conqueror's* words should be  
so dear;  
Ah! that a *boon* could shed such rap-  
turous joys!  
A gift of that which is not to be given  
By all the blended powers of earth and  
heaven.

UPON THE SAME EVENT.

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the  
beams of morn  
The tidings passed of servitude re-  
pealed,  
And of that joy which shook the Isth-  
mian field,  
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter  
scorn.  
"Tis known," cried they, "that he,  
who would adorn  
His envied temples with the Isthmian  
crown,  
Must either win, through effort of his own,  
The prize, or be content to see it worn  
By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye  
prop,  
Sons of the brave who fought at  
Marathon!  
Your feeble spirits. Greece her head  
hath bowed,  
As if the wreath of liberty thereon  
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,  
Which, at Jove's will, descends on  
Pelion's top."

---

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL  
PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE  
ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE,  
MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to  
climb:  
How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by  
thee  
Is known,—by none, perhaps, so feel-  
ingly;  
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent  
prime,  
Didst first lead forth that enterprise  
sublime,

O liberty! they stagger at the  
 shock;  
 From van to rear—and with one mind  
 would flee,  
 But half their host is buried:—rock  
 on rock  
 Descends:—beneath this godlike  
 warrior, see!  
 Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to  
 bemock  
 The tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

---

ADVANCE — come forth from thy  
 Tyrolean ground,  
 Dear liberty! stern nymph of soul un-  
 tamed,  
 Sweet nymph, oh, rightly of the moun-  
 tains named  
 Through the long chain of Alps from  
 mound to mound  
 And o'er the eternal snows, like echo,  
 bound,—  
 Like echo, when the hunter-train at  
 dawn  
 Have roused her from her sleep: and  
 forest-dawn,  
 Cliffs, woods, and caves her viewless  
 steps resound  
 And bubble of her pastime!—On,  
 dread power!  
 With such invisible motion speed thy  
 flight,  
 Through hanging clouds, from craggy  
 height to height,  
 Through the green vales and through  
 the herdsman's bowen.  
 That all the Alps may gladden in thy  
 might,  
 Here, there, and in all places at one  
 hour.

## FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

THE land we from our fathers had in  
 trust,  
 And to our children will transmit, or  
 die:  
 This is our maxim, this our piety;  
 And God and nature say that it is  
 just.  
 That which we *would* perform in arms  
 —we must!  
 We read the dictate in the infant's  
 eye;  
 In the wife's smile; and in the placid  
 sky;  
 And, at our feet, amid the silent dust  
 Of them that were before us.—Sing  
 aloud  
 Old songs, the precious music of the  
 heart!  
 Give, herds and flocks, your voices to  
 the wind!  
 While we go forth, a self-devoted  
 crowd,  
 With weapons grasped in fearless hands,  
 to assert  
 Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

---

ALAS! what boots the long, laborious  
 quest  
 Of moral prudence, sought through  
 good and ill:  
 Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will.  
 And lead us on to that transcendent  
 rest  
 Where every passion shall the sway  
 attest  
 Of reason, seated on her sov'reign  
 hill;  
 What is it, but a vain and curious skill.  
 If sapient Germany must lie depressed.

There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute  
 Gave specious colouring to aim and  
 act,  
 See the first mighty hunter leave the  
 brute  
 To chase mankind, with men in armies  
 packed  
 For his field-pastime, high and ab-  
 solute,  
 While, to dislodge his game, cities are  
 sacked!

---

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS  
 ENGAGED IN WRITING A TRACT  
 OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF  
 CINTRA, 1808.

NOT 'mid the world's vain objects!  
 that enslave  
 The free-born soul,—that world whose  
 vaunted skill  
 In selfish interest perverts the will,  
 Whose factions lead astray the wise  
 and brave;  
 Not there! but in dark wood and rocky  
 cave,  
 And hollow vale which foaming tor-  
 rents fill  
 With omnipresent murmur as they rave  
 Down their steep beds, that never shall  
 be still:  
 Here, mighty nature! in this school  
 sublime  
 I weigh the hopes and fears of suffer-  
 ing Spain:  
 For her consult the auguries of time,  
 And through the human heart explore  
 my way,  
 And look and listen—gathering,  
 whence I may,  
 Triumph, and thoughts no bondage  
 can restrain.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON  
 THE SAME OCCASION.

I DROPPED my pen:—and listened to  
 the wind  
 That sang of trees up-torn and vessels  
 tost;  
 A midnight harmony, and wholly lost  
 To the general sense of men by chains  
 confined  
 Of business, care, or pleasure,—or  
 resigned  
 To timely sleep. Thought I, the im-  
 passionate strain,  
 Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,  
 Like acceptance from the world will  
 find.  
 Yet some with apprehensive ear shall  
 drink  
 A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows  
 past,  
 And to the attendant promise will give  
 heed—  
 The prophecy,—like that of this wild  
 blast,  
 Which, while it makes the heart with  
 sadness shrink,  
 Tells also of bright calms that shall  
 succeed.

---

HOFFER.

OF mortal parents is the hero born  
 By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are  
 led?  
 Or is it Tell's great spirit, from the dead  
 Returned to animate an age forlorn?  
 He comes like Phœbus through the  
 gates of morn  
 When dreary darkness is discomfited:  
 Yet mark his modest state! upon his head,  
 That simple crest, a heron's plume is  
 worn.



And, when, impatient of her guilt and  
woes,  
Europe breaks forth; then, shepherds!  
shall ye rise  
For perfect triumph o'er your enemies.

---

HAIL, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye  
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold.

Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;  
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.  
These desolate remains are trophies high  
Of more than martial courage in the  
breast

Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest  
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.  
Blood flowed before thy sight without  
remorse;

Disease consumed thy vitals; war upheaved

The ground beneath thee with volcanic  
force;

Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained

Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,

And law was from necessity received.

---

Say, what is honour?—'Tis the finest  
sense

Of justice which the human mind can  
frame,

Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,  
And guard the way of life from all  
offence

Suffered or done. When lawless  
violence

Invades a realm, so pressed that in the  
scale

Of perilous war her weightiest armies

Honour is hopeful elevation—whence  
Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic  
skill

Endangered states may yield to terms  
unjust,

Stoop their proud heads, but not unto  
the dust,—

A foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil:  
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust  
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

---

THE martial courage of a day is vain,  
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,  
If vital hope be wanting to restore,  
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,  
Armies or kingdoms. We have heard  
a strain

Of triumph, how the labouring Danube  
bore

A weight of hostile corpses: drenched  
with gore

Were the wide fields, the hamlets  
heaped with slain.

Yet see, the mighty tumult overpast,  
Austria a daughter of her throne hath  
sold!

And her Tyrolean champion we behold  
Murdered like one ashore by ship-  
wreck cast,

Murdered without relief. Oh! blind  
as bold,

To think that such assurance can stand  
fast!

---

BRAVE Schill! by death delivered, take  
thy flight

From Prussia's timid region. Go, and  
rest

With heroes 'mid the islands of the  
blest.

Or in the fields of empyrean light.

Beneath the brutal sword? Her  
 haughty schools  
 Shall blush; and may not we with  
 sorrow say,  
 A few strong instincts and a few plain  
 rules,  
 Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have  
 wrought  
 More for mankind at this unhappy day  
 Than all the pride of intellect and  
 thought?

---

AND is it among rude untutored dales,  
 There, and there only, that the heart is  
 true?

And, rising to repel or to subdue,  
 Is it by rocks and woods that man  
 prevails?

Ah, no! though nature's dread protec-  
 tion fails,

There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew  
 Iberian burghers when the sword they  
 drew

In Zaragoza, naked to the gales  
 Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth  
 was felt

By Palafox, and many a brave compeer,  
 Like him of noble birth and noble mind;  
 By ladies, meek-eyed women without  
 fear;

And wanderers of the street, to whom  
 is dealt

The bread which without industry they  
 find.

---

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and  
 on plain,  
 Dwells in the affections and the soul of  
 man

A godhead, like the universal Pan,  
 But more exalted, with a brighter train.

And shall his bounty be dispensed in  
 vain,

Showered equally on city and on field,  
 And neither hope nor steadfast  
 promise yield

In these usurping times of fear and  
 pain?

Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it  
 Heaven!

We know the arduous strife, the eter-  
 nal laws

To which the triumph of all good is  
 given,

High sacrifice, and labour without  
 pause,

Even to the death:—else wherefore  
 should the eye

Of man converse with immortality?

---

#### ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE.

It was a *moral* end for which they  
 fought;

Else how, when mighty thrones were  
 put to shame,

Could they, poor shepherds, have pre-  
 served an aim,

A resolution, or enlivening thought?

Nor hath that moral good been *vainly*  
 sought;

For in their magnanimity and fame

Powers have they left, an impulse and  
 a claim

Which neither can be overturned nor  
 bought.

Sleep, warriors, sleep! among your  
 hills repose!

We know that ye, beneath the stern  
 control

Of awful prudence, keep the unvan-  
 quished soul.

Filling from morn to night the heroic  
 scene  
 With deeds of hope and everlasting  
 praise:  
 Say can he think of this with mind  
 serene  
 And silent fetters? Yes, if visions  
 bright  
 Shine on his soul, reflected from the  
 days  
 When he himself was tried in open  
 light.

---

1810.

AH! where is Palafox? Nor tongue  
 nor pen  
 Reports of him, his dwelling or his  
 grave!  
 Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the  
 wave?  
 Or is she swallowed up, remote from  
 ken  
 Of pitying human nature? Once again  
 Methinks that we shall hail thee,  
 champion brave,  
 Redeemed to baffle that imperial  
 slave,  
 And through all Europe cheer de-  
 sponding men  
 With new-born hope. Unbounded is  
 the might  
 Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and  
 right.  
 Hark, how thy country triumphs!—  
 Smilingly  
 The Eternal looks upon her sword that  
 gleams,  
 Like his own lightning, over moun-  
 tains, high,  
 On rampart, and the banks of all her  
 streams.

Is due observance of an ancien  
 rite,  
 The rude Biscayans, when their children  
 lie  
 Dead in the sinless time of infancy,  
 Attire the peaceful corse in vestment  
 white;  
 And, in like sign of cloudless triumph  
 bright,  
 They bind the unoffending creature  
 brows  
 With happy garlands of the pure white  
 rose;  
 Then do a festal company unite  
 In choral song; and, while the uplifted  
 cross  
 Of Jesus goes before, the child i  
 borne  
 Uncovered to his grave: 'tis closed,—  
 her loss  
 The mother *then* mourns, as she need  
 must mourn;  
 But soon, through Christian faith, is  
 grief subdued,  
 And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

---

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT  
 ONE OF THOSE FUNERALS. 1810.

YET, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our  
 foes  
 With firmer soul, yet labour to regain  
 Our ancient freedom; else 'twere worse  
 than vain  
 To gather round the bier these festal  
 shows.  
 A garland fashioned of the pure white  
 rose  
 Becomes not one whose father is a  
 slave;  
 Oh! bear the infant covered to his  
 grave!

A meteor wert thou crossing a dark  
 night;  
 Yet shall thy name conspicuous and  
 sublime,  
 Stand in the spacious firmament of  
 time,  
 Fixed as a star: such glory is thy  
 right.  
 Alas! it may not be: for earthly  
 fame  
 Is fortune's frail dependant; yet there  
 lives  
 A judge, who, as man claims by merit,  
 gives;  
 To whose all-pondering mind a noble  
 aim,  
 Faithfully-kept, is as a noble deed:  
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth  
 succeed.

---

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,  
 Who never did to fortune bend the  
 knee;  
 Who slighted fear, rejected steadfastly  
 Temptation; and whose kingly name  
 and state  
 Have "perished by his choice, and not  
 his fate!"  
 Hence lives he, to his inner self en-  
 deared;  
 And hence, wherever virtue is revered,  
 He sits a more exalted potentate,  
 Throned in the hearts of men. Should  
 Heaven ordain  
 That this great servant of a righteous  
 cause  
 Must still have sad or vexing thoughts  
 to endure.  
 Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,  
 Admonished by these truths, and  
 quench all pain  
 In thankful joy and gratulation pure.

LOOK now on that adventurer who  
 hath paid  
 His vows to fortune; who, in cruel  
 slight  
 Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,  
 Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was  
 made  
 By the blind goddess;—ruthless, un-  
 dismayed;  
 And so hath gained at length a  
 prosperous height  
 Round which the elements of worldly  
 might  
 Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds,  
 are laid!  
 Oh, joyless power that stands by law-  
 less force!  
 Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn and  
 hate,  
 Internal darkness and unquiet breath;  
 And, if old judgments keep their  
 sacred course,  
 Him from that height shall Heaven  
 precipitate  
 By violent and ignominious death.

---

Is there a power that can sustain and  
 cheer  
 The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's  
 doom, [tomb,  
 Forced to descend into his destined  
 A dungeon dark! where he must waste  
 the year,  
 And lie cut off from all his heart holds  
 dear;  
 What time his injured country is a  
 stage  
 Whereon deliberate valour and the  
 rage  
 Of righteous vengeance side by side  
 appear,

Patience and temperance with this  
 high reserve,  
 Honour that knows the path and will  
 not swerve;  
 Affections, which, if put to proof, are  
 kind; [old  
 And piety towards God. Such men of  
 Were England's native growth; and,  
 throughout Spain, [remain:  
 (Thanks to high God) forests of such  
 Then for that country let our hopes be  
 bold;  
 For matched with these shall policy  
 prove vain, [her gold.  
 Her arts, her strength, her iron, and

---

 1810.

O'ERWEENING statesmen have full long  
 relied [wealth;  
 On fleets and armies, and external  
 But from *within* proceeds a nation's  
 health:  
 Which shall not fail, though poor men  
 cleave with pride  
 To the paternal floor; or turn aside,  
 In the thronged city, from the walks of  
 gain,  
 As being all unworthy to detain  
 A soul by contemplation sanctified.  
 There are who cannot languish in this  
 strife, [good  
 Spaniards of every rank, by whom the  
 Of such high course was felt and  
 understood;  
 Who to their country's cause have  
 bound a life,  
 Erewhile by solemn consecration given  
 To labour, and to prayer, to nature,  
 and to heaven.\*

---

\* See Laborde's character of the Spanish  
 people: from him the sentiment of these last  
 two lines is taken.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH  
 GUERRILLAS.

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping  
 blast  
 From bleak hill-top, and length of  
 march by night  
 Through heavy swamp, or over snow-  
 clad height,  
 These hardships ill sustained, these  
 dangers past,  
 The roving Spanish bands are reached  
 at last,  
 Charged, and dispersed like foam; but  
 as a flight  
 Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,  
 So these,—and, heard of once again,  
 are chased  
 With combinations of long-practised  
 art  
 And newly-kindled hope; but they are  
 fled,  
 Gone are they, viewless as the buried  
 dead;  
 Where now?—Their sword is at the  
 foeman's heart!  
 And thus from year to year his walk  
 they thwart.  
 And hang like dreams around his  
 guilty bed.

---

SPANISH GUERRILLAS. 1811.

THEY seek, are sought: to daily battle  
 led,  
 Shrink not, though far outnumbered  
 by their foes:  
 For they have learnt to open and to  
 close  
 The ridges of grim war; and at their  
 head  
 Are captains such as erst their country  
 bred

These venerable mountains now in-  
close  
A people sunk in apathy and fear.  
If this endure, farewell, for us, all  
good!  
The awful light of heavenly innocence  
Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier;  
And guilt and shame, from which is  
no defence,  
Descend on all that issues from our  
blood.

---

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the Church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this people will appear from the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME.

1810.

OAK of Guernica! Tree of holier  
power  
Than that which in Dodona did en-  
shrine  
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice  
divine,  
Heard from the depths of its aerial  
bower,  
How canst thou flourish at this blight-  
ing hour?  
What hope, what joy can sunshine  
bring to thee,  
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic  
sea,  
The dews of morn, or April's tender  
shower?  
Stroke merciful and welcome would  
that be

Which should extend thy branches on  
the ground,  
If never more within their shady round  
Those lofty-minded lawgivers shall meet,  
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,  
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

---

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED

SPANIARD. 1810.

We can endure that He should waste  
our lands,  
Despoil our temples, and by sword and  
flame [came;  
Return us to the dust from which we  
Such food a tyrant's appetite demands:  
And we can brook the thought that by  
his hands  
Spain may be overpowered, and he  
possess,  
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,  
Where all the brave lie dead. But  
when of bands,  
Which he will break for us, he dares to  
speak,  
Of benefits, and of a future day  
When our enlightened minds shall  
bless his sway,  
*Then*, the strained heart of fortitude  
proves weak;  
Our groans, our blushes, our pale  
cheeks declare  
That he has power to inflict what we  
lack strength to bear.

---

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind  
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!  
I better like a blunt indifference  
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined  
To win me at first sight: and be there  
joined

These emblems suit the helpless and  
forlorn,  
But mighty winter the device shall  
scorn.

For he it was—dread winter! who  
beset,  
Flinging round van and rear his  
ghastly net,  
That host,—when from the regions of  
the pole  
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren  
goal,  
That host, as huge and strong as e'er  
defied  
Their God, and placed their trust in  
human pride!  
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,  
He smote the blossoms of their warrior  
youth;  
He called on frost's inexorable tooth  
Life to consume in manhood's firmest  
hold;  
Nor spared the reverend blood that  
feebly runs;  
For why, unless for liberty en-  
rolled  
And sacred home, ah! why should  
hoary age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,  
But fleet far the pinions of the  
wind,  
Which from Siberian caves the monarch  
freed,  
And sent him forth, with squadrons of  
his kind.  
And bade the snow their ample backs  
bestride,  
And to the battle ride.  
No pitying voice commands a halt,  
No courage can repel the dire  
assault;

Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and  
blind,  
Whole legions sink — and, in one  
instant, find  
Burial and death: look for them—and  
descry,  
When morn returns, beneath the clear  
blue sky,  
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

---

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

YE storms, resound the praises of your  
king!  
And ye mild seasons—in a sunny clime,  
Midway on some high hill, while father  
Time  
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,  
And loud and long of winter's triumph  
sing!  
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and  
fruits, and flowers,  
Of winter's breath surcharged with  
sleety showers,  
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!  
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft  
green grass;  
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips,  
report your gain;  
Whisper it to the billows of the main,  
And to the ærial zephyrs as they pass,  
That old decrepit winter—*He* hath slain,  
That host, which rendered all your  
bounties vain!

---

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze  
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood  
Lavished in fight with desperate hardi-  
hood;  
The unfeeling elements no claim shall  
raise  
To rob our human nature of just praise

Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—  
 like those  
 Whom hardy Romewas fearful to oppose,  
 Whose desperate shock the Cartha-  
 ginian fled.  
 In one who lived unknown a shep-  
 herd's life  
 Redoubted Viriatus breathes again;  
 And Mina, nourished in the studious  
 shade,  
 With that great leader<sup>a</sup> vies, who, sick  
 of strife  
 And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be  
 laid  
 In some green island of the western  
 main.

## 1811.

THE power of armies is a visible thing,  
 Formal, and circumscribed in time and  
 space;  
 But who the limits of that power shall  
 trace  
 Which a brave people into light can  
 bring [bating,  
 Or hide, at will,—for freedom com-  
 By just revenge inflamed? No foot  
 may chase,  
 No eye can follow to a fatal place  
 That power, that spirit, whether on the  
 wing  
 Like the strong wind, or sleeping like  
 the wind  
 Within its awful caves.—From year to  
 year  
 Springs this indigenous produce far  
 "and near;  
 No craft this subtle element can bind,  
 Rising like water from the soil, to find  
 In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

## 1811.

HERE pause: the poet claims at least  
 this praise,  
 That virtuous liberty hath been the  
 scope  
 Of his pure song which did not shrink  
 from hope  
 In the worst moment of these evil days;  
 From hope, the paramount *duty* that  
 Heaven lays,  
 For its own honour, on man's suffering  
 heart.  
 Never may from our souls one truth  
 depart,  
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze  
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled  
 eye;  
 Nor, touched with due abhorrence of  
*their* guilt  
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and  
 blood is spilt,  
 And justice labours in extremity,  
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is  
 built,  
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

## THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA. 1812-13.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold  
 A fond reflection of her own decay,  
 Hath painted winter like a traveller—  
 old,  
 Propped on a staff—and, through the  
 sullen day,  
 In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,  
 As though his weakness were disturbed  
 by pain:  
 Or, if a juster fancy should allow  
 An undisputed symbol of command,  
 The chosen sceptre is a withered  
 bough,  
 Infirmly grasped within a palsied



Even to this hour; yet, some shall now  
 forsake [spake,  
 Their monstrous idol if the dead e'er  
 To warn the living; if truth were ever  
 told  
 By aught redeemed out of the hollow  
 grave: [pious, brave!  
 O murdered prince! meek, loyal,  
 The power of retribution once was given;  
 But tis a rueful thought that willow-  
 bands  
 So often tie the thunder-wielding  
 hands [heaven!  
 Of justice, sent to earth from highest

---

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF  
 WATERLOO.

*(The last six lines intended for an  
 Inscription.)*

FEBRUARY, 1816.

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you  
 Is life despised; ah, no, the spacious earth  
 Ne'er saw a race who held, by right  
 of birth.  
 So many objects to which love is due.  
 Ye slight not life—to God and nature  
 true:  
 But death, becoming death, is dearer far,  
 When duty bids you bleed in open war:  
 Hence hath your prowess quelled that  
 impious crew.  
 Heroes! for instant sacrifice prepared,  
 Yet filled with ardour, and on triumph  
 bent,  
 Mid direst shocks of mortal accident.  
 To you who fell, and you whom  
 slaughter spared,  
 To guard the fallen, and consummate  
 the event,  
 Your country rears this sacred monu-  
 ment!

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN  
 SOBIESKI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

OH! for a kindling touch of that pure  
 flame  
 Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice  
 Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,  
 In words like these: "Up voice of  
 song! proclaim  
 Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim:  
 For lo! the imperial city stands released  
 From bondage threatened by the em-  
 battled East,  
 And Christendom respires; from guilt  
 and shame  
 Redeemed, from miserable fear set free  
 By one day's feat, one mighty victory.  
 —Chant the deliverer's praise in every  
 tongue!  
 The cross shall spread, the crescent  
 hath waxed dim,  
 He conquering, as in joyful heaven is  
 sung,  
 HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND  
 GOD BY HIM.

---

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF  
 WATERLOO.  
 FEBRUARY, 1816.

THE bard, whose soul is meek as  
 dawning day,  
 Yet trained to judgments righteously  
 severe;  
 Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear.  
 As recognising one Almighty sway:  
 He whose experienced eye can pierce  
 the array  
 Of past events,—to whom, in vision  
 clear,  
 The aspiring heads of future things  
 appear,

For what she did and suffered. Pledges  
sure

Of a deliverance absolute and pure  
She gave, if faith might tread the  
beaten ways [High  
Of Providence. But now did the Most  
Exalt His still small voice;—to quell  
that host

Gathered His Power, a manifest Ally;  
He whose heaped waves confounded  
the proud boast [and Frost,  
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow,  
Finish the strife by deadliest victory!

---

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF  
HOCKHEIM.

ABRUPTLY paused the strife;—the  
field throughout  
Resting upon his arms each warrior  
stood, [blood,  
Checked in the very act and deed of  
With breath suspended, like a listening  
scout. [shout,  
O silence! thou wert mother of a  
That through the texture of yon azure  
dome [home  
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest-  
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!  
The barrier Rhine hath flashed,  
through battle-smoke, [view,  
On men who gaze heart-smitten by the  
As if all Germany had felt the shock!  
Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the  
charge renew  
Who have seen (themselves now casting  
off the yoke) [pursue.\*  
The unconquerable stream his course

NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces  
bright,  
Our aged sovereign sits; to the ebb  
and flow  
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy  
or woe,  
Insensible: he sits deprived of sight,  
And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,  
Whom no weak hopes deceived;  
whose mind ensued,  
Through perilous war, with regal forti-  
tude,  
Peace that should claim respect from  
lawless might.  
Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray  
divine  
To his forlorn condition! let thy grace  
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;  
Permit his heart to kindle, and to  
embrace  
(Though were it only for a moment's  
space) [are THINE!  
The triumphs of this hour; for they

---

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON  
THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS  
OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

DEAR reliques! from a pit of vilest  
mould  
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral  
kings;  
And to inflict shame's salutary stings  
On the remorseless hearts of men  
grown old,  
In a blind worship; men perversely bold

---

\* The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day: "When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard: they

stood gazing on the river, with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop: they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."

Lay hushed ; till—through a portal in  
 the sky [storm  
 Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a  
 Opening before the sun's triumphant  
 eye,  
 Issued, to sudden view, a glorious  
 form!  
 Earthward it glided with a swift de-  
 scent :

Saint George himself this visitant must  
 be ;

And ere a thought could ask on what  
 intent

He sought the regions of humanity,  
 A thrilling voice was heard, that  
 vivified

City and field and flood,—aloud it  
 cried,

“ Though from my celestial home,  
 Like a champion armed I come ;  
 On my helm the dragon crest,  
 And the red cross on my breast ;  
 I, the guardian of this land,  
 Speak not now of toilsome duty—  
 Well obeyed was that command,  
 Whence bright days of festive beauty ;  
 Haste, virgins, haste!—the flowers  
 which summer gave

Have perished in the field ;  
 But the green thickets plenteously  
 shall yield

Fit garlands for the brave,  
 That will be welcome, if by you en-  
 twined !

Haste, virgins, haste:—and you, ye  
 matrons grave,

Go forth with rival youthfulness of  
 mind,

And gather what ye find

Of harkly laurel and wild holly boughs,  
 To deck your stern defenders' modest  
 brows !

Such simple gifts prepare,  
 Though they have gained a worthier  
 meed ;

And in due time shall share  
 Those palms and amaranthine wreaths  
 Unto their martyred countrymen de-  
 creed,  
 In realms where everlasting freshness  
 breathes !”

And lo ! with crimson banners  
 proudly streaming,  
 And upright weapons innocently  
 gleaming,  
 Along the surface of a spacious plain  
 Advance in order the redoubted bands,  
 And there receive green chaplets from  
 the hands

Of a fair female train,  
 Maids and matrons—dight  
 In robes of dazzling white,—  
 While from the crowd bursts forth a  
 rapturous noise  
 By the cloud-capt hills retorted,—  
 And a throng of rosy boys  
 In loose fashion tell their joys,—  
 And gray-haired sires, on staffs sup-  
 ported,  
 Look round—and by their smiling  
 seem to say,  
 Thus strives a grateful country to  
 display [repay !  
 The mighty debt which nothing can

Anon before my sight a palace rose,  
 Built of all precious substances,—so  
 pure

And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows  
 Ability like splendour to endure :  
 Entered, with streaming thousands,  
 through the gate,

I saw the banquet spread beneath a  
 dome of state,

Like mountain-tops whose mists have  
 rolled away :  
 Assailed from all encumbrance of our  
 time,\*  
 He only, if such breathe, in strains  
 devout  
 Shall comprehend this victory sublime;  
 Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,  
 The triumph hail, which from their  
 peaceful clime [shout.  
 Angels might welcome with a choral

---

EMPERORS and kings, how oft have  
 temples rung  
 With impious thanksgiving, the Al-  
 mighty's scorn!  
 How oft above their altars have been  
 hung  
 Trophies that led the good and wise  
 to mourn  
 Triumphant wrong, battle of battle  
 born,  
 And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow  
 clung!  
 Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory,  
 peace is sprung;  
 In this firm hour salvation lifts her  
 horn.  
 Glory to arms! but conscious that the  
 nerve  
 Of popular reason, long mistrusted,  
 freed  
 Your thrones, ye powers, from duty fear  
 to swerve;  
 Be just, be grateful; nor, the op-  
 pressor's creed  
 Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve  
 Than ever forced unpitied hearts to  
 bleed.

## ODE.

COMPOSED IN JANUARY, 1816.

"Carmina possumus  
 Donare, et pretium dicere muneris.  
 Non incisa notis marmora publicis,  
 Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis  
 Post mortem ducibus  
 ——— clarius indicant  
 Laudes, quam ——— Pierides; neque  
 Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,  
 Mercedem tuleris."—HOR. Car. 8, Lib. 4.

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had  
 closed the latch  
 On the tired household of corporeal  
 sense,  
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,  
 Was free her choicest favours to dis-  
 pense;  
 Isaw, in wondrous perspective displayed,  
 A landscape more august than happiest  
 skill  
 Of pencil ever clothed with light and  
 shade;  
 An intermingled pomp of vale and  
 hill,  
 City, and naval stream, suburban  
 grove,  
 And stately forest where the wild deer  
 rove;  
 Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky  
 towns,  
 And scattered rural farms of aspect  
 bright,  
 And, here and there, between the  
 pastoral downs,  
 The azure sea upswelled upon the  
 sight!  
 Fair prospect, such as Britain only  
 shows!  
 But not a living creature could be seen  
 Through its wide circuit, that, in deep  
 repose,  
 And, even to sadness, lonely and  
 serene!

---

\* "From all this world's encumbrance did  
 himself assolt."—Spenser.

So shall the characters of that proud  
page

Support their mighty theme from age  
to age ;

And, in the desert places of the earth,  
When they to future empires have  
given birth,

So shall the people gather and believe  
The bold report, transferr'd to every  
clime ;

And the whole world, not envious but  
admiring,

And to the like aspiring,  
Own that the progeny of this fair isle  
Had power as lofty actions to achieve  
As were performed in man's heroic  
prime ;

Nor wanted, when their fortitude had  
its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,  
A corresponding virtue to beguile  
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting  
time ;

That not in vain they laboured to  
secure,

For their great deeds, perpetual memory,  
And fame as largely spread as land  
and sea,

By works of spirit high and passion pure.

## THANKSGIVING ODE.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

WHOLLY unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If I have given way to exultation, checked by these distresses, it might be deemed to protect me from a charge of insensibility. Should I state my own belief that these sufferings will be transitory. Upon the

wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, *they* confide, who encourage a firm hope, that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings ; and to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination, in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price: and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism or in disregard of sound philosophy, that I have given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of my countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which rendered it, to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, a protection from the violence of their own troops, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) through a scrupulous dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise.—But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power, to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was, or can be, independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without a cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources are reaped within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of

A lofty dome, that dared to emulate  
The heaven of sable night  
With starry lustre; yet had power to  
throw

Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,  
Upon a princely company below,  
While the vault rang with choral har-  
mony,

Like some nymph-haunted grot beneath  
the roaring sea.

No sooner ceased that peal, than on  
the verge

Of exultation hung a dirge,  
Breathed from a soft and lonely in-  
strument,

That kindled recollections  
Of agonized affections;  
And, though some tears the strain  
attended,

The mournful passion ended  
In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

But garlands wither,—festal shows  
depart,

Like dreams themselves; and sweetest  
sound,

Albeit of effect profound,  
It was—and it is gone!  
Victorious England! bid the silent art  
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not  
fade,

Those high achievements, even as she  
arrayed

With second life the deed of Marathon,  
Upon Athenian walls:

So may she labour for thy civic halls;  
And be the guardian spaces

Of consecrated places,  
As nobly graced by sculpture's patient  
toil;

And let imperishable columns rise  
Fixed in the depths of this courageous  
soil;

Expressive signals of a glorious strife,  
And competent to shed a spark divine  
Into the torpid breast of daily life;  
Records on which, for pleasure of all  
eyes,

The morning sun may shine  
With gratulation thoroughly benign!

And ye, Pierian sisters, sprung from  
Jove

And sage Mnemosyne,—full long de-  
barred

From your first mansions,—exiled all  
too long

From many a hallowed stream and  
grove,

Dear native regions where ye wont to  
love,

Chanting for patriot heroes the reward  
Of never-dying song!

Now, (for, though truth descending  
from above

The Olympian summit hath destroyed  
for aye

Your kindred deities, ye live and move  
Spared for obeisance from perpetual love

For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)  
Now, on the margin of some spotless  
fountain,

Or top serene of unmolested moun-  
tain,

Strike audibly the noblest of your  
lyres,

And for a moment meet the soul's  
desires!

That I, or some more favoured bard,  
may hear

What ye, celestial maids! have often  
sung

Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with  
rapt ear,

And give the treasure to our British  
tongue!

Divinest object, which the uplifted eye  
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;  
Thou, who upon yon snow-clad  
heights has poured

Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble  
vale,

Thou who dost warm earth's universal  
mould,

And for thy bounty wert not un-  
adored

By pious men of old;

Once more, heart-cheering sun, I bid  
thee hail!

Bright be thy course to-day, let not  
this promise fail!

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning  
hour,

All nature seems to hear me while I  
speak.

By feelings urged, that do not vainly  
seek

Apt language, ready as the tuneful  
notes

That stream in blithe succession from  
the throats

Of birds in leafy bower.

Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.

There is a radiant though a short-lived  
flame.

That burns for poets in the dawning  
east;

And oft my soul hath kindled at the  
same,

When the captivity of sleep had  
ceased;

But he who fixed immovably the frame  
Of the round world, and built, by laws

as strong,

A solid refuge for distress,

The towers of righteousness;

He knows that from a holier altar  
came

The quickening spark of this day's  
sacrifice;

Knows that the source is nobler  
whence doth rise

The current of this matin song;

That deeper far it lies

Than aught dependent on the fickle  
skies.

Have we not conquered?—By the  
vengeful sword?

Ah, no, by dint of magnanimity;

That curbed the baser passions, and  
left free

A loyal band to follow their liege  
lord,

Clear-sighted honour—and his staid  
compeers,

Along a track of most unnatural years,  
In execution of heroic deeds;

Whose memory, spotless as the crystal  
beads

Of morning dew upon the untrodden  
meads,

Shall live enrolled above the starry  
spheres

He, who in concert with an earthly  
string,

Of Britain's acts would sing,

He with enraptured voice will tell

Of one whose spirit no reverse could  
quell;

Of one that 'mid the failing never  
failed:

Who paints how Britain struggled and  
prevailed

Shall represent her labouring with an  
eye

Of circumspect humanity;

Shall show her clothed with strength  
and skill,

All martial duties to fulfil;

Firm as a rock in stationary fight:

conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and refine them by culture.

But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. Trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, let me hope that the martial qualities which I venerate will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise: particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination;—by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired;—by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immovably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;—by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving; by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country;—and by especial care to provide and support institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

I have only to add, that I should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of my country, if I did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within my province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

This Ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through this Volume.  
JVO.

## ODE.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED  
FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

HAIL, orient conqueror of gloomy night!  
Thou that canst shed the bliss of  
gratitude

On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;  
Whether thy punctual visitations smite  
The haughty towers where monarchs  
dwell; [bright

Or thou, impartial sun, with presence  
Cheer'st the low threshold of the  
peasant's cell!

Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky  
In naked splendour, clear from mist  
or haze,

Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,  
Which even in deepest winter testify

Thy power and majesty,  
Dazzling the vision that presumes to  
gaze.

Well does thine aspect usher in this day;  
As aptly suits therewith that modest  
pace

Submitted to the chains  
That bind thee to the path which God  
ordains

That thou shalt trace,  
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou  
pass away!

Nor less, the stillness of these frosty  
plains,

Their utter stillness, and the silent grace  
Of yon ethereal summits white with  
snow,

(Whose tranquil pomp, and spotless  
purity,

Report of storms gone by  
To us who tread below)  
Do with the service of this day accord.



No more—the guilt is banish'd,  
And, with the guilt, the shame is  
fled;  
And, with the guilt and shame, the woe  
hath vanish'd,  
Shaking the dust and ashes from her  
head!

No more—these lingerings of distress  
Sully the limped stream of thankfulness.  
What robe can gratitude employ  
So seemly as the radiant vest of joy?  
What steps so suitable as those that  
move  
In prompt obedience to spontaneous  
measures  
Of glory—and felicity—and love,  
Surrendering the whole heart to sacred  
pleasures?

O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,  
If one there be  
Of all thy progeny  
Who can forget thy prowess, never  
more

Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear  
Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents  
roar.

As springs the lion from his den,  
As from a forest-brake  
Upstarts a glistening snake,  
The bold Arch-despot ré-appeared;—  
again

Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be  
cast,

With all her armèd Powers,  
On that offensive soil, like waves upon  
a thousand shores.

The trumpet blew a universal blast!  
But Thou art foremost in the field:—  
there stand:

Receive the triumph destined to thy  
hand!

All States have glorified themselves;—  
their claims  
Are weighed by Providence, in balance  
even;  
And now, in preference to the mightiest  
names,  
To Thee the exterminating sword is  
given.  
Dread mark of approbation, justly  
gained!  
Exalted office, worthily sustained!

Preserve, O Lord! within our  
hearts  
The memory of thy favour,  
That else insensibly departs,  
And loses its sweet savour!  
Lodge it within us!—as the power of  
light

Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,  
Fixed on the front of eastern dia-  
dems,

So shine our thankfulness for ever  
bright!

What offering, what transcendent  
monument

Shall our sincerity to thee present?

Not work of hands; but trophies that  
may reach

To highest heaven—the labour of the  
soul;

That builds, as thy unerring precepts  
teach,

Upon the internal conquests made by  
each,

Her hope of lasting glory for the  
whole.

Yet will not heaven disown nor earth  
gainsay

The outward service of this day;  
Whether the worshippers entreat  
Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat;

In motion rapid as the lightning's  
gleam;  
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at  
mid night  
To rouse the wicked from their giddy  
dream—  
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!  
Appalled she may not be, and cannot  
yield.

And thus is *missed* the sole true  
glory  
That can belong to human story!  
At which they only shall arrive  
Who through the abyss of weakness  
dive.  
The very humblest are too proud of heart:  
And one brief day is rightly set apart  
For Him who lifteth up and layeth  
low;  
For that Almighty God to whom we  
owe,  
Say not that we have vanquished—but  
that we survive.

How dreadful the dominion of the  
impure!  
Why should the song be tardy to pro-  
claim  
That less than power unbounded could  
not tame  
That soul of evil—which, from hell let  
loose,  
Had filled the astonished world with  
such abuse;  
As boundless patience only could  
endure?  
Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in  
flame—  
Who sees, may lift a streaming  
eye  
To heaven,—who never saw may heave  
a sigh;

But the foundation of our nature  
shakes,  
And with an infinite pain the spirit  
aches,  
When desolated countries, towns on  
fire,  
Are but the avowed attire  
Of warfare waged with desperate  
mind  
Against the life of virtue in mankind;  
Assaulting without ruth  
The citadels of truth;  
While the fair gardens of civility  
By ignorance defaced,  
By violence laid waste,  
Perish without reprieve for flower or  
tree!

A crouching purpose—a distracted  
will— [scorn,  
Opposed to hopes that battened upon  
And to desires whose ever-waxing horn  
Not all the light of earthly power could  
fill;  
Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient  
skill,  
And to celerities of lawless force  
Which, spurning God, had flung away  
remorse—  
What could they gain but shadows of  
redress?  
So bad proceeded propagating worse;  
And discipline was passion's dire  
excess.  
Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,\*  
And deadlier poisons in the chalice  
blend— [wise?  
When will your trials teach you to be  
O prostrate lands, consult your  
agonies!

---

\* "A discipline the rule whereof is passion."  
—Lord Brook.

Or thanks and praises to His throne  
ascend  
That He has brought our warfare to an  
end,  
And that we need no second vic-  
tory !  
Ha ! what a ghastly sight for man to  
see ;  
And to the heavenly saints in peace  
who dwell,  
For a brief moment, terrible ;  
But to thy sovereign penetration,  
fair,  
Before whom all things are, that  
were,  
All judgments that have been, or e'er  
shall be ;  
Links in the chain of thy tranquillity !  
Along the bosom of this favoured  
nation,  
Breathe thou, this day, a vital undula-  
tion !  
Let all who do this land inherit  
Be conscious of thy moving spirit !  
Oh, 'tis a goodly ordinance, — the  
sight,  
'Though sprung from bleeding war, is  
one of pure delight ;  
Bless thou the hour, or ere the hour  
arrive,  
When a whole people shall kneel down  
in prayer,  
And, at one moment, in one rapture,  
strive  
With lip and heart to tell their grati-  
tude  
For thy protecting care,  
Their solemn joy—praising the Eter-  
nal Lord  
For tyranny subdued.  
And for the sway of equity renewed,  
For liberty confirmed, and peace re-  
stored !

But hark—the summons!—down  
the placid lake  
Floats the soft cadence of the church-  
tower bells ;  
Bright shines the sun, as if his beams  
would wake  
The tender insects sleeping in their cells ;  
Bright shines the sun—and not a  
breeze to shake  
The drops that tip the melting icicles.  
*O enter now His temple gate !*  
Inviting words—perchance already  
flung,  
(As the crowd press devoutly down the  
aisle  
Of some old minster's venerable pile)  
From voices into zealous passion stung,  
While the tubed engine feels the in-  
spiring blast,  
And has begun—its clouds of sound to  
cast  
Forth towards empyreal heaven,  
As if the fretted roof were riven.  
Us, humbler ceremonies now await ;  
But in the bosom, with devout respect,  
The banner of our joy we will erect,  
And strength of love our souls shall  
elevate :  
For to a few collected in his name,  
Their heavenly Father will incline an  
ear  
Gracious to service hallowed by its  
aim ;—  
Awake ! the majesty of God revere !  
Go—and with foreheads meekly  
bowed  
Present your prayers—go—and rejoice  
aloud—  
The Holy One will hear !  
And what 'mid silence deep, with faith  
sincere,  
Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,  
Shall simply feel and purely meditate

Dependence infinite, proportion just ;  
 A Pile that Grace approves, and Time  
     can trust  
 With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

## III.

But if the valiant of this land  
 In reverential modesty demand,  
 That all observance, due to them, be  
     paid  
 Where their serene progenitors are laid ;  
 Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-  
     like sages,  
 England's illustrious sons of long, long  
     ages ;  
 Be it not unordained that solemn rites,  
 Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,  
 Shall be performed at pregnant intervals ;  
 Commemoration holy that unites  
 The living generations with the dead ;  
     By the deep soul-moving sense  
     Of religious eloquence,—  
     By visual pomp, and by the tie  
     Of sweet and threatening harmony ;  
     Soft notes, awful as the omen  
     Of destructive tempests coming,  
     And escaping from that sadness  
     Into elevated gladness :  
     While the white-robed choir attendant,  
     Under mouldering banners pendant,  
 Provoke all potent symphonies to raise  
     Songs of victory and praise,  
 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or  
     bled [graves  
 With medicable wounds, or found their  
 Upon the battle field, or under ocean's  
     waves ;  
 Or were conducted home in single  
     state,  
 And long procession—there to lie,  
 Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,  
 Unheard by them, their deeds shall  
     celebrate !

## IV.

Nor will the God of peace and love  
 Such martial service disapprove.  
 He guides the Pestilence—the cloud  
 Of locusts travels on his breath :  
 The region that in hope was ploughed  
 His drought consumes, his mildew  
     taints with death ;  
 He springs the hushed Volcano's  
     mine,  
 He puts the Earthquake on her still  
     design,  
 Darkens the sun, hath made the forest  
     sink,  
 And, drinking towns and cities, still  
     can drink  
 Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work  
     is Thine !— [courts—  
 The fierce Tornado sleeps within Thy  
     He hears the word—he flies—  
     And navies perish in their ports ;  
 For Thou art angry with Thine enemies !  
     For these, and mourning for our  
     errors,  
     And sins, that point their terrors,  
 We bow our heads before Thee, and  
     we laud  
 And magnify Thy name, Almighty God !  
     But Man is Thy most awful instru-  
     ment,  
     In working out a pure intent ;  
 Thou cloth'st the wicked in their  
     dazzling mail,  
 And for Thy righteous purpose they  
     prevail ;  
     Thine arm from peril guards the  
     coasts  
     Of them who in Thy laws delight :  
 Thy presence turns the scale of doubt-  
     ful fight,  
 Tremendous God of battles, Lord of  
     Hosts !

## O D E.

1815.

I.

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,  
But aye ascending, restless in her pride  
From all that martial feats could yield  
To her desires, or to her hopes present—  
Stooped to the Victory on that Belgic  
field

Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,  
And with the embrace was satisfied.

—Fly, ministers of Fame,

With every help that ye from earth and  
heaven may claim!

Bear through the world these tidings of  
delight!

—Hours, Days, and Months, *have* borne  
them in the sight

Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden  
shower

That landward stretches from the sea,  
The morning's splendours to devour;

But this swift travel scorns the company  
Of irksome change, or threats from sad-  
dening power.

—*The shock is given—the Adversaries  
bleed—*

*Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!*

Joyful annunciation!—it went forth—

It pierced the caverns of the sluggish  
North—

It found no barrier on the ridge

Of Andes—frozen gulfs became its  
bridge—

The vast Pacific gladdens with the  
freight—

Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—

The Arabian desert shapes a willing road  
Across her burning breast,

For this refreshing incense from the  
West!—

—Where snakes and lions breed,

Where towns and cities thick as stars  
appear, [where'er

Wherever fruits are gathered, and  
The upturned soil receives the hopeful  
seed—

While the Sun rules, and cross the  
shades of night—

The unwearied arrow hath pursued its  
flight! [heed,

The eyes of good men thankfully give  
And in its sparkling progress read

Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless  
meed:

Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,  
And slaves are pleased to learn that  
mighty feats are done;

Even the proud Realm, from whose  
distracted borders

This messenger of good was launched  
in air,

France, humbled France, amid her wild  
disorders,

Feels, and hereafter shall the truth  
declare,

That she too lacks not reason to  
rejoice,

And utter England's name with sadly-  
plausive voice.

II.

O genuine glory, pure renown!

And well might it beseem that mighty  
Town

Into whose bosom earth's best treasures  
flow,

To whom all persecuted men retreat;

If a new Temple lift her votive brow

High on the shore of silver Thames—  
to greet

The peaceful guest advancing from afar.

Bright be the Fabric, as a star  
Fresh risen, and beautiful within!—  
there meet

## BRUGÈS.

THE spirit of antiquity—enshrined  
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet  
song,

In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,  
And with devout solemnities entwined—  
Mounts to the seat of grace within the  
mind:

Hence forms that glide with swan-like  
ease along; [throng,

Hence motions, even amid the vulgar  
To an harmonious decency confined;  
As if the streets were consecrated ground,  
The city one vast temple—dedicate  
To mutual respect in thought and deed;  
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;  
To social cares from jarring passions  
freed; [found!  
A deeper peace than that in deserts

## BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle fancy  
choose?

Is this the stream, whose cities,  
heights, and plains,

War's favourite playground, are with  
crimson stains

Familiar, as the morn with pearly  
dews?

The morn, that now, along the silver  
Meuse,

Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls  
the swains

To tend their silent boats and ringing  
wains,

Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit  
bestrews

The ripening corn beneath it. As mine  
eyes

Turn from the fortified and threatening  
hill,

How sweet the prospect of yon watery  
glade,

With its gray rocks clustering in pen-  
sive shade, [rise

That, shaped like old monastic turrets,  
From the smooth meadow-ground,  
serene and still!

## AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,  
That we approached the seat of  
Charlemaine?

To sweep from many an old romantic  
strain

That faith which no devotion may renew!  
Why does this puny church present to  
view

Her feeble columns? and that scanty  
chair!

This sword that one of our weak times  
might wear; [true!

Objects of false pretence, or meanly  
If from a traveller's fortune I might  
claim

A palpable memorial of that day,

On would I seek the Pyrenean  
breach [handed sway,

That Roland clove with huge two-  
And to the enormous labour left his  
name,

Where unremitting frosts the rocky  
crescent bleach.\*

\* Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose that in the very middle of the wall a breach of three hundred feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the "*Breche de Roland*."—Raymond's Pyrenees.

## v.

Forbear :—to Thee—

Father and Judge of all, with fervent  
tongue,

But in a gentler strain

Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong

(Too quick and keen) incited to disdain

Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—

To THEE—TO THEE,

Just God of christianised Humanity,

Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks  
ascend, [an end,

That Thou hast brought our warfare to  
And that we need no second victory!

Blest, above measure blest,

If on Thy love our Land her hopes  
shall rest,

And all the Nations labour to fulfil

Thy law, and live henceforth in peace,  
in pure good will.

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

1820.

## DEDICATION.

DEAR Fellow-travellers! think not that the  
Muse

To You presenting these memorial Lays,  
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,  
As on a mirror that gives back the hues  
Of living Nature; no—though free to choose  
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,  
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days—  
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.

For You she wrought: Ye only can supply  
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides  
In that enjoyment which with You abides,  
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;  
Thus far contented, that for You her verse  
Shall lack not power the "meeting soul  
piecée!"

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, *November, 1821.*

FISH-WOMEN.—ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold  
The likeness of whate'er on land is  
seen;

But if the Nereid Sisters and their  
Queen,

Above whose heads the tide so long  
hath rolled,

The Dames resemble whom we here  
behold,

How fearful were it down through  
opening waves [caves,

To sink, and meet them in their fretted  
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,

And shrill and fierce in accent!—Fear  
it not: [excel;

For they Earth's fairest daughters do

Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;  
Their voices into liquid music swell,  
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparr  
grot,

The undisturbed abodes where Sea  
nymphs dwell!

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF  
WATERLOO.

A WINGED Goddess—clothed in vesture  
wrought [was bold,

Of rainbow colours; One whose port  
Whose overburthened hand could  
scarcely hold

The glittering crowns and garlands  
which it brought— [Spot.

Hovered in air above the far-famed

## THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

Not, like his great compeers, indig-  
nantly \*  
Doth Danube spring to life! The  
wandering stream  
(Who loves the cross, yet to the  
crescent's gleam  
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant  
glee  
Slips from his prison walls: and fancy,  
free  
To follow in his track of silver  
light,  
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a  
moment's flight  
Hath reached the encincture of that  
gloomy sea  
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade  
to meet  
In conflict: whose rough winds forgot  
their jars—  
To waft the heroic progeny of  
Greece,  
When the first ship sailed for the  
golden fleece.  
Argo, exalted for that daring feat  
To fix in heaven her shape distinct  
with stars.

---

\* Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The spring appears in a capacious stone basin in front of a ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it.—and entering the garden. It joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The *topographer* of the spring at *Drieschlingen* must have procured for it the honour of being named the source of the Danube.

MEMORIAL NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE  
LAKE OF THUN.

DEM  
ANDENKEN  
MEINES FREUNDES  
ALOYS REDING  
MDCCCXVIII.

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was captain-general of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

---

AROUND a wild and woody hill  
A gravelled pathway treading,  
We reached a votive stone that bears  
The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the friend who placed it there  
For silence and protection,  
And haply with a finer care  
Of dutiful affection.

The sun regards it from the west,  
And, while in summer glory;  
He sets, his sinking yields a type  
Of that pathetic story.

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss  
Amid the grove to linger:  
Till all is dim, save this bright stone  
Touched by his golden finger.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC  
CANTONS OF SWITZERLAND.

DOOMED as we are our native dust  
To wet with many a bitter shower,  
It ill befits us to disdain  
The altar, to deride the fane.  
Where simple sufferers bend, in trust  
To win a happier hour.





## SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

"WHAT know we of the blest above  
 But that they sing and that they love?"  
 Yet, if they ever did inspire  
 A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,  
 Now, where those harvest damsels float  
 Homeward in their rugged boat,  
 (While all the ruffling winds are fled,  
 Each slumbering on some mountain's  
     head),  
 Now, surely, hath that gracious aid  
 Been felt, that influence is displayed.  
 Pupils of Heaven, in order stand  
 The rustic maidens, every hand  
 Upon a sister's shoulder laid,—  
 To chant, as glides the boat along,  
 A simple, but a touching, song;  
 To chant, as angels do above,  
 'The melodies of peace in love!

## ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.

FOR gentlest uses, oft-times nature  
 takes  
 The work of fancy from her willing  
 hands;  
 And such a beautiful creation makes  
 As renders needless spells and magic  
 wands,  
 And for the boldest tale belief com-  
 mands.  
 When first mine eyes beheld that  
 famous hill  
 The sacred Engelberg,\* celestial  
 bands,  
 With intermingling motions soft and  
 still,

\* The convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Hung round its top, on wings that  
 changed their hues at will.  
 Clouds do not name those visitants;  
 they were  
 The very angels whose authentic lays,  
 Sung from that heavenly ground in  
 middle air,  
 Made known the spot where piety  
 should raise  
 A holy structure to the Almighty's  
 praise.  
 Resplendent apparition! if in vain  
 My ears did listen. 'twas enough to  
 gaze;  
 And watch the slow departure of the  
 train,  
 Whose skirts the glowing mountain  
 thirsted to detain!

## OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin mother, more benign  
 Than fairest star upon the height  
 Of thy own mountain † set to keep  
 Lone vigils through the hours of sleep.  
 What eye can look upon thy shrine  
 Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded offerings as they hang  
 In sign of misery relieved,  
 Even these, without intent of theirs,  
 Report of comfortless despairs,  
 Of many a deep and cureless pang  
 And confidence deceived.

To thee, in this aerial cleft,  
 As to a common centre, tend  
 All sufferers that no more rely  
 On mortal succour, all who sigh  
 And pine, of human hope bereft,  
 Nor wish for earthly friend.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,  
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze;  
Hail to the firm unmoving cross,  
Aloft, where pines their branches toss:  
And to the chapel far withdrawn,  
That lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam—along the brink  
Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,  
Through Alpine vale, or champain wide,  
Whate'er we look on, at our side  
Be Charity,—to bid us think,  
And feel, if we would know.

---

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH,  
LAUTERBRUNNEN.\*

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired—  
designed [concert reach  
For what strange service, does this  
Our ears, and near the dwellings of man-  
kind!  
Mid fields familiarized to human speech?

---

\* "The Staub-bach" is a narrow stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the waterfall; and reminded me of religious services chanted to streams and fountains in pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music: "While we were at the waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the spring, and set up,—surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears,—a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description."—See notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."

No mermaids warble (to allay the wind  
Driving some vessel toward a danger-  
ous beach)  
More thrilling melodies! witch answer-  
ing witch,  
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined  
Notes shrill and wild with art more  
musical!  
Alas! that from the lips of abject want  
Or idleness in tatters mendicant  
The strain should flow—free fancy to  
enthrall,  
And with regret and useless pity haunt  
This bold, this bright, this sky-born  
*waterfall.*

---

THE FALL OF THE AAR.—HANDEG.

FROM the fierce aspect of this river  
throwing  
His giant body o'er the steep rock's  
brink,  
Back in astonishment and fear we  
shrink:  
But gradually a calmer look bestowing,  
Flowers we espy beside the torrent  
growing;  
Flowers that peep forth from many a  
cleft and chink,  
And, from the whirlwind of his anger  
drink  
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress  
blowing:  
They suck, from breath that threaten-  
ing to destroy  
Is more benignant than the dewy eve,  
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:  
Nor doubt but He to whom yon pine-  
trees nod  
Their heads in sign of worship,  
nature's God,  
These humbler adorations will receive.

## THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

By antique fancy trimmed—though  
lowly, bred  
To dignity—in thee, O Schwytz! are seen  
The genuine features of the golden  
mean;  
Equality by prudence govern'd,  
Or jealous nature ruling in her stead;  
And, therefore, art thou blest with  
peace, serene  
As that of the sweet fields and  
meadows green  
In unambitious compass round thee  
spread.  
Majestic Berne, high on her guardian  
steep,

Holding a central station of command,  
Might well be styled this noble body's  
head;

Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous en-  
trenchments deep,  
Its heart; and ever may the heroic land  
Thy name, O Schwytz, in happy free-  
dom keep!\*

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES"  
ON THE TOP OF THE PASS OF ST.  
GOTHARD.

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine  
Avails those modulations to detect.  
Which, heard in foreign lands, the  
Swiss affect  
With tenderest passion, leaving him  
to pine  
(So fame reports) and die; his sweet-  
breath'd kine

\* Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.

Remembering, and green Alpine  
pastures decked  
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not  
reject

The tale as fabulous.—Here while I  
recline

Mindful how others by this simple  
strain.

Are moved, for me—upon this moun-  
tain named

Of God himself from dread pre-  
eminence—

Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,  
Yield to the music's touching influence.  
And joys of distant home my heart  
enchain.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN  
FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

This church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the patron saint were untouched. The mount, upon the summit of which the church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano: and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods, and dazzling waters, seduction and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe of so inconsiderable an elevation commands.

THOU sacred pile! whose turrets rise  
From yon steep mountain's loftiest  
stage,

Guarded by lone San Salvador;  
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,  
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,  
But ne'er to human rage!

And hence, O Virgin mother mild!  
Though plenteous flowers around thee  
blow

Not only from the dreary strife  
Of winter, but the storms of life,  
Thee have thy votaries aptly styled  
Our Lady of the Snow.

Even for the man who stops not here,  
But down the irriguous valley hies,  
Thy very name, O lady! flings,  
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,  
A tender sense of shadowy fear,  
And chastening sympathies!

Nor falls that intermingling shade  
To summer-gladsomeness unkind;  
It chastens only to requite  
With gleams of fresher, purer light;  
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,  
More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on!—a tempting downward way,  
A verdant path before us lies;  
Clear shines the glorious sun above;  
Then give free course to joy and love,  
Deeming the evil of the day  
Sufficient for the wise.

---

EFFUSION, IN PRESENCE OF THE  
PAINTED TOWER OF TELL, AT ALTORF.

This tower stands upon the spot where grew  
the linden-tree against which his son is said to  
have been placed, when the father's archery  
was put to proof under circumstances so famous  
in Swiss story.

WHAT though the Italian pencil  
wrought not here,  
Nor such fineskill as did the meed bestow  
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear  
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy  
show,  
While narrow cares their limits overflow.

Thrice happy, burghers, peasants,  
warriors old,  
Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go  
Home-ward, or school-ward, ape what  
ye behold;  
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy  
bold!

And when that calm spectatress from  
on high  
Looks down—the bright and solitary  
moon,  
Who never gazes but to beautify;  
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze  
of noon  
Roused into fury, murmur a soft  
tune  
That fosters peace, and gentleness  
recalls;  
Then might the passing monk receive  
a boon  
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured  
walls,  
While, on the warlike groups, the  
mellowing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their  
trials come  
Yield not to terror or despondency,  
But face like that sweet boy their  
mortal doom,  
Whose head the ruddy apple tops,  
while he  
Expectant stands beneath the linden  
tree,  
He quakes not like the timid forest  
game;  
But smiles—the hesitating shaft to  
free,  
Assured that Heaven its justice will  
proclaim,  
And to his father give its own un-  
erring aim.

To rest where the lizard may bask in  
the palm

Of his half-open hand pure from  
blemish or speck;  
And the green, gilded snake, without  
troubling the calm  
Of the beautiful countenance, twine  
round his neck.

Where haply (kind service to piety due!)  
When winter the grove of its mantle  
bereaves,  
Some bird (like our own honoured  
redbreast) may strew  
The desolate slumberer with moss  
and with leaves.

Fuentes once harboured the good and  
the brave,  
Nor to her was the dance of soft  
pleasure unknown;  
Her banners for festal enjoyment did  
wave  
While the thrill of her fifes through  
the mountains was blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the path-  
less ascent— [sway,  
O silence of nature, how deep is thy  
When the whirlwind of human de-  
struction is spent,  
Our tumults appeased, and our  
strifes passed away!

---

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE  
SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,  
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy  
guide!  
Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy;  
The wages of thy travel, joy!

Whether for London bound—to trill  
Thy mountain notes with simple skill;  
Or on thy head to poise a show  
Of images in seemly row;  
The graceful form of milk-white steed.  
Or bird that soared with Ganyমেদে:  
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear  
The sightless Milton, with his hair  
Around his placid temples curled;  
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,  
If clay could think and mind were  
weight,  
For him who bore the world!  
Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy;  
The wages of thy travel, joy!

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free  
Though serving sage philosophy)  
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,  
A vendor of the well-wrought scale  
Whose sentient tube instructs to time  
A purpose to a fickle clime;  
Whether thou choose this useful part,  
Or minister to finer art,  
Though robbed of many a cherished  
dream,  
And crossed by many a shattered  
scheme,  
What stirring wonders wilt thou see  
In the proud isle of liberty!  
Yet will the wanderer sometimes pine  
With thoughts which no delights can  
chase,  
Recall a sister's last embrace,  
His mother's neck entwine!  
Nor shall forget the maiden coy  
That *would* have loved the bright  
haired boy!

My song, encouraged by the grace  
That beams from his ingenious face,  
For this adventurer scruples not  
To prophesy a golden lot;

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned  
 To rest the universal lord :  
 Why leap the fountains from their  
     cells  
 Where everlasting bounty dwells ?  
 That, while the creature is sustained,  
 His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times,  
 Let all remind the soul of heaven ;  
 Our slack devotion needs them all  
 And faith, so oft of sense the thrall,  
 While she, by aid of nature, climbs,  
 May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic love,  
 And all the pomps of this frail  
     "spot

Which men call earth," have yearned  
     to seek,

Associate with the simply meek,  
 Religion in the sainted grove,  
 And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,  
 Of fainting hopes and backward  
     wills,

Did mighty Tell repair of old—  
 A hero cast in nature's mould,  
 Deliverer of the steadfast rocks  
 And of the ancient hills!

*He*, too, of battle-martyrs chief!  
 Who, to recall his daunted peers,  
 For victory shaped an open space,  
 By gathering with a wide embrace,  
 Into his single breast, a sheaf  
 Of fatal Austrian spears.\*

\* Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sem-  
 pach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this man-  
 ner. The event is one of the most famous in  
 the annals of Swiss heroism ; and pictures and  
 prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

## FORT FUENTES.

"The ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights ; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The ruin is interesting, both in mass and detail. An inscription upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third ; and the chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the chapel walls : a smooth green turf has taken the place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image ; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines, intermingled with bushes ; near the ruins were some, ill-tended, but growing willingly ; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined chapel, a statue of a child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. 'How little,' we exclaimed, 'are these things valued here ! Could we but transport this pretty image to our own garden !' Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years."—*Extract from Journal.*

DREAD hour ! when upheaved by war's  
     sulphurous blast,

This sweet-visaged cherub of Parian  
     stone

So far from the holy enclosure, was  
     cast,

To couch in this thicket of brambles  
     alone ;

Due recompence, and safe return  
 To Como's steeps—his happy bourne!  
 Where he, aloft in garden glade,  
 Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed maid,  
 The towering maize, and prop the twig  
 That ill supports the luscious fig;  
 Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof  
 With purple of the trellis-roof,  
 That through the jealous leaves escapes  
 From Cadenabbia's pendant grapes.  
 Oh, might he tempt that goatherd-child  
 To share his wanderings! him whose  
 look

Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,  
 So touchingly he smiled,  
 As with a rapture caught from heaven,  
 For unasked alms in pity given.

## PART II.

WITH nodding plumes, and lightly drest,  
 Like foresters in leaf-green vest,  
 The Helvetian mountaineers, on ground  
 For Tell's dread arehery renowned,  
 Before the target stood—to elaim  
 The guerdon of the stèadiest aim.  
 Loud was the rifle-gun's report,  
 A startling thunder quick and short!  
 But, flying through the heights around,  
 Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound  
 Of hearts and hands alike "prepared  
 The treasures they enjoy to guard!"  
 And, if there be a favoured hour  
 When heroes are allowed to quit  
 The tomb, and on the clouds to sit  
 With tutelary power,  
 On their descendants shedding grace,  
 This was the hour, and that the place.  
 But truth inspired the bards of old  
 When of an iron age they told,  
 Which to unequal laws gave birth,  
 And drove Astræa from the earth.  
 A gentle boy (perchance with blood  
 As noble as the best endued,

But seemingly a thing despised,  
 Even by the sun and air unprired;  
 For not a tinge or flowery streak  
 Appeared upon his tender cheek)  
 Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,  
 Apart, beside his silent goats,  
 Sate watching in a forest shed,  
 Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head,  
 Mute as the snow upon the hill,  
 And, as the saint he prays to, still.  
 Ah, what avails heroic deed?  
 What liberty? if no defence  
 Be won for feeble innocence—  
 Father of all! though wilful manhood read  
 His punishment in soul-distress,  
 Grant to the morn of life its natural  
 blessedness!

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA, MILAN.

THOUGH searching damps and many  
 an envious flaw  
 Have marred this work,\* the calm  
 ethereal grace, [face,  
 The love deep-seated in the Saviour's  
 The merey, goodness, have not failed  
 to awe [thaw  
 The elements; as they do melt and  
 The heart of the beholder—and erase  
 (Atleast for one rapt moment) every trace  
 Of disobedience to the primal law.  
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth  
 Made to the Twelve, survives: lip,  
 forehead, cheek,

\* This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or printed over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs.—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Merghen, are both admirable: but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.



Her beauty dazzles the thick wood ;  
 Her courage animates the flood ;  
 Her steps the elastic green-sward meets  
 Returning unreluctant sweets ;  
 The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice  
 Aloud, saluted by her voice !  
 Blithe paragon of Alpine grace,  
 Be as thou art—for through thy veins  
 The blood of heroes runs its race !  
 And nobly wilt thou brook the chains  
 That, for the virtuous, life prepares ;  
 The fetters which the matron wears ;  
 The patriot mother's weight of anxious  
 cares !

"Sweet Highland girl ! a very shower\*  
 Of beauty was thy earthly dower,'  
 When thou didst flit before mine eyes,  
 Gay vision under sullen skies,  
 While hope and love around thee played,  
 Near the rough Falls of Inversnaid !  
 Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,  
 Nor take one ray of light from thee ;  
 For in my fancy thou dost share  
 The gift of immortality ;  
 And there shall bloom, with thee allied,  
 The votaress by Lugano's side ;  
 And that intrepid nymph, on Uri's  
 steep, descried !

THE COLUMN, INTENDED BY BONA-  
 PARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE  
 IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAY-  
 SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION, following down this far-  
 famed slope  
 Her pioneer, the snow-dissolving sun,  
 While clarions prate of kingdoms to be  
 won.  
 Perchance in future ages here may stop ;

\* See Address to a Highland Girl, p 234

Taught to mistrust her flattering horo-  
 scope  
 By admonition from this prostrate  
 stone ; [thrown,  
 Memento uninscribed of pride o'er  
 Vanity's hieroglyphic ; a choice trope  
 In fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of  
 the rock, [power divine !  
 Rest where thy course was stayed by  
 The soul transported sees, from hint  
 of thine, [provoke,  
 Crimes which the great Avenger's hand  
 Hears combats whistling o'er the en-  
 sanguined heath ;  
 What groans ! what shrieks ! what  
 quietness in death !

STANZAS COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON  
 PASS.

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy  
 shadiest wood  
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-  
 covered floor,  
 To listen to Anio's precipitous flood,  
 When the stillness of evening hath  
 deepened its roar ;  
 To range through the temples of  
 Pæstum, to muse  
 In Pompeii, preserved by her burial  
 in earth : [in their hues ;  
 On pictures to gaze, where they drank  
 And murmur sweet songs on the  
 ground of their birth !

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur  
 of Rome, [yield to regret ?  
 Could I leave them unseen, and not  
 With a hope (and no more) for a  
 season to come,  
 Which ne'er may discharge the  
 magnificent debt ?

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings  
Each 'narrowing above each;—the  
wings—

The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,  
The starry zone of sovereign height,\*  
All steeped in this portentous light!  
All suffering dim eclipse!

Thus after man had fallen, (if aught  
These perishable spheres have wrought  
May with that issue be compared)  
Throngs of celestial visages,  
Darkening like water in the breeze,  
A holy sadness shared.

Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun  
His glad deliverance has begun:  
The cypress waves her sombre plume  
More cheerily; and town and tower,  
The vineyard and the olive-bower,  
Their lustre re-assume!

O ye, who guard and grace my home,  
While in far-distant lands we roam,  
What countenance hath this day put on  
for you? [eyes,  
While we looked round with favoured  
Did sullen mists hide lake and skies,  
And mountains from your view?

Or was it given you to behold  
Like vision, pensive though not cold,  
From the smooth breast of gay Winandei?  
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil [mere?  
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,  
Helvellyn's brow severe?

I ask in vain—and know far less  
If sickness, sorrow, or distress  
Have spared my dwelling to this hour:  
Sad blindness, but ordained to prove,  
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love  
And all-controlling power.

\* Above the highest circle of figures is a zone  
of metallic stars.

## THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

How blest the maid whose heart—yet free  
From love's uneasy sovereignty,  
Beats with a fancy running high  
Her simple cares to magnify:  
Whom labour, never urged to toil,  
Hath cherished on a healthful soil,  
Whom knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf;  
Whose heaviest sin it is to look  
Askance upon her pretty self  
Reflected in some crystal brook;  
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds  
no tear

But in sweet pity; and can hear  
Another's praise from envy clear.

Such, (but, O lavish nature! why  
That dark unfathomable eye,  
Where lurks a spirit that replies  
To stillest mood of softest skies,  
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,  
Another's first, and then her own?)  
Such, haply, yon Italian maid,  
Our lady's laggard votaress,  
Halting beneath the chestnut shade  
To accomplish there her loveliness:  
Nice aid maternal fingers lend;  
A sister serves with slacker hand;  
Then, glittering like a star, she joins  
the festal band.

How blest (if truth may entertain  
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)  
The Helvetian girl—who daily braves,  
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,  
And quits the bosom of the deep  
Only to climb the rugged steep?  
Say whence that modulated shout?  
From wood-nymph of Diana's throng?  
Or does the greeting to a rout  
Of giddy bacchanals belong?  
Jubilant outcry!—rock and glade  
Resounded—but the voice obeyed  
The breath of an Helvetian maid.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state  
 Thick boughs of palm, and willows  
 from the brook,  
 Marched round the altar—to commemorate  
 How, when their course they through  
 the desert took,  
 Guided by signs which ne'er the sky  
 forsook,  
 They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low;  
 Green boughs were borne, while for  
 the blast that shook  
 Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,  
 Shouts rise, and storms of sound from  
 lifted trumpets blow!

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove  
 Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing  
 wells,  
 The priests and damsels of Ammonian  
 Jove  
 Provoked responses with shrill canticles;  
 While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,  
 They round his altar bore the horned  
 god,  
 Old Cham, the solar deity, who dwells  
 Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,  
 When universal sea the mountains  
 overflowed.

Why speak of Roman pomps? the  
 haughty claims  
 Of chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;  
 The feast of Neptune—and the cereal  
 game,  
 With images, and crowns, and empty cars;  
 The dancing Salii—on the shields of  
 Mars  
 Smiting with fury; and a deeper dread  
 Scattered on all sides by the hideous  
 jars  
 Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head  
 of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted!

At length a spirit more subdued and  
 soft  
 Appeared to govern Christian pagan-  
 tries:  
 The cross, in calm procession, borne  
 aloft  
 Moved to the chant of sober litanies.  
 Even such, this day, came wafted on  
 the breeze  
 From a long train—in hooded vest-  
 ments fair  
 Enwrought — and winding, between  
 Alpine trees  
 Spiry and dark, around their house of  
 prayer  
 Below the icy bed of bright Argen-  
 tière.

Still, in the vivid freshness of a dream,  
 The pageant haunts me as it met  
 our eyes!  
 Still, with those white-robed shapes—  
 a living stream,  
 The glacier pillars join in solemn  
 guise.\*  
 For the same service by mysterious  
 ties;  
 Numbers exceeding credible account  
 Of number, pure and silent votaries  
 Issuing or issued from a wintry fount;  
 The impenetrable heart of that exalted  
 mount!

\* This procession is a part of the sacra-  
 mental service performed once a month in  
 the valley of Engelberg we had the good  
 fortune, to be present at the *grand festival* of  
 the virgin—but the procession on that day,  
 though consisting of upwards of 1000 persons,  
 assembled from all the branches of the  
 sequestered valley, was much less striking  
 (notwithstanding the sublimity of the sur-  
 rounding scenery): it wanted both the  
 simplicity of the other, and the accompaniment  
 of the glacier columns, whose sisterly resem-  
 blance to the *moving* figures gave it a most  
 beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

Thou fortunate region! whose greatness inurned,  
 Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust;  
 Twice-glorified fields! if in sadness I turned  
 From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed chamois retires  
 From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with snow,  
 Toward the mists that hang over the land of my sires,  
 From the climate of myrtles contented I go.  
 My thoughts become bright like yon edging of pines,  
 On the steep's lofty verge: how it blacken'd the air!  
 But, touch'd from behind by the sun, it now shines  
 With threads that seem part of his own silver hair.

Though the toil of the way with dear friends we divide,  
 Though by the same zephyr our temples be fanned  
 As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,  
 A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand:  
 Each step hath its value while homeward we move;—  
 O joy, when the girdle of England appears!  
 What moment in life is so conscious of love,  
 Of love in the heart made more happy by tears?

## ECHO UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the cover?  
 Stern Gemmi listens to as full a cry,  
 As multitudinous a harmony,  
 Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos over,  
 When, from the soft couch of her sleeping lover,  
 Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain-dew  
 In keen pursuit—and gawc, where'er she flew,  
 Impetuous motion to the stars above her.  
 A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on  
 Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime  
 Of airy voices locked in unison,—  
 Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn and sublime!  
 So, from the body of one guilty deed,  
 A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts, proceed!

## PROCESSIONS. SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

To appease the gods; or public thanks to yield;  
 Or to solicit knowledge of events,  
 Which in her breast futurity concealed;  
 And that the past might have its true intents  
 Feelingly told by living monuments;  
 Mankind of yore were prompted to devise  
 Rites such as yet Persepolis presents  
 Graven on her cankered walls,—solemnities  
 That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

DESULTORY STANZAS, UPON RECEIVING  
THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE  
PRESS.

Is then the final page before me spread,  
Nor further outlet left to mind or  
heart?

Presumptuous book! too forward to  
be read—

How can I give thee license to depart?  
One tribute more;—unbidden feelings  
start

Forth from their coverts—slighted  
objects rise—

My spirit is the scene of such wild  
art

As on Parnassus rules, when lightning  
flies,

Visibly leading on the thunder's har-  
monies.

All that I saw returns upon my view,  
All that I heard comes back upon my  
ear,

All that I felt this moment doth  
renew;

And where the foot with no unmanly  
fear

Recoiled—and wings alone could  
travel—there

I move at ease, and meet contending  
themes

That press upon me, crossing the career  
Of recollections vivid as the dreams

Of midnight,—cities—plains—forests  
—and mighty streams.

Where mortal never breathed I dare  
to sit

Among the interior Alps, gigantic  
crew,

Who triumphed o'er diluvian power!  
—and yet

What are they but a wreck and residue,

Whose only business is to perish?—true  
To which sad course, these wrinkled  
sons of time

Labour their proper greatness to  
subdue;

Speaking of death alone, beneath a  
clime

Where life and rapture flow in pleni-  
tude sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge  
Across thy long deep valley, furious  
Rhône!

Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge  
Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frailer stone  
Of secondary birth—the Jungfrau's cone;  
And, from that arch, down-looking on  
the vale

The aspect I behold of every zone;  
A sea of foliage tossing with the gale,  
Blithe autumn's purple crown, and win-  
ter's icy mail!

Far as St. Maurice, from yon eastern  
forks,\*

Down the main avenue my sight can  
range:

And all its branchy vales, and all that  
lurks

Within them, church, and town, and  
hut, and grange,

For my enjoyment meet in vision  
strange;

Snows—torrents;—to the region's  
utmost bound,

Life, death, in amicable interchange—  
But list! the avalanche—the hush pro-  
found

That follows, yet more awful than that  
awful sound!

\* Les Fourches, the point at which the two  
chains of mountains part, that inclose the  
Valais, which terminates at St. Maurice.

They too, who send so far a holy gleam  
While they the church engird with  
motion slow,

A product of that awful mountain seem,  
Poured from his vaults of everlasting  
snow;

Not virgin-lilies marshalled in bright row,  
Not swans descending with the stealthy  
tide,

A livelier sisterly resemblance show  
Than the fair forms that in long order  
glide, [aloft desried!

Bear to the glacier band—those shapes

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs  
Of that licentious craving in the mind  
To act the God among eternal things,  
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;  
And marvel not that antique faith  
inclined

To crowd the world with metamorphosis,  
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned:  
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou  
miss,

Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er  
fable's dark abyss!

---

SKY-PROSPECT. FROM THE PLAIN OF  
FRANCE.

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy  
nape

Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,  
The ark, her melancholy voyage done!  
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's  
shape;

There—combats a huge crocodile—  
agape

A golden spear to swallow! and that  
brown

And massy grove, so near yon blazing  
town,  
wo.

Stirs—and recedes—destruction to  
escape!

Yet all is harmless as the Elysian shades  
Where spirits dwell in undisturbed  
repose,

Silently disappears, or quickly fades;—  
Meek nature's evening comment on  
the shows

That for oblivion take their daily birth,  
From all the fuming vanities of earth!

---

AFTER LANDING. THE VALLEY OF  
DOVER.—NOV. 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the  
game

Which faction breeds? the turmoil  
where? that passed

Through Europe, echoing from the  
newsman's blast,

And filled our hearts with grief for  
England's shame.

Peace greets us;—rambling on with-  
out an aim

We mark majestic herds of cattle free  
To ruminate\* couched on the grassy lea,  
And hear far-off the mellow horn

proclaim [sound

The season's harmless pastime. Ruder  
Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange  
delight,

While consciousnesses, not to be dis-  
owned,

Here only serve a feeling to invite  
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,  
And makes this rural stillness more  
profound.

---

\* This is a most grateful sight for an English-  
man returning to his native land. Everywhere  
one misses, in the cultivated grounds abroad,  
the animating and soothing accompaniment of  
animals ranging and selecting their own food  
at will.

No more;—time halts not in his noiseless march—

Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood;

Life slips from underneath us, like that arch

Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,  
Earth stretched below, heaven in our neighbourhood.

Go forth, my little book! pursue thy way;

Go forth, and please the gentle and the good:

Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say  
That treasures, yet untouched, may  
—grace some future lay.

#### TO ENTERPRISE.

KEEP for the young the impassioned smile

Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand

High on that chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,  
As slender volume grasping in thy hand—  
(Perchance the pages that relate  
The various turns of Crusoe's fate).

Ah! spare the exulting smile,  
And drop thy pointing finger bright  
As the first flash of beacon-light;

But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,  
Nor turn thy face away

From one who, in the evening of his day,

To thee would offer no presumptuous

Bold spirit! who art free to rove

Among the starry courts of Jove,

And oft in splendour dost appear

Embodied to poetic eyes,

While traversing this nether sphere,

Where mortals call thee Enterprise.

Daughter of Hope! her favourite child  
Whom she to young Ambition bore,  
When hunter's arrow first defiled  
The grove, and stained the turf with  
—gore;

Thee wingèd Fancy took, and nursed  
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,  
And where the mightier waters burst  
From caves of Indian mountains  
—hoar!

She wrapped thee in a panther's  
—skin;

And thou, thy favourite food to win,  
The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst  
—scare

From her rock-fortress in mid air,  
With infant shout.—and often sweep,  
Paired with the ostrich, o'er the  
—plain;

Or, tired with sport, wouldst sink  
—asleep

Upon the couchant lion's mane!  
With rolling years thy strength increased;

And, far beyond thy native East,  
To thee, by varying titles known,  
As variously thy power was shown,  
Did incense-bearing altars rise,  
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,  
From supplicants panting for the skies!

What though this ancient earth be trod  
No more by step of demi-god,  
Mounting from glorious deed to deed  
As thou from clime to clime didst lead,  
Yet still, the bosom beating high,  
And the hushed farewell of an eye  
Where no procrastinating gaze  
A last infirmity betrays,  
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway  
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.  
By thy divinity impelled,  
The stripling seeks the tented field;

Is not the chamois suited to his place?  
The eagle worthy of her ancestry?  
Let empires fall; but ne'er shall ye disgrace

Your noble birthright, ye that occupy  
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,  
On Sarnen's Mount,\* there judge of fit  
and right,

In simple democratic majesty:  
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows  
—the might

And purity of nature spread before  
your sight!

From this appropriate court, renowned  
Lucerne  
Calls me to pace her honoured bridge †  
that cheers

\* Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Unterwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the tyrant of that name, whose château formerly stood there. On the 1st of January, 1308, the great day which the confederated heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their country, all the castles of the governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their strongholds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

† The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the passenger has, at the same time the benefit of shade, and a view of the magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters: those from Scripture history on the cathedral-bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.

The patriot's heart with pictures rude  
and stern,

An uncouth chronicle of glorious years.  
Like portraiture, from loftier source,  
endears

That work of kindred frame, which  
spans the lake

Just at the point of issue, where it fears  
The form and motion of a stream to  
take;

Where it begins to stir, yet voiceless as  
a snake,

Volumes of sound, from the cathedral  
rolled,

This long-roofed vista penetrate—but  
see,

One after one, its tablets, that unfold  
The whole design of Scripture history;  
From the first tasting of the fatal tree,  
Till the bright star appeared in eastern  
skies,

Announcing ONE was born mankind to  
free;

His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;  
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all  
eyes.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings  
'kill.

Long may these homely works devised  
of old,

These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,  
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold  
The state,—the country's destiny to  
'mould;

Turning, for them who pass, the  
common dust

Of servile opportunity to gold;  
Filling the soul with sentiments  
august—

The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and  
the just!



The aspiring virgin kneels; and, pale  
 With awe, receives the hallowed veil,  
 A soft and tender heroine ..  
 Vowed to severer discipline;  
 Inflamed by thee, the blooming boy  
 Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,  
 And of the ocean's dismal breast  
 A playground or a couch of rest;  
 'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,  
 Thou to his dangers dost enchain  
 The chamois-chaser, awed in vain  
 By chasm or dizzy precipice;  
 And hast thou not with triumph seen  
 How soaring mortals glide between  
 Or through the clouds, and brave the  
 With bolder than Icarian flight? [light  
 How they, in bells of crystal, dive  
 Where winds and waters cease to strive,  
 For no unholy visitings,  
 Among the monsters of the deep,  
 And all the sad and precious things  
 Which there in ghastly silence sleep;  
 Or, adverse tides and currents headed,  
 And breathless calms no longer dreaded,  
 In never-slackening voyage go  
 Straight as an arrow from the bow;  
 And, slighting sails and scorning oars,  
 Keep faith with Time on distant shores?  
 Within our fearless reach are placed  
 The secrets of the burning waste,  
 Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,  
 Nile trembles at his fountain head;  
 Thou speak'st—and lo! the polar seas  
 Unbosom their last mysteries.  
 But oh! what transports, what sublime  
 reward,  
 Won from the world of mind, dost thou  
 prepare  
 For philosophic sage—or high-souled  
 bard  
 Who, for thy service trained in lonely  
 woods,

Hath fed on pageants floating through  
 the air, [floods;  
 Or calentured in depth of limpid  
 Nor grieves—though doomed, through  
 silent night, to bear  
 The domination of his glorious themes,  
 Or struggle in the net-work of thy  
 dreams!  
 If there be movements in the patriot's  
 soul, [worth,  
 From source still deeper, and of higher  
 'Tis thine the quickening impulse to  
 control, [forth;  
 And in due season send the mandate  
 Thy call a prostrate nation can restore,  
 When but a single mind resolves to  
 crutch no more.

Dread minister of wrath!  
 Who to their destined punishment dost  
 urge  
 The Pharaohs, of the earth, the men of  
 hardened heart!  
 Not unassisted by the flattering stars,  
 Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path  
 When they in pomp depart,  
 With trampling horses and refulgent  
 cars— [surge;  
 Soon to be swallowed by the briny  
 Or, cast, for lingering death, on un-  
 known strands;  
 Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands—  
 An army noy, and now a living hill  
 That a brief while heaves with con-  
 vulsive throes—  
 Then all is still;  
 Or to forget their madness and their  
 woes, [snows!  
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless  
 Back flows the willing current of my  
 song: [dare,  
 If to provoke such doom the impious

Or some of humbler name, to these  
 wild shores  
 Storm-driven; who, having seen the  
 cup of woe  
 Pass from their Master, sojourned here  
 to guard  
 The precious Current they had taught  
 to flow?

---

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow  
 the sea-mew<sup>\*</sup>—white  
 As Menai's foam; and toward the  
 mystic ring  
 Where Augurs stand, the Future ques-  
 tioning  
 Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy  
 flight,  
 Portending ruin to each baleful rite  
 That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept  
 o'er  
 Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.  
 Haughty the Bard: can these meek  
 doctrines blight  
 His transports? wither his heroic  
 strains?  
 But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian  
 spear  
 A way first opened; and, with Roman  
 chains,  
 The tidings come of Jesus crucified:  
 They come—they spread—the weak,  
 the suffering, hear;  
 Receive the faith, and in the hope  
 abide.

---

<sup>\*</sup> This water fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the Deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy  
 road,  
 Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift  
 of fire  
 And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,  
 From every sympathy that Man be-  
 stowed!  
 Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to  
 God,  
 Ancient of days! that to the eternal  
 Sire,  
 These jealous Ministers of law aspire,  
 As to the one sole fount whence wisdom  
 flowed,  
 Justice, and order. Tremblingly  
 escaped,  
 As if with prescience of the coming  
 storm,  
 That intimation when the stars were  
 shaped;  
 And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the  
 primal truth  
 Glimmers through many a superstitious  
 form  
 That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

---

UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us; seeking, we  
 are lost  
 On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian  
 coves,  
 Or where the solitary shepherd roves  
 Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost  
 Of Time and shadows of Tradition  
 crost;  
 And where the boatman of the Western  
 Isles  
 Slackens his course—to mark those  
 holy piles

# ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

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## PART I.

### FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION.

"A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies,  
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise  
Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

#### INTRODUCTION.

I, who accompanied with faithful pace  
Cerulean Duddon from its cloud-fed  
spring,  
And loved with spirit ruled by his to  
sing  
Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's  
grace ;  
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to  
trace  
Of Liberty, and smote the plausible  
string  
Till the checked torrent, proudly  
triumphing,  
Won for herself a lasting resting-place ;  
Now seek upon the heights of Time  
the source  
Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are  
found  
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that  
have crowned  
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless  
force ;  
And, for delight of him who tracks its  
course,  
Immortal amaranth and palms abound,

#### CONJECTURES.

Ir there be prophets on whose spirits  
rest  
Past things, revealed like future, they  
can tell  
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred  
well  
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island  
blessed  
With its first bounty. Wandering  
through the west,  
Did holy Paul\* a while in Britain dwell,  
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,  
And with dread signs the nascent  
Stream invest ?  
Or He, whose bonds dropped off,  
whose prison doors  
Flew open, by an Angel's voice un-  
barred ?

---

\* Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury ; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.

Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,  
 And temples flashing, bright as polar  
 ice,  
 Their radiance through the woods—  
 may yet suffice  
 To sap your hardy virtue, and abate  
 Your love of Him upon whose forehead  
 sat  
 The crown of thorns; whose life-blood  
 flowed, the price  
 Of your redemption. Shun the in-  
 sidious arts  
 That Rome provides, less dreading  
 from her frown  
 Than from her wily praise, her peaceful  
 gown,  
 Language, and letters;—these, though  
 fondly viewed  
 As humanising graces, are but parts  
 And instruments of deadliest servitude!

## DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be  
 scanned  
 Presumptuously) their roots both wide  
 and deep,  
 Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.  
 Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand  
 Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery  
 brand,  
 A cherished Priestess of the new-  
 baptized!  
 But chastisement shall follow peace  
 despised.  
 The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate  
 land  
 By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant  
 cries,  
 And prayers that would undo her forced  
 farewell;

For she returns not. Avowed by her own  
 knell.  
 She casts the Britons upon strange  
 Alls,  
 Soon to become more dreaded enemies  
 Than heartless misery called them to  
 repel.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST  
THE BARBARIANS.

Rise!—they *have* risen: of brave  
 An-urin ask  
 How they have scourged old foes,  
 perfidious friends;  
 The Spirit of Caractacus descends  
 Upon the Patriots, animates their task;—  
 Amazement runs before the towering  
 casque  
 Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy  
 field  
 The virgin sculptured on his Christian  
 shield:—  
 Stretched in the sunny light of victory  
 bask  
 The Host that followed Urien as he  
 strode  
 O'er heaps of slain;—from Cambrian  
 wood and moss  
 Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;  
 Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's  
 still abode,  
 Rush on the fight, to harps preferring  
 swords,  
 And everlasting deeds to burning words!

## SAXON CONQUEST.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking  
 aid  
 Of hallelujahs\* tost from hill to hill—

\* Alluding to the victory gained under Ger-  
 manus.—See Bede.

Which yet survive on bleak Iona's  
coast.  
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest  
name,  
Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,  
Nor characters of Greek or Roman  
fame,  
To an unquestionable Source have led;  
Enough—if eyes, that sought the foun-  
tain-head  
In vain, upon the growing Rill may  
gaze.

---

PERSECUTION.

LAMENT! for Diocletian's fiery sword  
Works busy as the lightning; but  
instinct  
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon  
linked,  
Which God's ethereal storehouses  
afford:  
Against the Followers of the incarnate  
Lord  
It rages;—some are smitten in the  
field—  
Some pierced to the heart through the  
ineffectual shield  
Of sacred home;—with pomp are others  
gored  
And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban  
tried,  
England's first Martyr, whom no threats  
could shake;  
Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,  
And for the faith; nor shall his name  
forsake  
That Hill, whose flowery platform seems  
to rise  
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.\*

---

\* This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the  
birds regain  
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim  
Their nests, or chant a gratulating  
hymn  
To the blue ether and bespangled  
plain;  
Even so, in many a re-constructed  
fane,  
Have the survivors of this Storm re-  
newed  
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:  
And solemn ceremonials they ordain  
To celebrate their great deliverance;  
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their  
fear—  
That persecution, blind with rage  
extreme,  
May not the less, through Heaven's  
mild countenance,  
Even in her own despite, both feed and  
cheer;  
For all things are less dreadful than  
they seem.

---

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm! for soul-subduing  
vice,  
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps  
await.

---

a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—"Variis herbarum floribus depictus imò usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet cum pro insitâ sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur."

His wing who could seem lovelier to  
 man's eye  
 Than they appear to holy Gregory ;  
 Who, having learnt that name, salva-  
 tion craves  
 For Them, and for their Land. The  
 earnest Sire,  
 His questions urging, feels, in slender  
 ties  
 Of chiming sound, commanding sym-  
 pathies ;  
 DE-IRIANS—he would save them from  
 God's IRE ;  
 Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall  
 sing  
 Glad HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King !

---

GLAD TIDINGS.

FOR ever hallowed be this morning fair,  
 Blest be the unconscious shore on  
 which ye tread,  
 And blest the silver Cross, which ye,  
 instead  
 Of martial banner, in procession bear ;  
 The Cross preceding Him who floats  
 in air,  
 The pictured Saviour !—By Augustin  
 led,  
 They come—and onward travel without  
 dread,  
 Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful  
 prayer—  
 Sung for themselves, and those whom  
 they would free !  
 Rich conquest waits them :—the tem-  
 pestuous sea  
 Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and  
 high  
 And heeded not the voice of clashing  
 swords,

These good men humble by a few  
 bare words,  
 And calm with fear of God's divinity.

---

PAULINUS.\*

BUT to remote Northumbria's royal  
 Hall,  
 Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in  
 the school  
 Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen  
 rule,  
*Wto* comes with functions apostolical ?  
 Mark him, of shoulders curved, and  
 stature tall,  
 Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre  
 cheek,  
 His prominent feature like an eagle's  
 beak ;  
 A Man whose aspect doth at once appal  
 And strike with reverence. The  
 Monarch leans  
 Toward the pure truths this Delegate  
 propounds.  
 Repeatedly his own deep mind he  
 sounds  
 With careful hesitation—then convenes  
 A synod of his Councillors ;—give ear,  
 And what a pensive Sage doth utter,  
 hear !

---

PERSUASION.

"MAN's life is like a Sparrow, mighty  
 King !  
 That—while at banquet with your  
 Chiefs you sit

---

\* The person of Paulinus is thus described by  
 Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness :—  
 "Longe stature, paululum incurvus, nigro  
 capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adunco, pertenui,  
 venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."

For instant victory. But Heaven's high will  
 Permits a second and a darker shade  
 Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,  
 The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains:  
 O wretched Land! whose tears have flowed like fountains;  
 Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid  
 By men yet scarcely conscious of a care  
 For other monuments than those of Earth;  
 Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,  
 Will build their savage fortunes only there;  
 Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth  
 Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

---

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.\*

*THE oppression of the tumult—wrath  
 and scorn—  
 The tribulation—and the gleaming  
 blades—*  
 Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades  
 The song of Taliesin;—Ours shall mourn

---

\* "Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'if they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us;' and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble

The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers would turn  
 The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store  
 Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,  
 And Christian monuments, that now must burn  
 To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things swerve  
 From their known course, or vanish like a dream;  
 Another language spreads from coast to coast;  
 Only perchance some melancholy Stream  
 And some indignant Hills old names preserve,  
 When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost!

---

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,  
 Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale  
 Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,  
 Where Tiber's stream, the immortal City laves:  
 ANGLI by name; and not an ANGEL waves

---

monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice."—See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.

Of elevation; let their odours float  
 Around these Converts; and their  
 glories blend.  
 The midnight stars outshining, or the  
 blaze  
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that  
 golden cords  
 Of good works, mingling with the  
 visions, raise  
 The Soul to purer worlds: and *who* the  
 line  
 Shall draw, the limits of the power  
 define,  
 That even imperfect faith to man  
 affords?

---

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.\*

How beautiful your presence, how  
 benign,  
 Servants of God! who not a thought  
 will share  
 With the vain world; who, outwardly  
 as bare  
 As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign  
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit  
 divine!  
 Such Priest, when service worthy of his  
 care  
 Has called him forth to breathe the  
 common air,  
 Might seem a saintly Image from its  
 shrine

---

\* Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:—"Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis labilis, in ut ubique clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere peregrinus inveniretur, accurrerant, et ferè cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se beneficii, gaudent. Verbis quoque horum exhortationis diligenter aurium prebent." *De eccl. cap. 26.*

Descended:—happy are the eyes that  
 meet  
 The Apparition; evil thoughts are  
 stayed  
 At his approach, and low-bowed necks  
 entreat  
 A benediction from his voice or hand:  
 Whence grace, through which the heart  
 can understand,  
 And vows, that bind the will in silence  
 made.

---

OTHER INFLUENCES.

Ah, when the Body, round which in  
 love we clung,  
 Is chilled by death, does mutual service  
 fail?  
 Is tender pity then of no avail?  
 Are intercessions of the fervent tongue  
 A waste of hope?—From this sad source  
 have sprung  
 Rites that console the Spirit, under  
 grief  
 Which ill can brook more rational relief:  
 Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and  
 dirges sung  
 For Souls whose doom is fixed! The  
 way is smooth  
 For Power that travels with the human  
 heart:  
 Confession ministers the pang to soothe  
 In him who at the ghost of guilt doth  
 start.  
 Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,  
 Of your own mighty instruments beware!

---

SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished  
 —at his side  
 A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book.



Housed near a blazing fire—is seen  
to flit

Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,  
Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,  
Flies out, and passes on from cold to  
cold; [behold

But whence it came we know not, nor  
Whither it goes. Even such, that  
transient Thing,

The human Soul; not utterly unknown  
While in the Body lodged, her warm  
abode;

But from what world She came, what  
woe or weal [shown;

On her departure waits, no tongue hath  
This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,  
His be a welcome cordially bestowed!"\*

\* See the original of this speech in Bede. — The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. "'Who,' exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, 'shall first desecrate the altars and the temples?' 'I,' answered the Chief Priest: 'for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped?' Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (equum emissarium); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and a lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he, however, halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those Idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gahan, ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, polluit ac destruxit eas, quas ipse sa-raverat aras." The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.

## CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel  
Lore;

The Council closed, the Priest in full  
career

Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls  
a spear

To desecrate the Fane which heretofore  
He served in folly. Woden falls, and  
Thor

Is overturned; the mace, in battle  
heaved

(So might they dream) till victory was  
achieved,

Drops, and the God himself is seen no  
more.

Temple and Altar sink, to hide their  
shame

Amid oblivious weeds. "O come to me,  
Ye heavy laden!" such the inviting  
voice

Heard near fresh streams;\* and thou-  
sands, who rejoice

In the new Rite—the pledge of sanctity,  
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise  
claim.

## APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft  
doth lend

The Soul's eternal interests to promote:  
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural  
lot;

And evil Spirits may our walk attend  
For aught the wisest know or compre-  
hend;

Then be good Spirits free to breathe a  
note

\* The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.

From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely  
 rains  
 Or needful sunshine; prosperous enter-  
 prise,  
 Justice and peace:—bold faith! yet  
 also rise  
 The sacred Structures for less doubtful  
 gains,  
 The Sensual think with reverence of  
 the palms  
 Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond  
 the grave;  
 If penance be redeemable, thence alms  
 Flow to the poor, and freedom to the  
 slave;  
 And if full oft the Sanctuary save  
 Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

---

#### MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

Not sedentary all: there are who roam  
 To scatter seeds of life on barbarous  
 shores;  
 Or quit with zealous step their knee-  
 worn floors  
 To seek the general mart of Christendom;  
 Whence they, like richly-laden mer-  
 chants, come  
 To their beloved cells:—or shall we say  
 That, like the Red-cross Knight, they  
 urge their way,  
 To lead in memorable triumph home  
 Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,  
 Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,  
 Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid  
 the sigh  
 That would lament her;—Memphis,  
 Tyre, are gone  
 With all their Arts,—but classic lore  
 glides on  
 By these Religious saved for all  
 posterity.

#### ALFRED.

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,  
 The pious ALFRED, King to Justice  
 dear!  
 Lord of the harp and liberating spear;  
 Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown  
 Might range the starry ether for a  
 crown  
 Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,  
 Pours forth his bounty, like the day  
 doth cheer,  
 And awes like night with mercy-  
 tempered frown.  
 Ease from this noble miser of his time  
 No moment steals; pain narrows not  
 his cares.\*  
 Though small his kingdom as a spark  
 or gem,  
 Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,  
 And Christian India, through her wide-  
 spread clime,  
 In sacred converse gifts with Alfred  
 shares.

---

#### HIS DESCENDANTS.

WHEN thy great soul was freed from  
 mortal chains,  
 Darling of England! many a bitter  
 shower  
 Fell on thy tomb; but emulative power  
 Flowed in thy line through undegenerate  
 veins.  
 The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains  
 When dangers threaten, dangers ever  
 new!  
 Black tempests bursting, blacker still in  
 view!  
 But manly sovereignty its hold retains;

---

\*Through the whole of his life, Alfred was  
 subject to grievous maladies.

Dr staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,  
 The war-worn Chieftain quits the world  
 —to hide  
 His thin autumnal locks where Monks  
 abide  
 In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell  
 In soft repose he comes. Within his  
 cell,  
 Round the decaying trunk of human  
 pride,  
 At morn, and eve, and midnight's  
 silent hour,  
 Do penitential cogitations cling;  
 Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they  
 twine  
 In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;  
 Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth  
 they bring  
 For recompense—their own perennial  
 bower.

---

CONTINUED.

HE THINKS that to some vacant hermitage  
 His feet would rather turn—to some  
 dry nook  
 Cooped out of living rock, and near a  
 brook  
 Tumbled down a mountain-cove from  
 stage to stage,  
 Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling  
 rage  
 In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;  
 Hence creeping under sylvan arches  
 cool,  
 Its haunt of shapes whose glorious  
 equipage  
 Would elevate my dreams. A beechen  
 bowl,  
 A maple dish, my furniture should be;

Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the  
 hooting owl  
 My night-watch: nor should e'er the  
 crested fowl  
 From thorp or vill his matins sound  
 for me,  
 Tired of the world and all its industry.

---

REPROOF.

BUT what if One, through grove or  
 flowery mead,  
 Indulging thus at will the creeping feet  
 Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet  
 Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede!  
 The saint, the scholar, from a circle  
 freed  
 Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat  
 Of learning, where thou heard'st the  
 billows beat  
 On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed  
 Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!  
 The recreant soul, that dares to shun  
 the debt  
 Imposed on human kind, must first  
 forget  
 Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use  
 Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,  
 The last dear service of thy passing  
 breath\*!

---

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND  
 SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought  
 pains,  
 The people work like congregated bees;  
 Eager to build the quiet Fortresses  
 Where Piety, as they believe, obtains

---

\*He expired dictating the last words of a  
 translation of St. John's Gospel.

He listens (all past conquests and all  
schemes  
Of future vanishing like empty dreams)  
Heart-touched, and haply not without a  
tear.

The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is  
still,  
While his free Barge skims the smooth  
flood along,  
Gives to that rapture an accordant  
Rhyme.\*  
O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest  
clime  
And rudest age are subject to the  
thrill  
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

---

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares  
The evanescence of the Saxon line.  
Hark! 'tis the tolling Curfew!—the  
stars shine;  
But of the lights that cherish household  
cares  
And festive gladness, burns not one that  
dares  
To twinkle after that dull stroke of  
thine,  
Emblem and instrument, from Thames  
to Tyne,  
Of force that daunts, and cunning that  
ensnares!  
Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,  
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps  
and fires,  
Touch not the tapers of the sacred  
quires;  
Even so a thralldom, studious to expel

---

\* Which is still extant.

Old laws, and ancient customs to  
derange,  
To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal  
change.

---

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, over-  
powered  
By wrong triumphant through its own  
excess,  
From fields laid waste, from house and  
home devoured  
By flames, look up to heaven and crave  
redress  
From God's eternal justice. Pitiless  
Though men be, there are angels that  
can feel  
For wounds that death alone has power  
to heal,  
For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.  
And has a Champion risen in arms to  
try  
His Country's virtue, fought, and  
breathes no more;  
Him in their hearts the people canonize;  
And far above the mine's most precious  
ore  
The least small pittance of bare mould  
they prize  
Scooped from the sacred earth where  
his dear relics lie.

---

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "pro-  
faneness flow  
From Nazareth—source of Christian  
piety,  
From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of  
Agony  
And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,

The root sincere, the branches bold to  
strive  
With the fierce tempest, while, within  
the round,  
Of their protection, gentle virtues  
thrive;  
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open  
ground,  
Wide as the oak extends its dewy  
gloom,  
The fostered hyacinths spread their  
purple bloom.

---

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest  
skill  
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a  
dupe  
Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can  
stoop,  
And turn the instruments of good  
to ill,  
Moulding the credulous people to his  
will  
Such DUNSTAN :—from its Benedictine  
coop  
Issues the master Mind, at whose fell  
swoop  
The chaste affections tremble to  
fulfil  
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,  
The Might of spiritual sway! his  
thoughts, his dreams,  
Do in the supernatural world  
abide :  
So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled  
with pride  
In what they see of virtues pushed to  
extremes,  
And sorceries of talent misapplied.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

WOE to the Crown that doth the Cowl  
obey! \*  
Dissension, checking arms that would  
restrain  
The incessant Rovers of the northern  
main,  
Helps to restore and spread a Pagan  
sway :  
But Gospel-truth is potent to allay  
Fierceness and rage ; and soon the  
cruel Dane  
Feels, through the influence of her  
gentle reign,  
His native superstitions melt away.  
Thus often, when thick gloom the east  
o'ershrouds,  
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing,  
doth appear  
Silently to consume the heavy clouds ;  
*How* no one can resolve ; but every  
eye  
Around her sees, while air is hushed,  
a clear  
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

---

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the  
Mere,  
From Monks in Ely chanting service  
high,  
While as Canute the King is rowing by :  
"My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty  
King, "draw near,  
That we the sweet song of the Monks  
may hear!"

---

\* The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions.—See Turner.

## AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns: proud Arbitress  
 of grace,  
 The Church, by mandate shadowing  
 forth the power  
 She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal  
 door,  
 Closes the gates of every sacred place.  
 Straight from the sun and tainted air's  
 embrace  
 All sacred things are covered: cheerful  
 morn  
 Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is  
 worn,  
 Nor is a face allowed to meet a  
 face  
 With natural smiles of greeting. Bells  
 are dumb;  
 Ditches are graves—funereal rites  
 denied;  
 And in the churchyard he must take  
 his bride  
 Who dares be wedded! Fancies thickly  
 coine  
 Into the pensive heart ill fortified,  
 And comfortless despairs the soul  
 benumb.

## PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we  
 pursue,  
 The gross materials of this world pre-  
 sent  
 A marvellous study of wild accident;  
 Uncouth proximities of old and new;  
 And bold transfigurations, more untrue  
 (As might be deemed) to disciplined  
 intent  
 Then aught the sky's fantastic clement,  
 When not fantastic, offers to the view.

Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's  
 Shrine?  
 Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia:  
 —crown,  
 Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring,  
 laid down  
 At a proud Legate's feet! The spears  
 that line  
 Baronial halls the opprobrious insult  
 feel;  
 And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

## SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred  
 head,  
 To Caesar's Successor the Pontiff  
 spake;  
 "Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on  
 thy neck  
 Levelled with earth this foot of mine  
 may tread."  
 Then he, who to the altar had been  
 led,  
 He, whose strong arm the Orient could  
 not check,  
 He, who had held the Soldan at his  
 beck,  
 Stooped, of all glory disinherited,  
 And even the common dignity of  
 man!—  
 Amazement strikes the crowd: while  
 many turn  
 Their eyes away in sorrow, others  
 burn  
 With scorn, invoking a vindictive  
 ban  
 From outraged Nature: but the sense of  
 most  
 In abject sympathy with power is lost.

With prayers and blessings we your  
 path will sow ;  
 Like Moses hold our hands erect,  
 till ye  
 Have chased far off by righteous  
 victory  
 These sons of Amalek, or laid them  
 low !"—  
 "GOD WILLETH IT," the whole assembly  
 cry ;  
 Shout which the enraptured multitude  
 astounds !  
 The Council-roof and Clermont's towers  
 reply ;—  
 "God willeth it," from hill to hill  
 rebounds,  
 And, in awe-stricken Countries far and  
 nigh,  
 Through "Nature's hollow arch" that  
 voice resounds.\*

---

CRUSADES.

THE turbaned Race are poured in  
 thickening swarms  
 Along the west ; though driven from  
 Aquitaine,  
 The Crescent glitters on the towers of  
 Spain ;  
 And soft Italia feels renewed alarms ;  
 The scimitar, that yields not to the  
 charms  
 Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will  
 disdain ;  
 Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian  
 hills detain  
 Their tents, and check the current of  
 their arms.

---

\* The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

Then blame not those who, by the  
 mightiest lever  
 Known to the moral world, Imagination,  
 Upheave, so seems it, from her natural  
 station  
 All Christendom :—they sweep along  
 (was never  
 So huge a host!)—to tear from the  
 Unbeliever  
 The precious Tomb, their haven of  
 salvation.

---

RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,  
 I mark thee, Richard ! urgent to  
 equip  
 Thy warlike person with the staff and  
 scrip ;  
 I watch thee sailing o'er the midland  
 brine ;  
 In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride  
 decline  
 Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her  
 lip,  
 And see love-emblems streaming from  
 thy ship,  
 As thence she holds her way to Pales-  
 tine.  
 My Song, a fearless homager, would  
 attend  
 Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves  
 the press  
 Of war, but duty summons her away  
 To tell—how, finding in the rash  
 distress  
 Of those Enthusiasts a subservient  
 friend,  
 To giddier heights hath clomb the  
 Papal sway.

Realm there is none that if controlled  
 or sway'd  
 By her commands partakes not, in  
 degree,  
 Of good, o'er manners arts and arms,  
 diffused:  
 Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,  
 Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused  
 By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

---

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.

"*HERE Man more purely lives,\* less  
 oft doth fall,  
 More promptly rises, walks with stricter  
 heed,  
 More safely rests, dies happier, is freed  
 Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains  
 vernal  
 A brighter crown.*"—On yon Cistercian  
 wall  
*That confident assurance may be read;  
 And, to like shelter, from the world  
 have fled  
 Increasing multitudes. The potent  
 call  
 Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's  
 desires;  
 Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant  
 knee  
 Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,  
 A gentler life spreads round the holy  
 spires;  
 Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste  
 retires,  
 And aery harvests crown the fertile lea.*

---

\* "Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmuntur copiosius"—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the  
 ground,  
 His whole life long tills it, with heart-  
 less toil  
 Of villain-service, passing with the soil  
 To each new Master, like a steer or  
 bound,  
 Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-  
 bound;  
 But mark how gladly, through their  
 own domains,  
 The Monks relax or break these iron  
 chains;  
 While Mercy, uttering, through their  
 voice, a sound  
 Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye  
 Chiefs, abate  
 These legalized oppressions! Man—  
 whose name  
 And nature God disdained not; Man—  
 whose soul  
 Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high  
 claim  
 To live and move exempt from all  
 control  
 Which fellow-feeling doth not miti-  
 gate!"

---

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful  
 pen,  
 That many hooded Cenobites there are,  
 Who in their private cells have yet a  
 care  
 Of public quiet; unambitious Men,  
 Counsellors for the world, of piercing  
 ken;  
 Whose fervent exhortations from afar  
 Move Princes to their duty, peace or  
 war:  
 And oft-times in the most forbidding den



## PAPAL DOMINION.

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless  
 wind  
 Must come and ask permission when  
 to blow,  
 What further empire would it have?  
 for now  
 A ghostly Domination, unconfined ;  
 As that by dreaming Bards to Love  
 assigned,  
 Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,  
 Perplex the wise, the strong to over-  
 throw ;

Through earth and heaven to bind and  
 to unbind !—  
 Resist—the thunder quails thee !—  
 crouch—rebuff  
 Shall be thy recompense ! from land to  
 land  
 The ancient thrones of Christendom  
 ; are stuff  
 For occupation of a magic wand,  
 And 'tis the Pope that wields it :—  
 whether rough  
 Or smooth his front, our world is in his  
 hand !

## PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF  
 CHARLES I.

How soon—alas ! did Man, created  
 pure—  
 By Angels guarded, deviate from the  
 line  
 Prescribed to duty :—woeful forfeitūre  
 He made by wilful breach of law  
 divine.  
 With like perverseness did the Church  
 abjure  
 Obedience to her Lord, and haste to  
 twine,  
 'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for  
 aye endure,  
 Weeds on whose front the world had  
 fixed her sign.  
 O Man,—if with thy trials thus it  
 fares,  
 If good can smooth the way to evil  
 choice,  
 From all rash censure be the mind kept  
 free ;

He only judges right who weighs, com-  
 pares,  
 And, in the sternest sentence which his  
 voice  
 Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

FROM false assumption rose, and fondly  
 hailed  
 By superstition, spread the Papal power ;  
 Yet do not deem the Autocracy pre-  
 vailed  
 Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.  
 She daunts, forth-thundering from her  
 spiritual tower  
 Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she  
 tames.  
 Justice and Peace through Her uphold  
 their claims ;  
 And Chastity finds many a sheltering  
 bower.

Am I deceived? Or is their requiem  
chanted

By voices never mute when Heaven  
unties

Her inmost, softest, tenderest har-  
monies;

Requiem which Earth takes up with  
voice undaunted,

When she would tell how Brave, and  
Good, and Wise,

For their high guerdon not in vain have  
panted! —————

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's  
crest

While from the Papal Unity there came,  
What feeblér means had failed to give,  
one aim

Diffused thro' all the regions of the  
West;

So does her Unity its power attest

By works of Art, that shed, on the out-  
ward frame

Of worship, glory and grace, which who  
shall blame

That ever looked to heaven for final rest?  
Hail countless Temples! that so well  
befit

Your ministry; that, as ye rise and take  
Form spirit and character from holy  
writ,

Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,  
Pinions of high and higher sweep, and  
make

The unconverted soul with awe submit.

WHERE long and deeply hath been  
fixed the root

In the blest soil of gospel truth, the  
Tree

(Blighted or scathed tho' many branches  
be,

Put forth to wither, many a hopeful  
shoot)

Can never cease to bear celestial  
fruit.

Witness the Church that oft-times, with  
effect

Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to  
eject

Her bane, her vital energies recruit.

Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine

When such good work is doomed to be  
undone,

The conquests lost that were so hardly  
won:—

All promises vouchsafed by Heaven  
will shine

In light; confirmed while years their  
course shall run,

Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

—————  
TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH! for see, with dim association  
The tapers burn; the odorous incense  
feeds

A greedy flame; the pompous mass  
proceeds;

The Priest bestows the appointed con-  
secration;

And, while the Host is raised, its ele-  
vation

An awe and supernatural horror  
breeds;

And all the people bow their heads,  
like reeds

To a soft breeze, in lowly adora-  
tion.

This Valdo brooks not. On the banks  
of Rhone

He taught, till persecution chased him  
thence,

Of solitude, with love of science  
 strong,  
 How patiently the yoke of thought they  
 bear!  
 How subtly glide its finest threads  
 along!  
 Spirits that crowd the intellectual  
 sphere  
 With many boundaries, as the as-  
 tronomer  
 With orb and cycle girds the starry  
 throng.

OTHER BENEFITS.

AND, not in vain embodied to the  
 sight,  
 Religion finds even in the stern  
 retreat  
 Of feudal sway her own appropriate  
 seat;  
 From the collégiate pomps on Windsor's  
 height  
 Down to the humbler altar, which the  
 Knight  
 And his Retainers of the embattled  
 hall  
 Seek in domestic oratory small,  
 For prayer in stillness, or the chanted  
 rite;  
 Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted  
 round,  
 Who teach the intrepid guardians of  
 the place —  
 Hourly exposed to death, with famine  
 worn,  
 And suffering under many a perilous  
 wound —  
 How sad would be their durance, if  
 forlorn  
 Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

CONTINUED.

AND what melodious sounds at times  
 prevail!  
 And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam  
 Pours on the surface of the turbid  
 Stream!  
 What heartfelt fragrance mingles with  
 the gale  
 That swells the bosom of our passing sail!  
 For, where, but on *this* River's margin,  
 blow  
 Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the  
 brow,  
 Of hardihood with wreaths that shall  
 not fail? —  
 Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the  
 world!  
 I see a matchless blazonry unfurled  
 Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;  
 And meekness tempering honourable  
 pride;  
 The lamb is crouching by the lion's side,  
 And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the  
 dove.

CRUSADERS.

FURL we the sails, and pass with tardy  
 oars  
 Through these bright regions, casting  
 many a glance  
 Upon the dream-like issues — the  
 romance  
 Of many-coloured life that Fortune  
 pours  
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant  
 shores  
 Their labours end; or they return to lie,  
 The vow performed, in cross-legged  
 effigy,  
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel  
 floors.

But they desist not;—and the sacred  
 fire,  
 Rekindled thus, from dens and savage  
 woods  
 Moves, handed on with never-ceasing  
 care,  
 Through courts, through camps, o'er  
 liminary floods;  
 Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely  
 share  
 Of the new Flame, not suffered to  
 expire.

---

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY TO HENRY V.

"WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured  
 field  
 The lively beauty of the leopard  
 shows?  
 What flower in meadow-ground or  
 garden grows  
 That to the towering lily doth not  
 yield?  
 Let both meet only on thy royal  
 shield!  
 Go forth, great King! claim what thy  
 birth bestows;  
 Conquer the Gallic lily which thy  
 foes  
 Dare to usurp;—thou hast a sword to  
 wield,  
 And Heaven will crown the right."—  
 The mitred Sire  
 Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul  
 address,  
 Ploughs her bold course across the  
 wondering seas;  
 For, sooth to say, ambition, in the  
 breast  
 Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,  
 But one that leaps to meet the fanning  
 breeze.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

THUS is the storm abated by the craft  
 Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect  
 The Church, whose power hath recently  
 been checked,  
 Whose monstrous riches threatened.  
 So the shaft —  
 Of victory mounts high, and blood is  
 quaffed  
 In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—  
 Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!  
 For deep as hell itself, the avenging  
 draught  
 Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal  
 power  
 Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual  
 truth  
 Maintains the else endangered gift of  
 life;  
 Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;  
 And, under cover of this woeful strife,  
 Gathers unblighted strength from hour  
 to hour.

---

WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seized with  
 sudden fear,  
 And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:  
 Yea, his dry bones to ashes are con-  
 sumed  
 And flung into the brook that travels  
 near; ———  
 Forthwith that ancient Voice which  
 Streams can hear  
 Thus speaks (that Voice which walks  
 upon the wind,  
 Though seldom heard by busy human  
 kind)—  
 "As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt  
 bear

To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.  
Nor are his followers loth to seek  
defence,  
'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's  
craggy throne,  
From rites that trample upon soul and  
sense.

## THE VAUDOIS.

BUT whence came they who for the  
Saviour Lord  
Have long borne witness as the Scrip-  
tures teach?—  
Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to  
preach  
In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,  
Their fugitive Progenitors explored  
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats  
Where that pure Church survives,  
though summer heats  
Open a passage to the Romish sword,  
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-  
sown,  
And fruitage gathered from the chestnut-  
wood,  
Nourish the sufferers then; and mists,  
that brood  
O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles  
bestrown,  
Protect them; and the eternal snow  
that daunts  
Aliens, is God's good winter for their  
haunts.

PRAISED be the Rivers, from their  
mountain springs  
Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy ban-  
ners here!"  
To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,  
And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled  
wings!"

Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—  
Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's  
car—

'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes  
dear,  
Their own creation. Such glad wel-  
comings [rose  
As Po was heard to give, where Venice  
Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth  
divine

Who near his fountains, sought obscure  
repose, [shine,  
Yet came prepared as glorious lights to  
Should that be needed for their sacred  
Charge; [at large!  
Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were

## WALDENSES.

THOSE had given earliest notice, as the  
lark  
Springs from the ground the morn to  
gratulate;  
Or rather rose the day to antedate,  
By striking out a solitary spark,  
When all the world with midnight gloom  
was dark. — [whom Hate  
Then followed the Waldensian bands,  
In vain endeavours to exterminate,  
Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous  
bark: \*

\* The list of foul names bestowed upon  
those poor creatures is long and curious:—and,  
as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious  
appellations are drawn from circumstances  
into which they were forced by their perse-  
cutors, who even consolidated their miseries  
into one reproachful term, calling them Patar-  
enians, or Paturins, from *patis*, to suffer.

"Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the  
pine  
And green oak are their covert; as the gloom  
Of night oft foils their enemy's design,  
She calls them Riders on the flying broom;  
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become  
One and the same through practices malign"

To stay the precious waste. Through  
 every brain  
 The domination of the sprightly  
 juice  
 Spreads high conceits to madding  
 Fancy dear,  
 Till the arched roof, with resolute  
 abuse  
 Of its grave echoes, swells a choral  
 strain  
 Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KING-  
 DOM'S HERE!"

#### DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

TREATHS come which no submission  
 may assuage,  
 No sacrifice avert, no power dis-  
 pute:  
 The tapers shall be quenched, the  
 belfries mute,  
 And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by  
 selfish rage.  
 The warbling wren shall find a leafy  
 cage;  
 The gadding bramble hang her purple  
 fruit;  
 And the green lizard and the gilded  
 newt  
 Lead unmolested lives, and die of  
 age.  
 The owl of evening and the woodland  
 fox  
 For their abode the shrines of Waltham  
 choose:  
 Proud Glastonbury can no more  
 refuse  
 To stoop her head before these  
 desperate shocks—  
 She whose high pomp displaced. as  
 story tells,  
 Armathean Joseph's wattled cells.

#### THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more  
 meek  
 Through saintly habit than from effort  
 due  
 To unrelenting mandates that pursue  
 With equal wrath the steps of strong  
 and weak)  
 Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek  
 Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,  
 While through the Convent's gate to  
 open view  
 Softly she glides, another home to  
 seek.  
 Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy  
 shrine,  
 An Apparition more divinely bright!  
 Not more attractive to the dazzled  
 sight  
 Those watery glories, on the stormy  
 brine  
 Poured forth, while summer suns at  
 distance shine,  
 And the green vales lie hushed in sober  
 light!

#### CONTINUED.

YET many a Novice of the cloistral  
 shade,  
 And many chained by vows, with eager  
 glee  
 The warrant hail, exulting to be free;  
 Like ships before whose keels, full long  
 embayed  
 In polar ice, propitious winds have  
 made  
 Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea.  
 Their liquid world, for bold discovery.  
 In all her quarters temptingly dis-  
 played!

Into the Avon, Avon to the tide  
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,  
 Into main Ocean they, this deed  
 accurst  
 An emblem yields to friends and  
 enemies  
 How the bold Teacher's Doctrine,  
 sanctified  
 By truth, shall spread, throughout the  
 world dispersed."

---

## CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

"WOE to you, Prelates! rioting in  
 ease  
 And cumbrous wealth—the shame of  
 your estate;  
 You, on whose progress dazzling trains  
 await  
 Of pompous horses; whom vain titles  
 please;  
 Who will be served by others on their  
 knees,  
 Yet will yourselves to God no service  
 pay;  
 Pastors who neither take nor point the  
 way  
 To Heaven; for, either lost in  
 vanities  
 Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye  
 know  
 And speak the word—"Alas! of  
 fearful things  
 'Tis the most fearful when the people's  
 eye  
 Abuse hath cleared from vain imagin-  
 ings;  
 And taught the general voice to  
 prophesy  
 Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid  
 low."

## ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

AND what is Penance with her knotted  
 thong;  
 Mortification with the shirt of hair,  
 Wan cheek, and knees indurated with  
 prayer,  
 Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;  
 If cloistered Avarice scruple not to  
 wrong  
 The pious, humble, useful Secular,  
 And rob the people of his daily care,  
 Scorning that world whose blindness  
 makes her strong?  
 Inversion strange! that, unto One who  
 lives  
 For self, and struggles with himself  
 alone,  
 The amplest share of heavenly favour  
 gives;  
 That to a Monk allots, both in the  
 esteem  
 Of God and man, place higher than to  
 him  
 Who on the good of others builds his  
 own!

---

## MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more,—round many a Convent's  
 blazing fire  
 Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;  
 There Venus sits disguised like a  
 Nun,—  
 While Bacchus, clothed in semblance  
 of a Friar,  
 Pours out his choicest beverage high  
 and higher  
 Sparkling, until it cannot choose but  
 run  
 Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath  
 won  
 An instant kiss of masterful desire—

## IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation! Not alone  
 From Sages justly honoured by man-  
 kind ;  
 But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,  
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous  
 groan  
 Issues for that dominion overthrown :  
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges,  
 blind  
 As his own worshippers : and Nile, re-  
 clined  
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell  
 moan  
 Renews. Through every forest, cave,  
 and den,  
 Where frauds were hatched of old, hath  
 sorrow past—  
 Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native  
 Waste,  
 Where once his airy helpers schemed  
 and planned  
 'Mid spectral lakes bemocking thirsty  
 men,  
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

## REFLECTIONS.

GRANT that by this unsparing hurricane  
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn  
 away,  
 And goodly fruitage with the mother-  
 spray ;  
 'Twere madness—wished we, therefore,  
 to detain,  
 With hands stretched forth in mollified  
 disdain,  
 The “trumpety” that ascends in bare  
 display—  
 Bulls, pardon's, relics, cows black,  
 white, and gray—  
 Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal  
 plain

Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet  
 not choice  
 But habit rules the unreflecting herd,  
 And airy bonds are hardest to disown :  
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty  
 transferred  
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice  
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

## TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred  
 Book,  
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,  
 Assumes the accents of our native  
 tongue ;  
 And he who guides the plough, or wields  
 the crook,  
 With understanding spirit now may look  
 Upon her records, listen to her song,  
 And sift her laws—much wondering  
 that the wrong,  
 Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could  
 calmly brook.  
 Transcendent Boon! noblest that  
 earthly King  
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless  
 Under the weight of mortal wretched-  
 ness !  
 But passions spread like plagues, and  
 thousands wild  
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering  
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

## THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise?—for  
 nothing less  
 Than that the Soul, freed from the  
 bonds of Sense,  
 And to her God restored by evidence  
 Of things not seen, drawn forth from  
 their recess,



Hope guides the young; but when the  
 old must pass  
 The threshold, whither shall they turn  
 to find  
 The hospitality—the alms (alas!  
 Alms may be needed) which that House  
 bestowed?  
 Can they, in faith and worship, train  
 the mind  
 To keep this new and questionable  
 road?

## SAINTS.

Yr, too, must fly before a chasing hand,  
 Angels and Saints, in every hamlet  
 mourned!  
 Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,  
 Let not your radiant Shapes desert the  
 Land:

Her adoration was not your demand,  
 The fond heart proffered it—the servile  
 heart;  
 And therefore are ye summoned to  
 depart,  
 Michael, and thou, St. George, whose  
 flaming brand  
 The Dragon quelled; and valiant Mar-  
 garet

Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew;  
 And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen  
 Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,  
 Who in the penitential desert met  
 Gales sweet as those that over Eden  
 blew!

## THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was  
 uncrossed  
 With the least shade of thought to sin  
 allied;  
 Woman! above all women glorified,  
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast,

Purer than foam on central ocean tost;  
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak  
 strewn  
 With fancied roses, than the un-  
 blest moon  
 Before her wane, begins on heaven's  
 blue coast;  
 Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I  
 ween,  
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee  
 might bend,  
 As to a visible Power, in which did  
 blend  
 All that was mixed and reconciled in  
 Thee  
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

## APOLOGY.

NOT utterly unworthy to endure  
 Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;  
 Age after age to the arch of Christendom  
 Aerial keystone haughtily secure;  
 Supremacy from heaven transmitted  
 pure,  
 As many hold; and, therefore, to the  
 tomb  
 Pass, some through fire—and by the  
 scaffold some—  
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending  
 More.  
 "Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit  
 Upon his throne;" unsoftened, undis-  
 mayed  
 By aught that mingled with the tragic  
 scene  
 Of pity or fear; and More's gay genius  
 played  
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,  
 Than the bare axe more luminous and  
 keen.

Of the Most High. Again do they invoke  
 The Creature, to the Creature glory give;  
 Again with frankincense the altars smoke  
 Like those the Heathen served; and  
     mass is sung;  
 And prayer, man's rational prerogative,  
 Runs through blind channels of an  
     unknown tongue.

---

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is un-  
     rolled!  
 See Latimer and Ridley in the might  
 Of Faith stand coupled for a common  
     flight!  
 One (like those prophets whom God  
     sent of old)  
 Transfigured,\* from this kindling hath  
     foretold  
 A torch of inextinguishable light;  
 The Other gains a confidence as bold;  
 And thus they foil their enemy's despite.

---

\* "M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked silke (weak) olde man, he now stood bold upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. . . . Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man: wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out.'"—*Fox's Acts, etc.*

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.

The penal instruments, the shows of  
     crime,  
 Are glorified while this once-mitred  
     pair  
 Of saintly Friends the "murtherer's  
     chain partake,  
 Corded, and burning at the social  
     stake:"  
 Earth never witnessed object more sub-  
     lime  
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

---

CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flameward his up-  
     braided hand  
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat  
 Of judgment such presumptuous doom  
     repeat!)  
 Amid the shuddering throng doth Cran-  
     mer stand;  
 Firm as the stake to which with iron  
     band  
 His frame is tied; firm from the naked  
     feet  
 To the bare head. The victory is  
     complete;  
 The shrouded Body to the Soul's  
     command  
 Answers with more than Indian forti-  
     tude,  
 Through all her nerves with finer sense  
     endued,  
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:  
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the  
     fire,  
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,  
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous  
     attestation! \*

---

\* For the belief in this fact, see the contem-  
 porary Historians

Root there, and not in forms, her holiness ;—  
 For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense  
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence  
 Was needful round men thirsting to transgress ;—  
 For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord  
 Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth  
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill  
 The temples of their hearts who, with his word  
 Informed, were resolute to do his will,  
 And worship him in spirit and in truth.

EDWARD VI.

"SWEET is the holiness of Youth"—so felt  
 Time-honoured Chaucer, speaking through that Lay  
 By which the Prioress beguiled the way,  
 And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.  
 Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt  
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen  
 King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien  
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt,  
 In meek and simple infancy, what joy  
 For universal Christendom had thrilled  
 Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled  
 (O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)  
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,  
 Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR  
 THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measure gush  
 From various sources; gently overflow  
 From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe  
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush;  
 And some, coeval with the earliest blush  
 Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show  
 Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;  
 And some break forth when others' sorrows crush  
 The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet  
 The noblest drops to admiration known,  
 To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—  
 Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet  
 The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven  
 To pen the mandates nature doth disown.

REVIVAL OF POPEY.

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule,  
 By unrelenting Death, O People keen  
 For change, to whom the new looks always green!  
 Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground  
 Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at the sound  
 Of counter-proclamation, now are seen  
 (Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)  
 Lifting them up, the worship to con-  
 found

## EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest  
 soil,  
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to  
 wave,  
 Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL  
 gave  
 To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style  
 The gift exalting, and with playful  
 smile : †  
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his  
 head  
 The Donor's farewell blessing, can he  
 dread  
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of  
 toil ?—  
 More sweet than odours caught by him  
 who sails

---

\* "On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease,' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard.' —See WATSON'S *Life of Richard Hooker*.

Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,  
 A thousand times more exquisitely  
 sweet,  
 The freight of holy feeling which we  
 meet,  
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the  
 gales  
 From fields where good men walk, or  
 bowers wherein they rest.

## THE SAME.

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,  
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,  
 With what entire affection do they prize  
 Their Church reformed! labouring with  
 earnest care  
 To baffle all that may her strength  
 impair;  
 That Church, the unperverted Gospel's  
 seat;  
 In their afflictions a divine retreat;  
 Source of their liveliest hope, and  
 tenderest prayer!—  
 The truth exploring with an equal mind.  
 In doctrine and communion they have  
 sought  
 Firmly between the two extremes to  
 steer;  
 But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,  
 To trace right courses for the stubborn  
 blind,  
 And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

## DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to reverence  
 soon defy  
 Their forefathers; lo! sects are formed  
 and split  
 With morbid restlessness:—the ecstatic

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF  
THE REFORMATION.

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields  
of light,  
Our mortal ken ! Inspire a perfect trust  
(While we look round) that Heaven's  
decrees are just :  
Which few can hold committed to a  
fight  
That shows, ev'n on its better side, the  
night  
Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,  
'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,  
Which showers of blood seem rather to  
incite  
Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled  
From both sides ; veteran thunders  
(the brute test  
Of truth) are met by fulminations new—  
Tartarean flags are caught at, and un-  
furled—  
Friends strike at friends—the flying  
shall pursue—  
And Victory sickens, ignorant where to  
rest !

## ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the  
fowler's net,  
Some seek with timely flight a foreign  
strand ;  
Most happy, re-assembled in a land ,  
By dauntless Luther freed, could they  
forget  
Their Country's woes. But scarcely  
have they met,  
Partners in faith, and brothers in  
distress,  
Free to pour forth their common thank-  
fulness,  
Ere hope declines :—their union is beset

With speculative notions rashly sown,  
Whence thickly-sprouting growth of  
poisonous weeds ;  
Their forms are broken staves ; their  
passions, steeds  
That master them. How enviably  
blest  
Is he who can, by help of grace,  
enthrone  
The peace of God within his single  
breast !

## ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen ! o'er many an  
envious bar  
Triumphant, snatched from many a  
treacherous wile !  
All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful  
Isle  
Hath blest, respiring from that dismal  
war  
Stilled by thy voice ! But quickly from  
afar  
Defiance breathes with more malignant  
aim ;  
And alien storms with home-bred fer-  
ments claim  
Portentous fellowship. Her silver  
car,  
By sleepless prudence ruled, glides  
slowly on ;  
Unhurt by violence, from menaced  
taint  
Emerging pure, and seemingly more  
bright :  
Ah ! wherefore yields it to a foul con-  
straint  
Black as the clouds its beams dispersed,  
while shone,  
By men and angels blest, the glorious  
light ?

Against the ancient pine-trees of the  
 grove  
 And the Land's humblest comforts.  
 Now her mood  
 Recalls the transformation of the  
 flood,  
 Whose rage the gentle skies in vain  
 reprove,  
 Earth cannot check. O terrible excess  
 Of headstrong will! Can this be  
 Piety?  
 No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped  
 her name;  
 And scourges England struggling to be  
 free:  
 Her peace destroyed! her hopes a  
 wilderness!  
 Her blessings cursed—her glory turned  
 to shame!

---

LAUD.\*

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to  
 spare,  
 An old weak Man for vengeance thrown  
 aside,  
 Laud, "in the painful art of dying"  
 tried  
 (Like a poor bird entangled in a  
 snare  
 Whose heart still flutters, though his  
 wings forbear

To stir in useless struggle) hath relied  
 On hope that conscious innocence  
 supplied,  
 And in his prison breathes celestial air.  
 Why tarries then thy chariot? Where-  
 fore stay,  
 O Death! the ensanguined yet trium-  
 phant wheels,  
 Which thou prepar'st, full often, to  
 convey  
 (What time a State with madding  
 faction reels)  
 The Saint or Patriot to the world that  
 heals  
 All wounds, all perturbations doth  
 allay?

---

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! couldst thou venture, on thy  
 boldest string,  
 The faintest note to echo which the  
 blast  
 Caught from the hand of Moses as it  
 passed  
 O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-  
 king,  
 Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing  
 Of dread Jehovah; then should wood  
 and waste  
 Hear also of that name, and mercy cast  
 Off to the mountains, like a covering

---

\* In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:

—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than the external public worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and as little enough to keep it in any vigour."

Spreads wide ; though special mysteries  
 multiply,  
*The Saints must govern* is their common  
 cry ;  
 And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ  
 Disgraced by aught that seems content  
 to sit  
 Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.  
 The Romanist exults ; fresh hope he  
 draws  
 From the confusion, craftily incites  
 The overweening, personates the mad—  
 To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause :  
 Totters the Throne ; the new-born  
 Church is sad,  
 For every wave against her peace unites.

---

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree  
 To plague her beating heart ; and there  
 is one  
 (Nor idlest that !) which holds com-  
 munion  
 With things that were not, yet were  
 meant to be.  
 Aghast within its gloomy cavity  
 That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and  
 done  
 Crimes that might stop the motion of  
 the sun)  
 Beholds the horrible catastrophe  
 Of an assembled Senate unredeemed  
 From subterraneous Treason's darkling  
 power :  
 Merciless act of sorrow infinite !  
 Worse than the product of that dismal  
 night,  
 When gushing, copious as a thunder-  
 shower,  
 The blood of Huguenots through Paris  
 streamed,

## ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE  
 RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE Virgin-Mountain,\* wearing like a  
 Queen  
 A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,  
 Sheds ruin from her sides ; and men  
 below  
 Wonder that aught of aspect so serene  
 Can link with desolation. Smooth and  
 green,  
 And seeming, at a little distance,  
 slow,  
 The waters of the Rhine ; but on they  
 go  
 Fretting and whitening, keener and  
 more keen ;  
 Till madness seizes on the whole wide  
 Flood,  
 Turned to a fearful Thing whose  
 nostrils breathe  
 Blasts of tempestuous smoke—where-  
 with he tries  
 To hide himself, but only magnifies ;  
 And doth in more conspicuous torment  
 writhe,  
 Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

---

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er  
 we move,  
 To the mind's eye Religion doth pre-  
 sent ;  
 Now with her own deep quietness con-  
 tent ;  
 Then, like the mountain, thundering  
 from above

---

\* The Jung Frau.

Or would have taught, by discipline of  
 pain  
 And long privation, now dissolves  
 amain,  
 Or is remembered only to give zest  
 To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels!  
 But for what gain? if England soon  
 must sink  
 Into a gulf which all distinction levels—  
 That bigotry may swallow the good  
 name,  
 And, with that draught, the life-blood:  
 misery, shame,  
 By Poets loathed; from which Historians  
 shrink!

## LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and  
 the wind  
 Charged with rich words poured out in  
 thought's defence;  
 Whether the Church inspire that elo-  
 quence,  
 Or a Platonic Piety confined  
 To the sole temple of the inward  
 mind;  
 And One there is who builds immortal  
 lays,  
 Though ~~unmurmured~~ <sup>unmurmured</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>in</sup> solitary  
 ways,  
 Darkness before and ~~dear's~~ <sup>dear's</sup> voice  
 behind;  
 Yet not alone, nor helpless to ~~be~~  
 Sad thoughts; for from above the starry  
 sphere  
 Come secrets, whispered nightly to his  
 ear;  
 And the pure spirit of celestial light  
 Shines through his soul—"that he may  
 see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight."

## WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THRE are no colours in the fairest sky  
 So fair as these. The feather, whence  
 the pen  
 Was shaped that traced the lives of  
 these good men,  
 \_Dropped from an Angel's wing. With  
 moistened eye  
 We read of faith and purest charity  
 In Statesman, Priest, and humble  
 Citizen:  
 Oh could we copy their mild virtues,  
 then  
 What joy to live, what blessedness to  
 die!  
 Methinks their very names shine still  
 and bright;  
 Apart—like glow-worms on a summer  
 night;  
 Or lonely tapers when from far they  
 fling  
 A guiding ray; or seen—like stars on  
 high,  
 Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
 Around meek Walton's heavenly  
 memory.

## CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject  
 Those Unconforming; whom one  
 rigorous day  
 Drives from their Cures; a voluntary prey  
 To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,  
 And some to want—as if by tempests  
 wrecked  
 On wild coast; how destitute! did  
 Feel not the conscience mean  
 betray,  
 That peace of mind is Virtue's  
 effect.



Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh! weep,	Their suppliant hands; but holy is the feast
Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest	He keepeth; like the firmament, his ways:
Despised by that stern God to whom they raise	His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

---

## PART III.

## FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid Seated alone beneath a darksome tree, Whose fondly-overhanging canopy, Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.	Yet, my beloved Country! I partake Of kindred agitations for thy sake; Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream;
No Spirit was she; <i>that</i> my heart betrayed,	Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
For she was one I loved exceedingly; But while I gazed in tender reverie (Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)	Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
The bright corporal presence—form and face—	If aught impair thy beauty or destroy, Or but forbode destruction, I deplore With filial love the sad vicissitude;
Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,	If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
Like sunny mist;—at length the golden hair,	The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace,	And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.
Each with the other in a lingering race Of dissolution, melted into air.	

## PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision spake	Who comes—with rapture greeted, and caressed
Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might seem	With frantic love—his kingdom to regain?
Wholly dissevered from our present theme;	Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
	Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
	For all she taught of hardiest and of best,

## CHARLES THE SECOND.

Had mortal action e'er a nobler  
 scope?  
 The Hero comes to liberate, not  
 defy;  
 And while he marches on with steadfast  
 hope,  
 Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!  
 The vacillating Bondman of the  
 Pope  
 Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast  
 eye.

---

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS  
 LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er  
 forget  
 The sons who for thy civil rights have  
 bled!  
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his  
 head,  
 And Russell's milder blood the scaffold  
 wet;  
 But these had fallen for profitless  
 regret  
 Had not thy holy Church her cham-  
 pions bred,  
 And claims from other worlds in-  
 spirited  
 The star of Liberty to rise. Nor  
 yet  
 (Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual  
 things  
 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or  
 fear,  
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises sup-  
 port,  
 However hardly won or justly dear:  
 What came from heaven to heaven by  
 nature clings,  
 nd, if dissevered thence, its course is  
 short.

SACHEVEREL.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell  
 Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained  
 In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or  
 feigned,  
 Spread through all ranks; and lo! the  
 Sentinel  
 Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,  
 Stands at the Bar, absolved by female  
 eyes  
 Mingling their glances with grave flat-  
 teries  
 Lavished on *Him*—that England may  
 rebel  
 Against her ancient virtue. High and  
 Low,  
 Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are  
 rife;  
 As if a Church, though sprung from  
 heaven, must owe  
 To opposites and fierce extremes her  
 life,—  
 Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow  
 Of truths that soften hatred, temper  
 strife.

---

Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold  
 design,  
 Have we pursued, with livelier stir of  
 heart  
 Than his who sees, borne forward by  
 the Rhine,  
 The living landscapes greet him, and  
 depart;  
 Sees spires fast sinking—up again to  
 start!  
 And strives the towers to number, that  
 recline  
 O'er the dark steepes, or on the horizon  
 line  
 Striding with shattered crests his eye  
 athwart.

Their altars they forego, their homes  
 they quit,  
 Fields which they love, and paths they  
 daily trod,  
 And cast the future upon Provi-  
 dence;  
 As men the dictate of whose inward  
 sense  
 Outweighs the world; whom self-  
 deceiving wit  
 Lures not from what they deem the  
 cause of God.

---

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH  
 COVENANTERS.

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a  
 suppliant cry,  
 The majesty of England interposed  
 And the sword stopped; the bleeding  
 wounds were closed;  
 And Faith preserved her ancient  
 purity.  
 How little boots that precedent of  
 good,  
 Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst  
 testify,  
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm!  
 from wood,  
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded  
 street, where lie  
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,  
 Slain by Compatriot-protestants that  
 draw  
 From councils senseless as intolerant  
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild  
 sword-law;  
 But who would force the Soul tilts with  
 a straw  
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands  
 sent,  
 Shatters the air, and troubles tower and  
 spire;  
 For Justice hath absolved the innocent,  
 And Tyranny is balked of her desire:  
 Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as  
 fire  
 Coursing a train of gunpowder—it  
 went,  
 And transport finds in every street a  
 vent,  
 Till the whole City rings like one vast  
 quire.  
 The Fathers urge the People to be still,  
 With outstretched hands and earnest  
 speech—in vain!  
 Yea, many, haply wont to entertain  
 Small reverence for the mitre's offices,  
 And to Religion's self no friendly  
 will,  
 A Prelate's blessing ask on bended  
 knees.

---

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under-current, strong to  
 draw  
 Millions of waves into itself, and  
 run,  
 From sea to sea, impervious to the  
 sun  
 And ploughing storm, the spirit of  
 Nassau  
 (Swerves not, how blest if by religious  
 awe  
 Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend  
 With the wide world's commotions)  
 from its end  
 Swerves not—diverted by a casual  
 law.

What force had severed. Thence they  
 fetched the seed  
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed  
 Of praise from Heaven. To thee, O  
 saintly WHITE,  
 Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,  
 Remotest lands and unborn times shall  
 turn,  
 Whether they would restore or build—  
 to Thee,  
 As one who rightly taught how zeal  
 should burn,  
 As one who drew from out Faith's  
 holiest urn  
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

---

BISHOPS and Priests, blessed are ye, if  
 deep  
 (As yours above all offices is high)  
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;  
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed  
 and keep  
 From wolves your portion of His chosen  
 sheep;  
 Labouring as ever in your Master's  
 sight,  
 Making your hardest task your best  
 delight.  
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall  
 reap!—  
 But in the solemn Office which ye  
 sought  
 And undertook premonished, if unsound  
 Your practice prove, faithless though  
 but in thought.  
 Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf  
 profound  
 Awaits you then, if they were rightly  
 taught  
 Who framed the Ordinance by your  
 lives disowned!

## PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star  
 Is to the sky while we look up in love;  
 As to the deep fair ships which though  
 they move  
 Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them  
 from afar;  
 As to the sandy desert fountains are,  
 With palm-groves shaded at wide  
 intervals,  
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt  
 Native falls  
 Of roving tired or desultory war—  
 Such to this British Isle her christian  
 Fanes,  
 Each linked to each for kindred ser-  
 vices;  
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with  
 glittering vanes [tress,  
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among  
 Where a few villagers on bended knees  
 Find solace which a busy world  
 disdains

## PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board.  
 And a refined rusticity, belong  
 To the neat mansion,\* where, his flock  
 among,  
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watch-  
 ful Lord.

---

\* Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, & they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unite

So have we hurried on with troubled  
 pleasure:  
 Henceforth, as on the bosom of a  
 stream  
 That slackens, and spreads wide a  
 watery gleam,  
 We, nothing loth a lingering course to  
 measure,  
 May gather up our thoughts, and mark  
 at leisure [theme.  
*How widely spread the interests of our*

---

## ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.

### I.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

WELL worthy to be magnified are they  
 Who, with sad hearts, of friends and  
 country took  
 A last farewell, their loved abodes  
 forsook,  
 And hallowed ground in which their  
 fathers lay;  
 Then to the new-found World explored  
 their way,  
 That so a Church, unforced, uncalled  
 to brook  
 Ritual restraints, within some sheltering  
 nook  
 Her Lord might worship and his word  
 obey  
 In freedom. Men they were who could  
 not bend;  
 Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for  
 guide  
 A will by sovereign Conscience sancti-  
 fied;  
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods  
 ascend  
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,  
 But in His glory who for Sinners died.

### II. CONTINUED.

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they  
 fled  
 To Wilds where both were utterly un-  
 known;  
 But not to them had Providence fore-  
 shown  
 What benefits are missed, what evils  
 bred,  
 In worship neither raised nor limited  
 Save by Self-will. Lo! from that  
 distant shore,  
 For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is  
 led  
 Back to the Land those Pilgrims left  
 of yore,  
 Led by her own free choice. So Truth  
 and Love  
 By Conscience governed do their steps  
 retrace.—  
 Fathers! your Virtues, such the power  
 of grace,  
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus  
 approve.  
 Transcendent over time, unbound by  
 place,  
 Concord and Charity in circles move.

---

### III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic  
 light  
 Were they who, when their Country had  
 been freed,  
 Bowing with reverence to the ancient  
 creed,  
 Fixed on the frame of England's Church  
 their sight,  
 And strove in filial love to re-  
 unite

Fittest beneath the sacred roof proceeds

The ministration; while parental Love  
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from  
above

As the high service pledges now, now  
pleads.

There, should vain thoughts outspread  
their wings and fly

To meet the coming hours of festal  
mirth,

The tombs—which hear and answer  
that brief cry,

The Infant's notice of his second  
birth—

Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy  
With what man hopes from Heaven,  
yet fears from Earth.

---

#### SPONSORS.

FATHER! to God himself we cannot  
give

A holier name! then lightly do not  
bear

Both names conjoined, but of thy  
spiritual care

Be duly mindful: still more sensitive

Do Thou, in truth a second Mother,  
strive

Against disheartening custom, that by  
Thee

Watched, and with love and pious in-  
dustry

Tended at need, the adopted Plant may  
thrive

For everlasting bloom. Benign and  
pure

This Ordinance, whether loss it would  
supply,

event omission, help deficiency,

or seek to make assurance doubly sure.

Shame if the consecrated Vow be  
found

An idle form, the Word an empty  
sound!

---

#### CATECHISING.

FROM 'Little down to Least, in due  
degree,

Around the Pastor, each in new-  
wrought vest,

Each with a vernal posy at his breast,  
We stood, a trembling, earnest Com-  
pany!

With low soft murmur, like a distant  
bee,

Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears  
betrayed;

And some a bold unerring answer  
made:

How fluttered then thy anxious heart  
for me,

Belovèd Mother! Thou whose happy  
hand

Had bound the flowers I wore, with  
faithful tie:

Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible com-  
mand

Her countenance, phantom-like, doth  
reappear:

O lost too early for the frequent tear,  
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

---

#### CONFIRMATION.

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill  
and dale,

With holiday delight on every brow:

'Tis past away; far other thoughts pre-  
vail;

For they are taking the baptismal Vow

Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword ;  
 Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong  
 To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,  
 Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford  
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,  
 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,  
 He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand ;  
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can  
 For re-subjecting to divine command  
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

## THE LITURGY.

Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear  
 Attract us still, and passionate exercise  
 Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies  
 Distinct with signs, through which in set career,

the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe, that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture, which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman; would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage-house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommoda-

As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year  
 Of England's Church; stupendous mysteries!  
 Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,  
 As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.  
 Upon that circle traced from sacred story  
 We only dare to cast a transient glance,  
 Trusting in hope that Others may advance  
 With mind intent upon the King of Glory,  
 From his mild advent till his countenance  
 Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

## BAPTISM.

DEAR be the Church that, watching  
 o'er the needs  
 Of Infancy, provides a timely shower  
 Whose virtue changes to a christian  
 Flower  
 A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of  
 weeds!—

tions and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling, no part of the burial-ground is seen; but as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view.

Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the  
bands  
O Father!—to the Espoused thy blessing give,  
That mutually assisted they may live  
Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.  
So prays the Church, to consecrate a  
Vow  
“The which would endless matrimony  
make;”  
Union that shadows forth and doth  
partake  
A mystery potent human love to endow  
With heavenly, each more prized for the  
other’s sake:  
Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid  
brow.

---

## THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

WOMAN! the Power who left His throne  
on high,  
And deigned to wear the robe of flesh  
we wear,  
The Power that thro’ the straits of  
Infancy  
Did pass dependent on maternal care,  
His own humanity with Thee will share,  
Pleased with the thanks that in His  
People’s eye  
Thou offerest up for safe Delivery  
From Childbirth’s perilous throes. And  
should the Heir  
Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk in-  
clined  
To courses fit to make a mother rue  
That ever he was born, a glance of mind  
Cast upon this observance may renew  
A better will; and, in the imagined view  
Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may  
find.

## VISITATION OF THE SICK.

THE Sabbath bells renew the inviting  
peal;  
Glad music! yet there be that, worn  
with pain  
And sickness, listen where they long  
have lain.  
In sadness listen. With maternal zeal  
Inspired, the Church sends ministers  
to kneel  
Beside the afflicted; to sustain with  
prayer,  
And soothe the heart confession hath  
laid bare—  
That pardon, from God’s throne, may  
set its seal  
On a true Penitent. When breath departs  
From one disburthened so, so com-  
forted,  
His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be  
hope [bed,  
That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-  
Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to  
cope  
With a bad world, and foil the Tempter’s  
arts.

---

## THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

SHUN not this Rite, neglected, yea  
abhorred.  
By some of unreflecting mind, as calling  
Man to curse man, (thought monstrous  
and appalling).  
Go thou and hear the threatenings of  
the Lord;  
Listening within his Temple see his  
sword  
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the  
offender’s head,  
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,  
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.



Upon their conscious selves; their  
 own lips speak  
 The solemn promise. Strongest sinews  
 fail,  
 And many a blooming, many a lovely,  
 cheek  
 Under the holy fear of God turns  
 pale;  
 While on each head his lawn-robed  
 servant lays  
 An apostolic hand, and with prayer  
 seals  
 The Covenant. The Omnipotent will  
 raise  
 Their feeble Souls; and bear with *his*  
 regrets,  
 Who, looking round the fair assem-  
 blage, feels  
 That ere the Sun goes down their  
 childhood sets.

---

 CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent  
 Upon a Maiden trembling as she  
 knelt;  
 In and for whom the pious Mother  
 felt  
 Things that we judge of by a light too  
 faint:  
 Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned  
 Muse, or Saint!  
 Tell what rushed in, from what she was  
 relieved—  
 Then, when her Child the hallowing  
 touch received,  
 And such vibration through the Mother  
 went  
 That tears burst forth amain. Did  
 gleams appear?  
 Opened a vision of that blissful place

Where dwells a Sister-child? And was  
 power given  
 Part of her lost One's glory back to trace  
 Even to this Rite? For thus *She* knelt,  
 and, ere  
 The summer-leaf had faded, passed to  
 Heaven.

---

 SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be  
 tied:  
 One duty more, last stage of this ascent,  
 Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacra-  
 ment!  
 The Offspring, haply at the Parent's  
 side;  
 But not till They, with all that do abide  
 In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts  
 to laud  
 And magnify the glorious name of God,  
 Fountain of Grace, whose Son for  
 sinners died.  
 Ye, who have duly weighed the sum-  
 mons, pause  
 No longer: ye, whom to the saving rite  
 The Altar calls; come early under laws  
 That can secure for you a path of light  
 Through 'gloomiest shade; put on (nor  
 dread its weight)  
 Armour divine, and conquer in your  
 cause!

---

 THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

THE Vested Priest before the Altar  
 stands;  
 Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in  
 sight  
 Of God and chosen friends, your troth  
 to plight  
 With the symbolic ring, and willing  
 hands

The village Children, while the sky is  
red  
With evening lights, advance in long  
array  
Through the still churchyard, each with  
garland gay,  
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the  
head

Of the proud Bearer. To the wide  
church-door,  
Charged with these offerings which  
their fathers bore

For decoration in the Papal time,  
The innocent Procession softly  
moves:—

The spirit of Laud is pleased in  
heaven's pure clime,  
And Hooker's voice the spectacle ap-  
proves!

---

#### REGRETS.

Would that our scrupulous Sires had  
dared to leave

Less scanty measure of those graceful  
rites

And usages, whose due return invites  
A stir of mind too natural to  
deceive;

Giving to Memory help when she would  
weave

A crown for Hope!—I dread the  
boasted lights

That all too often are but fiery  
blights,

Killing the bud o'er which in vain we  
grieve.

Go, seek, when Christmas snows dis-  
comfort bring,

The counter Spirit found in some gay  
church

Green with fresh holly, every pew a  
perch  
In which the linnet or the thrush might  
sing,  
Merry and loud and safe from prying  
search,  
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

---

#### MUTABILITY.

From low to high doth dissolution  
climb,

And sink from high to low, along a scale  
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not  
fail;

A musical but melancholy chime,  
Which they can hear who meddle not  
with crime,

Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.  
Truth fails not; but her outward forms  
that bear

The longest date do melt like frosty rime,  
That in the morning whitened hill and  
plain

And is no more; drop like the tower  
sublime

Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
His crown of weeds, but could not even  
sustain

Some casual shout that broke the silent  
air,

Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

---

#### OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes! following my down-  
ward way,

Untouched by due regret I marked  
your fall!

Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all  
Dispose to judgments temperate as we  
lay

Two aspects bears Truth needful for  
salvation;  
Who knows not *that?*—yet would this  
delicate age  
Look only on the Gospel's brighter  
page:  
Let light and dark duly our thoughts  
employ;  
So shall the fearful words of Commina-  
tion  
Yield timely fruit of peace and love and  
joy.

---

## FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

To kneeling Worshippers no earthly  
floor  
Gives holier invitation than the deck  
Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from  
Wreck  
(When all that Man could do availed  
no more)  
By Him who raised the Tempest and  
restrains:  
Happy the crew who this have felt, and  
pour  
Forth for His mercy, as the Church  
ordains,  
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they*  
implore  
In vain who, for a rightful cause, give  
breath  
To words the Church prescribes aiding  
the lip  
For the heart's sake, ere ship with  
hostile ship  
Encounters, armed for work of pain and  
death:  
Suppliants! the God to whom you  
cause ye trust  
Will listen, and ye know that He is  
just.

## FUNERAL SERVICE.

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' weal  
and woe,  
The Church extends her care to thought  
and deed;  
Nor quits the Body when the Soul is  
freed,  
The mortal weight cast off to be laid  
low.  
Blest Rite for him who hears in faith,  
"I know  
That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears  
each word  
That follows—striking on some kindred  
chord  
Deep in the thankful heart;—yet tears  
will flow.  
Man is as grass that springeth up at  
morn,  
Grows green, and is cut down and  
withereth  
Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim  
a sigh,  
Its natural echo; but hope comes  
reborn  
At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, "O  
Death,  
Where is thy Sting?—O Grave, where  
is thy Victory?"

---

## RURAL CEREMONY.\*

CLOSING the sacred Book which long  
has fed  
Our meditations, give we to a day  
Of annual joy one tributary lay;  
This day, when, forth by rustic music led,

---

\* This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."

The State (ah, surely not preserved in  
vain!)  
Forbear to shape due channels which  
the Flood  
Of sacred truth may enter—till it  
brood  
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the  
Egyptian plain  
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the  
time  
Is conscious of her want; through  
England's bounds,  
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples  
rise!  
I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious  
chime  
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of  
all sounds  
That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

---

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

BE this the chosen site; the virgin  
sod,  
Moistened from age to age by dewy  
eve,  
Shall disappear, and grateful earth  
receive  
The corner-stone from hands that build  
to God.  
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to  
the rod  
Of winter storms, yet budding cheer-  
fully:  
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,  
Shall long survive, to shelter the  
Abode  
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid  
this band  
Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and  
wove

May-garlands, there let the holy altar  
stand  
For kneeling adoration;—while—above,  
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic  
Dove, [Land.  
That shall protect from blasphemy the

---

CONTINUED.

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk  
subdued,  
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,  
When each pale brow to dread hosannas  
bowed  
While clouds of incense mounting  
veiled the rood,  
That glimmered like a pine tree dimly  
viewed [ling rite  
Through Alpine vapours. Such appal-  
Our Church prepares not, trusting to  
the might  
Of simple truth with grace divine  
imbued;  
Yet will we not conceal the precious  
Cross,  
Like men ashamed: the Sun with his  
first smile  
Shall greet that symbol crowning the  
low Pile:  
And the fresh air of incense-breathing  
morn  
Shall wooingly embrace it; and green  
moss [unborn.  
Creep round its arms through centuries

---

NEW CHURCHYARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf  
arrayed,  
Is now by solemn consecration given  
To social interests, and to favouring  
Heaven;

On our past selves in life's declining  
day:

For as, by discipline of Time made wise,  
We learn to tolerate the infirmities  
And faults of others—gently as he may,  
So with our own the mild Instructor  
deals,  
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.\*  
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill  
Why should we break Time's charitable  
seals?

Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;  
Your spirit freely let me drink, and  
live.

---

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of  
France

Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled  
From altars threatened, levelled, or  
defiled,

Wander the Ministers of God, as  
chance

Opens a way for life, or consonance  
Of faith invites. More welcome to no  
land

The fugitives than to the British strand,  
Where priest and layman with the  
vigilance

Of true compassion greet them. Creed  
and test

Vanish before the unreserved embrace  
Of catholic humanity:—distrest  
They came,—and, while the moral  
tempest roars

Throughout the Country they have left,  
our shores

Give to their Faith a fearless resting-  
place.

---

\* This is borrowed from an affecting passage  
in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.

CONGRATULATION.

THUS all things lead to Charity, secured  
By THEM who blessed, the soft and  
happy gale

That landward urged the great De-  
liverer's sail,

Till in the sunny bay his fleet was  
moored!

Propitious hour! had we, like them,  
endured

Sore stress of apprehension,\* with a  
mind

Sickened by injuries, dreading worse  
designed,

From month to month trembling and  
unassured,

How had we then rejoiced! But we  
have felt,

As a loved substance, their futurity:  
Good, which they dared not hope for,  
we have seen;

A State whose generous will through  
earth is dealt;

A State—which, balancing herself  
between

Licence and slavish order, dares be  
free.

---

NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the  
Main,

And laurelled armies, not to be with-  
stood—

What serve they? if, on transitory  
good

Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,

---

\* See Burnet, who is unusually animated on  
this subject; the east wind, so anxiously  
expected and prayed for, was called the  
"Protestant wind."

In the soft chequerings of a sleepy  
 light.  
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,  
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves  
 unscen,  
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn  
 sheen,  
 Shine on, until ye fade with coming  
 Night!—  
 But, from the arms of silence—list!  
 O list!  
 The music bursteth into second  
 life; .  
 The notes luxuriate, every stone is  
 kissed  
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in many  
 strife;  
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before  
 the eye  
 Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

---

CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable  
 home  
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in  
 hours of fear  
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge  
 here;  
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to  
 roam;  
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's  
 dancing foam  
 Melts, if it cross the threshold; where  
 the wreath  
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let  
 my path  
 Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-  
 like dome  
 ath typified by reach of daring art

Infinity's embrace; whose guardian  
 crest,  
 The silent Cross, among the stars shall  
 spread  
 As now, when She hath also seen her  
 breast  
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its  
 part  
 Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

---

EJACULATION.

GLORY to God! and to the Power who  
 came  
 In filial duty, clothed with love  
 divine,  
 That made His human tabernacle  
 shine  
 Like Ocean burning with purpureal  
 flame;  
 Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its  
 name  
 From roseate hues, far kenne'd at morn  
 and even,  
 In hours of peace, or when the storm  
 is driven  
 Along the nether region's rugged  
 frame!  
 Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us  
 seek the light,  
 Studious of that pure intercourse  
 begun  
 When first our infant brows their lustre  
 won;  
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow  
 more bright  
 From unimpeded commerce with the  
 Sun,  
 At the approach of all-involving  
 night.

And where the rugged colts their  
 gambols played,  
 And wild deer bounded through the  
 forest glade,  
 Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw  
 driven,  
 Shall hymns of praise resound at morn  
 and even;  
 And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's  
 spade  
 Shall wound the tender sod. Encinc-  
 ture small,  
 But infinite its grasp of weal and woe!  
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and  
 flow;—  
 The spousal trembling, and the "dust  
 to dust,"  
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and  
 the trust [through all.  
 That to the Almighty Father looks

---

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

OPEN your gates, ye everlasting Piles!  
 Types of the spiritual Church which  
 God hath reared;  
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed  
 sward  
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous  
 aisles  
 To kneel, or thrud your intricate defiles,  
 Or down the nave to pace in motion  
 slow;  
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall  
 tower grow  
 And mount, at every step, with living  
 wiles  
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead  
 the will  
 By a bright ladder to the world above.  
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love

Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign  
 hill!  
 Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose  
 splendours cheer  
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

---

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,  
 CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal Saint with vain  
 expense,  
 With ill-matched aims the Architect  
 who planned—  
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
 Of white-robed Scholars only—this  
 immense  
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence!  
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven  
 rejects the lore  
 Of nicely-calculated less or more;  
 So deemed the man who fashioned for  
 the sense  
 These lofty pillars, spread that branch-  
 ing roof  
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten  
 thousand cells,  
 Where light and shade repose, where  
 music dwells  
 Linger—  
 and wandering on as loth to  
 die;  
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness  
 yieldeth proof  
 That they were born for immortality.

---

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective! while from  
 our sight  
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows  
 hide  
 Their Portraitures, their stone-work  
 glimmers, dyed

Notes could we hear as of a faery  
shell

Attuned to words with sacred wisdom  
fraught;

Free fancy prized each specious  
miracle,

And all its finer inspiration caught:

Till, in the bosom of our rustic cell.

We by a lamentable change were  
taught

That "bliss with mortal man may not  
abide:—"

How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to  
flow,

For us the voice of melody was mute.

But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary  
snow,

And give the timid herbage leave to  
shoot,

Heaven's breathing influence failed not  
to bestow

A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit.

Fair fruit of pleasure and serene con-  
tent

From blossoms wild of fancies inno-  
cent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to  
hear

Once more of troubles wrought by  
~ magic spell:

And griefs whose aery motion comes  
not near

The pangs that tempt the spirit to  
rebel;

Then, with mild Una in her sober  
cheer,

High over hill and low adown the dell  
Again we wandered, willing to partake

All that she suffered for her dear lord's  
sake.

Then, too, this song of mine once  
more could please,

Where anguish, strange as dreams of  
restless sleep,

Is tempered and allayed by sympathies  
aloft ascending, and descending  
deep,

Even to the inferior kinds; whom  
forest trees

Protect from beating sunbeams, and  
the sweep

Of the sharp winds;—fair creatures!—  
to whom Heaven

A calm and sinless life, with love, hath  
given.

This tragic story cheered us: for it  
speaks

Of female patience winning firm re-  
pose;

And of the recompense that conscience  
seeks

A bright, encouraging example shows:  
Needful when o'er wide realms the

tempest breaks,

Needful amid life's ordinary woes;

Hence, not for them unfitted who  
would bless

A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the muses erringly and ill,  
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugi-  
tive:

Oh, that my mind were equal to fulfil  
The comprehensive mandate which  
they give—

Vain aspiration of an earnest will!

Yet in this moral strain a power may  
live,

Bèloved wife! such solace to impart  
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

Rydal Mount, Westmoreland,

April, 20, 1815.



## CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake  
 enrolled,  
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the  
 WORD  
 Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith  
 explored,  
 Power at whose touch the sluggard  
 shall unfold  
 His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that  
 Stream behold,  
 THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we  
 have passed

Floating at ease while nations have  
 effaced  
 Nations, and Death has gathered to his  
 fold  
 Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth,  
 my Soul!  
 (Nor in this vision be thou slow to  
 trust)  
 The living Waters, less and less by guilt  
 Stained and polluted, brighten as they  
 roll,  
 Till they have reached the eternal  
 City—built  
 For the perfected Spirits of the just!

## THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR,

## THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the Summer of 1807, the author visited, for the first time, the beautiful scenery that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the poem of the White Doe, founded upon a tradition connected with the place, was composed at the close of the same year.

## DEDICATION.

IN trellised shed with clustering roses  
 gay,  
 And, Mary! oft beside our blazing  
 fire,  
 When years of wedded life were as a  
 day  
 Whose current answers to the heart's  
 desire,  
 Did we together read in Spenser's lay,  
 How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,  
 The gentle Una, of celestial birth,  
 To seek her knight went wandering  
 o'er the earth.

Ah, then, beloved! pleasing was the  
 smart,  
 And the tear precious in compassion  
 shed  
 For her, who, pierced by sorrow's  
 thrilling dart,  
 Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;  
 Meek as that emblem of her lowly  
 heart  
 The milk-white lamb which in a line  
 she led,—  
 And faithful, loyal in her innocence,  
 Like the brave lion slain in her de-  
 fence.

Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,  
 Comes gliding in serene and slow,  
 Soft and silent as a dream,  
 A solitary doe!  
 White she is as lily or June,  
 And beauteous as the silver moon  
 When out of sight the clouds are  
 driven.

And she is left alone in heaven;  
 Or like a ship some gentle day  
 In sunshine sailing far away,  
 A glittering ship, that hath the plain  
 Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!  
 Lie quiet in your church-yard bed!  
 Ye living, tend your holy cares;  
 Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;  
 And blame not me if my heart and sight  
 Are occupied with one delight!  
 'Tis a work for Sabbath hours  
 If I with this bright creature go,  
 Whether she be of forest bowers,  
 From the bowers of earth below;  
 Or a spirit, for one day given,  
 A pledge of grace from purest heaven:

What harmonious pensive changes  
 Wait upon her as she ranges  
 Round and through this pile of state,  
 Overthrown and desolate!  
 Now a step or two her way  
 Leads through space of open day,  
 Where the enamoured sunny light  
 Brightens her that was so bright;  
 Now doth a delicate shadow fall,  
 Falls upon her like a breath,  
 From some lofty arch or wall,  
 As she passes underneath:  
 Now some gloomy nook partakes  
 Of the glory that she makes,—  
 High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell  
 With perfect cunning framed as well

Of stone, and ivy, and the spread  
 Of the elder's bushy head;  
 Some jealous and forbidding cell,  
 That doth the living stars repel,  
 And where no flower hath leave to  
 dwell.

The presence of this wandering doe  
 Fills many a damp obscure recess  
 With lustre of a saintly show;  
 And, re-appearing, she no less [blow  
 Sheds on the flowers that round her  
 A more than sunny liveliness.  
 But say, among these holy places,  
 Which thus assiduously she paces,  
 Comes she with a votary's task,  
 Rite to perform, or boon to ask?  
 Fair pilgrim! harbours she a sense  
 Of sorrow, or of reverence?  
 Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,  
 Crushed as if by wrath divine?  
 For what survives of house where God  
 Was worshipped, or where man abode;  
 For old magnificence undone;  
 Or for the gentler work begun  
 By nature, softening and concealing,  
 And busy with a hand of healing,—  
 Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth  
 That to the sapling ash gives birth;  
 For dormitory's length laid bare  
 Where the wild rose blossoms fair;  
 Or altar, whence the cross was rent,  
 Now rich with mossy ornament?  
 She sees a warrior carved in stone,  
 Among the thick weeds, stretched alone;  
 A warrior, with his shield of pride  
 Cleaving humbly to his side,  
 And hands in resignation prest,  
 Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast:  
 As little she regards the sight,  
 As a common creature might:  
 If she be doomed to inward care  
 Or service, it must lie else.

"Action is transitory—a step, a blow,  
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—  
'Tis done; and in the after-vacancy  
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:  
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,  
And has the nature of infinity. [seem  
Yet through that darkness (infinite though it  
And irremovable) gracious openings lie,  
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought  
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—  
May pass in hope, and, though from mortal  
bonds  
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent  
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine."

"They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kinn to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kinn to God by his spirit, he is a base ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of humane nature: for take an example of a dogg, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, or *melior natura*. Which courage is manifestly such, as that creature without that confidence of a better nature than his own could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain."—LORD BACON.

## CANTO I.

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower  
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;  
The sun shines bright; the fields are gay,  
With people in their best array  
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,  
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,  
Through the vale retired and lowly.  
Trooping to that summons holy.  
And, up among the moorlands, see  
What sprinklings of blithe company!  
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,  
That down the steep hills force their  
way,  
Like cattle through the budded brooms;  
Path, or no path, what care they?  
And thus in joyous mood they hie  
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there?—Full fifty  
years

That sumptuous pile, with all its peers,  
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste  
The bitterness of wrong and waste:  
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower  
Is standing with a voice of power,  
That ancient voice which wont to call  
To mass or some high festival;  
And in the shattered fabric's heart  
Remaineth one protected part;  
A chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,  
Closely embowered and trimly drest;  
And thither young and old repair,  
This Sabbath-day for praise and prayer.

Fast the church-yard fills;—anon  
Look again, and they all are gone;  
The cluster round the porch, and the folk  
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak.  
And scarcely have they disappeared  
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:—  
With one consent the people rejoice,  
Filling the church with a lofty voice!  
They sing a service which they feel:  
For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal,  
Of a pure faith the vernal prime—  
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,  
And all is hushed, without and within;  
For though the priest, more tranquilly,  
Recites the holy liturgy,  
The only voice which you can hear  
Is the river murmuring near.  
When soft!—the dusky trees between,  
And down, the path through the open  
green,  
Where is no living thing to be seen;  
And through yongateway, where is found,  
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,  
Free entrance to the church-yard  
ground;

Why thus the milk-white doe is found  
 Couchant beside that lonely mound ;  
 And why she duly loves to pace  
 The circuit of this hallowed place,  
 Nor to the child's inquiring mind  
 Is such perplexity confined :  
 For, spite of sober truth, that sees  
 A world of fixed remembrances  
 Which to this mystery belong.  
 If, undecieved, my skill can trace,  
 The characters of every face,  
 There lack not strange delusion here,  
 Conjecture vague, and idle fear,  
 And superstitious fancies strong,  
 Which do the gentle creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported sire,  
 (Who in his boyhood often fed  
 Full cheerily on convent-bread,  
 And heard old tales by the convent-  
 fire,  
 And to his grave will go with  
 scars,  
 Relics of long and distant wars)  
 That old man—studious to expound  
 The spectacle—is mounting high  
 To days of dim antiquity;  
 When Lady Aahza mourned  
 Her son, and felt in her despair,  
 The pang of unavailing prayer;  
 Her son in Wharf's abysses drowned,  
 The noble boy of Egremound.  
 From which affliction, when the grace  
 Of God had in her heart found  
 place,  
 A pious structure, fair to see,  
 Rose up—this stately priory!  
 The lady's work, — but now laid  
 low;  
 To the grief of her soul that doth  
 come and go  
 In the beautiful form of this innocent  
 doe:

Which, though seemingly doomed in  
 its breast to sustain  
 A softened remembrance of sorrow and  
 pain,  
 Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and  
 bright ;  
 And glides o'er the earth like an angel  
 of light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry  
 door;  
 And, through the chink in the frac-  
 tured floor,  
 Look down, and see a griesly sight ;  
 A vault where the bodies are buried  
 upright !  
 There, face by face and hand by  
 hand,  
 The Claphams and Mauleverers  
 stand ;  
 And, in his place, among son and  
 sire,  
 Is John de Clapham, that fierce  
 esquire,  
 A valiant man, and a name of dread,  
 In the ruthless wars of the White and  
 Red ;  
 Who dragged Earl Pembroke from  
 Banbury church,  
 And smote off his head on the stones  
 of the porch !  
 Look down among them, if you dare ;  
 Oft does the White Doe loiter there,  
 Prying into the darksome rent ;  
 Nor can it be with good intent ;—  
 So thinks that dame of haughty air,  
 Who hath a page her book to hold,  
 And, wears a frontlet edged with  
 gold.  
 Harsh thoughts with her high mood  
 agree—  
 Who counts among her ancestry  
 Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously !

But hers are eyes serenely bright,  
And on she moves—with pace how  
light?

Nor spares to stoop her head, and  
taste

The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;

And thus she fares, until at last

Beside the ridge of a grassy grave

In quietness she lays her down;

Gently as a weary wate

Sinks, when the summer breeze hath  
died,

Against an anchored vessel's side;

Even so, without distress, doth she

Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,

To a lingering motion bound,

Like the crystal stream now flowing

With its softest summer sound:

So the balmy minutes pass,

While this radiant creature lies

Couched upon the dewy grass,

Pensively with downcast eyes.

But now again the people raise

With awful cheer a voice of praise;

It is the last, the parting song;

And from the temple forth they  
throng—

And quickly spread themselves  
abroad—

While each pursues his several road.

But some, a variegated band,

Of middle-aged, and old, and  
young,

And little children by the hand

Upon their leading mothers hung,

With mute obeisance gladly paid,

Turn towards the spot, where, full in  
view,

The white doe, to her service  
true,

Her Sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound;  
Which two spears' length of level  
ground

Did from all other graves divide:

As if in some respect of pride;

Or melancholy's sickly mood,

Still shy of human neighbourhood;

Or guilt, that humbly would express

A penitential loneliness.

"Look; there she is, my child!  
draw near;

She fears not, wherefore should we  
fear?

She means no harm;"—but still the  
boy,

To whom the words were softly said,  
Hung back, and smiled and blushed  
for joy,

A shame-faced blush of glowing red!

Again the mother whispered low,

"Now you have seen the famous doe;

From Rylstone she hath found her  
way

Over the hills this Sabbath-day;

Her work, whate'er it be, is done,

And she will départ when we are gone;

Thus doth she keep from year to  
year,

Her Sabbath morning, foul or fair."

Bright was the creature—as in dreams

The boy had seen her—yea, more

bright;

But is she truly what she seems?

He asks with insecure delight,

Asks of himself—and doubts—and

still

The doubt returns against his will:

Though he, and all the standers-by,

Could tell a tragic history

Of facts divulged, wherein appear

Substantial motive, reason clear,

## CANTO II.

THE harp in lowliness obeyed;  
 And first we sang of the green-wood  
 shade,  
 And a solitary maid;  
 Beginning, where the song must end,  
 With her, and with her sylvan friend;  
 The friend who stood before her sight,  
 Her only unextinguished light;  
 Her last companion in a dearth  
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For she it was—this maid, who  
 wrought  
 Meekly, with foreboding thought,  
 In vermeil colours and in gold  
 An unblest work; which, standing by,  
 Her father did with joy behold,—  
 Exulting in its imagery;  
 A banner, fashioned to fulfil  
 Too perfectly his headstrong will:  
 For on this banner had her hand  
 Embroidered (such her sire's command)  
 The sacred cross: and figured there  
 The five dear wounds our Lord did  
 bear;  
 Full soon to be uplifted high,  
 And float in rueful company!

It was the time when England's  
 queen  
 Twelve years had reigned, a sovereign  
 dread;  
 Nor yet the restless crown had been  
 Disturbed upon her virgin head;  
 But now the inly-working north  
 Was ripe to send its thousands forth,  
 A potent vassalage, to fight  
 In Percy's and in Neville's right.  
 Two earls fast leagued in discontent,  
 Who gave their wishes open vent;  
 And boldly urged a general plea,  
 The rites of ancient piety

To be triumphantly restored,  
 By the stern justice of the sword!  
 And that same banner, on whose  
 breast

The blameless lady had exprest  
 Memorials chosen to give life  
 And sunshine to a dangerous strife;  
 That banner, waiting for the call,  
 Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall.

It came,—and Francis Norton said,  
 "O father! rise not in this fray—  
 The hairs are white upon your head;  
 Dear father, hear me when I say  
 It is for you too late a day!  
 Bethink you of your own good name:  
 A just and gracious queen have we,  
 A pure religion, and the claim  
 Of peace on our humanity.  
 'Tis meet that I endure your scorn,—  
 I am your son, your eldest born;  
 But not for lordship or for land,  
 My father, do I clasp your knees—  
 The banner touch not, stay your  
 hand.—

This multitude of men disband,  
 And live at home in blameless ease;  
 For these my brethren's sake, for me:  
 And, most of all, for Emily!"

Tumultuous noises filled the hall;  
 And scarcely could the father hear  
 That name—pronounced with a dying  
 fall,  
 The name of his only daughter dear,—  
 As on the banner which stood near  
 He glanced a look of holy pride,  
 And his moist eyes were glorified;  
 Then did he seize the staff, and say:  
 "Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's  
 name,  
 Keep thou this ensign till the day  
 When I of thee require the same:

That slender youth, a scholar pale,  
 From Oxford come to his native vale;  
 He also hath his own conceit:  
 It is, thinks he, the gracious fairy,  
 Who loved the Shepherd-lord to  
 meet

In his wanderings solitary:  
 Wild notes she in his hearing sang,  
 A song of nature's hidden powers;  
 That whistled like the wind, and rang  
 Among the rocks and holly bowers.  
 'Twas said that she all shapes could  
 wear;

And oftentimes before him stood,  
 Amid the trees of some thick wood,  
 In semblance of a lady fair;  
 And taught him signs, and showed  
 him sights,

In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian  
 heights;

When under cloud of fear he lay,  
 A shepherd clad in homely gray,  
 Nor left him at his later day:  
 And hence, when he, with spear and  
 shield

Rode full of years to Flodden field,  
 His eye could see the hidden spring,  
 And how the current was to flow;  
 The fatal end of Scotland's king,  
 And all that hopeless overthrow.

But not in wars did he delight,  
*Thus* Clifford wished for worthier  
 might:

Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state:  
 Him his own thoughts did elevate,—  
 Most happy in the shy recess  
 Of Barden's lowly quietness.

And choice of studious friends had he  
 Of Bolton's dear fraternity;  
 Who, standing on this old church tower,  
 In many a calm propitious hour,  
 Perused, with him, the starry sky;  
 Or, in their cells, with him did pry

For other lore,—by keen desire  
 Urged to close toil with chemic fire:  
 In quest belike of transmutations  
 Rich as the mine's most bright creations.  
 But they and their good works are  
 fled—

And all is now disquieted—  
 And peace is none, for living or dead!

Ah, pensive scholar, think not so,  
 But look again at the radiant doe!  
 What quiet watch she seems to keep,  
 Alone, beside that grassy heap!  
 Why mention other thoughts unmeet  
 For vision so composed and sweet?  
 While stand the people in a ring,  
 Gazing, doubting, questioning;  
 Yea, many overcome in spite  
 Of recollections clear and bright;  
 Which yet do unto some impart  
 An undisturbed repose of heart,  
 And all the assembly own a law  
 Of orderly respect and awe;  
 But see—they vanish, one by one.  
 And last, the doe herself is gone.

Harp! we have been full long be-  
 guiled  
 By vague thoughts, lured by fancies  
 wild;

To which, with no reluctant strings,  
 Thou hast attuned thy murmurings;  
 And now before this pile we stand  
 In solitude, and utter peace;  
 But, harp! thy murmurs may not  
 cease—

A spirit, with his angelic wings,  
 In soft and breeze-like visitings,  
 Has touched thee, and a spirit's hand:  
 A voice is with us—a command  
 To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,  
 A tale of tears, a mortal story.

For faithful we must call them, bearing  
That soul of conscientious daring.  
There were they all in circle—there  
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,  
John with a sword that will not fail,  
And Marmaduke in fearless mail,  
And those bright twins were side by  
side ;

And there by fresh hopes beautified.  
Stood he, whose arm yet lacks the  
power

Of man, our youngest, fairest flower !  
I, by the right of eldest born,  
And in a second father's place,  
Presumed to grapple with their scorn,  
And meet their pity face to face ;  
Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,  
I to my father knelt and prayed,  
And one, the pensive Marmaduke,  
Methought, was yielding inwardly,  
And would have laid his purpose by,  
But for a glance of his father's eye,  
Which I myself could scarcely brook.

"Then, be we, each, and all, forgiven !  
Thou, chiefly thou, my sister dear,  
Whose pangs are registered in heaven.  
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,  
And smiles, that dared to take their  
place

Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,  
As that unhallowed banner grew  
Beneath a loving old man's view.  
Thy part is done—thy painful part ;  
Be thou then satisfied in heart !  
A further, though far easier, task  
Than thine hath been, my duties ask ;  
With theirs my efforts cannot blend,  
I cannot for such cause contend ;  
Their aims I utterly forswear ;  
But I in body will be there.  
Unarmed and naked will I go,  
Be at their side, come weal or woe :

On kind occasions I may wait,  
See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.  
Bare breast I take and an empty  
hand."\*

Therewith he threw away the lance,  
Which he had grasped in that strong  
trance,  
Spurned it—like something that would  
stand

Between him and the pure intent  
Of love on which his soul was bent.

"For thee, for thee, is left the sense  
Of trial past without offence  
To God or man ;—such innocence,  
Such consolation, and the excess  
Of an unmerited distress ;  
In that thy very strength must lie.  
O-sister, I could prophesy !  
The time is come that rings the knell  
Of all we loved, and loved so well ;  
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak  
To thee a woman, and thence weak ;  
Hope nothing, I repeat ; for we  
Are doomed to perish utterly :  
'Tis meet that thou with me divide  
The thought while I am by thy side.  
Acknowledging a grace in this,  
A comfort in the dark abyss :  
But look not for me when I am gone.  
And be no farther wrought upon.  
Farewell all wishes, all debate,  
All prayers for this cause, or for that !  
Weep, if that aid thee ; but depend  
Upon no help of outward friend ;  
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave  
To fortitude without reprieve.  
For we must fall, both we and ours,  
This mansion and these pleasant  
bowers,

\* See the old ballad,—“The Rising of the North.”



Thy place be on my better hand ;—  
And seven as true as thou, I see,  
Will cleave to this good cause and  
me."

He spake, and eight brave sons  
straightway

All followed him, a gallant band !

Thus, with hissons, when forth he came  
The sight was hailed with loud acclaim  
And din of arms and minstrelsy,  
From all his warlike tenantry,  
All horsed and harnessed with him to  
ride ;

A voice to which the hills replied !

But Francis, in the vacant hall,  
Stood silent under dreary weight,—  
A phantasm, in which roof and wall  
Shook—tottered—swam before his  
sight ;

A phantasm like a dream of night !  
Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,  
He found his way to a postern-gate ;  
And, when he waked, his languid eye  
Was on the calm and silent sky ;  
With air about him breathing sweet,  
And earth's green grass beneath his  
feet ;

Nor did he fail ere long to hear  
A sound of military cheer,  
Faint—but it reached that sheltered  
spot ;  
He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance  
Which he had grasped unknowingly,—  
Had blindly grasped in that strong  
trance,  
That dimness of heart agony ;  
There stood he, cleansed from the  
despair  
And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.

The past he calmly hath reviewed :  
But where will be the fortitude  
Of this brave man, when he shall see  
That form beneath the spreading tree,  
And know that it is Emily ?

He saw her where in open view  
She sate beneath the spreading yew,—  
Her head upon her lap, concealing  
In solitude her bitter feeling ;  
" Might ever son *command* a sire,  
The act were justified to-day."  
This to himself—and to the maid,  
Whom now he had approached, he  
said,

" Gone are they,—they have their  
desire,  
And I with thee one hour will  
stay,  
To give thee comfort if I may."

She heard, but looked not up, nor  
spake ;  
And sorrow moved him to partake  
Her silence ; then his thoughts turned  
round,  
And fervent words a passage found.

" Gone are they, bravely, though  
misled ;  
With a dear father at their head !  
The sons obey a natural lord ;  
The father had given solemn word  
To noble Percy,—and a force,  
Still stronger, bends him to his course.  
This said, our tears to-day may fall  
As at an innocent funeral.  
In deep and awful channel runs  
This sympathy of sire and sons  
Untried our brothers have been loved  
With heart by simple nature moved ;  
And now their faithfulness is proved ;

These will be faithful to the end;  
They are my all"—voice failed him  
here.

"My all save one, a daughter dear!  
Whom I have left, love's mildest birth,  
The meekest child on this blessed earth,  
I had—but these are by my side,  
These eight, and this is a day of pride!  
The time is ripe—with festive din  
Lo! how the people are flocking in,—  
Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand  
When snow lies heavy upon the land."

He spake bare truth; for far and near  
From every side came noisy swarms  
Of peasants in their homely gear;  
And, mixed with these to Brancepeth  
came

Grave gentry of estate and name,  
And captains known for worth in arms:  
And prayed the earls in self-defence  
To rise, and prove their innocence.—  
"Rise, noble earls, put forth your might  
For holy Church, and the people's right!"

The Norton fixed, at this demand,  
His eye upon Northumberland,  
And said, "The minds of men will  
own

No loyal rest while England's crown  
Remains without an heir, the bait  
Of strife and factions desperate;  
Who, paying deadly hate in kind  
Through all things else, in this can find  
A mutual hope, a common mind;  
And plot, and pant to overwhelm  
All ancient honour in the realm.  
Brave earls! to whose heroic veins  
Our noblest blood is given in trust,  
To you a suffering state complains,  
And ye must raise her from the dust.  
With wishes of still bolder scope  
On you we look, with dearest hope.

Even for our altars,—for the prize  
In heaven, of life that never dies;  
For the old and holy Church we mourn.  
And must in joy to her return.  
Behold!"—and from his son whose stand  
Was on his right, from that guardian  
hand

He took the banner, and unfurled  
The precious folds—"behold," said he,  
"The ransom of a sinful world;  
Let this your preservation be,—  
The wounds of hands and feet and side.  
And the sacred cross on which Jesus  
died!

This bring I from an ancient hearth.  
These records wrought in pledge of love  
By hands of no ignoble birth.

A maid o'er whom the blessed Dove  
Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood  
While she the holy work pursued."  
"Uplift the standard!" was the cry  
From all the listeners that stood round:  
"Plant it,—by this we live or die!"—  
The Norton ceased not for that sound.  
But said, "The prayer which ye have  
heard

Much injured earls! by these preferred  
Is offered to the saints, the sigh  
Of tens of thousands, secretly."—  
"Uplift it!" cried once more the  
band,

And then a thoughtful pause ensued.  
"Uplift it!" said Northumberland—  
Whereat, from all the multitude,  
Who saw the banner reared on high  
In all its dread emblazonry,  
A voice of uttermost joy brake out:  
The transport was rolled down the  
river of Wera.

And Durham, the time-honoured  
ham, did hear,  
And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were  
stirred by the shout!

Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead,  
hall,  
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;  
The young horse must forsake his  
manger,

And learn to glory in a stranger;  
The hawk forget his perch—the hound  
Be parted from his ancient ground:  
The blast will sweep us all away,  
One desolation, one decay!

And even this creature!" which words  
saying

He pointed to a lovely doe,  
A few steps distant, feeding, straying,  
Fair creature, and more white than  
snow!

"Even she will to her peaceful  
woods

Return, and to her murmuring floods,  
And be in heart and soul the same  
She was before she hither came,—  
Ere she had learned to love us all,  
Herself beloved in Rylstone-hall.  
But thou, my sister, doomed to be  
The last leaf on a blasted tree;

If not in vain we breathed the  
breath

Together of a purer faith—  
If hand in hand we have been led,  
And thou, (oh, happy thought this  
day!)

Not seldom foremost in the way—  
If on one thought our minds have fed,  
And we have in one meaning read—  
If, when at home our private weal  
Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,  
Together we have learned to prize  
Forbearance and self-sacrifice—

If we like combatants have fared,  
And for this issue been prepared—  
If thou art beautiful, and youth  
And thought endue thee with all  
truth—  
wo.

Be strong;— be worthy of the grace  
Of God, and fill thy destined place:  
A soul, by force of sorrows high,  
Uplifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed humanity!"

He ended,—or she heard no more:  
He led her from the yew-tree shade,  
And at the mansion's silent door,  
He kissed the consecrated maid;  
And down the valley then pursued,  
Alone, the armed multitude.

## CANTO III.

Now joy for you who from the  
towers

Of Brancepeth look in doubt and  
fear,

Telling melancholy hours!

Proclaim it, let your masters hear  
That Norton with his band is near!  
The watchmen from their station high  
Pronounced the word,—and the earls  
descry

Well-pleased, the armed company  
Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair  
Gone forth to greet him on the plain—  
"This meeting, noble lords! looks fair,  
I bring with me a goodly train;  
Their hearts are with you:—hill and  
dale

Have helped us:—Ure we crossed,  
and Swale.

And horse and harness followed—  
see

The best part of their yeomanry!  
Stand forth, my sons!—these eight  
are mine,

Whom to this service I commend;  
Which way so'er our fate incline,

And now upon a chosen plot  
 Of rising ground, yon heathy spot !  
 He takes alone his far-off stand, [hand.  
 With breast unmailed, unweaponed  
 Bold is his aspect ; but his eye  
 Is pregnant with anxiety,  
 While, like a tutelary power, [hour ;  
 He there stands fixed, from hour to  
 Yet sometimes in more humble guise,  
 Upon the turf-clad height he lies ;  
 Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask  
 In sunshine were his only task,  
 Or by his mantle's help to find  
 A shelter from the nipping wind :  
 And thus, with short oblivion blest,  
 His weary spirits gather rest.  
 Again he lifts his eyes ; and lo !  
 The pageant glancing to and fro ;  
 And hope is awakened by the sight,  
 He thence may learn, ere fall of night,  
 Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the chieftains bent ;  
 But what avails the bold intent ?  
 A royal army is gone forth  
 To quell the rising of the North ;  
 They march with Dudley at their head,  
 And, in seven days' space, will to York  
     be led !

Can such a mighty host be raised  
 Thus suddenly, and brought so near ?  
 The earls upon each other gazed,  
 And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear ;  
 For, with a high and valiant name,  
 He bore a heart of timid frame,  
 And bold if both had been, yet they  
 "Against so many may not stay." \*  
 Back therefore will they hie to seize  
 A stronghold on the banks of Tees ;  
 There wait a favourable hour,  
 Until Lord Dacre with his power

From Naworth come ; and Howard's air  
 Be with them ; openly displayed.

While through the host, from man  
     to man,  
 A rumour of this purpose ran,  
 The standard trusting to the care  
 Of him who heretofore did bear  
 That charge, impatient Norton sought.  
 The chieftains to unfold his thought,  
 And thus abruptly spake,—“ We yield  
 (And can it be ?) an unfought field !  
 How oft has strength, the strength of  
     Heaven,  
 To few triumphantly been given !  
 Still do our very children boast  
 Of mitred Thurston, what a host  
 He conquered !—Saw we not the plain,  
 (And flying shall behold again)  
 Where faith was proved ?—while to  
     battle moved

The standard on the sacred wain  
 That bore it, compassed round by a  
     bold

Fraternity of barons old ; [stood,  
 And with those gray-haired champions  
 Under the saintly ensigns three,  
 The infant heir of Mowbray's blood—  
 All confident of victory !

Shall Percy blush, then, for his name ?  
 Must Westmoreland be asked with  
     shame, [loss,  
 Whose were the numbers, where the  
 In that other day of Neville's Cross ?  
 When the Prior of Durham with holy  
     hand

Raised, as the vision gave command,  
 Saint Cuthbert's relic—far and near  
 Kenned on the point of a lofty spear,  
 While the monks prayed in maiden's  
     bower

To God descending in his power.

\* From the old ballad.

Now was the North in arms:—they  
 shine  
 In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,  
 At Percy's voice; and Neville sees  
 His followers gathering in from Tees.  
 From Were, and all the little rills—  
 Concealed among the forked hills—  
 Seven hundred knights, retainers all  
 Of Neville, at their master's call  
 Had sate together in Raby hall!  
 Such strength that earldom held of  
 yore;  
 Nor wanted at this time rich store  
 Of well-appointed chivalry.  
 Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,  
 And greet the old paternal shield,  
 They heard the summons;—and,  
 furthermore,  
 Horsemen and foot of each degree,  
 Unbound by pledge of fealty,  
 Appeared, with free and open hate  
 Of novelties in Church and State;  
 Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire;  
 And Romish priest, in priest's attire.  
 And thus, in arms, a zealous band  
 Proceeding under joint command,  
 To Durham first their course they bear;  
 And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat  
 Sang mass, and tore the Book of  
 Prayer,—  
 And trod the Bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth  
 and free,  
 "They mustered their host at Wether-  
 by,  
 Full sixteen thousand, fair to see;"\*  
 The choicest warriors of the North!  
 But none for beauty and for worth  
 Like those eight sons—who, in a ring,  
 (Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)

\* From the old ballad.

Each with a lance, erect and tall,  
 A falchion, and a buckler small.  
 Stood by their sire, on Clifford-moor,  
 To guard the standard which he bore.  
 On foot they girt their father round;  
 And so will keep the appointed ground  
 Where'er their march: no steed will he  
 Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly  
 He stands upon the grassy sod,  
 Trusting himself to the earth, and  
 God.

Rare sight to embolden and inspire!  
 Proud was the field of sons and sire,  
 Of him the most; and sooth to say,  
 No shape of man in all the array  
 So graced the sunshine of that day.  
 The monumental pomp of age  
 Was with this goodly personage;  
 A stature undepressed in size,  
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,  
 In open victory o'er the weight  
 Of seventy years, to loftier height;  
 Magnific limbs of withered state,—  
 A face to fear and venerate,—  
 Eyes dark and strong, and on his head  
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick-spread.  
 Which a brown morion half-concealed,  
 Light as a hunter's of the field;  
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,  
 Whereon the banner-staff might rest  
 At need, he stood, advancing high  
 The glittering, floating pageantry.

Who sees him?—thousands see, and  
 one  
 With unparticipated gaze;  
 Who, 'mong those thousands, friend  
 And treads in solitary ways. [hath none,  
 He, following wheresoe'er he might,  
 Hath watched the banner from afar,  
 As shepherds watch a lonely star,  
 Or mariners the distant light [night.  
 That guides them through a stormy



Less would not at our need be due  
 To us, who war against the untrue ;—  
 The delegates of heaven we rise,  
 Convoked the impious to chastise ;  
 We, we the sanctities of old  
 Would re-establish and uphold.”  
 Be warned—his zeal the chiefs con-  
 founded,

But word was given—and the trumpet  
 sounded ;

Back through the melancholy host  
 Went Norton, and resumed his post.  
 Alas ! thought he, and have I borne  
 This banner, raised with joyful pride,  
 This hope of all posterity,  
 By those dread symbols sanctified ;  
 Thus to become at once the scorn  
 Of babbling winds as they go by,  
 A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,  
 To the light clouds a mockery !

“ Even these poor eight of mine would  
 stem ;”

Half to himself, and half to them  
 He spake, “ would stem, or quell a force  
 Ten times their number, man and horse ;  
 This by their own unaided might,  
 Without their father in their sight,  
 Without the cause for which they fight ;  
 A cause, which on a needful day  
 Would breed us thousands brave as  
 they.”

So speaking he his reverend head  
 Raised towards that imagery once more :  
 But the familiar prospect shed  
 Despondency unfelt before :  
 A shock of intimations vain,  
 Dismay, and superstitious pain,  
 Fell on him, with the sudden thought  
 Of her by whom the work was wrought :  
 Oh, wherefore was her countenance bright  
 With love divine and gentle light ?  
 She would not, could not, disobey,  
 But her faith leaned another way.

Ill tears she wept.—I saw them fall,  
 I overheard her as she spake  
 Sad words to that mute animal,  
 The White Doe in the hawthorn  
 brake ;

She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,  
 This cross in tears :—by her, and one  
 Unworthier far, we are undone—  
 Her recreant brother—he prevailed  
 Over that tender spirit—assailed  
 Too oft alas ! by her whose head  
 In the cold grave hath long been laid,  
 She first, in reason's dawn beguiled  
 Her docile, unsuspecting child :  
 Far back—far back my mind must go  
 To reach the well-spring of this woe !  
 While thus he brooded, music sweet  
 Of border tunes was played to cheer  
 The footsteps of a quick retreat ;  
 But Norton lingered in the rear : [last  
 Stung with sharp thoughts—and ere the  
 From his distracted brain was cast,  
 Before his father, Francis stood,  
 And spake in firm and earnest mood.

“ Though here I bend a suppliant knee  
 In reverence, and unarmed, I bear  
 In your indignant thoughts my share ;  
 Am grieved this backward march to see  
 So careless and disorderly. [lead,  
 I scorn your chiefs—men who would  
 And yet want courage at their need :  
 Then look at them with open eyes !  
 Deserve they further sacrifice ?—  
 If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose  
 In open field their gathering foes,  
 (And fast, from this decisive day,  
 Yon multitude must melt away ;)  
 If now I ask a grace not claimed  
 While ground was left for hope ; un-  
 Be an endeavour that can do [blamed  
 No injury to them or you.

—She feels it, and her pangs are  
checked.

But now, as silently she paced  
The turf, and thought by thought was  
chased,

Came one who, with sedate respect,  
Approached, and, greeting her, thus  
spake ;

“An old man’s privilege I take ;  
Dark is the time—a woeful day !  
Dear daughter of affliction, say  
How can I serve you ? point the way.”

“Rights have you, and may well be  
bold :

You with my father have grown old  
In friendship—strive—for his sake go—  
Turn from us all the coming woe :  
This would I beg ; but on my mind  
A passive stillness is enjoined.  
On you, if room for mortal aid  
Be left, is no restriction laid ;  
You not forbidden to recline  
With hope upon the Will divine.”

“Hope,” said the old man, “must  
abide

With all of us, whate’er betide.  
In Craven’s wilds is many a den,  
To shelter persecuted men :  
Far under ground is many a cave,  
Where they might lie as in the grave,  
Until this storm hath ceased to rave ;  
Or let them cross the river Tweed,  
And be at once from peril freed !”

“Ah tempt me not !” she faintly  
sighed ;

“I will not counsel nor exhort,—  
With my condition satisfied ;  
But you, at least, may make report  
Of what befalls ;—be this your task—  
‘This may be done ;—’tis all I ask !”

She spake—and from the lady’s  
sight

The sire, unconscious of his age,  
Departed promptly as a page  
Bound on some errand of delight.  
The noble Francis—wise as brave,  
Thought he, may want not skill to  
save :

With hopes in tenderness concealed,  
Unarmed he followed to the field.  
Him will I seek ! the insurgent powers  
Are now besieging Barnard’s towers,—  
“Grant that the moon which shines  
this night  
May guide them in a prudent flight !”

But quick the turns of chance and  
change,  
And knowledge has a narrow range ;  
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,  
And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—  
The moon may shine, but cannot  
be

Their guide in flight—already she  
Hath witnessed their captivity.  
She saw the desperate assault  
Upon that hostile castle made ;—  
But dark and dismal is the vault  
Where Norton and his sons are  
laid !

Disastrous issue ! He had said  
“This night yon faithless towers must  
yield,

Or we for ever quit the field.  
Neville is utterly dismayed,  
For promise fails of Howard’s aid ;  
And Dacre to our call replies  
That *he* is unprepared to rise.  
My heart is sick ; this weary pause  
Must needs be fatal to our cause.  
The breach is open—on the wall,  
This night, the banner shall be  
planted !



Their darksome boughs on either side,  
In open moonlight doth she lie :  
Happy as others of her kind,  
That, far from human neighbourhood,  
Range unrestricted as the wind,  
Through park or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated maid  
Emerging from a cedar shade  
To open moonshine, where the doe  
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid ;  
Like a patch of April snow,  
Upon a bed of herbage green,  
Lingering in a woody glade,  
Or behind a rocky screen ;  
Lonely relic ! which, if seen  
By the shepherd, is passed by  
With an inattentive eye.  
Nor more regard doth she bestow  
Upon the uncomplaining doe ! [day  
Now couched at ease, though oft this  
Not unperplexed nor free from pain,  
When she had tried, and tried in vain,  
Approaching in her gentle way,  
To win some look of love, or gain  
Encouragement to sport or play ;  
Attempts which still the heart-sick maid  
Rejected, or with slight repaid.

Yet Emily is soothed ;—the breeze  
Came fraught with kindly sympathies :  
As she approached yon rustic shed  
Hung with late-flowering woodbine,  
spread  
Along the walls and overhead ;  
The fragrance of the breathing flowers  
Revived a memory of those hours  
When here, in this remote alcove,  
(While from the pendant woodbine came  
Like odours, sweet as if the same)  
A fondly-anxious mother strove  
To teach her salutary fears  
And mysteries above her years.

Yes, she is soothed :—an image faint—  
And yet not faint—a presence bright  
Returns to her ;—that blessed saint  
Who with mild looks and language mild  
Instructed here her darling child,  
While yet a prattler on the knee,  
To worship in simplicity  
The invisible God, and take for guide  
The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown—the vision, and the sense  
Of that beguiling influence !  
“But oh ! thou angel from above,  
Mute spirit of maternal love,  
That stood'st before my eyes more clear  
Than ghosts are fabled to appear  
Sent upon embassies of fear ;  
As thou thy presence hast to me  
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry,  
Descend on Francis ; nor forbear  
To greet him with a voice, and say ;—  
‘If hope be a rejected stay,  
Do thou, my Christian son, beware  
Of that most lamentable snare,  
*The self-reliance of despair !*”

Then from within the embowcred  
retreat  
Where she had found a grateful scat  
Perturbed she issues.—She will go ;  
Herself will follow to the war,  
And clasp her father's knees ;—ah, no !  
She meets the insuperable bar,  
The injunction by her brother laid ;  
His parting charge—but ill obeyed !  
That interdicted all debate,  
All prayer for this cause or for that ;  
All efforts that would turn aside  
The headstrong current of their fate :  
*Her duty is to stand and wait ;*  
In resignation to abide  
The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE  
O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.

To Rylstone he the tidings brought;  
Then on this height the maid had sought;  
And, gently as he could, had told  
The end of that dire tragedy,  
Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the lady turned: "You said  
That Francis lives, *he* is not dead?"

"Your noble brother hath been spared,  
To take his life they have not dared.  
On him and on his high endeavour  
The light of praise shall shine for ever!  
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain  
His solitary course maintain;  
Not vainly struggled in the might  
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;  
He was their comfort to the last,  
Their joy till every pang was past.

"I witnessed when to York they came—  
What, lady, if their feet were tied!  
They might deserve a good man's blame;  
But, marks of infamy and shame,  
These were their triumph, these their  
pride.

Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd  
Deep feeling that found utterance loud,  
'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,  
'A prisoner once, but now set free!  
'Tis well, for he the worst defied  
Through force of natural piety;  
He rose not in this quarrel, he  
For concord's sake and England's good,  
Suit to his brothers often made  
With tears, and of his father prayed—  
And when he had in vain withstood  
Their purpose—then did he divide,  
He parted from them; but at their side  
Now walks in unanimity—  
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,  
While to the prison they are borne,  
Peace, peace to all indignity!' "

"And so in prison were they laid—  
Oh, hear me, hear me, gentle maid,  
For I am come with power to bless,  
By scattering gleams, through your dis-  
tress.

Of a redeeming happiness.  
Me did a reverent pity move  
And privilege of ancient love;  
And, in your service making bold—  
Entrance I gained to that strong-hold.

"Your father gave me cordial greet-  
ing;  
But to his purposes, that burned  
Within him, instantly returned—  
He was commanding and entreating,  
And said, 'We need not stop, my  
son!  
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying  
on'—

And so to Francis he renewed  
His words more calmly thus pursued.

" 'Might this our enterprise have  
sped,  
Change wide and deep the land had seen  
A renovation from the dead,  
A spring-tide of immortal green:  
The darksome altars would have blazed  
Like stars when clouds are rolled away;  
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,  
Once more the rood had been upraised  
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.  
Then, then, had I survived to see  
New life in Bolton Priory;  
The voice restored, the eye of truth  
Re-opened that inspired my youth;  
To see her in her pomp arrayed;  
This banner (for such vow I made)  
Should on the consecrated breast  
Of that same temple, have found rest:  
I would myself have hung it high,  
Fit offering of glad victory!

'Twas done:—his sons were with him  
 —all;—  
 They belt him round with hearts undaunted;  
 And others follow;—sire and son  
 Leap down into the court—"Tis won"—  
 They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed  
 That with their joyful shout should close  
 The triumph of a desperate deed  
 Which struck with terror friends and  
 foes!  
 The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils  
 From Norton and his filial band;  
 But they, now caught within the toils,  
 Against a thousand cannot stand:—  
 The foe from numbers courage drew,  
 And overpowered that gallant few.  
 "A rescue for the standard!" cried  
 The father from within the walls;  
 But, see, the sacred standard falls!—  
 Confusion through the camp spread  
 wide:  
 Some fled—and some their fears detained:  
 But ere the moon had sunk to rest  
 In her pale chambers of the west,  
 Of that rash levy nought remained.

## CANTO V.

HIGH on a point of rugged ground,  
 Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,  
 Above the loftiest ridge or mound  
 Where foresters or shepherds dwell,  
 An edifice of warlike frame  
 Stands single (Norton Tower its name);  
 It fronts all quarters, and looks round  
 O'er path and road, and plain and  
 dell,  
 Dark moor, and gleam of pool and  
 stream,  
 Upon a prospect without bound.  
 wo.

The summit of this bold ascent,  
 Though bleak and bare, and seldom free  
 As Pendle-hill or Pennygent  
 From wind, or frost, or vapours wet;  
 Had often heard the sound of glee  
 When there the youthful Nortons met,  
 To practise games and archery:  
 How proud and happy they! the crowd  
 Of lookers-on how pleased and proud!  
 And from the scorching noon-tide sun,  
 From showers, or when the prize was  
 won,  
 They to the tower withdrew, and  
 there  
 Would mirth run round, with generous  
 fare;  
 And the stern old lord of Rylstone-  
 hall,  
 Was happiest, proudest, of them all!

But now, his child, with anguish  
 pale,  
 Upon the height walks to and fro;  
 'Tis well that she hath heard the  
 tale,  
 Received the bitterness of woe:  
 For she *had* hoped, had hoped and  
 feared,  
 Such rights did feeble nature claim;  
 And oft her steps had hither steered,  
 Though not unconscious of self-blame;  
 For she her brother's charge revered,  
 His farewell words; and by the same,  
 Yea, by her brother's very name,  
 Had, in her solitude, been cheered

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood  
 (That gray-haired man of gentle  
 blood,  
 Who with her father had grown old  
 In friendship, rival hunters they,  
 And fellow-warriors in their day);

"Yes—God is rich in mercy," said  
 The old man to the silent maid,  
 "Yet, lady! shines, through this black  
   night,  
 One star of aspect heavenly bright;  
 Your brother lives—he lives—is come  
 Perhaps already to his home;  
 Then let us leave this dreary place."  
 She yielded, and with gentle pace,  
 Though without one uplifted look,  
 To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

## CANTO VI.

Why comes not Francis?—Joyful cheer,  
 He fled—and in his flight could hear  
 The death-sounds of the minster-bell;  
 That sullen stroke pronounced farewell  
 To Marmaduke, cut off from pity!  
 To Ambrose that! and then a knell  
 For him, the sweet half-opened flower!  
 For all—all dying in one hour!  
 Why comes not Francis? Thoughts  
   of love  
 Should bear him to his sister dear  
 With the fleet motion of a dove;  
 Yea, like a heavenly messenger,  
 Of speediest wing, should he appear.  
 Why comes he not?—for westward fast  
 Along the plain of York he past;  
 Reckless of what impels or leads,  
 Unchecked he hurries on;—nor heeds  
 The sorrow through the villages;  
 Spread by triumphant cruelties  
 Of vengeful military force,  
 And punishment without remorse.  
 He marked not, heard not as he fled;  
 All but the suffering heart was dead  
 For him, abandoned to blank awe,  
 To vacancy, and horror strong;  
 And the first object which he saw,  
 With conscious sight, as he swept  
   along,—

It was the banner in his hand!  
 He felt, and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed:  
 What hath he done? what promise made?  
 Oh, weak, weak moment! to what  
   end

Can such a vain oblation tend,  
 And he the bearer?—Can he go  
 Carrying this instrument of woe,  
 And find, find anywhere, a right  
 To excuse him in his country's sight?  
 No, will not all men deem the change  
 A downward course, perverse and  
   strange?  
 Here is it,—but how, when? must she,  
 The unoffending Emily,  
 Again this piteous object see?

Such conflict long did he maintain  
 Nor liberty nor rest could gain;  
 His own life into danger brought  
 By this sad burden, even that thought,  
 Exciting self-suspicion strong,  
 Swayed the brave man to his wrong.  
 And how, unless it were the sense  
 Of all-disposing Providence,  
 Its will unquestionably shown,  
 How has the banner clung so fast  
 To a palsied, and unconscious hand;  
 Clung to the hand to which it passed  
 Without impediment? And why  
 But that Heaven's purpose might be  
   known

Doth now no hindrance meet his eye,  
 No intervention, to withstand  
 Fulfilment of a father's prayer  
 Breathed to a son forgiven, and blest  
 When all resentments were at rest,  
 And life in death laid the heart bare?—  
 Then, like a sceptre sweeping by,  
 Rushed through his mind the prophecy

“ ‘A shadow of such thought remains  
To cheer this sad and pensive time;  
A solemn fancy yet sustains  
One feeble being—bids me climb  
Even to the last—one effort more  
To attest my faith, if not restore.

“ ‘Hear then,’ said he, ‘while I impart,  
My son, the last wish of my heart.  
The banner strive thou to regain;  
And, if the endeavour prove not vain,  
Bear it—to whom if not to thee  
Shall I this lonely thought consign?—  
Bear it to Bolton Priory,  
And lay it on Saint Mary’s shrine,—  
To wither in the sun and breeze  
’Mid those decaying sanctities.  
There let at least the gift be laid,  
The testimony there displayed;  
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,  
But for lost faith and Christ’s dear name,  
I helmeted a brow though white,  
And took a place in all men’s sight;  
Yea, offered up this noble brood,  
This fair unrivalled brotherhood,  
And turned away from thee, my son!  
And left—but be the rest unsaid,  
The name untouched, the tear unshed.—  
My wish is known, and I have done:  
Now promise, grant this one request,  
This dying prayer, and be thou blest!’

“Then Francis answered—‘Trust thy son,  
For, with God’s will, it shall be done!’—

“The pledge obtained, the solemn word  
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,  
And officers appeared in state  
To lead the prisoners to their fate.

They rose, oh! wherefore should I fear  
To tell, or, lady, you to hear?  
They rose—embraces none were given—  
They stood like trees when earth and heaven  
Are calm; they knew each other’s worth,

And reverently the band went forth:  
They met, when they had reached the door,

One with profane and harsh intent  
Placed there—that he might go before  
And, with that rueful banner borne  
Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,  
Conduct them to their punishment;  
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained  
By human feeling, had ordained.  
The unhappy banner Francis saw,  
And, with a look of calm command  
Inspiring universal awe,  
He took it from the soldier’s hand;  
And all the people that stood round  
Confirmed the deed in peace profound  
High transport did the father shed  
Upon his son—and they were led,  
Led on, and yielded up their breath,  
Together died, a happy death!  
But Francis, soon as he had braved  
That insult, and the banner saved,  
Athwart the unresisting tide  
Of the spectators occupied,  
In admiration or dismay,  
Bore instantly his charge away.?”

These things, which thus had in the sight

And hearing passed of him who stood  
With Emily, on the watch-tower height,  
In Rylstone’s woeful neighbourhood,  
He told; and oftentimes with voice  
Of power to comfort or rejoice;  
For deepest sorrows that aspire,  
Go high, no transport ever higher.

Proudly the horsemen bore away  
 The standard ; and where Francis lay  
 There was he left alone, unwept,  
 And for two days unnoticed slept.  
 For at that time bewildering fear  
 Possessed the country, far and near ;  
 But, on the third day, passing by  
 One of the Norton tenantry  
 Espied the uncovered corse ; the man  
 Shrunk as he recognised the face ;  
 And to the nearest homesteads ran,  
 And called the people to the place.  
 How desolate is Rylstone-hall !  
 This was the instant thought of all ;  
 And if the lonely lady there  
 Should be ; to her they cannot bear  
 This weight of anguish and despair.  
 So, when upon sad thoughts had prest  
 Thoughtssadderstill, they deemed it best  
 That, if the priest should yield assent  
 And no one hinder their intent,  
 Then, they, for Christian pity's sake,  
 In holy ground a grave would make ;  
 And straightway buried he should be  
 In the church-yard of the priory.

Apart, some little space, was made  
 The grave where Francis must be laid.  
 In no confusion or neglect  
 This did they,—but in pure respect  
 That he was born of gentle blood ;  
 And that there was no neighbourhood  
 Of kindred for him in that ground ;  
 So to the church-yard they are bound,  
 Bearing the body on a bier  
 And psalms they sing—a holy sound  
 That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head,  
 And is again disquieted ;  
 She must behold '—so many gone,  
 Where is the solitary one?

And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped  
 she,  
 To seek her brother forth she went,  
 And tremblingly her course she bent  
 Toward Bolton's ruined priory.  
 She comes, and in the vale hath heard  
 The funeral dirge ;—she sees the knot  
 Of people, sees them in one spot—  
 And darting like a wounded bird  
 She reached the grave, and with her  
 breast  
 Upon the ground received the rest,—  
 The consummation, the whole ruth  
 And sorrow of this final truth !

## CANTO VII.

THOU spirit, whose angelic hand  
 Was to the harp a strong command,  
 Called the submissive strings to wake  
 In glory for this maiden's sake,  
 Say, spirit ! whither hath she fled  
 To hide her poor afflicted head ?  
 What mighty forest in its gloom  
 Enfolds her ?—is a rifted tomb  
 Within the wilderness her seat ?  
 Some island which the wild waves  
 beat,  
 Is that the sufferer's last retreat ?  
 Or some aspiring rock that shrouds  
 Its perilous front in mists and clouds ?  
 High-climbing rock—lowsunless dale—  
 Sea—desert—what do these avail ?  
 Oh, take her anguish and her fears  
 Into a deep recess of years !

'Tis done ;—despoil and desola-  
 tion  
 O'er Rylstone's fair domain have  
 blown ;  
 Pools, terraces, and walks are sown  
 With weeds, the bowers are over-  
 thrown,

Of utter desolation, made  
To Emily in the yew-tree shade :  
He sighed, submitting will and power,  
To the stern embrace of that grasping  
hour.

"No choice is left, the deed is mine—  
Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,  
And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,  
Will lay the relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will  
He went, and traversed plain and hill;  
And up the vale of Wharf his way  
Pursued ;—and, at the dawn of day,  
Attained a summit whence his eyes  
Could see the tower of Bolton rise.  
There Francis for a moment's space  
Made halt—but hark ! a noise behind  
Of horsemen at an eager pace !  
He heard, and with misgiving mind.  
'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the  
band !

They come, by cruel Sussex sent ;  
Who, when the Nortons from the hand  
Of death had drunk their punishment,  
Bethought him, angry and ashamed,  
How Francis with the banner claimed  
As his own charge, had disappeared,  
By all the standers-by revered.  
His whole bold carriage (which had  
quelled

Thus far the opposer, and repelled  
All censure, enterprise so bright  
That even bad men had vainly striven  
Against that overcoming light)  
Was then reviewed, and prompt word  
given,

That to what place soever fled  
He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the  
height  
Where Francis stood in open sight.

They hem him round—"Behold the  
proof,"

They cried, "the ensign in his hand !  
*He* did not arm, he walked aloof !  
For why ?—to save his father's land :—  
Worst traitor of them all is he,  
A traitor dark and cowardly !"

"I am no traitor," Francis said,  
"Though this unhappy freight I bear ;  
And must not part with. But beware ;—  
Err not, by hasty zeal misled,  
Nor do a suffering spirit wrong,  
Whose self-reproaches are too strong !"  
At this he from the beaten road  
Retreated towards a brake of thorn,  
That like a place of vantage showed ;  
And there stood bravely, though for-  
lorn.

In self-defence with warlike brow  
He stood,—nor weaponless was now ;  
He from a soldier's hand had snatched  
A spear,—and, so protected, watched  
The assailants, turning round and  
round : [wound  
But from behind with treacherous  
A spearman brought him to the ground.  
The guardian lance, as Francis fell,  
Dropped from him ; but his other hand  
The banner clenched ; till, from out  
the band,

One, the most eager for the prize,  
Rushed in ; and—while, O grief to tell !  
A glimmering sense still left, with eyes  
Unclosed the noble Francis lay—  
Seized it, as hunters seize their prey ;  
But not before the warm life-blood  
Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,  
The wounds the brodered banner  
showed,  
Thy fatal work, O maiden, innocent as  
good !

Thus checked, a little while it  
stayed ;

A little thoughtful pause it made :

And then advanced with stealth-like  
pace.

Drew softly near her—and more near.  
Looked round—but saw no cause for  
fear ;

So to her feet the creature came,  
And laid its head upon her knee,  
And looked into the lady's face,  
A look of pure benignity.

And fond unclouded memory ;  
It is, thought Emily, the same,  
The very doe of other years !  
The pleading look the lady viewed,  
And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,  
She melted into tears—

A flood of tears, that flowed apace  
Upon the happy creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest ! O pair !  
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen  
care,  
This was for you a precious greeting,—  
And may it prove a fruitful meeting.  
Joined are they, and the sylvan doe  
Can she depart ? can she forego  
The lady, once her playful peer,  
And now her sainted mistress dear ?  
And will not Emily receive  
This lovely chronicler of things  
Long past, delights and sorrows ?  
Lone sufferer ! will not she believe  
The promise in that speaking face,  
And welcome, as a gift of grace,  
Thesaddest thought the creature brings ?

That day, the first of a reunion  
Which was to teem with high com-  
munion,

That day of balmy April weather,  
They tarried in the wood together.

And when, ere fall of evening dew,  
She from her sylvan haunt withdrew,  
The white doe tracked with faithful  
pace

The lady to her dwelling-place ;  
That nook where, on paternal ground,  
A habitation she had found,  
The master of whose humble board  
Once owned her father for his lord ;  
A hut, by tufted trees defended,  
Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is  
blended.

When Emily by morning light  
Went forth, the doe stood there in  
sight.

She shrunk :—with one frail shock of  
pain,

Received and followed by a prayer,  
She saw the creature once again ;  
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear ;—  
But, wheresoever she looked round,  
All now was trouble-haunted ground.  
And therefore now she deems it good  
Once more this restless neighbourhood  
To leave.—Unwooded, yet unforbidden,  
The white doe followed up the vale,  
Up to another cottage—hidden  
In the deep fork of Amerdale ;  
And there may Emily restore  
Herself, in spots unseen before.  
Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,  
By lurking Dembrook's pathless side,  
Haunts of a strengthening amity  
That calmed her, cheered, and forti-  
fied ?

For she hath ventured now to read  
Of time, and place, and thought, and  
deed,

Endless history that lies  
In her silent follower's eyes !  
Who with a power like human reason  
Discerns the favourable season,



Or have given way to slow mutation,  
 While, in their ancient habitation  
 The Norton name hath been unknown.  
 The lordly mansion of its pride  
 Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide  
 Through park and field, a perishing  
 That mocks the gladness of the spring!  
 And with this silent gloom agreeing  
 Appears a joyless human being,  
 Of aspect such as if the waste  
 Were under her dominion placed:  
 Upon a primrose bank, her throne  
 Of quietness, she sits alone;  
 Among the ruins of a wood,  
 Erewhile a covert bright and green,  
 And where full many a brave tree stood;  
 That used to spread its boughs, and  
 ring  
 With the sweet bird's carolling,  
 Behold her, like a virgin queen,  
 Neglecting in imperial state  
 These outward images of fate,  
 And carrying inward a serene  
 And perfect sway, through many a  
 thought  
 Of chance and change, that hath been  
 brought  
 To the subjection of a holy,  
 Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!  
 The like authority, with grace  
 Of awfulness, is in her face,—  
 There hath she fixed it; yet it seems  
 To o'ershadow by no native right  
 That face, which cannot lose the  
 gleams,  
 Lose utterly the tender gleams  
 Of gentleness and meek delight,  
 And loving-kindness ever bright:  
 Such is her sovereign mien;—her dress  
 (A vest, with woollen cincture tied,  
 A hood of mountain-wool undyed)  
 Is homely,—fashioned to express  
 A wandering pilgrim's humbleness.

And she *hath* wandered, long and  
 far,  
 Beneath the light of sun and star;  
 Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,  
 Driven forward like a withered leaf,  
 Yea, like a ship at random blown  
 To distant places and unknown.  
 But now she dares to seek a haven  
 Among her native wilds of Craven;  
 Hath seen again her father's roof,  
 And put her fortitude to proof;  
 The mighty sorrow hath been borne,  
 And she is thoroughly forlorn:  
 Her soul doth in itself stand fast,  
 Sustained by memory of the past  
 And strength of reason; held above  
 The infirmities of mortal love;  
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,  
 And awfully impenetrable.

And so, beneath a mouldered tree  
 A self-surviving leafless oak,  
 By unregarded age from stroke  
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.  
 There did she rest, with head recline  
 Herself most like a stately flower,  
 (Such have I seen) whom chance  
 birth  
 Hath separated from its kind,  
 To live and die in a shady bower,  
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant  
 thunder,  
 A troop of deer came sweeping by;  
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder!  
 For one, among those rushing deer,  
 A single one in mid career  
 Hath stopped, and fixed her large full  
 eye  
 Upon the Lady Emily,  
 A doe most beautiful, clear-white,  
 A radiant creature, silver-bright!

If tears are shed, they do not fall  
 For loss of him, for one or all;  
 Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she  
     weep,  
 Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep;  
 A few tears down her cheek descend  
 For this her last and living friend.

Bless tender hearts, their mutual lot,  
 And bless for both this savage spot:  
 Which Emily doth sacred hold  
 For reasons dear and manifold—  
 Here hath she, here before her sight,  
 Close to the summit of this height,  
 The grassy rock-encircled pound  
 In which the creature first was found  
 So beautiful the timid thrall,  
 (A spotless youngling white as foam,)  
 Her youngest brother brought it home,  
 The youngest, then a lusty boy,  
 Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall  
 With heart brimful of pride and joy!

But most to Bolton's sacred pile,  
 On favouring nights, she loved to go:  
 There ranged through cloister, court,  
     and aisle,  
 Attended by the soft-paced doe;  
 Nor feared she in the still moonshine  
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;  
 Nor on the lonely turf that showed  
 Where Francis slept in his last abode.  
 For that she came; there oft she  
     sate  
 Forlorn, but not disconsolate:  
 And, when she from the abyss returned  
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor  
     mourned;  
 Was happy that she lived to greet  
 Her mute companion as it lay  
 In love and pity at her feet;  
 How happy in its turn to meet

The recognition! the mild glance  
 Beamed from that gracious countenance;  
 Communication, like the ray  
 Of a new morning, to the nature  
 And prospects of the inferior creature!

A mortal song we sing, by dower  
 Encouraged of celestial power;  
 Power which the viewless spirit shed  
 By whom we were first visited;  
 Whose voice we heard, whose hand  
     and wings  
 Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,  
 When, left in solitude, erewhile  
 We stood before this ruined pile,  
 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,  
 Sang in this presence kindred themes;  
 Distress and desolation spread  
 Through human hearts, and pleasure  
     dead,—

Dead—but to live again on earth.  
 A second and yet nobler birth;  
 Dire overthrow, and yet how high  
 The re-ascent in sanctity!  
 From fair to fairer; day by day  
 A more divine and loftier way!  
 Even such this blessed pilgrim trod,  
 By sorrow lifted towards her God;  
 Uplifted to the purest sky  
 Of undisturbed mortality.  
 Her own thoughts loved she; and  
     could bend  
 A dear look to her lowly friend,—  
 There stopped;—her thirst was satisfied  
 With what this innocent spring sup-  
     plied—  
 Her sanction inwardly she bore,  
 And stood apart from human cares:  
 But to the world returned no more,  
 Although with no unwilling mind  
 Help did she give at need, and joined  
 The Wharfedale peasants in their  
     prayers.

Skilled to approach or to retire,—  
 From looks conceiving her desire,  
 From look, deportment, voice, or mien,  
 That vary to the heart within.

If she too passionately wreathed  
 Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,  
 Walked quick or slowly, every mood  
 In its degree was understood ;  
 Then well may their accord be true,  
 And kindest intercourse ensue.  
 Oh ! surely 'twas a gentle rousing  
 When she by sudden glimpse espied  
 The white doe on the mountain  
 browsing,

Or in the meadow wandered wide !  
 How pleased, when down the straggler  
 sank

Beside her, on some sunny bank !  
 How soothed, when in thick bower  
 enclosed,

They like a nested pair reposed !  
 Fair vision ! when it crossed the maid  
 Within some rocky cavern laid,  
 The dark cave's portal gliding by,  
 White as whitest cloud on high,  
 Floating through the azure sky.  
 What now is left for pain or fear ?  
 That presence, dearer and more dear,  
 While they, side by side, were straying,  
 And the shepherd's pipe was playing,  
 Did now a very gladness yield  
 At morning to the dewy field,  
 And with a deeper peace endued  
 The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her companion, in such frame  
 Of mind, to Rylstone back she came ;  
 And, ranging through the wasted  
 groves,  
 Received the memory of old loves,  
 Undisturbed and undistrest,  
 Into a soul which now was blest

With a soft spring-day of holy,  
 Mild, and grateful, melancholy :  
 Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,  
 But by tender fancies brightened.

When the bells of Rylstone  
 played  
 Their Sabbath music—"God us ayde !"  
 That was the sound they seemed to  
 speak ;

Inscriptive legend, which I ween  
 May on those holy bells be seen,  
 That legend, and her grandsire's  
 name ;

And oftentimes the lady meek  
 Had in her childhood read the same,  
 Words which she slighted at that day ;  
 But now, when such sad change was  
 wrought,

And of that lonely name she thought,  
 The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,  
 While she sate listening in the shade,  
 With vocal music, "God us ayde ;"  
 And all the hills were glad to bear  
 Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she reason's firmest power ;  
 But with the white doe at her side  
 Up would she climb to Norton tower,  
 And thence look round her far and  
 wide ;

Her fate there measuring—all is stilled,—  
 The weak one hath subdued her  
 heart ;

Behold the prophecy fulfilled,  
 Fulfilled, and she sustains her part !  
 But here her brother's words have  
 failed ;

Here hath a milder doom prevailed ;  
 That she, of him and all bereft,  
 Hath yet this faithful partner left ;  
 This one associate that disproves  
 His words, remains for her, and loves.

"Wherefore in praise, the worthiest  
that I may,

Jesu! of thee, and the white lily-flower  
Which did thee bear, and is a maid for  
aye,

To tell a story I will use my power;  
Not that I may increase her honour's  
dower,

For she herself is honour, and the root  
Of goodness, next her Son our soul's  
best boot.

"O mother maid! O maid and mother  
free!

O bush unburnt! burning in Moses'  
sight!

That down didst ravish from the Deity,  
Through humbleness, the Spirit that  
did alight

Upon thy heart, whence, through that  
glory's might,

Conceiv'd was the Father's sapience,  
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

"Lady, thy goodness, thy magnificence,  
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,  
Surpass all science and all utterance;  
For sometimes, lady! ere men pray to  
thee

Thou goest before in thy benignity,  
The light to us vouchsafing of thy  
prayer,

To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

"My knowledge is so weak, O blissful  
queen!

To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,  
That I the weight of it may not sus-  
tain;

But as a child of twelve months old or  
less,

That laboureth his language to  
express,

Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee  
pray,

Guide thou my song which I of thee  
shall say.

"There was in Asia, in a mighty town,  
'Mong Christian folk, a street where  
Jews might be;

Assigned to them and given them for  
their own

By a great lord, for gain and usury,  
Hateful to Christ and to His com-  
pany;

And through this street who list might  
ride and wend;

Free was it, and unbarred at either  
end.

"A little school of Christian people  
stood

Down at the farther end, in which  
there were

A nest of children come of Christian  
blood,

That learned in that school from year  
to year

Such sort of doctrine as men used  
there,

That is to say, to sing and read also  
As little children in their childhood do.

"Among these children was a widow's  
son,

A little scholar, scarcely seven years  
old,

Who day by day unto this school hath  
gone,

And eke, when he the image did  
behold

Of Jesu's mother, as he had been told,  
This child was wont to kneel adown

and say  
*Ave Marie*, as he goeth by the way.

At length, thus faintly, faintly tied  
To earth, she was set free, and died.  
Thy soul, exalted Emily,  
Maid of the blasted family,  
Rose to the God from whom it came!  
In Rylstone church her mortal frame  
Was buried by her mother's side

Most glorious sunset!—and a ray  
Survives—the twilight of this day;  
In that fair creature whom the fields  
Support, and whom the forest shields;  
Who, having filled a holy place,  
Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's  
grace;

And bears a memory and a mind  
Raised far above the law of kind;  
Haunting the spots with lonely cheer  
Which her dear mistress once held dear:  
Loves most what Emily loved most—  
The enclosure of this church-yard  
ground;

Here wanders like a gliding ghost,  
And every Sabbath here is found;  
Comes with the people when the bells

Are heard among the moorland dells,  
Finds entrance through yon arch, where  
Lies open on the Sabbath-day; [way  
Here walks amid the mournful waste  
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,  
And floors encumbered with rich show  
Of fret-work imagery laid low;  
Paces softly, or makes halt,  
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,  
By plate of monumental brass  
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,  
And sculptured forms of warriors brave;  
But chiefly by that single grave,  
That one sequestered hillock green,  
The pensive visitant is seen.  
Where doth the gentle creature lie  
With those adversities unmoved;  
Calm spectacle, by earth and sky  
In their benignity approved!  
And aye, methinks, this hoary pile,  
Subdued by outrage and decay,  
Looks down upon her with a smile,  
A gracious smile, that seems to say,  
"Thou, thou art not a child of time,  
But daughter of the eternal prime!"

## SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER MODERNISED.

### THE PRIORESS' TALE.

"Call up him who left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold."

In the following poem no further deviation from the original has been made than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the author; so much, however, is the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was to be removed, and its place supplied with as little incongruity as possible. The ancient accent has been retained in a few conjunctions, as *also* and *alway*, from a conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a graceful accordance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the

prioress forms a fine background for her tender-hearted sympathies with the mother and child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

"O LORD; our Lord! how wondrously,"  
(quoth she) [spread abroad!  
"Thy name in this large world is  
For not alone by men of dignity [laud;  
Thy worship is performed and precious  
But by the mouths of children, gracious  
God! {they lie  
Thy goodness is set forth; they when  
Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

*O Alma Redemptoris!* high and low:  
The sweetness of Christ's mother  
pierced so  
His heart, that her to praise, to her to  
pray,  
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

"The serpent, Satan, our first foe, that  
hath  
His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, up-  
swelled—'O woe,  
O Hebrew people!' said he in his  
wrath,  
'Is it an honest thing? Shall this be  
so?  
That such a boy where'er he lists shall go  
In your despite, and sing his hymns  
and saws,  
Which is against the reverence of our  
laws!'"

"From that day forward have the Jews  
conspired  
Out of the world this innocent to chase;  
And to this end a homicide they hired,  
That in an alley had a privy place.  
And, as the child 'gan to the school to  
pace,  
This cruel Jew him seized, and held  
him fast  
And cut his throat, and in a pit him  
cast.

"I say that him into a pit they threw.  
A loathsome pit, whence noisome  
scents exhale;  
O cursed folk! away, ye Herods new!  
What may your ill intentions you avail?  
Murder will out; certes it will not fail;  
Know, that the honour of high God  
may spread,  
The blood cries out on your accursed  
deed.

"O martyr! scoldish in virginity!  
Now may'st thou sing for aye before  
the throne,  
Following the Lamb celestial, quench  
she,  
"Of which the great Evergeest Saint  
John,  
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them  
that go  
Before the Lamb singing continually,  
That never fleshly woman they did  
know.

"Now this poor widow waiteth all that  
night  
After her little child, and he came  
not:  
For which, by earliest glimpse of  
morning light  
With face all pale with dread and busy  
thought  
She at the school and elsewhere him  
hath sought,  
Until thus far she learned, that he had  
been  
In the Jews' street, and there he last  
was seen.

"With mother's pity in her breast en-  
closed  
She goeth as she were half out of her  
mind,  
To every place wherein she hath sup-  
posed  
By likelihood her little son to  
find;  
And ever on Christ's mother meek and  
kind  
She cried, till to the Jewry she was  
brought,  
And him among the accursed Jews she  
sought.

"This widow thus her little son hath  
taught  
Our blissful lady, Jesu's mother  
dear,  
To worship aye, and he forgot it  
not,  
For simple infant hath a ready ear.  
Sweet is the holiness of youth: and  
hence,  
Calling to mind this matter when I  
may,  
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth  
aye,  
For he so young to Christ did rever-  
ence.

"This little child, while in the school  
he sate  
His primer conning with an earnest  
cheer,  
The whilst the rest their anthem book  
repeat  
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear;  
And as he durst he drew him near and  
near,  
And hearkened to the words and to  
the note,  
Till the first verse he learned it all by  
rote.

"This Latin knew he nothing what it  
said,  
For he too tender was of age to know;  
But to his comrade he repaired, and  
prayed  
That he the meaning of this song  
would show,  
And unto him declare why men sing  
so;  
This oftentimes, that he might be at  
ease,  
This child did him beseech on his  
bare knees.

"His schoolfellow, who elder was than  
he,  
Answered him thus:—'This song, I  
have heard say,  
Was fashioned for our blissful lady free;  
Her to salute, and also her to pray  
To be our help upon our dying day.  
If there is more in this, I know it not;  
Song do I learn,—small grammar I  
have got.'

"And is this song fashioned in rever-  
ence  
Of Jesu's mother?' said this Innocent,  
'Now, certès, I will use my diligence  
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be  
spent;  
Although I for my primer shall be  
shent,  
And shall be beaten three times in an  
hour,  
Our lady I will praise with all my  
power.'

"His schoolfellow, whom he had so  
besought,  
As they went homeward taught him  
privily;  
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,  
From word to word according to the  
note:  
Twice in a day it passèd through his  
throat;  
Homeward and schoolward whensoever  
he went,  
On Jesu's mother fixed was his intent.

"Through all the Jewry (this before  
said I,)   
This little child, as he came to and  
fro,  
Full merrily then would he sing and  
cry,

- "My throat is cut unto the bone, I  
 trow;  
 Said this young child, 'and by the law  
 of kind  
 I should have died, yea, many hours  
 ago;  
 But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye  
 find,  
 Will that his glory last, and be in  
 mind;  
 And, for the worship of his mother  
 dear,  
 Yet may I sing, *O Alma!* loud and  
 clear.
- "This well of mercy Jesu's mother  
 sweet  
 After my knowledge I have loved  
 alway.  
 And in the hour when I my death did  
 meet  
 To me she came, and thus to me did  
 say,  
 'Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,'  
 As ye have heard; and soon as I had  
 sung  
 Methought she laid a grain upon my  
 tongue.
- "Wherefore I sing, nor can from song  
 refrain,  
 In honour of that blissful maiden free,  
 Till from my tongue off taken is the  
 grain;  
 And after that thus said she unto  
 me,  
 'My little child, then will I come for  
 thee  
 Soon as the grain from off thy tongue  
 they take,  
 Be not dismayed, I will not thee for-  
 sake."
- "This holy monk, this abbot—him  
 mean I,  
 Touched then his tongue, and took  
 away the grain;  
 And he gave up the ghost full peace-  
 fully;  
 And, when the abbot had this wonder  
 seen,  
 His salt tears trickled down like  
 showers of rain,  
 And on his face he dropped upon the  
 ground,  
 And still he lay as if he had been  
 bound.
- "Eke the whole convent on the pave-  
 ment lay,  
 Weeping and praising Jesu's mother  
 dear;  
 And after that they rose, and took  
 their way  
 And lifted up this martyr from the bier  
 And in a tomb of precious marble  
 clear  
 Enclosed his uncorrupted body  
 sweet.—  
 Where'er he be, God grant us him to  
 meet!
- "Young Hew of Lincoln! in like sort  
 laid low  
 By cursed Jews—thing well and widely  
 known,  
 For it was done a little while  
 ago—  
 Pray also thou for us, while here we  
 tarry,  
 Weak sinful folk, that God with pity-  
 ing eye.  
 In mercy would his mercy multiply  
 On us, for reverence of his mother  
 Mary!"



"She asketh, and she piteously doth pray

To every Jew that dwelleth in that place  
To tell her if her child had passed that way;

They all said nay; but Jesu of his grace

Gave to her thought, that in a little space

She for her son in that same spot did cry

Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

"O thou great God that dost perform thy laud

By mouths of innocents, lo! here thy might;

This gem of chastity, this emerald,  
And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,

There, where with mangled throat he lay upright,

The *Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing  
So loud, that with his voice the place did ring.

"The Christian folk that through the Jewry went

Come to the spot in wonder at the thing;

And hastily they for the provost sent;  
Immediately he came not tarrying,

And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly king,

And eke his mother, honour of mankind:  
Which done, he bade that they the Jews should bind.

"This child with piteous lamentation then

Was taken up, singing his song alway;  
And with procession great and pomp of men

To the next abbey him they bare away;

His mother swooning by the body lay:  
And scarcely could the people that were near

Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

"Torment and shameful death to every one

This provost doth for those bad Jews prepare

That of this murder wist, and that anon;

Such wickedness his judgments cannot spare;

Who will do evil, evil shall he bear;

Them therefore with wild horses did he draw.

And after that he hung them by the law.

"Upon his bier this innocent doth lie  
Before the altar while the mass doth last:

The abbot with his convent's company  
Then sped themselves to bury him full fast;

And, when they holy water on him cast,

Yet spake this child when sprinkled was the water,

And sang, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater!*

"This abbot, for he was a holy man,  
As all monks are, or surely ought to be,

In supplication to the child began;  
Thus saying, 'O dear child! I summon thee

In virtue of the holy Trinity,  
Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn,

Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep  
Through all this May that I have little  
sleep;

And also 'tis not likely unto me,  
That any living heart should sleepy be  
In which Love's dart its fiery point  
doth steep.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,  
I of a token thought which Lovers  
heed;

How among them it was a common  
tale,

That it was good to hear the  
Nightingale,  
Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be utterèd.

And then I thought anon as it was day,  
I gladly would go somewhere to essay  
If I perchance a Nightingale might  
hear,

For yet had I heard none, of all that  
year,

And it was then the third night of the  
May.

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,  
No longer would I in my bed abide,  
But straightway to a wood that was  
hard by,

Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,  
And held the pathway down by a  
brook-side;

Till to a lawn I came all white and  
green,

I in so fair a one had never been.  
The ground was green, with daisy  
powdered over;

Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty  
cover,

All green and white; and nothing else  
was seen.

There sate I down among the fair fresh  
flowers,  
And saw the birds come tripping from  
their bowers,  
Where they had rested them all night;  
and they,  
Who were so joyful at the light of day,  
Began to honour May with all their  
powers.

Well did they know that service all by  
rote,

And there was many and many a lovely  
note,

Some, singing loud, as if they had  
complained;

Some with their notes another manner  
feigned; [throat.

And some did sing all out with the full

They pruned themselves, and made  
themselves right gay,

Dancing and leaping light upon the  
spray;

And ever two and two together were,  
The same as they had chosen for the  
year,

Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I  
sate upon,

Was making such a noise as it ran on  
Accordant to the sweet Birds' harmony;

Methought that it was the best melody  
Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

And for delight, but how I never wot,  
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught.  
Not all asleep and yet not waking  
wholly;

And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,  
Broke silence, or I heard him in my  
thought.

## THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE God of Love—*ah, benedicite!*

How mighty and how great a Lord  
is he!

For he of low hearts can make high, of  
high

He can make low, and unto death bring  
nigh;

And hard hearts he can make them  
kind and free.

Within a little time, as hath been  
found,

He can make sick folk whole and fresh  
and sound;

Them who are whole in body and in  
mind,

He can make sick,—bind can he and  
unbind

All that he will have bound, or have  
unbound.

To tell his might my wit may not  
suffice;

Foolish men he can make them out of  
wise;—

For he may do all that he will devise;  
Loose livers he can make abate their

vice,  
And proud hearts can make tremble in  
a trice.

In brief, the whole of what he will, he  
may;

Against him dare not any wight say  
nay;

To humble or afflict whome'er he  
will,

To gladden or to grieve, he hath like  
skill;

But most his might he sheds on the  
eve of May.

For every true heart, gentle heart and  
free,

That with him is, or thinketh so  
to be,

Now against May shall have some  
stirring—whether

To joy, or be it to some mourning;  
never

At other time, methinks, in like  
degree.

For now when they may hear the small  
birds' song,

And see the budding leaves the branches  
throng,

This unto their remembrance doth  
bring

All kinds of pleasure mix'd with  
sorrowing;

And longing of sweet thoughts that ever  
long.

And of that longing heaviness doth  
come,

Whence oft great sickness grows of  
heart and home;

Sick are they all for lack of their  
desire;

And thus in May their hearts are set on  
fire,

So that they burn forth in great martyr-  
dom.

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what  
though now

Old am I, and to genial pleasure  
slow;

Yet have I felt of sickness through the  
May,

Both hot and cold, and heart-aches  
every day,—

How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

And also would I that they all were  
 dead,  
 Who do not think in love their life to  
 lead;  
 For who is loth the God of Love to  
 obey,  
 Is only fit to die, I dare well say,  
 And for that cause OSEE I cry; take  
 heed!

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint  
 law,  
 That all must love or die; but I with-  
 draw,  
 And take my leave of all such  
 company,  
 For mine intent it neither is to  
 die,  
 Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to  
 draw.

For lovers, of all folk that be  
 alive,  
 The most disquiet have and least do  
 thrive;  
 Most feeling have of sorrow, woe and  
 care,  
 And the least welfare cometh to their  
 share;  
 What need is there against the truth to  
 strive?

What! quoth she, thou art all out of  
 thy mind,  
 That in thy churlishness a cause canst  
 find  
 To speak of Love's true Servants in this  
 mood;  
 For in this world no service is so  
 good  
 To every wight that gentle is of  
 kind.

For thereof comes all goodness and all  
 worth;  
 All gentleness and honour thence come  
 forth;  
 Thence worship comes, content and  
 true heart's pleasure,  
 And full-assured trust, joy without  
 measure,  
 And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and  
 mirth;

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,  
 And seemliness, and faithful com-  
 pany,  
 And dread of shame that will not do  
 amiss;  
 For he that faithfully Love's ser-  
 vant is,  
 Rather than be disgraced, would chuse  
 to die.

And that the very truth it is  
 which I  
 Now say—in such belief I'll live and  
 die;  
 And Cuckoo, do thou so, by my  
 advice.  
 Then, quoth she, let me never hope for  
 bliss,  
 If with that counsel I do e'er  
 comply.

Good Nightingale! thou speakest won-  
 drous fair,  
 Yet for all that, the truth is found else-  
 where;  
 For Love in young folk is but rage, I  
 wis;  
 And Love in old folk a great  
 dotage is;  
 Who most it useth, him 'twill most  
 impair.

And that was right upon a tree fast  
by,  
And who was then ill satisfied  
but I?  
Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the  
rood,  
From thee and thy base throat, keep  
all that's good,  
Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan  
chide,  
In the next bush that was me fast  
beside,  
I heard the lusty Nightingale so  
sing,  
That her clear voice made a loud  
rioting,  
Echoing thorough all the green wood  
wide.

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my  
heart's cheer,  
Hence hast thou stayed a little while  
too long;  
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo  
here,  
And she hath been before thee with  
her song;  
Evil light on her! she hath done me  
wrong.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I  
pray;  
As long as in that swooning-fit 'I  
lay,  
Methought I wist right well what these  
birds meant,  
And had good knowing both of their  
intent,  
And of their speech, and all that they  
would say.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing  
spake:—  
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or  
brake,  
And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell  
here;  
For every wight eschews thy song to  
hear,  
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou  
make.

What! quoth she then, what is't that  
ails thee now?  
It seems to me I sing as well as  
thou;  
For mine's a song that is both true and  
plain,—  
Although I cannot quaver so in  
vain  
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not  
how.

All men may understanding have of  
me,  
But, Nightingale, so may they not of  
thee;  
For thou hast many a foolish and  
quaint cry:—  
Thou say'st OSEE, OSEE, then how  
may I  
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this  
may be?

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not  
what it is?  
Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,  
Then mean I, that I should be wonder-  
ous fain  
That shamefully they one and all were  
slain,  
Whoever against Love mean aught  
amiss.

And so methought I started up anon,  
 And to the brook I ran and got a stone,  
 Which at the Cuckoo hardily I cast,  
 And he for dread did fly away full fast;  
 And glad, in sooth, was I when he was  
 gone.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and  
 aye,  
 Kept crying, "Farewell! — farewell,  
 Popinjay!"  
 As if in scornful mockery of me;  
 And on I hunted him from tree to tree,  
 Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

Then straightway came the Nightingale  
 to me,  
 And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I  
 thank thee,  
 That thou wert near to rescue me; and  
 now,  
 Unto the God of Love I make a vow,  
 That all this May I will thy songstress  
 be.

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she  
 said,  
 By this mishap no longer be dismayed,  
 Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere  
 thou heard'st me;  
 Yet if I live it shall amended be,  
 When next May comes, if I am not  
 afraid.

And one thing will I counsel thee also,  
 The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his  
 Love's saw;  
 All that she said is an outrageous lie.  
 Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto,  
 quoth I,  
 For Love, and it hath done me mighty  
 woe.

Yea, hath it? use, quoth she, this  
 medicine;  
 This May-time, every day before thou  
 dine,  
 Go look on the fresh daisy; then say I,  
 Although for pain thou may'st be like  
 to die,  
 Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop  
 and pine.

And mind always that thou be good  
 and true,  
 And I will sing one song, of many new,  
 For love of thee, as loud as I may cry;  
 And then did she begin this song full  
 high,  
 "Beshrew all them that are in love  
 untrue."

And soon as she had sung it to the end,  
 Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence  
 must wend;  
 And, God of Love, that can right well  
 and may,  
 Send unto thee as mickle joy this day,  
 As ever he to Lover yet did send.

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of  
 me;  
 I pray to God with her always to be,  
 And joy of love to send her evermore;  
 And shield us from the Cuckoo and  
 her lore,  
 For there is not so false a bird as she.

Forth then she flew, the gentle Night-  
 ingale,  
 To all the Birds that lodged within that  
 dale,  
 And gathered each and all into one  
 place; [ful case,  
 And them besought to hear her dole-  
 And thus it was that she began her tale.

For thereof come all contraries to glad-  
ness;  
Thence sickness comes, and over-  
whelming sadness,  
Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,  
Dishonour, shame, envy importunate,  
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and  
madness.

Loving is aye an office of despair,  
And one thing is therein which is not  
fair;  
For whoso gets of love a little bliss,  
Unless it alway stay with him, I wis  
He may full soon go with an old man's  
hair.

And, therefore, Nightingale! do thou  
keep nigh,  
For trust me well, in spite of thy quaint  
cry,  
If long time from thy matethou be, or far,  
Thou'lt be as others that forsaken are;  
Then shalt thou raise a clamour as do I.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill  
beseen!  
The God of Love afflict thee with all  
teen,  
For thou art worse than mad a thousand  
fold;  
For many a one hath virtues manifold,  
Who had been nought, if Love had  
never been.

For evermore his servants Love  
amendeth,  
And he from every blemish them  
defendeth;  
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,  
In loyalty, and worshipful desire,  
And, when it likes him, joy enough  
them sendeth.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be  
still,  
For Love no reason hath but his own  
will;—  
For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and  
joy;  
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,  
He lets them perish through that  
grievous ill.

With such a master would I never  
be;\*  
For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not  
see,  
And knows not when he hurts and  
when he heals;  
Within this court full seldom Truth  
avails,  
So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

Then of the Nightingale did I take  
note,  
How from her inmost heart a sigh she  
brought,  
And said, Alas! that ever I was  
born,  
Not one word have I now, I am so  
forlorn,—  
And with that word, she into tears  
burst out.

Alas, alas! my very heart will  
break,  
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird  
thus speak  
Of Love, and of his holy services;  
Now, God of Love! thou help me in  
some wise,  
That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may  
wreak.

---

\* From a manuscript in the Bodleian.

## L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, Day of gladness!  
 Pleasure's Aurora, Day of gladness!

Luna by night, with heavenly influence  
 Illumined! root of beauty and goodness,

Write, and allay by your beneficence,  
 My sighs breathed forth in silence,—  
 comfort give!

Since of all good you are the best  
 alive.

EXPLICIT.

## TROILUS AND CRESIDA.

NEXT morning Troilus began to  
 clear

His eyes from sleep, at the first break  
 of day,

And unto Pandarus, his own Brother  
 dear,

For love of God, full piteously did  
 say,

We must the Palace see of Cresida;

For since we yet may have no other  
 feast,

Let us behold her Palace at the least!

And therewithal to cover his intent

A cause he found into the Town to  
 go,

And they right forth to Cresid's Palace  
 went;

But, Lord, this simple Troilus was  
 woe,

Him thought his sorrowful heart would  
 break in two;

For when he saw her doors fastbolted  
 all,

Well nigh for sorrow doz'd he 'gan to  
 fall.

Therewith when this true Lover 'gan  
 behold,  
 How shut was every window of the  
 place,

Like frost he thought his heart was icy  
 cold;

For which, with changèd, pale, and  
 deadly face,

Without word uttered, forth he 'gan to  
 pace;

And on his purpose bent so fast to ride,  
 That no wight his continuance espied.

Then said he thus,—O Palace desolate!  
 O house of houses, once so richly dight!

O Palace empty and disconsolate!  
 Thou lamp of which extinguished is the  
 light;

O Palace whilom day that now art night,  
 Thou ought'st to fall and I to die;  
 since she

Is gone who held us both in sovereignty.

O, of all houses once the crownèd boast!  
 Palace illumined with the sun of bliss;  
 O ring of which the ruby now is lost,  
 O cause of woe, that cause has been of  
 bliss:

Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss  
 Thy cold doors; but I dare not for this  
 rout;

Farewell, thou shrine of which the Saint  
 is out!

Therewith he cast on Pandarus an eye,  
 With changèd face, and piteous to be-  
 hold;

And when he might his time aright espy,  
 Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told  
 Both his new sorrow and his joys of old,  
 So piteously, and with so dead a hue,  
 That every wight might on his sorrow rue.



The Cuckoo—'tis not well that I should  
hide  
How she and I did each the other  
chide,  
And without ceasing, since it was day-  
light;  
And now I pray you all to do me  
right  
Of that false Bird whom Love can not  
abide.

Then spake one Bird, and full assent  
all gave;  
This matter asketh counsel good as  
grave,  
For birds we are—all here together  
brought;  
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is  
not;  
And therefore we a Parliament will  
have.

And thereat shall the Eagle be our  
Lord,  
And other Peers whose names are on  
record;  
A summons to the Cuckoo shall be  
sent,  
And judgment there be given; or that  
intent  
Failing, we finally shall make accord.

And all this shall be done, without a  
nay,  
The morrow after Saint Valentine's  
day,  
Under a maple that is well bescen,  
Before the chamber-window of the  
Queen,  
At Woodstock, on the meadow green  
and gay.

She thanked them; and then her leave  
she took,  
And flew into a hawthorn by that  
brook;  
And there she sate and sung—upon  
that tree—  
"For term of life Love shall have hold  
of me"—  
So loudly, that I with that song awoke.

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I  
know,  
For beauty thou hast none, nor elo-  
quence,  
Who did on thee the hardness bestow  
To appear before my Lady? but a  
sense  
Thou surely hast of her benevolence,  
Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth  
give;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness,  
To show to her some pleasant meanings  
writ  
In winning words, since through her  
gentleness,  
Thee she accepts as for her service fit!  
Oh! it repents me I have neither wit  
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to  
give;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,  
Though I be far from her I reverence,  
To think upon my truth and steadfast-  
ness,  
And to abridge my sorrow's violence,  
Caused by the wish, as knows your  
sapience,  
She of her liking proof to me would give;  
For of all good she is the best alive.

And after this he to the gate did  
 go  
 Whence Cresid rode, as if in haste she  
 was;  
 And up and down there went, and to  
 and fro,  
 And to himself full oft he said,  
 alas!  
 From hence my hope and solace forth  
 did pass.  
 O would the blissful God now for his  
 joy,  
 I might her see again coming to  
 Troy!

And up to yonder hill was I her  
 guide;  
 Alas, and there I took of her my  
 leave;  
 Yonder I saw her to her Father  
 ride.  
 For very grief of which my heart shall  
 cleave;—  
 And hither home I came when it was  
 eve:  
 And here I dwell an outcast from all  
 joy,  
 And shall, unless I see her soon in  
 Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft,  
 That he was blighted, pale, and waxen  
 less  
 Than he was wont; and that in whispers  
 soft  
 Men said, what may it be, can no one  
 guess  
 Why Troilus hath all this heaviness?—  
 All which he of himself conceited  
 wholly  
 Out of his weakness and his melan-  
 choly.

Another time he took into his  
 head,  
 That every wight, who in the way passed  
 by,  
 Had of him ruth, and fancied that they  
 said,  
 I am right sorry Troilus will die:  
 And thus a day or two drove  
 wearily;  
 As ye have heard; such life 'gan he to  
 lead  
 As one that standeth betwixt hope and  
 dread.

For which it pleased him in his songs  
 to show  
 The occasion of his woe, as best he  
 might;  
 And made a fitting song, of words but  
 few,  
 Somewhat his woeful heart to make  
 more light;  
 And when he was removed from all  
 men's sight,  
 With a soft voice, he of his Lady  
 dear,  
 That absent was, 'gan sing as ye may  
 hear.

O star, of which I lost have all the  
 light,  
 With a sore heart well ought I to  
 bewail,  
 That ever dark in torment, night to  
 night,  
 Toward my death with wind I steer and  
 sail;  
 For which upon the tenth night if thou  
 fail  
 With thy bright beams to guide me but  
 one hour,  
 My ship and me Charybdis will devour

Forth from the spot he rideth up and  
 down,  
 And everything to his remembrance  
 Came as he rode by places of the  
 town  
 Where he had felt such perfect pleasure  
 once.  
 Lo, yonder saw I mine own Lady  
 dance,  
 And in that Temple she with her bright  
 eyes,  
 My Lady dear, first bound me captive-  
 wise.

And yonder with joy-smitten heart  
 have I  
 Heard my own Cresid's laugh, and  
 once at play  
 I yonder saw her eke full bliss-  
 fully;  
 And yonder once she unto me 'gan  
 say—  
 Now, my sweet Troilus, love me well, I  
 pray!  
 And there so graciously did me  
 behold,  
 That hers unto the death my heart I  
 hold.

And at the corner of that self-same  
 house  
 Heard I my most beloved Lady  
 dear,  
 So womanly, with voice melodious  
 Singing so well, so goodly, and so  
 clear,  
 That in my soul methinks I yet do  
 hear  
 The blissful sound; and in that very  
 place  
 My Lady first me took unto her  
 grace.  
 wo.

O blissful God of Love! then thus he  
 cried,  
 When I the process have in memory,  
 How thou hast wearied me on every  
 side,  
 Men thence a book might make, a  
 history;  
 What need to seek a conquest over  
 me,  
 Since I am wholly at thy will? what  
 joy  
 Hast thou thy own liege subjects to  
 destroy?

Dread Lord! so fearful when provoked,  
 thine ire  
 Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain  
 and grief;  
 Now mercy, Lord! thou know'st well I  
 desire  
 Thy grace above all pleasures first and  
 chief;  
 And live and die I will in thy  
 belief;  
 For which I ask for guerdon but one  
 boon,  
 That Cresida again thou send me  
 soon.

Constrain her heart as quickly to  
 return,  
 As thou dost mine with longing her to  
 see,  
 Then know I well that she would not  
 sojourn.  
 Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not  
 be  
 Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of  
 thee,  
 As Juno was unto the Theban blood,  
 From whence to Thebes came griefs in  
 multitude.

## THE RIVER DUDDON.

## A SERIES OF SONNETS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, serving as a boundary to the two last counties, for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

## TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820.)

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,  
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had sunk to rest with foiled wings;  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze  
Nor check the music of the strings;  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened?—till was paid  
Respect to every inmate's claim;  
The greeting given, the music played,  
In honour of each household name,  
Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O brother! I revere the choice  
That took thee from thy native hills;  
And it is given thee to rejoice:  
Though public care full often tills  
(Heaven only witness of the toil)  
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,  
Hast heard this never-falling rite;  
And seen on other faces shine  
A true revival of the light,  
Which nature, and these rustic powers,  
In simple childhood, spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait  
On these expected annual rounds,  
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offered at the door  
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep  
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
To hear—and sink again to sleep!  
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,  
By blazing fire, the still suspense  
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise  
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er:  
And some unbidden tears that rise  
For names once heard, and heard no more;  
Tears brightened by the serenade  
For infant in the cradle laid!

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,  
With ambient streams more pure and bright  
Than fabled Cytherea's zone  
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,  
Is to my heart of hearts endeared,  
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient manners! sure defence,  
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;  
Remnants of love whose modest sense  
Thus into narrow room withdraws;  
Hail, usages of pristine mould,  
And ye, that guard them, mountains old!

Bear with me, brother! quench the thought  
That slights this passion, or condemns;  
If thee fond fancy ever brought  
From the proud margin of the Thames,  
And Lambeth's venerable towers,  
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,  
Short leisure even in busiest days;  
Moments, to cast a look behind,  
And profit by those kindly rays  
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,  
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din  
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,  
A pleased attention I may win  
To agitations less severe,  
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

As soon as he this song had thus sung , Upon the walls fast also would he  
 through walk,  
 He fell again into his sorrows old; To the end that he the Grecian host  
 And every night, as was his wont to might see;  
 do, And ever thus he to himself would  
 Troilus stood the bright moon to be talk:—  
 hold; Lo! yonder is my own bright Lady  
 And all his trouble to the moon he free;  
 told, Or yonder is it that the tents must  
 And said: I wis, when thou art horn'd be;  
 anew, And thence does come this air which is  
 I shall be glad if all the world be true. so sweet,  
 That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

Thy horns were old as now upon that  
 morrow,  
 When hence did journey my bright  
 Lady dear,  
 That cause is of my torment and my  
 sorrow;  
 For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and  
 clear,  
 For love of God, run fast above thy  
 sphere;  
 For when thy horns begin once more  
 to spring,  
 Then shall she come, that with her bliss  
 may bring.

And certainly this wind, that more and  
 more  
 By moments thus increaseth in my  
 face,  
 Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and  
 sore;  
 I prove it thus; for in no other  
 space  
 Of all this town, save only in this  
 place,  
 Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like  
 pain;  
 It saith, Alas, why severed are we twain?

The day is more, and longer every  
 night  
 Than they were wont to be—for he  
 thought so;  
 And that the sun did take his course  
 not right,  
 By longer way than he was wont  
 to go;  
 And said, I am in constant dread I  
 trow,  
 That Phaeton his son is yet alive,  
 His too fond father's car amiss to  
 drive.

A weary while in pain he tosseth  
 thus,  
 Till fully passed and gone was the ninth  
 night;  
 And ever at his side stood Pandarus,  
 Who busily made use of all his  
 might  
 To comfort him, and make his heart  
 more light;  
 Giving him always hope, that she the  
 morrow  
 Of the tenth day will come, and end  
 his sorrow

## IV.

TAKE, cradled nursling of the mountain, take  
 This parting glance, no negligent adieu !  
 A Protean change seems wrought, while  
   I pursue  
 The curves, a loosely-scattered chain  
   doth make ;  
 Or rather thou appear'st a glistening  
   snake.  
 Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,  
 Thridding with sinuous lapse the  
   rushes, through  
 Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny  
   brake.  
 Starts from a dizzy steep the un-  
   daunted rill  
 Robed instantly in garb of snow-white  
   foam ;  
 And laughing dares the adventurer,  
   who hath clomb  
 So high, a rival purpose to fulfil ;  
 Else let the dastard backward wend,  
   and roam.  
 Seeking less bold achievement, where  
   he will !

## V.

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze  
   that played  
 With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful  
   sound  
 Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy  
   mound,  
 Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to  
   upbraid  
 The sun in heaven !—but now, to form  
   a shade  
 For thee, green alders have together  
   wound  
 Their foliage ; ashes flung their arms  
   around ;  
 And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.

And thou hast also tempted here to  
   rise,  
 'Mid sheltering pines, this cottage rude  
   and gray ;  
 Whose ruddy children, by the mother's  
   eyes  
 Carelessly watched, sport through the  
   summer day,  
 Thy pleased associates :—light as end-  
   less May  
 On infant bosoms lonely nature lies.

## VI.

## FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with  
   social trees  
 It lacked not old remains of hawthorn  
   bowers,  
 Where small birds warbled to their  
   paramours ;  
 And, earlier still, was heard the hum  
   of bees ;  
 I saw them ply their harmless rob-  
   beries,  
 And caught the fragrance which the  
   sundry flowers,  
 Fed by the stream with soft perpetual  
   showers,  
 Plenteously yielded to the vagrant  
   breeze.  
 There bloomed the strawberry of the  
   wilderness ;  
 The trembling eyebright showed her  
   sapphire blue,  
 The thyme her purple, like the blush  
   of even ;  
 And, if the breath of some to no  
   caress  
 Invited, forth they peeped so fair to  
   view,  
 All kinds alike seemed favourites of  
   Heaven.

## I.

NOT envying Latian shades—if yet they  
 throw  
 A grateful coolness round that crystal  
 spring,  
 Blandusia, prattling as when long  
 ago  
 The Sabine bard was moved her praise  
 to sing;  
 Careless of flowers that in perennial  
 blow  
 Round the moist marge of Persian  
 fountains cling;  
 Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering  
 Through ice-built arches radiant as  
 heaven's bow;  
 I seek the birthplace of a native  
 stream.  
 All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou  
 morning light!  
 Better to breathe at large on this clear  
 height  
 Than toil in needless sleep from  
 dream to dream:  
 Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous,  
 free, and bright,  
 For Duddon, long-loved Duddon is  
 my theme!

## II.

CHILD of the clouds! remote from  
 every taint  
 Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;  
 Thine are the honours of the lofty  
 waste;  
 Not seldom, when with heat the  
 valleys faint,  
 Thy hand-maid frost with spangled  
 tissue quaint  
 Thy cradle decks; to chant thy birth  
 thou hast  
 No meaner poet than the whistling  
 blast,

And desolation is thy patron-saint!  
 She guards thee, ruthless power! who  
 would not spare  
 Those mighty forests, once the bison's  
 screen,  
 Where stalked the huge deer to his  
 shaggy lair\*  
 Through paths and alleys roofed with  
 darkest green,  
 Thousands of years before the silent air  
 Was pierced by whizzing shaft of  
 hunter keen!

## III.

How shall I paint thee?—Be this  
 naked stone  
 My seat while I give way to such in-  
 tent;  
 Pleased could my verse, a speaking  
 monument,  
 Make to the eyes of men thy features  
 known.  
 But as of all those tripping lambs not  
 one  
 Outruns his fellows, so hath nature  
 lent  
 To thy beginning naught that doth  
 present  
 Peculiar ground for hope to build  
 upon.  
 To dignify the spot that gives thee  
 birth,  
 No sign of hoar antiquity's esteem  
 Appears, and none of modern fortune's  
 care;  
 Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed  
 a gleam  
 Of brilliant moss, instinct with fresh-  
 ness rare;  
 Prompt offering to thy foster-mother  
 earth!

---

\* The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

## X.

## THE SAME SUBJECT.

NOT so that pair whose youthful spirits  
dance

With prompt emotion, urging them to  
pass;

A sweet confusion checks the shep-  
herd-lass;

Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood  
askance.—

To stop ashamed—too timid to  
advance;

She ventures once again—another  
pause!

His outstretched hand he tauntingly  
withdraws—

She sues for help with piteous utterance!  
Chidden she chides again; the thrill-  
ing touch

Both feel when he renews the wished-  
for aid:

Ah! if their fluttering hearts should  
stir too much,

Should beat too strongly, both may be  
betrayed.

The frolic loves who, from yon high  
rock, see

The struggle, clap their wings for  
victory!

## XI.

## THE FAËRY CHASM.

No fiction was it of the antique age;  
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,  
Is of the very footmarks unbereft

Which tiny elves impressed; on that  
smooth stage

Dancing with all their brilliant  
equipage

In secret revels—haply after theft  
Of some sweet babe, flower stolen,  
and coarse weed left

or the distracted mother to assuage

Her grief with, as she might!—But,  
where, oh! where

Is traceable a vestige of the notes  
That ruled those dances, wild in  
character?

Deep underground?—Or in the upper air,  
On the shrill wind of midnight? or  
where floats

O'er twilight fields the autumnal gos-  
samer?

## XII.

## HINTS FOR THE FANCY.

Oh, loitering muse—the swift stream  
chides us—on!

Albeit his deep-worn channel doth  
immure

Objects immense portrayed in miniature,  
Wild shapes for many a strange com-  
parison!

Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon  
Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,  
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to  
endure

When the broad oak drops, a leafless  
skeleton,

And the solidities of mortal pride,  
Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust!  
The bard who walks with Duddon for  
his guide.

Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set;—  
Turn from the sight, enamoured muse  
—we must;

And, if thou canst, leave them without  
regret!

## XIII.

## OPEN PROSPECT.

HAIL to the fields—with dwellings  
sprinkled o'er.

And one small hamlet, under a green  
hill.

Clustering with barn and byre, and  
spouting mill!



## VII.

"CHANGE me, some god, into that  
breathing rose!"  
The love-sick stripling fancifully sighs,  
The envied flower, beholding, as it  
lies  
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose;  
Or he would pass into her bird, that  
throws  
The darts of song from out its wiry  
cage;  
Enraptured,—could he for himself en-  
gage  
The thousandth part of what the  
nymph bestows,  
And what the little careless innocent  
Ungraciously receives. Too daring  
choice!  
There are whose calmer mind it would  
content  
To be an uncultured floweret of the  
glen,  
Fearless of plough and scythe; or  
darkling wren,  
That tunes on Duddon's banks her  
• slender voice.

## VIII.

WHAT aspect bore the man who roved  
or fled,  
First of his tribe, to this dark dell—  
who first  
In this pellucid current slaked his  
thirst?  
What hopes came with him? what  
designs were spread  
Along his path? His unprotected bed  
What dreams encompassed? Was the  
intruder nursed  
In hideous usages, and rites accursed,  
That thinned the living and disturbed  
the dead?

No voice replies;—both air and earth  
are mute;  
And thou, blue streamlet, murmuring  
yield'st no more  
Than a soft record that whatever  
fruit  
Of ignorance thou mightst witness  
heretofore,  
Thy function was to heal and to re-  
store,  
To soothe and cleanse, not madden  
and pollute!

## IX.

## THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling rill insensibly is  
grown  
Into a brook of loud and stately  
march,  
Crossed ever and anon by plank or  
arch;  
And, for like use, lo! what might  
seem a zone  
Chosen for ornament: stone matched  
with stone  
In studied symmetry, with inter-  
space  
For the clear waters to pursue their  
race  
Without restraint.—How swiftly have  
they flown,  
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here  
the child  
Puts, when the high-swoln flood runs  
fierce and wild,  
His budding courage to the proof;—  
and here  
Declining manhood learns to note the  
sly  
And sure encroachments of infirmity,  
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end  
how near!

Aimed at the white man's ignorance,  
 the while  
 Of the Great Waters telling how they  
 rose,  
 Covered the plains, and, wandering  
 where they chose,  
 Mounted through every intricate de-  
 file,  
 Triumphant.—Inundation wide and  
 deep,  
 O'er which his fathers urged, to ridge  
 and steep  
 Else unapproachable, their buoyant  
 way;  
 And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded  
 side,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of  
 chase or prey;  
 Whatever they sought, shunned, loved,  
 or deified!\*

## XVII.

## RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon  
 blasted yew,  
 Perched on whose top the Danish  
 raven croaks;  
 Aloft, the imperial bird of Rome in-  
 vokes  
 Departed ages, shedding where he  
 flew  
 Loose fragments of wild wailing, that  
 bestrew  
 The clouds, and thrill the chambers  
 of the rocks,  
 And into silence hush the timorous  
 flocks,  
 That, calmly couching while the  
 nightly dew  
 Moistened each fleece, beneath the  
 twinkling stars

---

\* See Hambolke's Personal Narrative.

Slept amid that lone camp on Hard-  
 knot's height,  
 Whose guardians bent the knee to  
 Jove and Mars:  
 Or, near that mystic round of Druid  
 frame  
 Tardily sinking by its proper weight  
 Deep into patient earth, from whose  
 smooth breast it came!

## XVIII.

## SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED religion, "mother of form and  
 fear,"  
 Dread arbitress of - mutable re-  
 spect.  
 New rites ordaining, when the old are  
 wrecked,  
 Or cease to please the fickle wor-  
 shipper;  
 Mother of love! (that name best suits  
 thee here)  
 Mother of love! for this deep vale,  
 protect  
 Truth's holy lamp, pure source of  
 bright effect,  
 Gifted to purge the vapoury atmo-  
 sphere  
 That seeks to stifle it;—as in those  
 days  
 When this low pile a gospel teacher  
 knew,  
 Whose good works formed an endless  
 retinue:  
 A pastor such as Chaucer's verse por-  
 trays;  
 Such as the Heaven-taught skill of  
 Herbert drew;  
 And tender Goldsmith crowned with  
 deathless praise!

A glance suffices;—should we wish for  
 more,  
 Gay June would scorn us: but when  
 bleak winds roar  
 Through the stiff lance-like shoots of  
 pollard ash,  
 Dread swell of sound! loud as the  
 gusts that lash  
 The matted forests of Ontario's shore  
 By wasteful steel unsmitten, then  
 would I  
 Turn into port,—and, reckless of the  
 gale,  
 Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping  
 by,  
 While the warm hearth exalts the  
 mantling ale,  
 Laugh with the generous household  
 heartily  
 At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!

## XIV.

O MOUNTAIN stream! the shepherd  
 and his cot  
 Are privileged inmates of deep solitude;  
 Nor would the nicest anchorite ex-  
 clude  
 A field or two of brighter green, or  
 plot  
 Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like  
 a spot  
 Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast  
 viewed  
 These only, Duddon! with their paths  
 renewed  
 By fits and starts, yet this contents thee  
 not.  
 Thee hath some awful spirit impelled  
 to leave,  
 Utterly to desert, the haunts of  
 men,  
 Though simple thy companions were  
 and few;  
 wo.

And through this wilderness a passage  
 cleave  
 Attended but by thy own voice, save  
 when  
 The clouds and fowls of the air thy  
 way pursue!

## XV.

FROM this deep chasm—where quiver-  
 ing sunbeams play  
 Upon its loftiest crags—mine eyes be-  
 hold  
 A gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and  
 cold;  
 A concave free from shrubs and  
 mosses gray;  
 In semblance fresh, as if, with dire  
 affray,  
 Some statue; placed amid these  
 regions old  
 For tutelary service, thence had rolled,  
 Startling the flight of timid yesterday!  
 Was it by mortals sculptured?—weary  
 slaves  
 Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast  
 Into rude shape by fire, with roaring  
 blast  
 Tempestuously let loose from central  
 caves?  
 Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,  
 Then, when o'er highest hills the  
 deluge pass'd?

## XVI.

## AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long  
 beguile  
 Or plague the fancy, 'mid the sculp-  
 tured shows  
 Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko  
 flows;  
 There would the Indian answer with  
 a smile

## XXII.

## TRADITION.

A LOVE-LORN maid, at some far-distant  
time,  
Came to this hidden pool, whose  
depths surpass  
In crystal clearness Dian's looking-  
glass;  
And, gazing, saw that rose, which  
from the prime  
Derives its name, reflected as the  
chime  
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet  
sound:  
The starry treasure from the blue  
profound  
She longed to ravish:—shall she  
plunge, or climb  
The humid precipice, and seize the  
guest  
Of April, smiling high in upper air?  
Desperate alternative! what fiend  
could dare  
To prompt the thought?—Upon the  
steep rock's breast  
The lonely primrose yet renews its  
bloom,  
Untouched memento of her hapless  
doom!

## XXIII.

## SHEEP-WASHING.

SAD thoughts, avaunt!—partake we  
their blithe cheer  
Who gathered in betimes the unshorn  
flock  
To wash the fleece, where haply bands  
of rock,  
Checking the stream, make a pool  
smooth and clear  
As this we look on. Distant mountains  
hear,

Hear and repeat, the turmoil that  
unites  
Clamour of boys with innocent despoil  
Of barking dogs, and bleatings from  
strange fear.  
And what if Duddon's spotless flood  
receive  
Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth  
noise  
Thickens, the paternal river will forgive  
Such wrong; nor need we blame the  
licensed joy,  
Though false to nature's quiet  
equipage:  
Frank are the spots, the stains are  
fugitive.

## XXIV.

## THE RESTING-PLACE.

MID-NOON is past;—upon the sultry  
mead  
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its  
shadow throws:  
If we advance unstrengthened by re-  
pose,  
Farewell the solace of the fragrant  
reed!  
This nook, with woodbine hung and  
straggling weed,  
Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose.  
Half grot, half arbour, proffers to  
enclose  
Body and mind from molestation  
freed,  
In narrow compass—narrow as itself:  
Or if the fancy, too industrious elf,  
Be loth that we should breathe awhile  
exempt  
From new incitements friendly to our  
task,  
Here wants not stealthy prospect, that  
may tempt  
Loose idlers to forego her wily mask.

## XIX.

## TRIBUTARY STREAM.

My frame hath often trembled with  
 delight  
 When hope presented some far-distant  
 good,  
 That seemed from Heaven descend-  
 ing, like the flood  
 Of yon pure waters, from their aery  
 height  
 Hurrying with lordly Duddon to  
 unite;  
 Who, 'mid a world of images imprest  
 On the calm depth of his transparent  
 breast,  
 Appears to cherish most that torrent  
 white,  
 The fairest, softest, liveliest of them  
 all!  
 And seldom hath ear listened to a  
 tune  
 More lulling than the busy hum of  
 noon,  
 Swoln by that voice—whose murmur  
 musical  
 Announces to the thirsty fields a  
 boon  
 Dewy and fresh, till showers again  
 shall fall.

## XX.

## THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

THE old inventive poets, had they  
 seen,  
 Or rather felt, the entrancement that  
 detains  
 Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these  
 flowery plains,  
 The still repose, the liquid lapse  
 serene,  
 Transferred to bowers imperishably  
 green,

Had beautified Elysium! But these  
 chains  
 Will soon be broken;—a rough course  
 remains,  
 Rough as the past; where, thou, of  
 placid mien,  
 Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,  
 And countenanced like a soft cerulean  
 sky,  
 Shalt change thy temper; and, with  
 many a shock  
 Given and received in mutual jeopardy,  
 Dance like a Bacchanal, from rock to  
 rock,  
 Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and  
 high!

## XXI.

WHENCE that low voice?—A whisper  
 from the heart,  
 That told of days long past, when here  
 I roved  
 With friends and kindred tenderly be-  
 loved;  
 Some who had early mandates to  
 depart,  
 Yet are allowed to 'steal my path  
 athwart  
 By Duddon's side; once more do we  
 unite,  
 Once more beneath the kind earth's  
 tranquil light;  
 And smothered joys into new being  
 start.  
 From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall  
 Of time, breaks forth triumphant  
 Memory;  
 Her glistening tresses bound, yet light  
 and free  
 As golden locks of birch, that rise and  
 fall  
 On gales that breathe too gently to recall  
 Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

## XXVIII.

## JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-  
 opprest,  
 Crowded together under rustling trees,  
 Brushed by the current of the water-  
 breeze;  
 And for *their* sakes, and love of all  
 that rest,  
 On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering  
 nest;  
 For all the startled scaly tribes that slink  
 Into his coverts, and each fearless link  
 Of dancing insects forged upon his  
 breast;  
 For these, and hopes and recollections  
 worn  
 Close to the vital seat of human clay;  
 Glad meetings,—tender partings—that  
 upstay  
 The drooping mind of absence, by  
 vows sworn  
 In his pure presence near the trysting  
 thorn;  
 I thanked the leader of my onward  
 way.

## XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to  
 lance,  
 Horse charging horse, 'mid these re-  
 tired domains;  
 Tells that their turf drank purple from  
 the veins  
 Of heroes fallen, or struggling to  
 advance,  
 Till doubtful combat issued in a trance  
 Of victory, that struck through heart  
 and reins,  
 Even to the inmost seat of mortal  
 pains,  
 And lightened o'er the pallid counte-  
 nance.

Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who  
 lie  
 In the blank earth, neglected and for-  
 lorn,  
 The passing winds memorial tribute  
 pay;  
 The torrents chant their praise, in-  
 spiring scorn  
 Of power usurped with proclamation  
 high,  
 And glad acknowledgment of lawful  
 sway.

## XXX.

WHO swerves from innocence, who  
 makes divorce  
 Of that serene companion—a good  
 name,  
 Recovers not his loss; but walks with  
 shame,  
 With doubt, with fear, and haply with  
 remorse.  
 And oft-times he, who, yielding to the  
 force  
 Of chance temptation, ere his journey  
 end,  
 From chosen comrade turns, or faith-  
 ful friend,  
 In vain shall rue the broken inter-  
 course.  
 Not so with such as loosely wear the  
 chain  
 That binds them, pleasant river! to  
 thy side:—  
 Through the rough copse wheel thou  
 with hasty stride,  
 I choose to saunter o'er the grassy  
 plain,  
 Sure, when the separation has been  
 tried,  
 That we, who part in love, shall meet  
 again.

## XXV.

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented  
 feat  
 Should some benignant minister of air  
 Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,  
 The one for whom my heart shall  
 ever beat  
 With tenderest love;—or, if a safer  
 seat  
 Atween his downy wings be furnished,  
 there  
 Would lodge her, and the cherished  
 burden bear  
 O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat!  
 Rough ways my steps have trod; too  
 rough and long  
 For her companionship; here dwells  
 soft ease:  
 With sweets that she partakes not  
 some distaste  
 Mingles, and lurking consciousness of  
 wrong;  
 Languish the flowers; the waters seem  
 to waste  
 Their vocal charm; their sparklings  
 cease to please.

## XXVI.

RETURN, content! for fondly I pur-  
 sued,  
 Even when a child, the streams—un-  
 heard, unseen;  
 Through tangled woods, impending  
 rocks between;  
 Or, free as air, with flying inquest  
 viewed  
 The sullen reservoirs whence their  
 bold brood,  
 Pure as the morning, fretful, bois-  
 terous, keen,  
 Green as the salt-sea billows, white  
 and green,

Poured down the hills, a choral multi-  
 tude!  
 Nor have I tracked their course for  
 scanty gains;  
 They taught me random cares and  
 truant joys,  
 That shield from mischief and pre-  
 serve from stains  
 Vague minds, while men are growing  
 out of boys;  
 Maturer fancy owes to their rough  
 noise  
 Impetuous thoughts that brook not  
 servile reins.

## XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless  
 heap,  
 Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,  
 Is that embattled house, whose massy  
 keep  
 Flung from yon cliff a shadow large  
 and cold.—  
 There dwelt the gay, the bountiful,  
 the bold,  
 Till nightly lamentations, like the  
 sweep  
 Of winds—though winds were silent,  
 struck a deep  
 And lasting terror through that ancient  
 hold.  
 Its line of warriors fled;—they shrunk  
 when tried  
 By ghostly power:—but Time's un-  
 sparing hand  
 Hath plucked such foes, like weeds,  
 from out the land;  
 And now, if men with men in peace  
 abide,  
 All other strength the weakest may  
 withstand,  
 All worse assaults may safely be de-  
 fied.

At seemingly distance, to advance like thee,  
 Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind  
 And soul, to mingle with eternity!

## XXXIV.

## AFTER-THOUGHT.

I THOUGHT of thee, my partner and my guide,  
 As being past away. Vain sympathies!  
 For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,  
 I see what was, and is, and will abide;  
 Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide;

The form remains, the function never dies;  
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,  
 We men, who in our morn of youth defied  
 The elements, must vanish:—be it so!  
 Enough, if something from our hands have power  
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour;  
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,  
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,  
 We feel that we are greater than we know.

## SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

## I.

## UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.

March, 1832

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite delayed;  
 And in the Senate some there were who doffed  
 The last of their humanity, and scoffed [mayed  
 At providential judgments, undisturbed  
 By their own daring. But the people prayed [grew soft  
 As with one voice; their flinty heart

With penitential sorrow, and aloft  
 Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us aid!"  
 Oh that with aspirations more intense,  
 Chastised by self-abasement more profound,  
 This people, once so happy, so renowned  
 For liberty, would seek from God defence  
 Against far heavier ill, the pestilence  
 Of revolution, impiously unbound!



## XXXI.

THE Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's  
 eye  
 Is welcome as a star, that doth  
 present  
 Its shining forehead through the peace-  
 ful rent  
 Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the  
 sky:  
 Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering  
 high  
 O'er the parched waste beside an  
 Arab's tent;  
 Or the Indian tree whose branches,  
 downward bent,  
 Take root again, a boundless canopy.  
 How sweet were leisure I could it yield  
 no more  
 Than 'mid that wave-washed church-  
 yard to recline,  
 From pastoral graves extracting  
 thoughts divine;  
 Or there to pace, and mark the sum-  
 mits hoar  
 Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly  
 shine,  
 Soothed by the unseen river's gentle  
 roar.

## XXXII.

NOT hurled precipitous from steep to  
 steep;  
 Lingered no more 'mid flower-  
 enamelled lands  
 And blooming thickets; nor by rocky  
 bands  
 Held;—but in radiant progress toward  
 the deep  
 Where mightiest rivers into powerless  
 sleep  
 Sink, and forget their nature;—*now*  
 expands

Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat  
 sands  
 Gliding in silence with unfettered  
 sweep!  
 Beneath an ampler sky a region  
 wide  
 Is opened round him:—hamlets,  
 towers, and towns,  
 And blue-topped hills, behold him  
 from afar;  
 In stately mien to sovereign Thames  
 allied  
 Spreading his bosom under Kentish  
 downs,  
 With commerce freighted, or trium-  
 phant war.

## XXXIII.

## CONCLUSION.

BUT here no cannon thunders to the  
 gale;  
 Upon the wave no haughty pendants  
 cast  
 A crimson splendour; lowly is the  
 mast  
 That rises here, and humbly spread  
 the sail;  
 While, less disturbed than in the  
 narrow vale  
 Through which with strange vicissi-  
 tudes he passed,  
 The wanderer seeks that receptacle  
 vast  
 Where all his unambitious functions  
 fail.  
 And may thy poet, cloud-born stream!  
 be free,  
 The sweets of earth contentedly re-  
 signed,  
 And each tumultuous working left be-  
 hind

CONTINUED.

Who ponders national events shall find  
An awful balancing of loss and gain.  
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill  
combined, [pain  
And proud deliverance issuing out of  
And direful throes; as if the All-ruling  
Mind.  
With whose perfection it consists to  
ordain  
Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurri-  
cane,  
Dealt in like sort with feeble human  
kind  
By laws immutable. But woe for  
him  
Who thus deceived shall lend an eager  
hand  
To social havoc. Is not Conscience  
ours.  
And Truth, whose eye guilt only can  
make dim;  
And Will, whose office, by divine com-  
mand.  
Is to control and check disordered  
Powers!

CONCLUDED.

LONG-FAVOUR'D England! be not thou  
misled  
By monstrous theories of alien growth.  
Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waving  
wrath.  
Self-smitten till thy garments reek  
dyed red  
With thy own blood, which tears in  
torrents shed

Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy  
truth  
Be plighted, not to ease but sullen  
sloth,  
Or wan despair—the ghost of false  
hope fled  
Into a shameful grave. Among thy  
youth.  
My Country! if such warning be held  
dear.  
Then shall a Veteran's heart be  
thrilled with joy.  
One who would gather from eternal  
truth.  
For time and season, rules that work  
to cheer—  
Not scourge, to save the People—  
not destroy.

## VI.

VII.

MEN of the Western World! in Fete's  
dark book  
Whence these opprobrious leaves of  
dire portent?  
Think ye your British Ancestors for-  
sook  
Their native Land, for outrage pre-  
vident:  
From unsubmitive necks the brick-  
shook  
To give, in their Descendants, freer  
vent  
And wider range to passions tur-  
bulent,  
To mutual tyranny, a deadlier look?  
Nay, said a voice, soft as the south  
wind's breath,  
Dive through the stormy surface of  
the flood  
To the great current flowing under  
neath;

## II.

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,  
Falsehood and Treachery, in close  
council met,  
Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,  
"The frost of England's pride will  
soon be thawed ;  
Hooded the open brow that overawed  
Our schemes ; the faith and honour,  
never yet  
By us with hope encountered, be  
upset ;—  
For once I burst my bands, and cry,  
applaud !"   
Then whispered she, "The Bill is  
carrying out !"   
They heard, and, starting up, the  
Brood of Night  
Clapped hands, and shook with glee  
their matted locks ;  
All Powers and Places that abhor the  
light  
Joined in the transport, echoed back  
their shout,  
Hurrah for —, hugging his Ballot-  
Box !

## III.

BLEST Statesman he, whose Mind's  
unselfish will  
Leaves him at ease among grand  
thoughts : whose eye  
Sees that, apart from magnanimity,  
Wisdom exists not ; nor the humbler  
skill  
Of Prudence, disentangling good and  
ill  
With patient care. What though  
assaults run high,  
They daunt not him who holds his  
ministry,  
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil

Its duties ;—prompt to move, but  
firm to wait,—  
Knowing, things rashly sought are  
rarely found :  
That, for the functions of an ancient  
State—  
Strong by her charters, free because  
imbound,  
Servant of Providence, not slave of  
Fate—  
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance  
unsound.

## IV.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT  
HISTORIES AND NOTICES OF THE  
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PORTENTOUS change when History  
can appear  
As the cool Advocate of foul device ;  
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer  
At consciences perplexed with scruples  
nice !  
They who bewail not must abhor the  
sneer  
Born of Conceit, Power's blind  
Idolater ;  
Or haply sprung from vaunting  
Cowardice  
Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.  
Hath it not long been said the wrath  
of Man  
Works not the righteousness of God ?  
Oh bend,  
Bend, ye Perverse ! to judgments from  
on High,  
Laws that lay under Heaven's per-  
petual ban  
All principles of action that transcend  
The sacred limits of humanity.

Into those jarring fractions.—Let thy  
 scope  
 Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights  
 approve  
 To thy own conscience gradually re-  
 newed;  
 Learn to make Time the father of  
 wise Hope;  
 Then trust thy cause to the arm of  
 Fortitude,  
 The light of Knowledge, and the  
 warmth of Love.

## X.

## CONTINUED.

## II.

HARD task! exclaim the undisciplined,  
 to lean  
 On Patience coupled with such slow  
 endeavour  
 That long-lived servitude must last for  
 ever. [between  
 Perish the grovelling few, who, prest  
 Wrongs and the terror of redress.  
 would wean  
 Millions from glorious aims. Our  
 chains to sever  
 Let us break forth in tempest now or  
 never!— [golden mean  
 What is there then no space for  
 And gradual progress?—Twilight  
 leads to day,  
 And, even within the burning zones of  
 earth,  
 The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate  
 ray; [gives birth:  
 The softest breeze to fairest flowers  
 Think not that Prudence dwells in  
 dark abodes,  
 She scans the future with the eye of  
 gods.

## XI.

## CONCLUDED.

## III.

As leaves are to the tree whereon  
 - they grow  
 And wither, every human generation  
 Is to the Being of a mighty nation,  
 Locked in our world's embrace  
 through weal and woe;  
 Thought that should teach the zealot  
 to forego  
 Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish  
 agitation,  
 And seek through noiseless pains and  
 moderation  
 The unblemished good they only can  
 bestow.  
 Alas! with most who weigh futurity  
 Against time present, passion holds  
 the scales:  
 Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,  
 And nations sink; or, struggling to  
 be free.  
 Are doomed to flounder on, like  
 wounded whales  
 Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

## XII.

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then be-  
 come of Old,  
 Of dear Old England? Think they  
 she is dead,  
 Dead to the very name? Presump-  
 tion fed  
 On empty air! That name will keep  
 its hold  
 In the true filial bosom's inmost fold  
 For ever.—The Spirit of Alfred at the  
 head  
 Of all who for her rights watch'd  
 toil'd and bled,

Explore the countless springs of silent  
good ;  
So shall the truth be better under-  
stood,  
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong  
in faith.

---

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWS-  
PAPER OF THE DAY.

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing  
link by link ;  
Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—  
the Poor  
Meet them half way." Vain boast! for  
These, the more  
They thus would rise, must low and  
lower sink  
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to  
think ;  
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few  
Bent in quick turns each other to undo.  
And mix the poison, they themselves  
must drink.

Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease  
to cry

"Knowledge will save me from the  
threatened woe."

For, if than other rash ones more thou  
know,

Yet on presumptuous wings as far would fly  
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go  
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

---

VIII.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,  
Firm self-denial, manners grave and  
staid, -  
Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness  
obeyed,

Words that require no sanction from  
an oath,  
And simple honesty a common  
growth—  
This high repute, with bounteous  
Nature's aid,  
Won confidence, now ruthlessly be-  
trayed  
At will, your power the measure of  
your truth!—  
All who revere the memory of Penn  
Grieve for the land on whose wild  
woods his name  
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous  
aim,  
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate  
Men  
For state-dishonour black as ever  
came  
To upper air from Mammon's loath-  
some den.

---

IX.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE  
LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837.

I.

AH, why deceive ourselves! by no  
mere fit  
Of sudden passion roused shall men  
attain  
True freedom where for ages they  
have lain  
Bound in a dark abominable pit,  
With life's best sinews more and more  
unknit,  
Here, there, a banded few who loathe  
the Chain  
May rise to break it: effort worse than  
vain  
For thee, O great Italian nation, split

## II.

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law  
 For worst offenders: though the heart  
     will heave  
 With indignation, deeply moved we  
     grieve,  
 In after thought, for Him who stood in  
     awe  
 Neither of God nor man, and only saw,  
 Lost wretch, a horrible device  
     enthroned  
 On proud temptations, till the victim  
     groaned  
 Under the steel his hand had dared to  
     draw.  
 But O, restrain compassion, if its  
     course,  
 As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside  
 Judgments and aims and acts whose  
     higher source  
 Is sympathy with the unforewarned,  
     who died  
 Blameless—with them that shuddered  
     o'er his grave,  
 And all who from the law firm safety  
     crave.

## III.

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons  
     to die  
 Who had betrayed their country. The  
     stern word  
 Afforded (may it through all time  
     afford)  
 A theme for praise and admiration  
     high.  
 Upon the surface of humanity  
 He rested not; its depths his mind  
     explored;  
 He felt; but his parental bosom's lord  
 Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony.

And some, we know, when they by wil-  
     ful act  
 A single human life have wrongly  
     taken,  
 Pass sentence on themselves, confess  
     the fact,  
 And, to atone for it, with soul un-  
     shaken  
 Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for  
     faith  
 Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

## IV.

Is *Death*, when evil against good has  
     fought  
 With such fell mastery that a man may  
     dare  
 By deeds the blackest purpose to lay  
     bare—  
 Is *Death*, for one to that condition  
     brought,  
 For him, or any one, the thing that  
     ought  
 To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, be-  
     ware,  
 Lest, capital pains remitting till ye  
     spare  
 The murderer, ye, by sanction to that  
     thought  
 Seemingly given, debase the general  
     mind;  
 Tempt the vague will tried standards  
     to disown,  
 Nor only palpable restraints un-  
     bind,  
 But upon Honour's head disturb the  
     crown,  
 Whose absolute rule permits not to  
     withstand  
 In the weak love of life his least com-  
     mand.

Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.  
 What—how! shall she submit in will and deed  
 To Beardless Boys—an imitative race,  
 The *seruum pecus* of a Gallic breed?  
 Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,  
 Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;  
 Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

## XIII.

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken  
 Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;  
 And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,  
 Whether conducted to the spot by sighs  
 And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren  
 Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes  
 In silence and the awful modesties  
 Of sorrow,—feel for all, as brother Men:  
 Rest not in hope Want's icy chain to thaw  
 By casual boons and formal charities;  
 Learn to be just, just through impartial law:  
 Far as ye may, erect and equalise,  
 And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw  
 Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

## SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

## IN SERIES.

## I.

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE (ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH).

THIS Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair  
 Of sea and land, with yon gray towers that still  
 Rise up as if to lord it over air—  
 Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,  
 Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill  
 The heart with joy and gratitude to God

For all His bounties upon man bestowed:

Why bears it then the name of "Weeping Hill?"

Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,

A prison's crown, along this way they past

For lingering durance or quick death with shame,

From this bare eminence thereon have cast

Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers

Shed on their chains; and hence that doleful name.

And, the main fear once doomed to  
 banishment,  
 Far oftener then, bad ushering worse  
 event,  
 Blood would be spilt that in his dark  
 abode  
 Crime might lie better hid. And,  
 should the change  
 Take from the horror due to a foul  
 deed,  
 Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,  
 And, guilt escaping, passion then  
 might plead  
 In angry spirits for her old free  
 range,  
 And the "wild justice of revenge"  
 prevail.

## IX.

THOUGH to give timely warning and  
 deter  
 Is one great aim of penalty, extend  
 Thy mental vision further and ascend  
 Far higher, else full surely shalt thou  
 err.  
 What is a State? The wise behold in  
 her  
 A creature born of time, that keeps  
 one eye  
 Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,  
 To which her judgments reverently  
 defer.  
 Speaking through Law's dispassionate  
 voice, the State  
 Endues her conscience with external  
 life  
 And being, to preclude or quell the  
 strife  
 Of individual will, to elevate  
 The grovelling mind, the erring to  
 recall,  
 And fortify the moral sense of all.

## X.

Our bodily life, some plead, that life  
 the shrine  
 Of an immortal spirit, is a gift  
 So sacred, so informed with light  
 divine,  
 That no tribunal, though most wise to  
 sift  
 Deed and intent, should turn the Being  
 adrift  
 Into that world where penitential tear  
 May not avail, nor prayer have for  
 God's ear  
 A voice—that world whose veil no  
 hand can lift  
 For earthly sight. "Eternity and  
 Time,"  
 They urge, "have interwoven claims  
 and rights  
 Not to be jeopardised through foulest  
 crime:  
 The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-  
 born lights."  
 Even so: but measuring not by finite  
 sense  
 Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

## XI.

AH, think how one compelled for life  
 to abide  
 Locked in a dungeon needs must eat  
 the heart  
 Out of his own humanity, and part  
 With every hope that mutual cares pro-  
 vide;  
 And, should a less unnatural doom  
 confide  
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,  
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast  
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer  
 pride.



## v.

Nor to the object specially designed,  
 Howe'er momentous in itself it be,  
 Good to promote or curb depravity,  
 Is the wise Legislator's view confined.  
 His Spirit, when most severe, is oft  
 most kind;

As all Authority in earth depends  
 On Love and Fear, their several  
 powers he blends,

Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.  
 Uncaught by processes in show  
 humane,

He feels how far the act would  
 derogate

From even the humblest functions of  
 the State;

If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain  
 That never more shall hang upon her  
 breath

The last alternative of Life or Death.

---

## vi.

YE brood of conscience—Spectres!  
 that frequent

The bad Man's restless walk, and  
 haunt his bed—

Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent  
 In act, as hovering Angels when they  
 spread

Their wings to guard the unconscious  
 Innocent—

Slow be the Statutes of the land to  
 share

A laxity that could not but impair  
 Your power to punish crime, and so  
 prevent.

And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like  
 about

The adage on all tongues, "Murder  
 will out,"

How shall your ancient warnings work  
 for good

In the full might they hitherto have  
 shown,

If for deliberate shedder of man's blood  
 Survive not Judgment that requires his  
 own?

---

## vii.

BEFORE the world had past her time of  
 youth,

While polity and discipline were weak,  
 The precept eye for eye, and tooth for  
 tooth, [daybreak,

Came forth—a light, though but as of  
 Strong as could then be borne. A  
 Master meek

Proscribed the spirit fostered by that  
 rule, [school,

Patience' *his* law, long-suffering *his*  
 And love the end, which all through  
 peace must seek.

But lamentably do they err who strain  
 His mandates, given rash impulse to  
 controul [the soul,

And keep vindictive thirstings from  
 So far that, if consistent in their  
 scheme, [pain,

They must forbid the State to inflict a  
 Making of social order a mere dream.

---

## viii.

FIT retribution, by the moral code  
 Determined, lies beyond the State's  
 embrace,

Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case  
 She plants well-measured terrors in the  
 road

Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and  
 broad,

And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats	From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath flowed
Against all barriers which his labour meets	Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way [move
In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.	Each takes in this high matter, all may
Enough;—before us lay a painful road,	Cheered with the prospect of a
And guidance have I sought in duteous love	brighter day. 1840.

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## SONNETS AND STANZAS.

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THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect	<i>A POET!</i> —He hath put his heart to school,
The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops	Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops	Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt,	By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect	Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
The lingering dew—there steals along, or stops,	And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
Watching the least small bird that round her hops.	In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool,
Or creeping worm, with sensitive re- spect.	Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.
Her functions are they therefore less divine,	How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent	Because the lovely little flower is free
Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,	Down to its root, and, in that freedom bold;
Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,	And so the grandeur of the Forest- tree
With brow in penitential sorrow bent!	Comes not by casting in a formal mould, But from its <i>own</i> divine vitality.

Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage  
 and pure,  
 Sanctions the forfeiture' that Law demands,  
 Leaving the final issue in *His* hands  
 Whose goodness knows no change,  
 whose love is sure,  
 Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge  
 amiss,  
 And wafts at will the contrite soul to  
 bliss.

## XII.

SEE the Condemned alone within his  
 cell,  
 And prostrate at some moment when  
 remorse  
 Stings to the quick, and, with resistless  
 force,  
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to  
 quell.  
 Then mark him, him who could so  
 long rebel,  
 The crime confessed, a kneeling Peni-  
 tent  
 Before the Altar, where the Sacra-  
 ment  
 Softens his heart, till from his eyes  
 outwell  
 Tears of salvation. Welcome death!  
 while Heaven  
 Does in this change exceedingly re-  
 joice;  
 While yet the solemn heed the State  
 hath given  
 Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's  
 voice  
 In faith, which fresh offences, were he  
 cast  
 On old temptations, might for ever  
 blast.

## XIII.

## CONCLUSION.

Yes, though He well may tremble at  
 the sound  
 Of his own voice, who from the judg-  
 ment-seat  
 Sends the pale convict to his last  
 retreat  
 In death; though Listeners shudder all  
 around,  
 They know the dread requital's source  
 profound;  
 Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—  
 (Would that it were!) the sacrifice  
 unmeet  
 For Christian Faith. But hopeful  
 signs abound.  
 The social rights of man breathe purer  
 air;  
 Religion deepens her preventive  
 care;  
 Then, moved by needless fear of past  
 abuse,  
 Strike not from Law's firm hand that  
 awful rod,  
 But leave it thence to drop for lack of  
 use:  
 Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty  
 God!

## XIV.

## APOLOGY.

THE formal World relaxes her cold  
 chain  
 For One who speaks in numbers;  
 ampler scope  
 His utterance finds; and, conscious of  
 the gain,  
 Imagination works with bolder hope  
 The cause of grateful reason to sus-  
 tain;

'Tis he whose yester-evening's high  
 disdain  
 Beat back the roaring storm—but how  
 subdued  
 His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!  
 Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee  
 restrain?  
 Or, like the nightingale, her joyous  
 vein  
 Pleased to renounce, does this dear  
 Thrush attune  
 His voice to suit the temper of yon  
 Moon?  
 Doubly depressed, setting, and in her  
 wane?  
 Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster  
 prove  
 (The balance trembling between night  
 and morn  
 No longer) with what ecstasy upborne  
 He can pour forth his spirit. In  
 heaven above,  
 And earth below, they best can serve  
 true gladness  
 Who meet most feelingly the calls of  
 sadness.

---

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY, 1838.

FAILING impartial measure to dispense  
 To every suitor, Equity is lame;  
 And social justice, stript of reverence  
 For natural rights, a mockery and a  
 shame;  
 Law but a servile dupe of false pre-  
 tence,  
 If, guarding grossest things from com-  
 mon claim,  
 Now and for ever, She, to works that  
 came  
 From mind and spirit, grudge a short-  
 lived fence.

"What! lengthened privilege, a lineal  
 tie  
 For *Books!*" Yes, heartless Ones, or  
 be it proved  
 That 'tis a fault in us to have lived  
 and loved  
 Like others, with like temporal hopes  
 to die;  
 No public harm that Genius from her  
 course  
 Be turned; and streams of truth dried  
 up even at their source.

---

AT DOVER.

FROM the Pier's head, musing, and  
 with increase  
 Of wonder, I have watched this sea-  
 side Town,  
 Under the white cliff's battlemented  
 crown,  
 Hushed to a depth of more than Sab-  
 bath peace:  
 The streets and quays are thronged.  
 but why disown  
 Their natural utterance: whence this  
 strange release  
 From social noise—silence elsewhere  
 unknown?  
 A spirit whispered, "Let all wonder  
 cease: [set free  
 Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have  
 Thy sense from pressure of life's com-  
 mon din;  
 As the dread Voice that speaks from  
 out the sea  
 Of God's eternal Word, the Voice of  
 Time  
 Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks  
 of crime,  
 The shouts of folly, and the groans of  
 sin."

THE most alluring clouds that mount  
 the sky  
 Owe to a troubled element their forms,  
 Their hues to sunset. If with raptured  
 eye  
 We watch their splendour, shall we  
 covet storms,  
 And wish the Lord of day his slow  
 decline  
 Would hasten, that such pomp may  
 float on high?  
 Behold, already they forget to shine,  
 Dissolve—and leave to him who gazed  
 a sigh,  
 Not loth to thank each moment for its  
 boon  
 Of pure delight, come whencesoe'er it  
 may,  
 Peace let us seek,—to steadfast things  
 attune  
 Calm expectations: leaving to the gay  
 And volatile their love of transient  
 bowers, [ours.  
 The house that cannot pass away be

---

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF  
 WELLINGTON UPON THE FIELD OF  
 WATERLOO, BY HAYDON.

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and  
 War-horse stand  
 On ground yet strewn with their last  
 battle's wreck;  
 Let the Steed glory while his Master's  
 hand  
 Lies fixed for ages on his conscious  
 neck;  
 But by the Chieftain's look, though at  
 his side  
 Hangs that day's treasured sword, how  
 firm a check  
 Is given to triumph and all human  
 pride!

Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a  
 shadowy speck  
 In his calm presence! Him the mighty  
 deed  
 Elates not, brought far nearer the  
 grave's rest,  
 As shows that time-worn face, for he  
 such seed [of fame  
 Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit  
 In Heaven; hence no one blushes for  
 thy name,  
 Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts,  
 divinely blest!

---

HARK! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, un-  
 deprest,  
 By twilight premature of cloud and  
 rain;  
 Nor does that roaring wind deaden his  
 strain  
 Who carols thinking of his Love and  
 nest, [blest.  
 And seems, as more incited, still more  
 Thanks; thou hast snapped a fireside  
 Prisoner's chain,  
 Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted  
 brain,  
 And in a moment charmed my cares to  
 rest.  
 Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front  
 the blast [wilt.  
 That we may sing together, if thou  
 So loud, so clear, my Partner through  
 life's day,  
 Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not  
 love-built  
 Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons  
 past  
 Thrilled by loose snatches of the social  
 Lay.

*Rydal Mount, 1838.*

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn  
 thine eye  
 On earth, air, ocean, or the starry  
 sky,  
 Converse with Nature in pure sympathy.

All vain desires, all lawless wishes  
 quelled,  
 Be Thou to love and praise alike im-  
 pelled,  
 Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

## POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

### EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"Why, William, on that old gray stone,  
 Thus for the length of half a day,  
 Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
 And dream your time away?"

"Where are your books?—that light  
 bequeathed  
 To beings else forlorn and blind!  
 Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed  
 From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your mother earth,  
 As if she for no purpose bore you;  
 As if you were her first-born birth,  
 And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
 When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
 To me my good friend Matthew spake,  
 And thus I made reply—

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;  
 We cannot bid the ear be still;  
 Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
 Against, or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are powers  
 Which of themselves our minds impress:  
 That we can feed this mind of ours  
 In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
 Of things for ever speaking,  
 That nothing of itself will come,  
 But we must still be seeking?"

"Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,  
 Conversing as I may,  
 I sit upon this old gray stone,  
 And dream my time away."

### THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE, ON THE SAME  
 SUBJECT.

Up! up! my friend, and quit your  
 books;

Or surely you'll grow double:  
 Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks,  
 Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
 A freshening lustre mellow  
 Through all the long green fields has  
 spread,  
 His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:  
 Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
 How sweet his music! on my life,  
 There's more of wisdom in it.

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge  
and brake,  
Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon  
A poor old Dame will bless them for  
the boon :

Great is their glee while flake they  
add to flake

With rival earnestness ; far other strife  
Than will hereafter move them, if  
they make

Pastime their idol, give their day of life  
To pleasure snatched for reckless  
pleasure's sake.

Can pomp and show allay one heart-  
born grief ?

Pains which the World inflicts can she  
requite ?

Not for an interval however brief ;  
The silent thoughts that search for  
steadfast light,

Love from her depths, and Duty in her  
might, [relief.

And Faith—these only yield secure

#### TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Upon its approximation (as an evening star)  
to the earth, Jan., 1838.

WHAT strong allurements draw, what  
spirit guides

Thee, Vesper ! brightening still, as if  
the nearer

Thou com'st to 'man's abode the spot  
grew dearer [hides

Night after night ? 'True' is it Nature  
Her treasures less and less. Man now  
presides

In power where once he trembled in  
his weakness ;

Science advances with gigantic strides ;  
But are we aught enriched in love and  
meekness ?

Aught dost thou see, bright Star ! of  
pure and wise,

More than in humbler times graced  
human story ;

That makes our hearts more apt to  
sympathise

With heaven, our souls more fit for  
future glory,

When earth shall vanish from our  
closing eyes,

Ere we lie down in our last dormitory ?

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,  
Would that the little Flowers were  
born to live,

Conscious of half the pleasure which  
they give ;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were  
known [thrown

The beauty of its star-shaped shadow,  
On the smooth surface of this naked  
stone !

And what if hence a bold desire should  
mount [account

High as the Sun, that he could take  
Of all that issues from his glorious  
fount !

So might he ken how by his sovereign  
aid [made ;

These delicate companionships are  
And how he rules the pomp of light  
and shade ;

And were the Sister-power that shines  
by night

So privileged, what a countenance of  
delight

Would through the clouds break forth  
on human sight !

Yet, God is my witness, thou small  
 helpless thing!  
 Thy life I would gladly sustain  
 Till summer come up from the south,  
 and with crowds  
 Of thy brethren a march thou shouldst  
 sound through the clouds;  
 And back to the forests again!

### CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is  
 he  
 That every man in arms should wish  
 to be?  
 It is the generous spirit, who, when  
 brought  
 Among the tasks of real life, hath  
 wrought  
 Upon the plan that pleased his  
 boyish thought:  
 Whose high endeavours are an inward  
 light  
 That makes the path before him al-  
 ways bright:  
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
 What knowledge can perform, is  
 diligent to learn;  
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not  
 there,  
 But makes his moral being his prime  
 care;  
 Who, doomed to go in company with  
 pain,  
 And fear, and bloodshed, miserable  
 train!  
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
 In face of these doth exercise a  
 power  
 Which is our human nature's highest  
 dower;

Controls them and subdues, trans-  
 mutes, bereaves,  
 Of their bad influence, and their good  
 receives;  
 By objects, which might force the soul  
 to abate  
 Her feeling, rendered more com-  
 passionate;  
 Is placable—because occasions rise  
 So often that demand such sacrifice;  
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even  
 more pure,  
 As tempted more; more able to en-  
 dure,  
 As more exposed to suffering and dis-  
 tress;  
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
 'Tis he whose law is reason; who de-  
 pends  
 Upon that law as on the best of  
 friends;  
 Whence, in a state where men are  
 tempted still  
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
 And what in quality or act is best  
 Doth seldom on a right foundation  
 rest,  
 He labours good on good to fix, and  
 To virtue every triumph that he  
 knows;  
 Who, if he rise to station of command,  
 Rises by open means; and there will  
 stand  
 On honourable terms, or else retire,  
 And in himself possess his own desire;  
 Who comprehends his trust, and  
 the same  
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of  
 aim;  
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie  
 in wait  
 For wealth, or honours, or for world  
 state;



And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which nature brings;  
Our meddling intellect  
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things  
—/e murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;  
To lose up those barren leaves,  
Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives.

### WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

#### ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

The reader must be apprised, that the stoves,  
North Germany generally have the im-  
pression of a galloping horse upon them, this  
being part of the Brunswick Arms.

PLAGUE ON your languages, German  
and Norse!

Let me have the song of the kettle;  
And the tongs and the poker, instead  
Of that horse,

That gallops away with such fury and  
force

On this dreary dull plate of black  
metal.

See that fly,—a disconsolate creature!  
perhaps  
A child of the field or the grove;  
And, sorrow for him! the dull treach-  
erous heat

Has seduced the poor fool from his  
winter retreat,  
And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains  
Which this comfortless oven environ!  
He cannot find out in what track he  
must crawl,

Now back to the tiles, then in search  
of the wall,

And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a  
traveller bemazed;

The best of his skill he has tried;  
His feelers, methinks, I can see him  
put forth

To the east and the west, to the south  
and the north;

But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg,  
and thigh;

His eyesight and hearing are lost;  
Between life and death his blood  
freezes and thaws;

And his two pretty pinions of blue  
dusky gauze  
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, no mate has he near him

—while I [my love;  
Can draw warmth from the cheek of  
As blest, and as glad in this, desolate

gloom,  
As if green summer grass were the

floor of my room,  
And woodbines were hanging above.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,  
A soldier, and no man of chaff?  
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,  
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One, all eyes,  
Philosopher! a fingering slave,  
One that would peep and botanise  
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,  
That he below may rest in peace,  
That ever-dwindling soul, away!

A moralist perchance appears;  
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor  
sod:

And he has neither eyes nor ears;  
Himself his world, and his own God:

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can  
cling

Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;  
A reasoning self-sufficing thing,  
An intellectual all-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the  
latch;

Sleep in thy intellectual crust;  
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch  
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he, with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet brown?  
He murmurs near the running brooks,  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noon day grove;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley he has viewed;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart,  
The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own  
heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land;  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

Come hither in thy hour of strength;  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!  
Here stretch thy body at full length;  
Or build thy house upon this grave.

## TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND,

(AN AGRICULTURIST).

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING  
TOGETHER IN HIS PLEASURE-GROUND  
SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath

tilled his lands,

And known these pleasant walks by

if he riside,

by our tool of honour in my  
hands:

I press thee, through the yielding soil,  
with pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to  
know;

Long hast thou served a man to reason  
true;

Whose life combines the best of high

and low,

The labouring many and the resting few;

Whom they must follow; on whose  
 head must fall,  
 Like showers of manna, if they come  
 at all:  
 Whose powers shed round him in the  
 common strife,  
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace;  
 But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven  
 has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for human  
 kind,  
 Is happy as a lover; and attired  
 With sudden brightness, like a man in-  
 spired:  
 And, through the heat of conflict,  
 keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he  
 foresaw;  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:  
 He who though thus endued as with a  
 sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
 Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans  
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle  
 scenes;  
 Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity  
 It is his darling passion to approve;  
 More brave for this, that he hath much  
 to love:—  
 'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,  
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or  
 not,  
 Plays, in the many games of life, that  
 one  
 Where what he most doth value must  
 be won:  
 wo.

Whom neither shape of danger can  
 dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness be-  
 tray;  
 Who, not content that former worth  
 stand fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the  
 last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpast.  
 Who, whether praise of him must  
 walk the earth  
 For ever, and to noble deeds give  
 birth,  
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his  
 fame,  
 And leave a dead unprofitable name,  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his  
 cause;  
 And, while the mortal mist is gather-  
 ing, draws  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's  
 applause:  
 This is the happy warrior; this is he  
 That every man in arms should wish  
 to be.

#### A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statist in the van  
 Of public conflicts trained and bred?  
 First learn to love one living man;  
 Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh;  
 Go, carry to some fitter place  
 The keenness of that practised eye,  
 The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer?  
 A rosy man, right plump to see?  
 Approach; yet, doctor, not too near;  
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above,  
We'll frame the measure of our  
souls :  
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my sister! come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland  
dress ;  
And bring no book : for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

---

### TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR  
TAKING LONG WALKS IN THE  
COUNTRY.

DEAR child of nature, let them rail!  
There is a nest in a green dale,  
A harbour and a hold,  
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt  
see  
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be  
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd-boy,  
And treading among flowers of joy,  
Which at no season fade,  
Thou, while thy babes around thee  
cling,  
Shalt show us how divine a thing  
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not  
die,  
Nor leave thee when gray-hairs are  
nigh,  
A melancholy slave ;  
But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

### LINES

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant  
thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link  
The human soul that through me ran ;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts in that green  
bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played ;  
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air ;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,  
If such be nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?

---

### SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTS- MAN,

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS  
CONCERNED.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,  
An old man dwells, a little man,  
'Tis said he once was tall.

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness  
 secure,  
 And industry of body and of mind;  
 And elegant enjoyments, that are pure  
 As nature is;—too pure to be refined.

Here often hast thou heard the poet  
 sing  
 In concord with his river murmuring  
 by;

Or in some silent field, while timid spring  
 Is yet uncheered by other minstrels.

Who shall inherit thee when death has  
 laid

Low in the darksome cell, thine own  
 dear lord?

That man will have a trophy, humble  
 spade!

A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword!

If he be one that feels, with skill to  
 part

False praise from true, or greater from  
 the less,

Thee will he welcome to his hand and  
 heart,

Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

He will not dread with thee a toilsome  
 day, {mate!

Thee his loved servant, his inspiring  
 And, when thou art past service, worn  
 away, [fate.

No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy

His thrift thy uselessness will never  
 scorn;

An heirloom in his cottage wilt thou  
 be—

High will he hang thee up, well pleased  
 to adorn

His rustic chimney with the last of thee!

## TO MY SISTER,

WRITTEN AT A SMALL DISTANCE FROM  
 MY HOUSE, AND SENT BY MY LITTLE  
 BOY.

It is the first mild day of March:  
 Each minute sweeter than before,  
 The redbreast sings from the tall larch  
 That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,  
 Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
 To the bare trees and mountains bare,  
 And grass in the green field.

My sister! ('tis a wish of mine)  
 Now that our morning meal is done,  
 Make haste, your morning task resign;  
 Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you; and pray  
 Put on with speed your woodland dress;  
 And bring no book: for this one day  
 We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate  
 Our living calendar:  
 We from to-day, my friend, will date  
 The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,  
 From heart to heart is stealing,  
 From earth to man, from man to earth  
 It is the hour of feeling

One moment now may give us more  
 Than years of toiling reason:  
 Our minds shall drink at every pore  
 The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,  
 Which they shall long obey:  
 We for the year to come may take  
 Our temper from to-day.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,  
Then be it neither checked nor stayed :  
For Matthew a request I make  
Which for himself he had not made.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun ;  
Then, from thy breast what thought,  
Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
So sad a sigh has brought ?"

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,  
Is silent as a standing pool :  
Far from the chimney's merry roar,  
And murmur of the village school.

A second time did Matthew stop ;  
And fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
To me he made reply :

The sighs which Matthew heaved were  
sighs  
Of one tired out with fun and madness ;  
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes  
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
Brings fresh into my mind  
A day like this which I have left  
Full thirty years behind.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup  
Of still and serious thought went round,  
It seemed as if he drank it up—  
He felt with spirit so profound.

"And just above yon slope of corn  
Such colours, and no other,  
Were in the sky, that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.

Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !  
Thou happy soul ! and can it be  
That these two words of glittering gold  
Are all that must remain of thee ?

"With rod and line I sued the sport  
Which that sweet season gave, [short  
And, to the church-yard come, stopped  
Beside my daughter's grave.

---

### THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

We walked along, while bright and red  
Uprose the morning sun :  
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and  
said,  
"The will of God be done !"

"Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
The pride of all the vale ;  
And then she sang ;—she would have been  
A very nightingale.

A village schoolmaster was he,  
With hair of glittering gray ;  
As blithe a man as you could see  
On a spring holiday.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;  
And yet I loved her more,  
For so it seemed, than till that day  
I e'er had loved before.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
And by the steaming rills,  
We travelled merrily, to pass  
A day among the hills.

"And turning from her grave, I met,  
Beside the churchyard yew,  
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet  
With points of morning dew.

"A basket on her head she bare ;  
Her brow was smooth and white :  
To see a child so very fair,  
It was a pure delight !

Full five-and-thirty years he lived  
A running huntsman merry;  
And still the centre of his cheek  
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could  
    sound,  
And hill and valley rang with glee  
When echo bandied, round and round,  
The halloo of Simon Lee.  
In those proud days, he little cared  
For husbandry or tillage;  
To blither tasks did Simon rouse  
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,  
Could leave both man and horse be-  
    hind;

And often, ere the chase was done,  
He reeled and was stone-blind.  
And still there's something in the  
    world

At which his heart rejoices;  
For when the chiming hounds are out,  
He dearly loves their voices!

But, oh the heavy change!—bereft  
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred,  
    see!

Old Simon to the world is left  
In liveried poverty.

His master's dead,—and no one now  
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor;  
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;  
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick,  
His body, dwindled and awry,  
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick;  
His legs are thin and dry.  
One prop he has, an only one,  
His wife, an aged woman,  
Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
Upon the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
Not twenty paces from the door,  
A scrap of land they have, but they  
Are poorest of the poor.  
This scrap of land he from the heath  
Enclosed when he was stronger;  
But what to them avails the land  
Which he can till no longer?

Often, working by her husband's side,  
Ruth does what Simon cannot do;  
For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
Is stouter of the two.  
And, though you with your utmost skill  
From labour could not wean them,  
'Tis little, very little—all  
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store,  
As he to you will tell,  
For still, the more he works, the more  
Do his weak ankles swell.  
My gentle reader, I perceive  
How patiently you've waited,  
And now I fear that you expect  
Some tale will be related.

O reader! had you in your mind  
Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
O gentle reader! you would find  
A tale in everything.  
'What more I have to say is short,  
And you must kindly take it:  
It is no tale; but, should you think,  
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see  
This old man doing all he could  
To unearth the root of an old tree,  
A stump of rotten wood.  
The mattock tottered in his hand;  
So vain was his endeavour,  
That at the root of the old tree  
He might have worked for ever.

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains!  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains,

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead  
I'll be a son to thee!"  
At this he grasped my hand, and said,  
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;  
And down the smooth descent  
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;  
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
He sang those witty rhymes  
About the crazy old church clock,  
And the bewildered chimes.

IF thou indeed derive thy light from  
Heaven, [born light,  
Then, to the measure of that heaven-  
Shine, poet! in thy place, and be content:—  
The stars' pre-eminent in magnitude,  
And they that from the zenith dart  
their beams, [earth,  
(Visible though they be to half the  
Though half a sphere be conscious of  
their brightness)

Are yet of no diviner origin, [burns,  
No purer essence, than the one that  
Like an untended watch-fire, on the  
ridge [which seem  
Of some dark mountain; or than those  
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter  
lamps, [trees;  
Among the branches of the leafless  
All are the undying offspring of one sire:  
Then, to the measure of the light  
vouchsafed. [tent.  
Shine, poet! in thy place, and be con-

# WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S "OSSIAN."

Ort have I caught upon a fitful breeze  
Fragments of far-off melodies,  
With ear not coveting the whole,  
A part so charmed the pensive soul;  
While a dark storm before my sight  
Was yielding, on a mountain height  
Loose vapours have I watched, that  
won

Prismatic colours from the sun;  
Nor felt a wish that heaven would  
show

The image of its perfect bow.  
What need, then, of these finished  
strains?

Away with counterfeit remains!  
An abbey in its lone recess,  
A temple of the wilderness,  
Wrecks though they be, announce with  
feeling

The majesty of honest dealing.  
Spirit of Ossian! if imbound  
In language thou mayst yet be found,  
If aught (intrusted to the pen,  
Or floating on the tongues of men,  
Albeit shattered and impaired)  
Subsist thy dignity to guard,  
In concert with memorial claim  
Of old gray stone, and high-born name,  
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave,  
Where moans the blast or beats the  
wave,

Let truth, stern arbitress of all  
Interpret that original,  
And for presumptuous wrongs atone;  
Authentic words be given, or none!

Time is not blind;—yet he, who spares  
Pyramid pointing to the stars.  
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite  
On all that marked the primal flight



"No fountain from its rocky cave  
E'er tripped with foot so free;  
She seemed as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea.

"There came from me a sigh of pain  
Which I could ill confine;  
I looked at her, and looked again:  
And did not wish her mine."

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,  
Methinks, I see him start,  
As at that moment, with a bough  
Of wilding in his hand.

## THE FOUNTAIN.

### A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue  
Affectionate and true,  
A pair of friends, though I was young,  
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
Beside a mossy seat;  
And from the turf a fountain broke,  
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now Matthew!" said I, "let us match  
This water's pleasant tune  
With some old Border song, or catch,  
That suits a summer's noon;

"Or of the church clock and the chimes  
Sing here beneath the shade,  
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes  
Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed,  
The spring beneath the tree;  
And thus the dear old man replied,  
The gray-haired man of glee:

"No check, no stay, this streamlet  
How merrily it goes! [fears;  
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,  
I cannot choose but think  
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay:  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
The lark above the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please,  
Are quiet when they will.

"With nature never do *they* wage  
A foolish strife; they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free:

"But we are pressed by heavy laws;  
And often glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth,  
The household hearts that were his own,  
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me; but by none  
'Am I enough beloved."

Fair as a gorgeous fabric of the East  
 Suddenly raised by some enchanter's  
     power,                                 [old tower  
 Where nothing was; and firm as some  
 Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest  
 Waves high, embellished by a gleam-  
     ing shower!

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings  
 Rested a golden harp;—he touched  
     the strings;  
 And, after prelude of unearthly sound  
 Poured through the echoing hills around  
 He sang—

    “No wintry desolations,  
 Scorching blight, or noxious dew,  
 Affect my native habitations;  
 Buried in glory, far beyond the scope  
 Of man's inquiring gaze, but to his hope  
 Imaged, though faintly, in the hue  
 Profound of night's ethereal blue;  
 And in the aspect of each radiant orb;—  
 Some fixed, some wandering with no  
     timid curb;                                 [eye,  
 But wandering star and fixed, to mortal  
 Blended in absolute serenity,  
 And free from semblance of decline;  
 Fresh as if evening brought their natal  
     hour;                                 [power,  
 Her darkness splendour gave her silence  
 To testify of love and grace divine.

“What if those bright fires  
 Shine subject to decay,  
 Sons haply of extinguished sires, [away  
 Themselves to lose their light, or pass  
 Like clouds before the wind,  
 Be thanks poured out to Him whose  
     hand bestows,  
 Nightly, on human kind  
 That vision of endurance and repose.  
 And though to every draught of vital  
     breath

Renewed throughout the bounds of  
     earth or ocean,  
 The melancholy gates of death  
 Respond with sympathetic motion;  
 Though all that feeds on nether air,  
 Howe'er magnificent or fair,  
 Grows but to perish, and entrust  
 Its ruins to their kindred dust:  
 Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,  
 Her procreant vigils nature keeps  
 Amid the unfathomable deeps;  
 And saves the peopled fields of earth  
 From dread of emptiness or dearth.  
 Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd  
     the sky  
 The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,  
 The shadow-casting race of trees survive:  
 Thus, in the train of spring, arrive  
 Sweet flowers;—what living eye hath  
     viewed  
 Their myriads?—endlessly renewed,  
 Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;  
 Where'er the subtle waters stray;  
 Wherever sportive zephyrs bend  
 Their course or genial showers descend!  
 Mortals, rejoice! the very angels quit  
 Their mansions unsusceptible of change.  
 Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,  
 And through your sweet vicissitudes to  
     range!”

Oh, nursed at happy distance from the  
     cares                                 [muse!  
 Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral  
 That, to the sparkling crown Urania  
     wears,  
 And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath.  
 Prefer'st a garland culled from purple  
     heath,                                 [ing dews:  
 Or blooming thicket moist with morn-  
 Was such bright spectacle vouchsafed  
     to me?

Of the pœtic ecstasy  
 Into the land of mystery.  
 No tongue is able to rehearse  
 One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;  
 Musæus, stationed with his lyre  
 Supreme among the Elysian quire,  
 Is, for the dwellers upon earth,  
 Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.  
 Whygrieve for these, though passed away  
 The music, and extinct the lay?  
 When thousands, by severer doom,  
 Full early to the silent tomb  
 Have sunk, at nature's call; or strayed  
 From hope and promise, self-betrayed;  
 The garland withering on their brows;  
 Stung with remorse for broken vows;  
 Frantic—else how might they rejoice?  
 And friendless, by their own sad choice.

Hail, bards of mightier grasp! on you  
 I chiefly call, the chosen few,  
 Who cast not off the acknowledged  
 guide,  
 Who faltered not, nor turned aside;  
 Whose lofty genius could survive  
 Privation, under sorrow thrive;  
 In whom the fiery muse revered  
 The symbol of a snow-white beard,  
 Bedewed with meditative tears  
 Dropped from the lenient cloud of  
 years.

Brothers in soul! though distant  
 times  
 Produced you, nursed in various climes,  
 Ye, when the orb of life had waned,  
 A plenitude of love retained;  
 Hence, while in you each sad regret  
 By corresponding hope was met,  
 Ye lingered among human kind,  
 Sweet voices for the passing wind;  
 Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,  
 Though smiling on the last hill top!

Such to the tender-hearted maid  
 Even ere her joys begin to fade;  
 Such, haply, to the rugged chief  
 By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;  
 Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,  
 Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,  
 'The Son of Fingal; such was blind  
 Mæconides of ampler mind;  
 Such Milton, to the fountain head  
 Of glory by Urania led!

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### VERNAL ODE.

"*Remum natura tota est nusquam magis  
 quam in minimis.*"—PLIN. *Nat. Hist.*

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,  
 When all the fields with freshest green  
 were dight,  
 Appeared, in presence of the spiritual  
 eye  
 That aids or supersedes our grosser  
 sight,  
 The form and rich habiliments of  
 one  
 Whose countenance bore resemblance  
 to the sun,  
 When it reveals, in evening majesty,  
 Features half lost amid their own pure  
 light.  
 Poised, like a weary cloud, in middle  
 air  
 He hung,—then floated with angelic  
 ease  
 (Softening that bright effulgence by  
 degrees)  
 Till he had reached a summit sharp  
 and bare,  
 Where oft the venturous heifer drinks  
 the noontide breeze.  
 Upon the apex of that lofty cone  
 Alighted, there the stranger stood  
 alone;

And was it granted to the simple ear  
 Of thy contented votary  
 Such melody to hear!  
*Him* rather suits it, side by side with  
 thee,  
 Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,  
 While thy tired lute hangs on the haw-  
 thorn tree,  
 To lie and listen, till o'er-drowsed  
 sense  
 Sinks, hardly conscious of the influ-  
 ence,  
 To the soft murmur of the vagrant  
 bee.  
 A slender sound! yet hoary time  
 Doth to the *soul* exalt it with the  
 chime  
 Of all his years;—a company  
 Of ages coming, ages gone;  
 (Nations from before them sweeping,  
 Regions in destruction steeping,)

But every awful note in unison  
 With that faint utterance, which  
 tells  
 Of treasure sucked from buds and  
 bells,  
 For the pure keeping of those waxen  
 cells;  
 Where she, a statist prudent to confer  
 Upon the common weal; a warrior  
 bold,—  
 Radiant all over with unburnished  
 gold,  
 And armed with living spear for mor-  
 tal fight;  
 A cunning forager  
 That spreads no waste;—a social  
 builder; one  
 In whom all busy offices unite  
 With all fine functions that afford de-  
 light,  
 Safe through the winter storm in quiet  
 dwells!

And is she brought within the  
 power  
 Of vision? — o'er this tempting  
 flower  
 Hovering until the petals stay  
 Her flight, and take its voice  
 away!—  
 Observe each wing—a tiny van!—  
 The structure of her laden thigh,  
 How fragile!—yet of ancestry  
 Mysteriously remote and high,  
 High as the imperial front of man,  
 The roseate bloom on woman's  
 cheek;  
 The soaring eagle's curved beak;  
 The white plumes of the floating  
 swan;  
 Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's  
 mane  
 Ere shaken by that mood of stern  
 disdain  
 At which the desert trembles.—Hum-  
 ming bee!  
 Thy sting was needless then, per-  
 chance unknown;  
 The seeds of malice were not sown;  
 All creatures met in peace, from fierce-  
 ness free,  
 And no pride blended with their dig-  
 nity.  
 Tears had not broken from their  
 source;  
 Nor anguish strayed from her Tar-  
 tarian den;  
 The golden years maintained a course  
 Not undiversified, though smooth and  
 even;  
 We were not mocked with glimpse and  
 shadow, then  
 Bright seraphs mixed familiarly with  
 men;  
 And earth and stars composed a uni-  
 versal heaven!

Nor is there any one in sight  
 All round, in hollow or on height;  
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;  
 What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
 That keeps, till June, December's snow;  
 A lofty precipice in front,  
 A silent tarn\* below!  
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
 Remote from public road or dwelling,  
 Pathway, or cultivated land;  
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
 In symphony austere;  
 Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
 And mists that spread the flying  
     shroud;  
 And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,  
 That, if it could, would hurry past;  
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
 The shepherd stood: then makes his  
     way

O'er rocks and stones, following the dog  
 As quickly as he may;  
 Not far had gone before he found  
 A human skeleton on the ground;  
 The appalled discoverer with a sigh  
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
 The man had fallen, that place of  
     fear!

At length upon the shepherd's mind  
 It breaks, and all is clear:

---

\* A tarn is a *small* mere or lake, mostly high  
 up in the mountains.

He instantly recalled the name,  
 And who he was, and whence he  
     came;  
 Remembered, too, the very day  
 On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
 This lamentable tale I tell!  
 A lasting monument of words  
 This wonder merits well.  
 The dog, which still was hovering  
     nigh,  
 Repeating the same timid cry,  
 This dog had been through three  
     months' space  
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day  
 When this ill-fated traveller died,  
 The dog had watched about the spot,  
 Or by his master's side:  
 How nourished here through such long  
     time  
 He knows who gave that love sublime;  
 And gave that strength of feeling great  
 Above all human estimate.

---

### TO THE LADY FLEMING.

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPAR-  
 ING FOR THE ERECTION OF RYDAL  
 CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

BLEST is this isle—our native land;  
 Where battlement and moated gate  
 Are objects only for the hand  
 Of hoary time to decorate:  
 Where shady hamlet, town that breathes  
 Its busy smoke in social wreaths,  
 No rampart's stern defence require,  
 Nought but the heaven-directed spire,  
 And steeple tower (with pealing bells,  
 Far heard)—our only citadels.

Making a truth and beauty of her own :  
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing  
    shades,  
And gurgling rills, assist her in the  
    work  
More efficaciously than realms out-  
    spread,  
As in a map, before the adventurer's  
    gaze—  
Ocean and earth contending for re-  
    gard.

The umbrageous woods are left—  
how far beneath !  
But lo ! where darkness seems to guard  
the mouth  
Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows  
are fringed  
With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still  
And sultry air, depending motionless.  
Yet cool the space within, and not un-  
cheered  
(As whoso enters shall ere long per-  
ceive)  
By stealthy influx of the timid day  
Mingling with night, such twilight to  
compose  
As Numa loved ; when, in the Egerian  
grot,  
From the sage nymph appearing at his  
wish,  
He gained whate'er a regal mind might  
ask,  
Or need, of counsel breathed through  
lips divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that  
dim cave  
Protect us, there deciphering as we  
may  
Diluvian records ; or the sighs of earth  
Interpreting ; or counting for old time  
His minutes, by reiterated drops, ' ' ,

Audible tears, from some invisible  
source  
That deepens upon fancy—more and  
more  
Drawn toward the centre whence  
those sighs creep forth  
To awe the lightness of humanity.  
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,  
There let me see thee sink into a mood  
Of gentler thought, protracted till  
thine eye  
Be calm as water when the winds are  
gone,  
And no one can tell whither. Dearest  
friend!  
We too have known such happy hours  
together,  
That, were power granted to replace  
them (fetched  
From out the pensive shadows where  
they lie)  
In the first warmth of their original  
sunshine,  
Loth should I be to use it: passing  
sweet  
Are the domains of tender memory!

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a dog or fox ;  
He halts and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks :  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
And instantly a dog is seen,  
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;  
With something, as the shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry :

But turn we from these "bold bad"  
men;  
The way, mild lady! that hath led  
Down to their "dark opprobrious den,"  
Is all too rough for thee to tread.  
Softly as morning vapours glide  
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,  
Should move the tenor of *his* song  
Who means to charity no wrong;  
Whose offering gladly would accord  
With this day's work in thought and word.

Heaven prosper it! may peace and love,  
And hope, and consolation fall,  
Through its meek influence from above,  
And penetrate the hearts of all;  
All who, around the hallowed fane,  
Shall sojourn in this fair domain;  
Grateful to thee, while service pure,  
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,  
For opportunity bestowed  
To kneel together, and adore their God!

#### ON THE SAME OCCASION.

"Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may  
The help which slackening piety requires;  
Nor deem that he perforce must go astray  
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires."

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly* known; nor, that the degree of deviation from due east, often noticeable in the ancient ones, was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon, at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

WHEN in the antique age of bow and  
spear  
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,  
Came ministers of peace, intent to rear  
The mother church in yon sequestered  
vale;

Then, to her patron saint a previous  
rite  
Resounded with deep swell and solemn  
close,  
Through unremitting vigils of the  
night,  
Till from his couch the wished-for sun  
uprose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine  
command,  
They who had waited for that sign to  
trace  
Their work's foundation, gave with  
careful hand,  
To the high altar its determined place;  
Mindful of Him who in the Orient  
born  
There lived, and on the cross his life  
resigned,  
And who, from out the regions of the  
morn,  
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge  
mankind.

So taught *their* creed;—nor failed the  
eastern sky,  
'Mid these more awful feelings, to in-  
fuse  
The sweet and natural hopes that shall  
not die  
Long as the sun his gladsome course  
renews.

For us hath such prelusive 'vigils  
ceased;  
Yet still we plant, like men of elder  
days,  
Our Christian altar faithful to the  
east,  
Whence the tall window drinks the  
morning rays;

O lady! from a noble line  
 Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore  
 The spear, yet gave to works divine  
 A bounteous help in days of yore,  
 (As records mouldering in the dell  
 Of nightshade\* haply yet may tell)  
 Thee kindred aspirations moved  
 To build, within a vale beloved,  
 For him upon whose high behests  
 All peace depends, all safety rests.

How fondly will the woods embrace  
 This daughter of thy pious care,  
 Lifting her front with modest grace  
 To make a fair recess more fair;  
 And to exalt the passing hour;  
 Or soothe it with a healing power  
 Drawn from the sacrifice fulfilled,  
 Before this rugged soil was tilled,  
 Or human habitation rose  
 To interrupt the deep repose!

Well may the villagers rejoice!  
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,  
 Will be a hindrance to the voice  
 That would unite in prayer and praise;  
 More duly shall wild-wandering youth  
 Receive the curb of sacred truth,  
 Shall tottering age, bent earthward, hear  
 The promise, with uplifted ear!  
 And all shall welcome the new ray  
 Imparted to their Sabbath-day.

Nor deem the poet's hope misplaced,  
 His fancy cheated—that can see  
 A shade upon the future cast,  
 Of time's pathetic sanctity;  
 Can hear the monitory clock  
 Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock

At evening, when the ground beneath  
 Is ruffled o'er with cells of death;  
 Where happy generations lie,  
 Here tutored for eternity.

Lives there a man whose sole delights  
 Are trivial pomp and city noise,  
 Hardening a heart that loathes or  
 slights

What every natural heart enjoys?  
 Who never caught a noon-tide dream  
 From murmur of a running stream;  
 Could strip, for aught the prospect  
 yields

To him, their verdure from the fields;  
 And take the radiance from the  
 clouds

In which the sun his setting shrouds.

A soul so pitifully forlorn,  
 If such do on this earth abide,  
 May season apathy with scorn,  
 May turn indifference to pride,  
 And still be not unblest—compared  
 With him who grovels, self-debarred  
 From all that lies within the scope  
 Of holy faith and Christian hope;  
 Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast  
 False fires, that others may be lost.

Alas! that such perverted zeal  
 Should spread on Britain's favoured  
 ground?

That public order, private weal,  
 Should e'er have felt or feared a  
 wound

From champions of the desperate law  
 Which from their own blind hearts  
 they draw;

Who tempt their reason to deny  
 God, whom their passions dare defy,  
 And boast that *they alone* are free  
 Who reach this dire extremity!

\* Bekangs Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade  
 —in which stands St. Mary's Abbey, in Low  
 Furness.



Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
And her first words were, "Let there  
be  
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,  
A stately priory!"

The stately priory was reared;  
And Wharf, as he moved along,  
To matins joined a mournful voice,  
Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness  
That looked not for relief!  
But slowly did her succour come,  
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart  
That shall lack a timely end,  
If but to God we turn, and ask  
Of Him to be our Friend!

### A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION;

OR, CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE  
SEA-SHORE.

THE Danish conqueror, on his royal  
chair, [eighty,  
Mustering a face of haughty sover-  
To aid a covert purpose, cried—"Oh, ye  
Approaching waters of the deep, that  
share  
With this green isle my fortunes, come  
not where  
Your master's throne is set!"—Deaf  
was the sea;  
Her waves rolled on, respecting his  
decree [air.  
Less than they heed a breath of wanton

Then Canute, rising from the invaded  
throne,  
Said to his servile courtiers, "Poor the  
reach, [sway!  
The undisguised extent, of mortal  
He only is a king, and he alone  
Deserves the name (this truth the  
billows preach)  
Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and  
heaven obey."

This just reproof the prosperous Dane  
Drew, from the influx of the main.  
For some whose rugged northern  
mouths would strain  
At oriental flattery;  
And Canute (truth more worthy to be  
known)  
From that time forth did for his brows  
disown  
The ostentatious symbol of a crown;  
Esteeming earthly royalty  
Contemptible and vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,  
Rich theme of England's fondes  
praise,  
Her darling Alfred, *might* have  
spoken;  
To cheer the remnant of his host  
When he was driven from coast to  
coast, [unbroken  
Distressed and harassed, but with min

"My faithful followers, lo! the tide  
is spent;  
That rose, and steadily advanced to f  
The shores and channels, working  
nature's will  
Among the mazy streams that back-  
ward went,  
And in the sluggish pools where shi  
are pent;

That obvious emblem giving to the eye  
Of meek devotion, which erewhile it  
gave,  
That symbol of the day-spring from on  
high,  
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the  
grave.

### THE FORCE OF PRAYER; \*

OR, THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

(A TRADITION.)

"**What is good for a bootless bene?**"  
With these dark words begins my tale;  
And their meaning is, Whence can  
comfort spring  
When prayer is of no avail?

"**What is good for a bootless bene?**"  
The falconer to the lady said;  
And she made answer, "Endless  
sorrow!"

For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,  
And from the look of the falconer's  
eye;  
And from the love which was in her  
soul  
For her youthful Romilly.

Young Romilly through Barden woods  
Is ranging high and low;  
And holds a greyhound in a leash,  
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful  
chasm,  
How tempting to bestride!  
For lordly Wharf is there pent in,  
With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called The Strid,  
A name which it took of yore:  
A thousand years hath it borne that  
name,  
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,  
And what may now forbid  
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
Shall bound across The Strid?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he  
That the river was strong, and the  
rocks were steep?  
But the greyhound in the leash hung  
back,  
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
And strangled by a merciless force;  
For never more was young Romilly seen  
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,  
And long, unspeaking sorrow:  
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts  
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,  
A solace she might borrow  
From death, and from the passion of  
death;—  
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day  
Which was to be to-morrow:  
Her hope was a further-looking hope,  
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,  
And proudly did its branches wave;  
And the root of this delightful tree  
Was in her husband's grave!

\* See "The White Doe of Rylstone," page 375.

Though waves to every breeze its high-  
arched roof,  
And storms the pillars rock. But we  
such schools  
Of reverential awe will chiefly seek  
In the still summer noon, while beams  
of light,  
Reposing here, and in the aisles be-  
yond  
Traceably gliding through the dusk,  
recall  
To mind the living presences of  
nuns;  
A gentle, pensive, white-robed sister-  
hood,  
Whose saintly radiance mitigates the  
gloom  
Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they  
serve,  
To Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,  
espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic  
lore.  
To these glad eyes from bondage  
freed, again  
Lie open; and the book of Holy  
Writ,  
Again unfolded, passage clear shall  
yield  
To heights more glorious still, and into  
shades  
More awful, where advancing hand in  
hand  
We may be taught, O darling of my  
care!  
To calm the affections, elevate the  
soul,  
And consecrate our lives to truth and  
love.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields  
Are hung, as if with golden shields,  
Bright trophies of the sun!  
Like a fair sister of the sky,  
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,  
The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,  
Albeit uninspired by love,  
By love untaught to ring,  
May well afford to mortal ear  
An impulse more profoundly dear  
Than music of the spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat  
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat  
In nature's struggling frame,  
Some region of impatient life;  
And jealousy, and quivering strife,  
Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy;—while I hear  
These vespers of another year,  
This hymn of thanks and praise,  
My spirit seems to mount above  
The anxieties of human love,  
And earth's precarious days.

But list!—though winter storms be nigh,  
Unchecked is that soft harmony:  
There lives who can provide  
For all his creatures; and in Him,  
Even like the radiant seraphim,  
These choristers confide.

---

#### UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

DEPARTING summer hath assumed  
An aspect tenderly illumed,  
The gentlest look of spring:  
That calls from yonder leafy shade  
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,  
A timely carolling.

And now, his task performed, the flood  
stands still

At the green base of many an inland  
hill,

In placid beauty and sublime content !  
Such the repose that sage and hero  
find ;

Such measured rest the sedulous and  
good

Of humbler name ; whose souls do,  
like the flood

Of ocean, press right on ; or gently  
wind,

Neither to be diverted nor withstood,  
Until they reach the bounds by Heaven  
assigned."

---

*"A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding  
hand*

*To these dark steps, a little further  
on !"*

What trick of memory to *my* voice  
hath brought

This mournful iteration ? For though  
Time

The conqueror, crowns the conquered,  
on this brow

Planting his favourite silver diadem,  
Nor he, nor minister of his—intent

To run before him, hath enrolled me  
yet,

Though not unmenaced, among those  
who lean

Upon a living staff, with borrowed  
sight.

O my Antigone, beloved child !

Should that day come—but hark ! the  
birds salute

The cheerful dawn, brightening for me  
the east ;

For me, thy natural leader, once again  
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst

A tottering infant, with compliant  
stoop

From flower to flower supported ; but  
to curb

Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding  
o'er the lawn,

Along the loose rocks, or the slippery  
verge

Of foaming torrents.—From thy orisons  
Come forth ; and, while the morning  
air is yet

Transparent as the soul of innocent  
youth,

Let me, thy happy guide, now point  
thy way,

And now precede thee, winding to and  
fro,

Till we by perseverance gain the top  
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink  
precipitous

Kindles intense desire for powers with-  
held

From this corporeal frame ; whereon  
who stands,

Is seized with strong incitement to  
push forth

His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge  
—dread thought !

For pastime plunge—into the " abrupt  
abyss,"

Where ravens spread their plummy vans,  
at ease !

And yet more gladly thee would I  
conduct

Through woods and spacious forests,  
—to behold

There, how the original of human art,  
Heaven-prompted nature, measures  
and erects

Her temples, fearless for the stately  
work,

Historic figures round the shaft embost  
 Ascend, with lineaments in air not  
 lost :  
 Still as he turns, the charmed spectator  
 sees  
 Group winding after group with dream-  
 like ease ;  
 Triumphs in sunbright gratitude dis-  
 played,  
 Or softly stealing into modest shade.  
 So, pleased with purple clusters to en-  
 twine  
 Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring  
 vine ;  
 The woodbine so, with spiral grace,  
 and breathes  
 Wide-spreading odours from her  
 flowery wreaths.

Borne by the muse from rills in  
 shepherds' ears  
 Murmuring but one smooth story for  
 all years,  
 I gladly commune with the mind and  
 heart  
 Of him who thus survives by classic art,  
 His actions witness, venerate his mien,  
 And study Trajan as by Pliny seen ;  
 Behold how fought the chief whose  
 conquering sword  
 Stretched far as earth might own a  
 single lord ;  
 In the delight of moral prudence  
 schooled,  
 How feelingly at home the sovereign  
 ruled ;  
 Best of the good—in pagan faith allied  
 To more than man by virtue deified.

Memorial pillar ! 'mid the wrecks of  
 time  
 Preserve thy charge with confidence  
 sublime—

The exultations, pomps, and cares of  
 Rome.  
 Whence half the breathing world re-  
 ceived its doom ;  
 Things that recoil from language ; that,  
 if shown  
 By apter pencil, from the light had  
 flown.  
 A pontiff, Trajan *here* the gods im-  
 plores,  
*There* greets an embassy from Indian  
 shores ;  
 Lo ! he harangues his cohorts—*there*  
 the storm  
 Of battle meets him in authentic  
 form !  
 Unharnessed. naked, troops of Moor-  
 ish horse  
 Sweep to the charge ; more high, the  
 Dacian force,  
 To hoof and finger mailed ;—yet, high  
 or low,  
 None bleed, and none lie prostrate but  
 the foe ;  
 In every Roman, through all turns of  
 fate,  
 Is Roman dignity inviolate ;  
 Spirit in him pre-eminent ; who guides.  
 Supports, adorns, and over all pre-  
 sides ;  
 Distinguished only by inherent state  
 From honoured instruments that round  
 him wait ;  
 Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns  
 the test  
 Of outward symbol. nor will deign to  
 rest  
 On aught by which another is de-  
 prest.  
 Alas ! that one thus disciplined could  
 toil  
 To enslave whole nations on their  
 native soil ;

No faint and hesitating trill,  
Such tribute as to winter chill  
The lonely redbreast pays!  
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,  
From social warblers gathering in  
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer  
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,  
And yellow on the bough:—  
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!  
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed  
Around a younger brow!

Yet will I temperately rejoice:  
Wide is the range, and free the choice  
Of undiscordant themes;  
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize  
Not less than vernal ecstasies,  
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,  
And they like demi-gods are strong  
On whom the muses smile;  
But some their function have disclaimed,  
Best pleased with what is aptliest  
framed  
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains  
Committed to the silent plains  
In Britain's earliest dawn:  
Trembled the groves, the stars grew  
pale,  
While all-too-daringly the veil  
Of nature was withdrawn!

Nor such the spirit-stirring note  
When the live chords Alcæus smote,  
Inflamed by sense of wrong;  
Woe! woe to tyrants! from the lyre  
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire  
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page  
By wingèd love inscribed, to assuage  
The pangs of vain pursuit;  
Love listening while the Lesbian maid  
With finest touch of passion swayed  
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye who patiently explore  
The wreck of Herculean lore,  
What rapture! could ye seize  
Some Theban fragment, or unroll  
One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth  
Of poesy; a bursting forth  
Of genius from the dust:  
What Horace gloried to behold,  
What Maro loved, shall we enfold?  
Can haughty time be just!

### THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

WHERE towers are crushed, and unfor-  
bidden weeds  
O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds;  
And temples, doomed to milder  
change, unfold  
A new magnificence that vies with old;  
Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood  
A votive column, spared by fire and  
flood;—  
And, though the passions of man's fret-  
ful race  
Have never ceased to eddy round its  
base,  
Not injured more by touch of meddling  
hands  
Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,  
Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save  
From death the memory of the good  
and brave.

Nor doth the general voice abstain  
 from prayer,  
 Invoking Dion's tutelary care,  
 As if a very Déity he were !

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica ! and  
 mourn

Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn !  
 Mourn, and lament for him whose  
 spirit dreads

Your once-sweet memory, studious  
 walks and shades !

For him who to divinity aspired,  
 Not on the breath of popular applause,  
 But through dependence on the sacred  
 laws

Framed in the schools where wisdom  
 dwelt retired,

Intent to trace the ideal path of right  
 (More fair than heaven's broad cause-  
 way paved with stars)

Which Dion learned to measure with  
 sublime delight ;

But he hath overleaped the eternal  
 bars ;

And, following guides whose craft holds  
 no consent

With aught that breathes the ethereal  
 element,

Hath stained the robes of civil power  
 with blood,

Unjustly shed, though for the public  
 good.

Whence doubts that came too late, and  
 wishes vain,

Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain ;  
 And oft his cogitations sink as low

As, through the abysses of a joyless  
 heart,

The heaviest plummet of despair can  
 But whence that sudden check ? that  
 fearful start !

He hears an uncouth sound—  
 Anon his lifted eyes

Saw at a long-drawn gallery's dusky  
 bound

A shape of more than mortal size  
 And hideous aspect, stalking round  
 and round ;

A woman's garb the phantom wore,  
 And fiercely swept the marble  
 floor,—

Like Auster whirling to and fro,  
 His force on Caspian foam to try ;

Or Boreas when he scours the snow  
 That skins the plains of Thessaly,  
 Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops  
 His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops.

So, but from toil less sign of profit  
 reaping

The sullen spectre to her purpose  
 bowed,

Sweeping, vehemently sweeping,  
 No pause admitted, no design avowed?

"Avaunt, inexplicable guests !—avaunt !"  
 Exclaimed the chieftain—"Let me  
 rather see

The coronal that coiling vipers make ;  
 The torch that flames with many a  
 lurid flake,

And the long train of doleful pageantry  
 Which they behold, whom vengeful  
 furies haunt :

Who, while they struggle from the  
 scourge to flee,

Move where the blasted soil is not  
 unworn,

And, in their anguish, bear what other  
 minds have borne !"

But shapes that come not at an earthly  
 call

Will not depart when mortal voices  
 bid :

So emulous of Macedonian fame,  
 That, when his age was measured with  
     his aim,  
 He drooped, 'mid else unclouded vic-  
     tories,  
 And turned his eagles back with deep-  
     drawn sighs ;  
 Oh, weakness of the great ! Oh, folly  
     of the wise !

Where now the haughty empire that  
     was spread  
 With such fond hope ? her very speech  
     is dead ;  
 Yet glorious art the power of time  
     defies,  
 And Trajan still, through various en-  
     terprise,  
 Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward  
     the skies :  
 Still are we present with the imperial  
     chief,  
 Nor cease to gaze upon the bold relief  
 Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,  
 Becomes with all her years a vision of  
     the mind.

---

### DION

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

SERENE, and fitted to embrace,  
 Where'er he turned, a swan-like grace  
 Of haughtiness without pretence,  
 And to unfold a still magnificence,  
 Was princely Dion, in the power  
 And beauty of his happier hour.  
 And what pure homage *then* did wait  
 On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam  
 Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,  
 Fell round him in the grove of Academe,  
 Softening their inbred dignity austere—

That he, not too elate  
 With self-sufficing solitude,  
 But with majestic lowliness endued,  
 Might in the universal bosom reign,  
 And from affectionate observance gain  
 Help, under every change of adverse  
     fate.

Five thousand warriors—Oh, the rap-  
     turous day !  
 Each crowned with flowers and armed  
     with spear and shield,  
 Or ruder weapon which their course  
     might yield,  
 To Syracuse advance in bright array.  
 Who leads them on ?—The anxious  
     people see  
 Long-exiled Dion marching at their  
     head,  
 He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,  
 And in a white, far-beaming, corslet  
     clad !  
 Pure transport undisturbed by doubt  
     or fear  
 The gazers feel ; and rushing to the  
     plain,  
 Salute those strangers as a holy train  
 Or blest procession (to the immortals  
     dear)  
 That brought their precious liberty  
     again.  
 Lo ! when the gates are entered, on  
     each hand,  
 Down the long street, rich goblets filled  
     with wine  
     In seemly order stand,  
 On tables set, as if for rites divine ;—  
 And, as the great deliverer marches by,  
     He looks on festal ground with fruits  
     bestrown ;  
 And flowers are on his person thrown  
     In boundless prodigality ;



With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,  
 In frosty moonlight glistening ;  
 Or mountain rivers, where they creep  
 Along a channel smooth and deep,  
 To their own far-off murmurs listening.

### ODE TO DUTY.

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more cō  
 perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere  
 possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim."

STERN daughter of the voice of God !  
 O Duty ! if that name thou love,  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove ;  
 Thou who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe ;  
 From vain temptations dost set free ;  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail  
 humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth ;  
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or  
 blot ;

Who do thy work, and know it not :  
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced  
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread  
 Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
 And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
 Yet seek thy firm support, according  
 to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;  
 No sport of every random gust, -  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
 And oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
 But thee I now would serve more  
 strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control ;  
 But in the quietness of thought :  
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;  
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :  
 My hopes no more must change their  
 name,  
 I long for a repose that ever is the  
 same.

Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace :  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face :  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their  
 beds ;  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from  
 wrong ;  
 And the most ancient heavens, through  
 thee, are fresh and strong

To humbler functions, awful power !  
 I call thee : I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
 The confidence of reason give ;  
 And in the light of truth thy bondage  
 let me live !

Lords of the visionary eye whose lid  
Once raised, remains aghast and will  
not fall!

Ye gods, thought he, that servile im-  
plement

Obeys a mystical intent!

Your minister would brush away

The spots that to my soul adhere;

But should she labour night and day,

They will not, cannot disappear;

Whence angry perturbations,—and that  
look

Which no philosophy can brook!

Ill-fated chief; there are whose hopes  
are built

Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;

Who, through the portal of one  
moment's guilt,

Pursue thee with their deadly aim!

O matchless perfidy! portentous lust

Of monstrous crime!—that horror-  
striking blade,

Drawn in defiance of the gods, hath  
laid

The noble Syracusan low in dust!

Shudder the walls—the marble city  
wept—

And sylvan places heaved a pensive  
sigh;

But in calm peace the appointed victim  
slept,

As he had fallen in magnanimity;

Of spirit too capacious to require

That destiny her course should change;  
too just

To his own native greatness to desire

That wretched boon, days lengthened  
by mistrust.

So were the hopeless troubles, that  
involved,

The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.

Released from life and cares of  
princely state,

He left this moral grafted on his  
fate—

“Him only pleasure leads, and peace  
attends,

Him, only him, the shield of Jove  
defends,

Whose means are fair and spotless  
as his ends.”

### MEMORY.

A PEN—to register; a key—

That winds through secret wards;

Are well assigned to memory

By allegoric bards.

As aptly, also, might be given .

A pencil to her hand;

That, softening objects, sometimes even

Ontstrips the heart's demand;

That smooths foregone distress, the lines

Of lingering care subdues,

Long-vanished happiness refines,

And clothes in brighter hues.

Yet, like a tool of fancy, works

Those spectres to dilate

That startle conscience, as she lurks

Within her lonely seat.

Oh, that our lives, which flee so fast,

In purity were such,

That not an image of the past

Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look

Upon a soothing scene,

Age steal to his allotted nook,

Contented and serene;

If kindred humours e'er would make  
 My spirit droop for drooping's sake,  
 From Fancy following in thy wake,  
     Bright ship of heaven!  
 A counter impulse let me take  
     And be forgiven.

---

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF  
 THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

Who rashly strove thy Image to  
 portray?  
 Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;  
 How could he think of the live crea-  
     ture—gay  
 With a divinity of colours, drest  
 In all her brightness, from the dancing  
     crest  
 Far as the last gleam of the filmy  
     train  
 Extended and extending to sustain  
 The motions that it graces—and for-  
     bear  
 To drop his pencil! Flowers of every  
     clime  
 Depicted on these pages smile at  
     time;  
 And gorgeous insects copied with nice  
     care  
 Are here, and likenesses of many a  
     shell  
 Tossed ashore by restless waves,  
 Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from  
     caves  
 Where sea-nymphs might be proud to  
     dwell:  
 But whose rash hand (again I ask)  
     could dare,

'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous  
     shows,  
 To circumscribe this Shape in fixed  
     repose;  
 Could imitate for indolent survey,  
 Perhaps for touch profane,  
 Plumes that might catch, but cannot  
     keep, a stain;  
 And, with cloud-streaks lightest and  
     loftiest, share  
 The sun's first greeting, his last fare-  
     well ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed  
     with glad eyes  
 Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!  
 To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,  
 Eastern Islanders have given  
 A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!  
 And even a title higher still,  
 The Bird of God! whose blessed will  
 She seems performing as she flies  
 Over the earth and through the skies  
 In never-wearyed search of Paradise—  
 Region that crowns her beauty with the  
     name  
 She bears for us—for us how blest,  
 How happy at all seasons, could like  
     aim  
 Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred  
 On wings that fear no glance of God's  
     pure sight,  
 No tempest from his breath, their  
     promised rest  
 Seeking with indefatigable quest  
 Above a world that deems itself most  
     wise  
 When most enslaved by gross realities

## A CHARACTER.

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find  
 space [human face :  
 For so many strange contrasts in one  
 There's thought and no thought, and  
 there's paleness and bloom  
 And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure  
 and gloom.

There's weakness, and strength both  
 redundant and vain ; [pain  
 Such strength as, if ever affliction and  
 Could pierce through a temper that's  
 soft to disease,  
 Would be rational peace—a philoso-  
 pher's ease.

There's indifference, alike when he fails  
 or succeeds,  
 And attention full ten times as much as  
 there needs ;  
 Pride where there's no envy, there's so  
 much of joy ; [and coy.  
 And mildness, and spirit both forward

There's freedom, and sometimes a  
 diffident stare  
 Of shame scarcely seeming to know  
 that she's there,  
 There's virtue, the title it surely may  
 claim,  
 Yet wants heaven knows what to be  
 worthy the name.

This picture from nature may seem to  
 depart,  
 Yet the Man would at once run away  
 with your heart ;  
 And I for five centuries right gladly  
 would be  
 Such an odd such a kind happy  
 creature as he.

## ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest  
 attribute,  
 And written words the glory of his  
 hand ;  
 Then followed Printing with enlarged  
 command  
 For thought—dominion vast and  
 absolute  
 For spreading truth, and making love  
 expand.  
 Now prose and verse sunk into dis-  
 repute [suit  
 Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can  
 The taste of this once-intellectual Land.  
 A backward movement surely have we  
 here,  
 From manhood—back to childhood ;  
 for the age—  
 Back towards caverned life's first rude  
 career.  
 Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page !  
 Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and  
 ear  
 Nothing? Heaven keep us from a  
 lower stage !

## A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Lo! where the Moon along the sky  
 Sails with her happy destiny ;  
 Oft is she hid from mortal eye  
 Or dimly seen,  
 But when the clouds asunder fly  
 How bright her mien !

Far different we—a froward race,  
 Thousands though rich in Fortune's  
 grace  
 With cherished sullenness of pace  
 Their way pursue,  
 Ingrates who wear a smileless face  
 The whole year through.

For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;  
 May classic Fancy, linking  
 With native Fancy her fresh aid,  
 Preserve thy heart from sinking !

O ! while they minister to thee,  
 Each vying with the other,  
 May Health return to Mellow Age,  
 With Strength, her venturous  
 brother ;  
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill  
 Renowned in song and story,  
 With unimagined beauty shine,  
 Nor lose one ray of glory !

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,  
 By tales of love and sorrow,  
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow ;  
 And streams unknown, hills yet un-  
 seen,  
 Wherever they invite thee,  
 At parent Nature's grateful call,  
 With gladness must requite Thee

A gracious welcome shall be thine,  
 Such looks of love and honour  
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
 When first I gazed upon her ;  
 Beheld what I had feared to see,  
 Unwilling to surrender  
 Dreams treasured up from early days,  
 The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all  
 That mortals do or suffer,  
 Did no responsive haff, no pen.  
 Memorial tribute offer ?  
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self ?  
 Her features, could they win us,  
 Unhelped by the poetic voice  
 That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localised Romance  
 Plays false with our affections ;  
 Unsanctifies our tears—made sport  
 For fanciful dejections :  
 Ah, no ! the visions of the past  
 Sustain the heart in feeling  
 Life as she is—our changeful Life,  
 With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts the  
 day  
 In Yarrow's groves were centred :  
 Who through the silent portal arch  
 Of mouldering Newark enter'd,  
 And clomb the winding stair that once  
 Too timidly was mounted  
 By the "last Minstrel," (not the last)  
 Ere he his Tale recounted !

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream !  
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
 Well pleased that future Bards should  
 chant  
 For simple hearts thy beauty,  
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen.  
 Dear to the common sunshine,  
 And dearer still, as now I feel,  
 To memory's shadowy moonshine !

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## SONNETS.

### I.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER  
 SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR  
 NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping  
 rain,  
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light  
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple  
 height :  
 Spirits of Power, assembled there  
 complain

# YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS,

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1834.

## YARROW REVISITED.

[The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other Friends, visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples]

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,

Or seeks, a "Winsome Marrow,"  
Was but an Infant in the lap

When first I looked on Yarrow;  
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate  
Long left without a Warder, [Thee,  
I stood, looked, listened, and with  
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet  
Their dignity installing [day,

In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves  
Were on the bough, or falling,  
But breezes played, and sunshine  
The forest to embolden; [gleamed—  
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot  
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on  
- In foamy agitation;

And slept in many a crystal pool  
For quiet contemplation:

No public and no private care  
The freeborn mind entralling,  
We made a day of happy hours,  
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of  
youth,

With freaks of graceful folly,—  
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,  
Her Night not melancholy,  
Past, present, future, all appeared  
In harmony united, [far,  
Like guests that meet, and some from  
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
And down the meadow ranging,  
Did meet us with unaltered face,  
Though we were changed, and  
changing;

If, *then*, some natural shadows spread  
Our inward prospect over,  
The soul's deep valley was not slow  
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,  
And her divine employment! [Sons  
The blameless Muse, who trains her  
For hope and calm enjoyment;  
Albeit sickness lingering yet  
Has o'er their pillow brooded;  
And Care waylays their steps—a Sprite  
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change  
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot  
For warm Vesuvio's vine clad slopes;  
And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot

Of music reached its height, and even  
 when sank  
 The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a  
 blank  
 Of silence, how it thrilled thy sump-  
 tuous roof,  
 Pillars, and arches—not in vain time-  
 proof,  
 Though Christian rites be wanting!  
 From what bank  
 Came those live herbs? by what hand  
 were they sown  
 Where dew falls not, where rain-drops  
 seem unknown?  
 Yet in the Temple they a friendly  
 niche  
 Share with their sculptured fellows,  
 that, green-grown,  
 Copy their beauty more and more,  
 and preach,  
 Though mute, of all things blending  
 into one.

## v.

## THE TROSSACHS.

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn  
 Pass,  
 But were an apt confessional for One  
 Taught by his summer spent, his  
 autumn gone,  
 That Life is but a tale of morning  
 grass  
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art  
 which chase  
 That thought away, turn, and with  
 watchful eyes  
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more  
 clear than glass  
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice  
 happy quest,  
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
 'October's workmanship to rival May)

The pensive warbler of the ruddy  
 breast  
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught  
 lay,  
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to  
 rest.

## vi.

THE Pibroch's note, discountenanced  
 or mute;  
 The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy  
 Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;  
 The target mouldering like ungathered  
 fruit;  
 The smoking steam-boat eager in pur-  
 suit,  
 As eagerly pursued; the umbrella  
 spread  
 To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's  
 head—  
 All speak of manners withering to the  
 root,  
 And of old honours, too, and passions  
 high:  
 Then may we ask, though pleased that  
 thought should range  
 Among the conquests of civility,  
 Survives imagination—to the change  
 Superior? Help to virtue does she  
 give?

If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

## vii.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH  
 ETIVE.

THIS Land of Rainbows, spanning  
 glens whose walls,  
 Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-  
 coloured mists,  
 Of far-stretched meres, whose salt  
 flood never rests,  
 Of tuneful caves and playful water-  
 falls, [crests—  
 Of mountains varying momentarily their

For kindred Power departing from  
 their sight;  
 While Tweed, best pleased in chanting  
 a blithe strain,  
 Saddens his voice again, and yet again.  
 Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for  
 the might  
 Of the whole world's good wishes with  
 him goes;  
 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue  
 Than sceptred King or laurelled Con-  
 queror knows,  
 Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be  
 true,  
 Ye winds of ocean, and the midland  
 sea,  
 Wafting your Charge to soft Parthen-  
 ope!

## II.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH  
OF SCOTLAND.

PART fenced by man, part by a rugged  
 steep  
 That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-  
 yard lies;  
 The Hare's best couching-place for  
 fearless sleep;  
 Which moonlit Elves, far seen by  
 credulous eyes,  
 Enter in dance. Of Church, or Sab-  
 bath ties, [creep  
 No vestige now remains; yet thither  
 Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish  
 weep  
 Their prayers out to the wind and  
 naked skies.  
 Proud tomb is none; but rudely-  
 sculptured knights,  
 By humble choice of plain old times,  
 are seen  
 Level with earth, among the hillocks  
 green:  
 wo

Union not sad, when sunny daybreak  
 smites  
 The spangled turf, and neighbouring  
 thickets ring  
 With *jubilant* from the choirs of  
 spring!

## III.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE  
SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing  
 hills,  
 Among the happiest-looking Homes of  
 men [glen,  
 Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep  
 On airy upland, and by forest rills,  
 And o'er wide plains cheered by the  
 lark that trills  
 His sky-born warblings; does aught  
 meet your ken  
 More fit to animate the Poet's pen,  
 Aught that more surely by its aspect  
 fills [Abode  
 Pure minds with sinless envy, than the  
 Of the good Priest: who, faithful  
 through all hours  
 To his high charge, and truly serving  
 God,  
 Has yet a heart and hand for trees  
 and flowers,  
 Enjoys the walk his Predecessors  
 trod,  
 Nor covets lineal rights in lands and  
 towers.

## IV.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING  
A STORM.

THE wind is now tly organist;—a  
 clank  
 (We know not whence) ministers for  
 a bell  
 To mark some change of service. As  
 the swell



This way or that, or give it even a  
 thought [be brought  
 More than by smoothest pathway may  
 Into a vacant mind. Can written  
 book  
 Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy  
 Mountaineer!  
 And guide the Bard, ambitious to be  
 one  
 Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,  
 On cloud-sequestered heights, that see  
 and hear  
 To what dread Powers He delegates  
 his part [heavens, alone.  
 On earth, who works in the heaven of

## XI.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED  
 MANSION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-  
 PLACE, NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the  
 Grave, in strains  
 Thoughtful and sad, the "Narrow  
 House." No style  
 Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile  
 Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where  
 he detains  
 The sleeping dust, stern Death: how  
 reconcile  
 With truth, or with each other, decked  
 Remains [Pile,  
 Of a once warm Abode, and that *new*  
 For the departed, built with curious  
 pains  
 And mausolean pomp? Yet here they  
 stand [bowers,  
 Together.—'mid trim walks and artful  
 To be looked down upon by ancient  
 hills, [demand  
 That, for the living and the dead,  
 And prompt a harmony of genuine  
 powers, [stills.  
 Concord that elevates the mind, and

## XII.

"REST AND BE THANKFUL!"  
 AT THE HEAD OF GLENCOE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious  
 walk,  
 Who, that has gained at length the  
 wished-for Height,  
 This brief this simple way-side call can  
 slight,  
 And rests not thankful? Whether  
 cheered by talk  
 With some loved Friend, or by the  
 unseen Hawk  
 Whistling to clouds and sky-born  
 streams, that shine  
 At the sun's outbreak, as with light  
 divine,  
 Ere they descend to nourish root and  
 stalk  
 Of valley flowers. Nor, while the  
 limbs repose,  
 Will we forget that, as the Fowl can  
 keep  
 Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
 And Fishes front, unmoved, the tor-  
 rent's sweep,—  
 So may the Soul, through powers that  
 Faith bestows,  
 Win rest, and ease, and peace, with  
 bliss that Angels share.

## XIII.

HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this  
 earth-built Cot,  
 Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence  
 and how it may,  
 Shines in the greeting of the Sun's  
 first ray  
 Like wreaths of vapour without stain  
 or blot.  
 The limpid mountain rill avoids  
 not;

Proud be this Land! whose poorest  
 huts are halls  
 Where Fancy entertains becoming  
 guests; [calls.  
 While native song the heroic Past re-  
 Thus, in the net of her own wishes  
 caught, [must hide  
 The Muse exclaimed; but Story now  
 Her trophies, Fancy crouch;—the  
 course of pride  
 Has been diverted, other lessons  
 taught, [head  
 That make the Patriot-spirit bow her  
 Where the all-conquering Roman  
 feared to tread.

## VIII.

## EAGLES.

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE, IN THE  
 DAY OF ORAN.

DISHONOUR'D Rock and Ruin! that,  
 by law [barred  
 Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove em-  
 Like a lone criminal whose life is  
 spared.  
 Vexed is he, and screams aloud. The  
 last I saw [with awe  
 Was on the wing; stooping, he struck  
 Man, bird, and beast; then, with a  
 consort paired,  
 From a bold headland, their loved  
 airy's guard,  
 Flew high above Atlantic waves, to  
 draw [sun.  
 Light from the fountain of the setting  
 Such was this Prisoner once; and,  
 when his plumes  
 The sea-blast ruffles as the storm  
 comes on, [sumes  
 Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, re-  
 His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that  
 live free,  
 His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

## IX.

## IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion,  
 throw  
 Thy veil, in mercy, o'er the records  
 hung  
 Round strath and mountain, stamped  
 by the ancient tongue  
 On rock and ruin darkening as we  
 go,<sup>1</sup>—  
 Spots where a word, ghost-like, sur-  
 vives to show  
 What crimes from hate, or desperate  
 love, have sprung;  
 From honour misconceived, or fancied  
 wrong,  
 What feuds, not quenched but fed by  
 mutual woe:  
 Yet, though a wild vindictive Race,  
 untamed  
 By civil arts and labours of the pen,  
 Could gentleness be scorned by those  
 fierce Men,  
 Who, to spread wide the reverence  
 they claimed  
 For patriarchal occupations, named  
 Yon towering peaks, "Shepherds of  
 Etive Glen?" \* .

## X.

## SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian  
 crook,  
 And all that Greece and Italy have  
 sung  
 Of Swains reposing myrtle groves  
 among!  
 Ours couch on naked rocks, will cross  
 a brook  
 Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast  
 a look

\* In Gaelic, *Buachaill Etive*.

## XVI.

## BOTHWELL CASTLE.

(PASSED UNSOEN, ON ACCOUNT OF  
STORMY WEATHER.)

IMMURED in Bothwell's Towers, at  
times the Brave  
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn  
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.  
Once on those steeps I roamed at  
large, and have [sight;  
In mind the landscape, as if still in  
The river glides, the woods before me  
wave; [crave  
The why repine that now in vain I  
Needless renewal of an old delight.  
Better to thank a dear and long-past  
day  
For joy its sunny hours were free to  
give  
Than blame the present, that our wish  
hath crost.  
Memory, like Sleep, hath powers  
which dreams obey,  
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not  
fugitive:  
How little that she cherishes is lost!

## XVII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN  
AT HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood  
And fresh with rivers, well did it  
' become  
The Ducal Owner, in his Palace-home  
To naturalise this tawny Lion brood;  
Children of Art, that claim strange  
brotherhood,  
Couched in their Den, with those that  
roam at large  
Over the burning wilderness, and  
charge  
The wind with terror while they roar  
for food.

Satiate are *these*; and stilled to eye and  
ear;

Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring  
fear: [leave

Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the  
Daunt him—if his Companions, now  
bedrowsed

Outstretched and listless, were by  
hunger roused:

Man placed him here, and God, he  
knows, can save.

## XVIII.

## THE AVON.

(A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN.)

AVON—a precious, an immortal name!  
Yet is it one that other Rivulets  
bear

Like this unheard-of, and their chan-  
nels wear

Like this contented, though unknown  
to Fame:

For great and sacred is the modest  
claim

Of streams to Nature's love, where'er  
they flow;

And ne'er did genius slight them, as  
they go,

Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding  
without blame.

But Praise can waste her voice on work  
of tears,

Anguish, and death: full oft where  
innocent blood

Has mixed its current with the limpid  
flood,

Her heaven-offending trophies *Glory*  
rears;

Never for like distinction may the  
good

Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with  
unpleased ears!

And why shouldst thou? If rightly  
 trained and bred,  
 Humanity is humble,—finds no spot  
 Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse  
 to tread.  
 The walls are cracked, sunk is the  
 flowery roof,  
 Undressed the pathway leading to the  
 door;  
 But love, as Nature loves, the lonely  
 Poor;  
 Search, for their worth, some gentle  
 heart wrong-proof,  
 Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials  
 fewer,  
 Belike less happy.—Stand no more  
 aloof!

## XIV.

## THE BROWNIE.

[Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the Clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "*The Brownie*." The following Sonnet is a sequel to the Brownie's Cell, p. 247.]

"How disappeared he?" Ask the  
 newt and toad;  
 Ask of his fellow men, and they will  
 tell  
 How he was found, cold as an icicle,  
 Under an arch of that forlorn abode;  
 Where he, unpropp'd, and by the  
 gathering flood  
 Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt,  
 prepared to try  
 Privation's worst extremities, and die  
 With no one near save the omnipresent  
 God.

Verily so to live was an awful  
 choice—  
 A choice that wears the aspect of a  
 doom;  
 But in the mould of mercy all is  
 cast  
 For Souls familiar with the eternal  
 Voice;  
 And this forgotten Taper to the last  
 Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful  
 gloom.

## XV.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING  
 STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

THOUGH joy attend thee orient at the  
 birth  
 Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit  
 most  
 To watch thy course when Day-light,  
 fled from earth,  
 In the gray sky hath left his lingering  
 ghost,  
 Perplexed as if between a splendour  
 lost  
 And splendour slowly mustering. Since  
 the Sun,  
 The absolute, the world-absorbing  
 One,  
 Relinquished half his empire to the  
 host  
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy  
 Star,  
 Holy as princely, who that looks on  
 thee  
 Touching, as now, in thy humility  
 The mountain borders of this seat of  
 care,  
 Can question that thy countenance is  
 bright,  
 Celestial Power, as much with love as  
 light?

## XIX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon  
Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,  
That swept from hill to hill, from  
flood to flood;  
On her last thorn the nightly Moon  
has shone;  
Yet still, though inappropriate Wild  
be none,  
Fair parks spread wide where Adam  
Bell might deign  
With Clym o' the Clough, were they  
alive again,  
To kill for merry feast their venison.  
Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding  
Shade  
His Church with monumental wreck  
bestrown;  
The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost un-  
laid,  
Hath still his Castle, though a Skele-  
ton,  
That he may watch by night, and  
lessons con [that fade.  
Of Power that perishes, and Rights

## XX.

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an Oak, that long had  
borne affixed [art,  
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle  
Among its withering topmost branches  
mixed,  
The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,  
Whom the dog Hercules pursued—his  
part  
Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
Both sank and died, the life-veins of  
the chased [smart.  
And chaser bursting here with one dire

Mutual the Victory, mutual the De-  
feat!

High was the trophy hung with pitiless  
pride;  
Say, rather, with that generous sym-  
pathy  
That wants not, even in rudest breasts,  
a seat;  
And, for this feeling's sake, let no one  
chide  
Verse that would guard thy memory,  
*Hart's-horn Tree!*

## XXI.

COUNTESS' PILLAR.

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, etc., for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brongham, every 2nd day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo!*"]

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the  
end of time  
May this bright flower of Charity dis-  
play  
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed  
day;  
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal  
prime  
Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's  
purest clime!  
"Charity never faileth." on that creed,  
More than on written testament or  
deed,  
The pious Lady built with hope sub-  
lime.  
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for  
ever!*

To meet such need as might befall—  
 Roof, raiment, bread, or burial :  
 For woman, even of tears bereft,  
 The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go,  
 Their arts, their customs, ebb and  
     flow ;  
 Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers  
     away,  
 And feeble, of themselves, decay ;  
 What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,  
 In which the castle once took pride !  
 Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,  
 If saved at all, are saved by stealth.  
 Lo ! ships, from seas by nature barred,  
 Mount along ways by man prepared ;  
 And in far-stretching vales, whose  
     streams  
 Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.  
 Lo ! busy towns spring up on coasts  
 Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts ;  
 Soon, like a lingering star forlorn  
 Among the novelties of morn,  
 While young delights on old encroach,  
 Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

## THE EGYPTIAN MAID ;

OR,

### THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY.

[For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is answerable: only it may be proper to add, that the Lotus, with the bust of the goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.]

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish  
     sands,  
 Forth-looking toward the Rocks of  
     Scilly,  
 The pleased Enchanter was aware  
 Of a bright Ship that seemed to  
     hang in air,  
 Yet was she work of mortal hands,  
 And took from men her name—THE  
     WATER LILY.

Such was the wind, that landward  
     blew ;  
 And, as the Moon, o'er some dark

Into a cave had Merlin fled  
 From mischief, caused by spells  
 himself had muttered ;  
 And, while repentant all too late,  
 In moody posture there he sate,  
 He heard a voice, and saw, with  
 half-raised head,  
 A Visitant by whom these words were  
 uttered :

"On Christian service this frail Bark  
 Sailed " (hear me, Merlin!) "under  
 high protection,  
 Though on her prow a sign of  
 heathen power  
 Was carved—a Goddess with a Lily  
 flower,  
 The old Egyptian's emblematic  
 mark  
 Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

"Her course was for the British  
 strand,  
 Her freight it was a Damsel peer-  
 less ;  
 God reigns above, and Spirits  
 strong  
 May gather to avenge this wrong  
 Done to the Princess, and her  
 Land  
 Which she in duty left, sad but not  
 cheerless.

"And to Caerleon's loftiest tower  
 Soon will the Knights of Arthur's  
 Table  
 A cry of lamentation send ;  
 And all will weep who there attend,  
 To grace that Stranger's bridal hour,  
 For whom the sea was made unnavi-  
 gable.

"Shame! should a Child of Roy  
 Line  
 Die through the blindness of th  
 malice :"  
 Thus to the Necromancer spake  
 Nina, the Lady of the Lake,  
 A gentle Sorceress, and benign,  
 Who ne'er embittered any good man's  
 chalice.

"What boots," continued she, "to  
 mourn?  
 To expiate thy sin endeavour!  
 From the bleak isle where she is  
 laid,  
 Fetched by our art, the Egyptian  
 Maid  
 May yet to Arthur's court be borne  
 Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever."

"My pearly Boat, a shining Light,  
 That brought me down that sunless  
 river,  
 Will bear me on from wave to wave.  
 And back with her to this sea-cave;  
 Then Merlin! for a rapid flight  
 Through air to thee my charge will I  
 deliver.

"The very swiftest of thy Cars  
 Must, when my part is done, be  
 ready ;  
 Meanwhile, for further guidance,  
 look  
 Into thy own prophetic book ;  
 And, if that fail, consult the Stars  
 To learn thy course ; farewell! be  
 prompt and steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again  
 Was seated in her gleaming Shallop  
 That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,

Now, though a Mechanist, whose  
skill  
Shames the degenerate grasp of  
modern science,  
Grave Merlin (and belike the more  
For practising occult and perilous  
lore)  
Was subject to a freakish will  
That sapped good thoughts, or scared  
them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast  
An altered look upon the advancing  
Stranger  
Whom he had hailed with joy, and  
cried,  
"My Art shall help to tame her  
pride—"  
Anon the breeze became a blast,  
And the waves rose, and sky portended  
danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign  
Traced on the beach, his work the  
Sorcerer urges;  
The clouds in blacker clouds are  
lost,  
Like spiteful Fiends that vanish,  
crossed  
By Fiends of aspect more malign;  
And the winds roused the Deep with  
fiercer scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore  
Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant  
Galley;  
Supreme in loveliness and grace  
Of motion, whether in the embrace  
Of trusty anchorage, or scudding  
o'er  
The main flood roughened into hill  
and valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves  
Her sides, the Wizard's craft con-  
founding;  
Like something out of Ocean  
sprung  
To be for ever fresh and young,  
Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge  
waves  
Top-gallant high, rebounding and re-  
bounding!

But Ocean under magic heaves,  
And cannot spare the Thing he  
cherished;  
Ah! what avails that She was fair,  
Luminous, blithe, and debonair?  
The storm has stripped her of her  
leaves;  
The Lily floats no longer!—She hath  
perished.

Grieve for her,—She deserves no  
less;  
So like, yet so unlike, a living  
Creature!  
No heart had she, no busy brain;  
Though loved, she could not love  
again;  
Though pitied, *feel* her own dis-  
tress;  
Nor aught that troubles us, the fools  
of Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing  
tears;  
So richly was this Galley laden;  
A fairer than Herself she bore,  
And, in her struggles, cast ashore;  
A lovely One, who nothing hears  
Of wind or wave—a meek and guile-  
less Maiden.



"But where attends thy chariot—  
where?"

Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bidden,

So have I done; as trusty as thy barge

My vehicle shall prove—O precious Charge!

If this be sleep, how soft! if death,  
how fair!

Much have my books disclosed, but  
the end is hidden."

He spake, and gliding into view

Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber

Came two mute Swans, whose  
plumes of dusky white

Changed, as the pair approached the light

Drawing an ebon car, their hue  
(Like clouds of sunset) into lucid  
amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift

The Princess, passive to all changes:

The car received her; then up-went  
Into the ethereal element

The Birds with progress smooth and  
swift

As thought, when through bright  
regions memory ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,  
Instructs the Swans their way to  
measure;

And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,

And notes of minstrelsy were heard  
From rich pavilions spreading wide,

For some high day of long-expected  
pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights  
and Dames

Ere on firm ground the car alighted:  
Eftsoons astonishment was past,

For in that face they saw the last  
Last lingering look of clay, that

tames

All pride, by which all happiness is  
blighted.

Said Merlin, "Mighty King, fair  
Lords,

Away with feast and tilt and tour-  
ney!

Ye saw, throughout this Royal  
House,

Ye heard, a rocking marvellous

Of turrets, and a clash of swords

Self-shaken, as I closed my airy  
journey.

"Lo! by a destiny well known

To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow;

This is the wished-for Bride, the  
Maid

Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed

Where she by shipwreck had been  
thrown;

Ill sight! but grief may vanish ere the  
morrow."

"Though vast thy power, thy words  
are weak,"

Exclaimed the King, "a mockery  
hateful;

Dutiful Child! her lot how hard!

Is this her piety's reward?

Those watery locks, that bloodless  
cheek!

O winds without remorse! O shore un-  
grateful!

Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,  
Or like a steed, without a rein,  
Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive  
gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach  
That Isle without a house or haven;  
Landing, she found not what she  
sought,  
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught  
But a carved Lotus cast upon the  
beach  
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble  
graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while!  
For gently each from each retreating  
With backward curve, the leaves  
revealed  
The bosom half, and half concealed,  
Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile  
On Nina as she passed, with hopeful  
greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,  
Of tortured hope and purpose  
shaken;  
Following the margin of a bay,  
She spied the lonely Cast-away,  
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,  
But with closed eyes,—of breath and  
bloom forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, em-  
braced,  
With tenderness and mild emotion,  
The Damsel, in that trance em-  
bound;  
And, while she raised her from the  
ground,  
And in the pearly shallop placed,  
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the  
ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs  
Of music opened, and there came a  
blending  
Of fragrance, underived from earth,  
With gleams that owed not to the  
Sun their birth,  
And that soft rustling of invisible  
wings  
Which Angels make, on works of love  
descending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice  
Than if the Goddess of the Flower  
had spoken:  
"Thou hast achieved, fair Dame!  
what none  
Less pure in spirit could have  
done;  
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!  
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, suc-  
cess betoken."

So cheered she left that Island  
bleak,  
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster;  
And, as they traversed the smooth  
brine,  
The self-illuminated Brigantine  
Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan  
cheek  
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when  
they came  
To the dim cavern, whence the  
river  
Issued into the salt-sea flood,  
Merlin, as fixed in thought he  
stood,  
Was thus accosted by the Dame:  
"Behold to thee my Charge I now  
deliver.

"So be it," said the King;—"anon,  
 Here, where the Princess lies, begin  
 the trial;  
 Knights each in order as ye stand  
 Step forth."—To touch the pallid  
 hand  
 Sir Agravaïne advanced; no sign he  
 won  
 From Heaven or Earth;—Sir Kaye  
 had like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;  
 Even for Sir Percival was no dis-  
 closure;  
 Though he, devoutest of all Cham-  
 pions, ere  
 He reached that ebon car, the bier  
 Whereon diffused like snow the  
 Damsel lay,  
 Full thrice had crossed himself in  
 meek composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)  
 How in still air the balance trem-  
 bled;  
 The wishes, peradventure the de-  
 spites  
 That overcame some not ungenerous  
 Knights;  
 And all the thoughts that lengthened  
 out a span  
 Of time to Lords and Ladies thus  
 assembled.

What patient confidence was here!  
 And there how many bosoms panted!  
 While drawing toward the Car Sir  
 Gawaine, mailed  
 For tournament, his Beaver veiled,  
 And softly touched; but, to his  
 princely cheer  
 And high expectancy, no sign was  
 granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,  
 Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as  
 a brother,  
 Came to the proof, nor grieved  
 that there ensued  
 No change;—the fair Izonda he  
 had wooed  
 With love too true, a love with  
 pangs too sharp,  
 From hope too distant, not to dread  
 another.

Not so Sir Launcelot;—from  
 Heaven's grace  
 A sign he craved, tired slave of vain  
 contrition; [glad  
 The royal Guinever looked passing  
 When his touch failed.—Next came  
 Sir Galahad;  
 He paused, and stood entranced  
 by that still face  
 Whose features he had seen in noon-  
 tide vision.

For late, as near a murmuring  
 stream [shady,  
 He rested 'mid an arbour green and  
 Nina, the good Enchantress, shed  
 A light around his mossy bed;  
 And, at her call, a waking dream  
 Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian  
 Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front  
 he bowed,  
 And stood, far-kenned by mantle  
 furred with ermine,  
 As o'er the insensate Body hung  
 The enrapt, the beautiful, the  
 young,  
 Belief sank deep into the crowd  
 That he the solemn issue would de-  
 termine.

"Rich robes are fretted by the  
moth;  
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of  
thunder;  
Will that, or deeper thoughts,  
abate  
A Father's sorrow for her fate?  
He will repent him of his troth;  
His brain will burn, his stout heart  
split asunder.

"Alas! and I have caused this woe;  
For, when my prowess from invad-  
ing Neighbours  
Had freed his Realm, he plighted  
word  
That he would turn to Christ our  
Lord,  
And his dear Daughter on a Knight  
bestow  
Whom I should choose for love and  
matchless labours.

"Her birth was heathen, but a  
fence  
Of holy Angels round her hovered;  
A Lady added to my court  
So fair, of such divine report  
And worship, seemed a recompense  
For fifty kingdoms by my sword re-  
covered.

"Ask not for whom, O champions  
true!  
She was reserved by me her life's  
betrayer;  
She who was meant to be a bride  
Is now a corse; then put aside  
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with  
observance due  
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground  
to lay her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not  
close  
Upon her yet, earth hide her  
beauty;  
Not froward to thy sovereign will  
Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill  
Wafted her hither, interpose  
To check this pious haste of erring  
duty.

"My books command me to lay bare  
The secret thou art bent on keep-  
ing;  
Here must a high attest be given,  
*What* Bridegroom was for her or-  
dained by Heaven;  
And in my glass significant there  
are  
Of things that may to gladness turn  
this weeping.

"For this, approaching, One by  
One,  
Thy Knights must touch the cold  
hand of the Virgin;  
So, for the favoured One, the Flower  
may bloom  
Once more; but, if unchangeable  
her doom,  
If life departed be for ever gone,  
Some blest assurance, from this cloud  
emerging,

"May teach him to bewail his loss;  
Not, with a grief that, like a vapour,  
rises  
And melts; but grief devout that  
shall endure  
And a perpetual growth secure  
Of purposes which no false thought  
shall cross  
A harvest of high hopes and noble  
enterprises."

The Flower, the Form within it,  
 What served they in her need?  
 Her port she could not win it,  
 Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,  
 And she was seen no more;  
 But gently, gently blame her,  
 She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,  
 And kept to him her faith,  
 Till sense in death was darkened,  
 Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow  
 Kept watch, a viewless band;  
 And, billow favouring billow,  
 She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,  
 Your faith in Him approve  
 Who from frail earth can call you,  
 To bowers of endless love!

---

### ODE,

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

WHILE from the purpling east departs  
 The Star that led the dawn,  
 Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts.  
 For May is on the lawn.  
 A quickening hope, a freshening glee,  
 Foreran the expected Power,  
 Whose first-drawn breath, from bush  
 and tree.  
 Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway  
 Tempers the year's extremes;  
 Who scattereth lustres o'er noon day,  
 Like morning's dewy gleams;

While mellow warble, sprightly trill,  
 The tremulous heart excite:  
 And hums the balmy air to still  
 The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when Youths  
 and Maids  
 At peep of dawn would rise,  
 And wander forth, in forest glades  
 Thy birth to solemnize.  
 Though mute the song—to grace the  
 rite  
 Untouched the hawthorn bough,  
 Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;  
 Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings  
 In love's disport employ;  
 Warmed by thy influence, creeping  
 Things  
 Awake to silent joy:  
 Queen art thou still for each gay  
 Plant  
 Where the slim wild Deer roves;  
 And served in depths where Fishes  
 haunt  
 Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing Peak, and trackless  
 Heath,  
 Instinctive homage pay;  
 Nor wants the dim-lit Cave a wreath  
 To honour Thee, sweet May!  
 Where Cities fanned by thy brisk airs  
 Behold a smokeless sky,  
 Their puniest Flower-pot-nursling  
 dares  
 To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,  
 The Pole, from which thy name  
 Hath not departed, stands forlorn  
 Of song and dance and game.

Nor deem it strange; the Youth  
 had worn  
 That very mantle on a day of glory,  
 The day when he achieved that  
 matchless feat,  
 The 'marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,  
 Which whosoe'er approached of  
 strength was shorn,  
 Though King or Knight the most re-  
 nowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand,  
 And lo! those Birds, far-famed  
 through Love's dominions,  
 The Swans, in triumph clap their  
 wings; [rings,  
 And their necks play, involved in  
 Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy  
 land;—

"Mine is she," cried the Knight;—  
 again they clapped their pinions.

"Mine was she—mine she is,  
 though dead,  
 And to her name my soul shall  
 cleave in sorrow;"  
 Whereat, a tender twilight streak  
 Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's  
 cheek;  
 And her lips, quickening with un-  
 certain red,  
 Seemed from each other a faint  
 warmth to borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,  
 Of love emboldened, hope with  
 dread entwining,  
 When, to the mouth, relenting  
 Death  
 Allowed a soft and flower-like  
 breath,  
 Precursor to a timid sigh, [ing.  
 To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shin-

In silence did King Arthur gaze  
 Upon the signs that pass away or  
 tarry;  
 In silence watched the gentle strife  
 Of Nature leading back to life;  
 Then eased his Soul at length by  
 praise  
 Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—  
 the blissful Mary.

Then said he, "Take her to thy  
 heart [giveth,  
 Sir Galahad! a treasure that God  
 Bound by indissoluble ties to thee  
 Through mortal change and im-  
 mortality; [art  
 Be happy and unenvied, thou who  
 A goodly Knight that hath no Peer  
 that liveth!"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;  
 And sage tradition still rehearses  
 The pomp the glory of that hour  
 When toward the Altar from her  
 bower  
 King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,  
 And Angels carolled these far-echoed  
 verses:—

Who shrinks not from alliance  
 Of evil with good Powers,  
 To God proclaims defiance,  
 And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted  
 From the Land of Nile did go;  
 Alas! the bright Ship floated,  
 An idol at her Prow.

By magic domination,  
 The Heaven-permitted vent  
 Of purblind mortal passion,  
 Was wrought her punishment.

And yet how pleased we wander forth  
 When May is whispering, "Come!  
 Choose from the bowers of virgin earth  
 The happiest for your home;  
 Heaven's bounteous love through me  
 is spread

From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,  
 Drops on the mouldering turret's head,  
 And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs  
 For lilies that must fade,  
 Or "the rathe primrose as it dies  
 Forsaken" in the shade!  
 Vernal fruitions and desires  
 Are linked in endless chase;  
 While, as one kindly growth retires,  
 Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast  
 known  
 Mishap by worm and blight;  
 If expectations newly blown  
 Have perished in thy sight;  
 If loves and joys, while up they sprung,  
 Were caught as in a snare;  
 Such is the lot of all the young,  
 However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not  
 check  
 Are patient of thy rule;  
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,  
 Loitering in glassy pool:  
 By thee, thee only, could be sent  
 Such gentle Mists as glide,  
 Curling with unconfirmed intent,  
 On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil  
 Through which yon House of God  
 Glams 'mid the peace of this deep  
 By few but shepherds trod! [dale

And lowly Huts, near beaten ways,  
 No sooner stand attired.  
 In thy fresh wreaths, than they for  
 praise  
 Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,  
 Permit not for one hour  
 A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
 Nor add to it a flower!  
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
 Of self-restraining art,  
 This modest charin of not too much,  
 Part seen, imagined part!

---

### INSCRIPTION.

THE massy Ways, carried across these  
 Heights  
 By Roman Perseverance, are de-  
 stroyed.  
 Or hidden underground, like sleeping  
 worms.  
 How venture then to hope that Time  
 will spare  
 This humble Walk? Yet on the  
 mountain's side  
 A Poet's hand first shaped it; and the  
 steps  
 Of that same Bard, repeated to and  
 fro  
 At morn, at noon, and under moon-  
 light skies,  
 Through the vicissitudes of many a  
 year,  
 Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its  
 gray line.  
 No longer, scattering to the heedless  
 winds  
 The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,  
 Shall he frequent these precincts;  
 locked no more

Still from the village-green a vow  
Aspires to thee address,  
Wherever peace is on the brow,  
Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst  
teach  
The soul to love the more;  
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach  
That never loved before.  
Stript is the haughty One of pride,  
The bashful freed from fear,  
While rising, like the ocean-tide,  
In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words, refuse  
The service to prolong!  
To yon exulting Thrush the Muse  
Entrusts the imperfect song;  
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,  
Throughout the live-long day,  
Till the first silver Star appear,  
The sovereignty of May.

---

### TO MAY.

THOUGH many suns have risen and  
set  
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,  
And Bards, who hailed thee, may  
forget  
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;  
There are who to a birthday strain  
Confine not harp and voice,  
But evermore throughout thy reign  
Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,  
Too sweet to pass away!  
Oh for a deathless song to meet  
The soul's desire—a lay

That, when a thousand years are told,  
Should praise thee, genial Power!  
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,  
And winter's dreariest hour.

Earth, Sea, thy presence feel—nor less  
If yon ethereal blue  
With its soft smile the truth express,  
The Heavens have felt it too.  
The inmost heart of man if glad  
Partakes a livelier cheer;  
And eyes that cannot but be sad  
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and  
weeks  
Of hope that grew by stealth,  
How many wan and faded cheeks  
Have kindled into health!  
The Old, by thee revived, have said,  
“Another year is ours;”  
And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,  
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lips a merry song  
Amid his playful peers?  
The tender Infant who was long  
A prisoner of fond fears;  
But now, when every sharp-edged blast  
Is quiet in its sheath,  
His Mother leaves him free to taste  
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the Weed that creeps  
Along the humblest ground;  
No Cliff so bare but on its steeps  
Thy favours may be found;  
But most on some peculiar nook  
That our own hands have drest,  
Thou and thy train are proud to  
look,  
And seem to love it best.



In earnest converse with beloved Friends,  
 Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,  
 As from the beds and borders of a garden  
 Choice flowers are gathered! But, if  
     Power may spring  
 Out of a farewell yearning favoured more  
 Than kindred wishes mated suitably  
 With vain regrets, the Exile would consign  
 This Walk, his loved possession, to the care  
 Of those pure Minds that reverence  
     the Muse.

---

### INSCRIPTION.

INTENDED FOR A STONE IN THE  
 GROUNDS OF RYDAL MOUNT.

In these fair Vales hath many a Tree  
 At Wordsworth's suit been spared;  
 And from the Builder's hand this Stone,  
 For some rude beauty of its own,  
     Was rescued by the Bard:  
 So let it rest;—and time will come  
     When here the tender-hearted  
 May heave a gentle sigh for him,  
     As one of the departed.

---

### TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

SMALL service is true service while it  
     lasts;                      [scorn not one;  
 Of humblest Friends, bright Creature!  
 The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from  
     the Sun.

---

### INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

In Bruges town is many a street  
     Whence busy life hath fled;  
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet,  
     The grass-grown pavement tread.  
 There heard we, halting in the shade  
     Flung from a Convent-tower,  
 A harp that tuneful prelude made  
     To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,  
     Was fit for some gay throng;  
 Though from the same grim turret fell  
     The shadow and the song.  
 When silent were both voice and chords  
     The strain seemed doubly dear,  
 Yet sad as sweet, for *English* words  
     Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;  
     And pinnacle and spire  
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,  
     Clothed with innocuous fire;  
 But where we stood, the setting sun  
     Showed little of his state;  
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,  
     'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,  
     Nor pity idly born,  
 If even a passing Stranger sighs  
     For them who do not mourn.  
 Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,  
     Captive, whoe'er thou be!  
 Oh! what is beauty, what is love,  
     And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,  
     A feeling sanctified  
 By one soft trickling tear that stole  
     From the Maiden at my side;  
 Less tribute could she pay than this,  
     Borne gaily o'er the sea,  
 Fresh from the beauty and the bliss  
     Of English liberty?

---

### A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST.  
     GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.)

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings  
     Might bear thee to this glen,  
 With faithful memory left of things  
     To pencil dear and pen,

## II.

"Pluck that rose, it moves my  
liking,"

Said she, lifting up her veil ;

"Pluck it for me, gentle Gar-  
dener,

Ere it wither and grow pale."

"Princess fair, I till the ground, but  
may not take

From twig or bed an humbler flower,  
even for your sake."

## III.

"Grieved am I, submissive Chris-  
tian!

To behold thy captive state ;

Women, in your land, may pity  
(May they not?) the unfortunate."

"Yes, kind Lady! otherwise Man  
could not bear

Life, which to every one that breathes  
is full of care."

## IV.

"Worse than idle is compassion

If it end in tears and sighs ;

Thee from bondage would I rescue

And from vile indignities ;

Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in  
high degree,

Look up—and help a hand that longs  
to set thee free."

## V.

"Lady, dread the wish, nor venture

In such peril to engage ;

Think how it would stir against  
you

Your most loving Father's rage :

Sad deliverance would it be, and joke  
with shame,

Should troubles overflow on her from  
whom it came."

## VI.

"Generous Frank! the just in effort

Are of inward peace secure ;

Hardships for the brave en-  
countered,

Even the feeblest may endure :

If Almighty Grace through me thy  
chains unbind,

My Father for slave's work may seek a  
slave in mind."

## VII.

"Princess, at this burst of goodness.

My long-frozen heart grows  
warm!"

"Yet you make all courage fruitless,

Me to save from chance of harm :

Leading such Companion I that gilded  
Dome,

Yon Minarets, would gladly leave for  
his worst home."

## VIII.

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair  
Princess!

And your brow is free from scorn,

Else these words would come like  
mockery,

Sharper than the pointed thorn."

"Whence the undeserved mistrust?

Too wide apart

Our faith hath been,—O would that  
eyes could see the heart!"

## IX.

"Tempt me not, I pray ; my doom is

These base implements to wield ;

Rusty Lance, I ne'er shall grasp  
thee,

Ne'er assoil my cobwebb'd shield!

Never see my native land, nor castle  
towers,

Nor Her who thinking of me there  
counts widowed hours."

Mount from the earth; aspire!  
aspire!  
So pleads the town's cathedral choir,  
In strains that from their solemn  
height  
Sink, to attain a loftier flight:  
While incense from the altar breathes  
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;  
Or, flung from swinging censer,  
shrouds  
The taper lights, and curls in clouds  
Around angelic Forms, the still  
Creation of the painter's skill,  
That on the service wait concealed  
One moment, and the next revealed.  
—Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,  
And for no transient ecstasies!  
What else can mean the visual plea  
Of still or moving imagery?  
The iterated summons loud,  
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,  
Nor wholly lost upon the throng  
Hurrying the busy streets along?

Alas! the sanctities combined  
By art to unsensualise the mind,  
Decay and languish; or, as creeds  
And humours change, are spurned like  
weeds:

The priests are from their altars  
thrust,  
Temples are levelled with the dust:  
And solemn rites, and awful forms,  
Founder amid fanatic storms;  
Yet evermore, through years renewed  
In undisturbed vicissitude  
Of seasons balancing their flight  
On the swift wings of day and night,  
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door  
Wide open for the scattered Poor.  
Where flower-breathed incense to the  
skies  
Is wafted in mute harmonies;

And ground fresh cloven by the plough  
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;  
Where birds and brooks from leafy  
dells

Chime forth unwearied canticles,  
And vapours magnify and spread  
The glory of the sun's bright head;  
Still constant in her worship, still  
Conforming to the eternal Will,  
Whether men sow or reap the fields,  
Divine monition Nature yields;  
That not by bread alone we live,  
Or what a hand of flesh can give;  
That every day should leave some  
part

Free for a sabbath of the heart;  
So shall the seventh be truly blest,  
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

### THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

[The subject of the following poem is from the *Orlandus* of the Author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby; and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgment, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time.]

#### I.

You have heard "a Spanish Lady  
How she wooed an English  
Man;"\*  
Hear now of a fair Armenian,  
Daughter of the proud Soldàn;  
How she loved a Christian Slave, and  
told her pain  
By word, look, deed, with hope that  
he might love again.

\* See in *Percy's Reliques*, that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love;" from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted.

## XVIII.

Mutual was the sudden transport;  
 Breathless questions followed fast,  
 Years contracting to a moment,  
 Each word greedier than the last;  
 "Hie thee to the Countess, I'friend!  
 return with speed,  
 And of this Stranger speak by whom  
 her Lord was freed.

## XIX.

"Say that I, who might have languished,  
 Drooped and pined till life was spent,  
 Now before the gates of Stolberg  
 My Deliverer would present  
 For a crowning recompence, the  
 precious grace  
 Of her who in my heart still holds her  
 ancient place.

## XX.

"Make it known that my Companion  
 Is of royal Eastern blood,  
 Thirsting after all perfection,  
 Innocent, and meek, and good,  
 Though with misbelievers bred; but  
 that dark night  
 Will Holy Church disperse by beams  
 of Gospel Light."

## XXI.

Swiftly went that gray-haired Servant,  
 Soon returned a trusty Page  
 Charged with greetings, benedictions,  
 Thanks and praises, each a gage  
 For a sunny thought to cheer the  
 Stranger's way,  
 Her virtuous scruples to remove, her  
 fears allay.

## XXII.

And how blest the Reunited,  
 While beneath their castle-walls  
 Runs a deafening noise of welcome!—  
 Blest, though every tear that  
 falls  
 Doth in its silence of past sorrow  
 tell,  
 And makes a meeting seem most like a  
 dear farewell.

## XXIII.

Through a haze of human nature,  
 Glorified by heavenly light,  
 Looked the beautiful Deliverer  
 On that overpowering sight,  
 While across her virgin cheek pure  
 blushes strayed,  
 For every tender sacrifice her heart  
 had made.

## XXIV.

On the ground the weeping Countess  
 knelt, and kissed the Stranger's  
 hand;  
 Act of soul-devoted homage,  
 Pledge of an eternal band:  
 Nor did aught of future days that kiss  
 belie,  
 Which, with a generous shout, the  
 crowd did ratify.

## XXV.

Constant to the fair Armenian,  
 Gentle pleasures round her  
 moved,  
 Like a tutelary Spirit  
 Reverenced, like a Sister, loved.  
 Christian meekness smoothed for all  
 the path of life,  
 Who, loving most, should wiseliest  
 love, their only strife.

X.

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;  
Wedded? ' If you *can*, say no!—  
Blessed is and be your Consort;  
Hopes I cherished let them  
go!  
Handmaid's privilege would leave my  
purpose free,  
Without another link to my felicity."

XI.

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,  
Lady, is a mystery rare;  
Body, heart, and soul in union,  
Make one being of a pair."  
"Humble love in me would look 'for  
no return,  
Soft as a guiding star that cheers but  
cannot burn."

XII.

"Gracious Allah! by such title  
Do I dare to thank the God,  
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,  
Flower of an unchristian sod!  
Or hast thou put off wings which thou  
in heaven dost wear?  
What have I seen, and heard, or  
dreamt? where am I? where?"

XIII.

Here broke off the dangerous con-  
verse:  
Less impassioned words might  
tell  
How the pair escaped together,  
Tears not wanting, nor a knell  
Of sorrow in her heart while through  
her Father's door,  
And from her narrow world, she passed  
for evermore.

XIV.

But affections higher, holier,  
Urged her steps; she shrunk from  
trust  
In a sensual creed that trampled  
Woman's birthright into dust.  
Little be the wonder then, the blame  
be none,  
If she, a timid Maid, hath put such  
boldness on.

XV.

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge:  
In those old romantic days  
Mighty were the soul's command-  
ments  
To support, restrain, or raise.  
Foes might hang upon their path,  
snakes rustle near,  
But nothing from their inward selves  
had they to fear.

XVI.

Thought infirm ne'er came between  
them,  
Whether printing desert sands  
With accordant steps, or gathering  
Forest-fruit with social hands;  
Or, whispering like two reeds that in  
the cold moonbeam  
Bend with the breeze their heads, be  
side a crystal stream.

XVII.

On a friendly deck reposing  
They at length for Venice steer;  
There, when they had closed their  
voyage  
One, who daily on the Pier  
Watched for tidings from the East,  
beheld his Lord,  
Fell down and clasped his knees for  
joy, not uttering word.

## PRESENTIMENTS.

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not right  
 Who deem that ye from open light  
 Retire in fear of shame;  
 All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch  
 Of vulgar sense, and, being such,  
 Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,  
 The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,  
 Were mine in early days;  
 And now, unforced by Time to part  
 With Fancy, I obey my heart,  
 And venture on your praise.

What though some busy Foes to good,  
 Too potent over nerve and blood,  
 Lurk near you, and combine  
 To taint the health which ye infuse,  
 This hides not from the moral Muse  
 Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers!  
 Comes Faith that in auspicious hours  
 Builds castles, not of air;  
 Bodings unsanctioned by the will  
 Flow from your visionary skill,  
 And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,  
 That no philosophy can lift,  
 Shall vanish, if ye please,  
 Like morning mist; and, where it lay,  
 The spirits at your bidding play  
 In gaiety and ease.

Star-guided Contemplations move  
 Through space, though calm, not  
 raised above  
 Prognostics that ye rule;  
 The naked Indian of the Wild,  
 And haply, too, the cradled Child,  
 Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,  
 Number their signs or instruments?  
 A rainbow, a sunbeam,  
 A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,  
 Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,  
 An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth  
 With sighs of self-exhausted mirth  
 Ye feelingly reprove;  
 And daily, in the conscious breast,  
 Your visitations are a test  
 And exercise of love.

When some great change gives bound-  
 less scope  
 To an exulting Nation's hope,  
 Oft, startled and made wise  
 By your low-breathed interpretations,  
 The simply-meek foretaste the springs  
 Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of War,  
 Pervade the lonely Ocean far  
 As sail hath been unfurled;  
 For Dancers in the festive hall  
 What ghastly Partners hath your call  
 Fetched from the shadowy world!

'Tis said, that warnings ye dispense  
 Emboldened by a keener sense;  
 That men have lived for whom,  
 With dread precision, ye made clear  
 The hour that in a distant year  
 Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome Insight! Yet there are  
 Blest times when mystery is laid bare,  
 Truth shows a glorious face,  
 While on that Isthmus which com-  
 mands  
 The councils of both worlds she  
 stands,  
 Sage Spirits! by your grace.

## XXVI.

Mute Memento of that union  
 In a Saxon Church survives,  
 Where a cross-legged Knight lies  
 sculptured  
 As between two wedded Wives—  
 Figures with armorial signs of race  
 and birth,  
 And the vain rank the Pilgrims bore  
 while yet on earth.

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## THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A Rock there is whose homely front  
 The passing Traveller slights;  
 Yet there the Glow-worms hang their  
 lamps,  
 Like stars, at various heights;  
 And one coy Primrose to that Rock  
 The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
 What kingdoms overthrown,  
 Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft  
 And marked it for my own;  
 A lasting link in Nature's chain  
 From highest Heaven let down!

The Flowers, still faithful to the stems  
 Their fellowship renew;  
 The stems are faithful to the root,  
 That worketh out of view;  
 And to the rock the root adheres  
 In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,  
 Though threatening still to fall;  
 The earth is constant to her sphere;  
 And God upholds them all:  
 So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads  
 Her annual funeral.

\* \* \* \*

Here closed the meditative Strain;  
 But air breathed soft that day,  
 The hoary mountain-heights were  
 cheered,  
 The sunny vale looked gay;  
 And to the Primrose of the Rock  
 I gave this after-lay.

I sang, Let myriads of bright  
 flowers,  
 Like Thee, in field and grove,  
 Revive unenvied,—mightier far  
 Than tremblings that reprove  
 Our vernal tendencies to hope  
 Is God's redeeming love:

That love which changed, for wan  
 disease,  
 For sorrow that had bent  
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered  
 age,  
 Their moral element,  
 And turned the thistles of a curse  
 To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we  
 too,  
 The reasoning Sons of Men,  
 From one oblivious winter called  
 Shall rise, and breathe again;  
 And in eternal summer lose  
 Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends  
 This prescience from on high,  
 The faith that elevates the Just,  
 Before and when they die;  
 And makes each soul a separate  
 heaven,  
 A court for Deity.

Of human life: a Stripling's graces  
 blow,  
 Fade and are shed, that from their  
 timely fall  
 (Misdeem it not a cankerous change)  
 may grow  
 Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks  
 shall call;  
 In *all* men, sinful is it to be slow  
 To hope—in *Parvus*, sinful above all.

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ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT  
 BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the  
 ground  
 Upturned with curious pains, the Bard,  
 a Seer,  
 Takes fire:—The men, that have been  
 reappear;  
 Romans for travel girt, for business  
 gowned,  
 And some recline on couches, myrtle-  
 crowned,  
 In festal glee: why not? For fresh  
 and clear,  
 As if its hues were of the passing  
 year,  
 Dawns this time-buried pavement.  
 From that mound  
 Hoards may come forth of Trajans,  
 Maximins,  
 Shrunk into coins with all their warlike  
 toil:  
 Or a fierce impress issues with its  
 foil  
 Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suck-  
 ling Twins  
 The unlettered Ploughboy pities when  
 he wins  
 The casual treasure from the furrowed  
 soil.

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

WHEN human touch, as monkish books  
 attest,  
 Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury  
 bells  
 Broke forth in concert flung adown the  
 dells,  
 And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy  
 crest;  
 Sweet tones, and caught by a noble  
 Lady blest  
 To rapture! Mabel listened at the side  
 Of her loved Mistress: soon the music  
 died,  
 And Catherine said, "Here I set up  
 my rest."  
 Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long  
 had sought  
 A home that by such miracle of sound  
 Must be revealed:—she heard it now,  
 or felt  
 The deep, deep joy of a confiding  
 thought;  
 And there, a saintly Anchoress she  
 dwelt [happy ground.  
 Till she exchanged for heaven that

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THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

[Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his  
 entertaining Memoirs the substance of this  
 Tale, affirms, that, besides the concurring  
 reports of others, he had the story from the  
 Lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the  
 close, is the famous Catherine, then bearing that  
 name as the acknowledged wife of Peter the  
 Great.]

PART I.

I.

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes  
 Like harebells bathed in dew,  
 Of cheek that with carnation vies,  
 And veins of violet hue;



God, who instructs the Brutes to scent  
 All changes of the element,  
 Whose wisdom fixed the scale  
 Of Natures, for our wants provides  
 By higher, sometimes humbler,  
 guides,  
 When lights of Reason fail.

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## THE POET AND THE CAGED

## TURTLEDOVE.

As often as I murmur here  
 My half-formed melodies,  
 Straight from her osier mansion  
 near  
 The Turtle-dove replies:  
 Though silent as a leaf before,  
 The captive promptly coos,  
 Is it to teach her own soft lore,  
 Or second my weak Muse?

I rather think, the gentle Dove  
 Is murmuring a reproof,  
 Displeased that I from lays of love  
 Have dared to keep aloof;  
 That I, a Bard of hill and dale,  
 Have carolled, fancy free,  
 As if nor dove, nor nightingale,  
 Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,  
 Sweet Bird! to do me wrong;  
 Love, blessed Love, is every where  
 The spirit of my song:  
 'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,  
 Love animates my lyre;  
 That coo again!—'tis not to chide,  
 I feel, but to inspire.

## SONNETS.

CHATSWORTH! thy stately mansion,  
 and the pride  
 Of thy domain, strange contrast do  
 present [rent  
 To house and home in many a craggy  
 Of the wild Peak; where new-born  
 waters glide  
 Through fields whose thrifty Occu-  
 pants abide  
 As in a dear and chosen banishment,  
 With every semblance of entire con-  
 tent;  
 So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!  
 Yet He whose heart in childhood gave  
 her troth  
 To pastoral dales, thin set with  
 modest farms,  
 May learn, if judgment strengthen with  
 his growth,  
 That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath  
 charms;  
 And, strenuous to protect from lawless  
 harms  
 The extremes of favoured life, may  
 honour both.

---

DESPONDING Father! mark this altered  
 bough,  
 So beautiful of late, with sunshine  
 warmed,  
 Or moist with dews; what more un-  
 sightly now,  
 Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if  
 formed,  
 Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow  
 Knits not o'er that discolouring and  
 decay,  
 As false to expectation. Nor fret  
 thou  
 At like unlovely process in the May

And must be hidden from his wrath :  
 You, Foster-father dear,  
 Will guide me in my forward path ;  
 I may not tarry here !

## X.

"I cannot bring to utter woe  
 Your proved fidelity."—  
 "Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not  
 For you we both would die." [so !  
 "Nay, nay, I come with semblance  
 feigned  
 And cheek embrowned by art ;  
 Yet, being inwardly unstained,  
 With courage will depart."

## XI.

"But whither would you, could you,  
 A poor Man's counsel take ; [flee ?  
 The Holy Virgin gives to me  
 A thought for your dear sake ;  
 Rest shielded by our Lady's grace ;  
 And soon shall you be led  
 Forth to a safe abiding-place,  
 Where never foot doth tread."

## PART II.

## I.

THE Dwelling of this faithful pair  
 In a straggling village stood,  
 For One who breathed unquiet air  
 A dangerous neighbourhood ;  
 But wide around lay forest ground  
 With thickets rough and blind ;  
 And pine-trees made a heavy shade  
 Impervious to the wind.

## II.

And there, sequestered from the sight,  
 Was spread a treacherous swamp,  
 On which the noonday sun shed light  
 As from a lonely lamp ;

And midway in the unsafe morass,  
 A single Island rose  
 Of firm dry ground, with healthful  
 grass  
 Adorned, and shady boughs.

## III.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft  
 This Russian Vassal plied,  
 That never fowler's gun, nor shaft  
 Of archer, there was tried ;  
 A sanctuary seemed the spot  
 - From all intrusion free ;  
 And there he planned an artful Cot  
 For perfect secrecy.

## IV.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread  
 Of Power's far-stretching hand,  
 The bold good Man his labour sped  
 At nature's pure command ;  
 Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,  
 While, in a hollow nook,  
 She moulds her sight-eluding den  
 Above a murmuring brook.

## V.

His task accomplished to his mind,  
 The twain ere break of day  
 Creep forth, and through the forest  
 wind  
 Their solitary way ;  
 Few words they speak, nor dare to  
 slack  
 Their pace from mile to mile.  
 Till they have crossed the quaking  
 marsh,  
 And reached the lonely isle.

## VI.

The sun above the pine-trees showed  
 A bright and cheerful face ;  
 And Ina looked for her abode,  
 The promised hiding-place ;

Earth wants not beauty that may scorn  
 A likening to frail flowers;  
 Yea, to the stars, if they were born  
 For seasons and for hours.

## II.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold un-  
 barred,  
 Stepped one at dead of night,  
 Whom such high beauty could not  
 guard  
 From meditated blight;  
 By stealth she passed, and fled as fast  
 As doth the hunted fawn,  
 Nor stopped, till in the dappling east  
 Appeared unwelcome dawn.

## III.

Seven days she lurked in brake and  
 field,  
 Seven nights her course renewed,  
 Sustained by what 'her scrip might  
 yield,  
 Or berries of the wood;  
 At length, in darkness travelling on,  
 When lowly doors were shut,  
 The haven of her hope she won,  
 Her Foster-mother's hut.

## IV.

"To put your love to dangerous proof  
 I come," said she, "from far;  
 For I have left my Father's roof,  
 In terror of the Czar."  
 No answer did the Matron give,  
 No second look she cast;  
 But hung upon the Fugitive,  
 Embracing and embraced.

## V.

She led the Lady to a seat  
 Beside the glimmering fire,  
 Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,  
 Prevented each desire:

The cricket chirped, the house-dog  
 And on that simple bed, [dozed,  
 Where she in childhood had reposed,  
 Now rests her weary head.

## VI.

When she, whose couch had been the  
 Whose curtain pine or thorn, [sod,  
 Had breathed a sigh of thanks to  
 God,  
 Who comforts the forlorn;  
 While over her the Matron bent  
 Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole  
 Feeling from limbs with travel spent,  
 And trouble from the soul.

## VII.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,  
 And soon again was dight  
 In those unworthy vestments worn  
 Through long and perilous flight;  
 And "O beloved Nurse," she said,  
 "My thanks with silent tears  
 Have unto Heaven and You been  
 paid;  
 Now listen to my fears!

## VIII.

"Have you forgot"—and here she  
 smiled—  
 "The babbling flatteries  
 You lavished on me when a child  
 Disporting round your knees?  
 I was your lambkin, and your bird,  
 Your star, your gem, your flower;  
 Light words, that were more lightly  
 heard  
 In many a cloudless hour!

## IX.

"The blossom you so fondly praised  
 Is come to bitter fruit;  
 A mighty One upon me gazed;  
 I spurned his lawless suit,

## III.

Into the mists of fabled Time  
 So far runs back the praise  
 Of Beauty, that disdains to climb  
 Along forbidden ways ;  
 That scorns temptation ; power defies  
 Where mutual love is not ;  
 And to the tomb for rescue flies  
 When life would be a blot.

## IV.

To this fair Votress, a fate  
 More mild doth Heaven ordain  
 Upon her Island desolate ;  
 And words, not breathed in vain,  
 Might tell what intercourse she found,  
 Her silence to endear ;  
 What birds she tamed, what flowers  
 the ground  
 Sent forth her peace to cheer.

## V.

To one mute Presence, above all,  
 Her soothed affections clung,  
 A picture on the Cabin wall  
 By Russian usage hung—  
 The Mother-maid, whose countenance  
 bright  
 With love abridged the day ;  
 And, communed with by taper light,  
 Chased spectral fears away.

## VI.

And oft, as either guardian came,  
 The joy in that retreat  
 Might any common friendship shame,  
 So high their hearts would beat ;  
 And to the lone Recluse, what'er  
 They brought, each visiting—  
 Was like the crowding of the year  
 With a new burst of spring.

## VII.

But, when she of her Parents thought  
 The pang was hard to bear ;  
 And, if with all things not enwrought,  
 That trouble still is near,  
 Before her flight she had not dared  
 Their constancy to prove.  
 Too much the heroic Daughter feared  
 The weakness of their love.

## VIII.

Dark is the Past to them, and dark  
 The Future still must be,  
 Till pitying Saints conduct her bark  
 Into a safer sea—  
 Or gentle Nature close her eyes,  
 And set her Spirit free  
 From the altar of this sacrifice,  
 In vestal purity.

## IX.

Yet, when above the forest-glooms !  
 The white swans southward passed,  
 High as the pitch of their swift plume  
 Her fancy rode the blast ;  
 And bore her toward the fields of  
 France,  
 Her Father's native land.  
 To mingle in the rustic dance,  
 The happiest of the band !

## X.

Of those beloved fields, she oft  
 Had heard her father tell  
 In phrase that now, with echoes soft  
 Haunted her lonely cell ;  
 She saw the hereditary bowers,  
 She heard the ancestral stream :  
 The Kremlin and its haughty towers  
 Forgotten like a dream !

She sought in vain, the Woodman  
 smiled,  
 No threshold could be seen,  
 Nor roof, nor window; all seemed  
 wild  
 As it had ever been.

## VII.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,  
 The front with such nice care  
 Is masked, "if house it be or bower,"  
 But in they entered are;  
 As shaggy as were wall and roof  
 With branches intertwined,  
 So smooth was all within, air-proof,  
 And delicately lined.

## VIII.

And hearth was there, and maple dish,  
 And cups in seemly rows,  
 And couch—all ready to a wish  
 For nurture or repose;  
 And Heaven doth to her virtue grant  
 That here she may abide  
 In solitude, with every want  
 By cautious love supplied.

## IX.

No Queen, before a shouting crowd,  
 Led on in bridal state,  
 E'er struggled with a heart so proud,  
 Entering her palace gate;  
 Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,  
 No saintly Anchoress  
 E'er took possession of her cell  
 With deeper thankfulness.

## X.

"Father of all, upon thy care  
 And mercy am I thrown;  
 Be thou my safeguard!"—such her  
 prayer  
 When she was left alone,

vo.

Kneeling amid the wilderness  
 When joy had passed away,  
 And smiles, fond efforts of distress  
 To hide what they betray!

## XI.

The prayer is heard, the Saints have  
 seen,  
 Diffused through form and face,  
 Resolves devotedly serene;  
 That monumental grace  
 Of Faith, which doth all passions  
 tame  
 That reason *should* control;  
 And shows in the untrembling frame  
 A statue of the soul.

## PART III.

## I.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy  
 That Phœbus wont to wear  
 "The leaves of any pleasant tree  
 Around his golden hair,"  
 Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit  
 Of his imperious love,  
 At her own prayer transformed, took  
 root,  
 A laurel in the grove.

## II.

Then did the Penitent adorn  
 His brow with laurel green;  
 And 'mid his bright locks never  
 shorn  
 No meaner leaf was seen;  
 And Poets sage, through every age,  
 About their temples wound  
 The bay; and Conquerors thanked the  
 Gods,  
 With laurel chaplets crowned.

R

## IX.

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;  
 And in her face and mien  
 The soul's pure brightness he beheld  
 Without a veil between;  
 He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame  
 Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;  
 The passion of a moment came  
 As on the wings of years.

## X.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"  
 Exclaimed he; "righteous Heaven,  
 Preparing your deliverance,  
 To me the charge hath given.  
 The Czar full oft in words and deeds  
 Is stormy and self-willed;  
 But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,  
 His violence is stilled.

## XI.

"Leave open to my wish the course.  
 And I to her will go;  
 From that humane and heavenly  
 source,  
 Good, only good, can flow."  
 Faint sanction given, the Cavalier  
 Was eager to depart,  
 Though question followed question,  
 dear  
 To the Maiden's filial heart.

## XII.

Light was his step,—his hopes, more  
 light.  
 Kept pace with his desires;  
 And the fifth morning gave him sight  
 Of Moscow's glittering spires.  
 He sued:—heart-smitten by the wrong,  
 To the lorn Fugitive  
 The Emperor sent a pledge as strong  
 As sovereign power could give.

## XIII.

O more than mighty change! If *éc*  
 Amazement rose to pain,  
 And joy's excess produced a fear  
 Of something void and vain,  
 'Twas when the Parents, who had  
 mourned  
 So long the lost as dead,  
 Beheld their only Child returned,  
 The household floor to tread.

## XIV.

Soon gratitude gave way to love  
 Within the Maiden's breast:  
 Delivered and Deliverer move  
 In bridal garments drest:  
 Meek Catherine had her own reward:  
 The Czar bestowed a dower,  
 And universal Moscow shared  
 The triumph of that hour.

## XV.

Flowers strewed the ground; the  
 nuptial feast  
 Was held with costly state:  
 And there, 'mid many a noble Guest,  
 The Foster-parents sate:  
 Encouraged by the imperial eye,  
 They shrank not into shade:  
 Great was their bliss, the honour high  
 To them and nature paid!

## SONNETS.

Why art thou silent! Is thy love a  
 plant  
 Of such weak fibre that the treach-  
 erous air  
 Of absence withers what was once so  
 fair?  
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to  
 grant?

## PART IV.

## I.

THE ever-changing Moon had traced  
 Twelve times her monthly round,  
 When through the unfrequented Waste  
 Was heard a startling sound;  
 A shout thrice sent from one who chased  
 At speed a wounded Deer,  
 Bounding through branches interlaced  
 And where the wood was clear.

## II.

The fainting creature took the marsh,  
 And toward the Island fled,  
 While plovers screamed with tumult  
 harsh  
 Above his antlered head;  
 This, Ina saw; and, pale with fear,  
 Shrunk to her citadel;  
 The desperate Deer rushed on, and  
 near  
 The tangled covert fell.

## III.

Across the marsh, the game in view,  
 The Hunter followed fast,  
 Nor paused, till o'er the Stag he blew  
 A death-proclaiming blast;  
 Then, resting on her upright mind,  
 Came forth the Maid—"In me,  
 Behold," she said, "a stricken Hind  
 Pursued by destiny!"

## IV.

"From your deportment, Sir! I deem  
 That you have worn a sword,  
 And will not hold in light esteem  
 A suffering woman's word;  
 There is my covert, there perchance  
 I might have lain concealed,  
 My fortunes hid, my countenance  
 Not even to you revealed.

## V.

"Tears might be shed, and I might  
 pray  
 Crouching and terrified,  
 That what has been unveiled to-day,  
 You would in mystery hide;  
 But I will not defile with dust  
 The knee that bends to adore  
 The God in heaven;—attend, be just:  
 This ask I, and no more!

## VI.

"I speak not of the winter's cold,  
 For summer's heat exchanged,  
 While I have lodged in this rough  
 hold,  
 From social life estranged;  
 Nor yet of trouble and alarms:  
 High Heaven is my defence;  
 And every season has soft arms  
 For injured Innocence.

## VII.

"From Moscow to the Wilderness,  
 It was my choice to come,  
 Lest virtue should be harbourless,  
 And honour want a home;  
 And happy were I, if the Czar  
 Retain his lawless will,  
 To end life here like this poor Deer,  
 Or a Lamb on a green hill."

## VIII.

"Are you, the Maid," the Stranger  
 cried,  
 "From Gallic Parents sprung,  
 Whose vanishing was rumoured wide,  
 Sad theme for every tongue;  
 Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?  
 You, Lady, forced to wear  
 These rude habiliments, and rest  
 Your head in this dark lair!"

Yet have my thoughts for thee been  
vigilant  
Bound to thy service with unceasing  
care,  
The mind's least generous wish a  
mendicant  
For naught but what thy happiness  
could spare.

Speak, though this soft warm heart,  
once free to hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and  
mine,

Be left more desolate, more dreary  
cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with  
snow

'Mid its own bush of leafless eglan-  
tine;

Speak, that my torturing doubts their  
end may know!

---

Four fiery steeds impatient of the  
rein

Whirled us o'er sunless ground be-  
neath a sky

'As void of sunshine, when, from that  
wide Plain,

Clear tops of far-off Mountains we  
descrie,

Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,

All light and lustre. Did no heart  
repey?

Yes, there was One;—for One,  
asunder fly

The thousand links of that ethereal  
chain;

And green vales open out, with grove  
and field,

And the fair front of many a happy  
home;

Such tempting spots as into vision  
come

While soldiers, weary of the arms they  
wield

And sick at heart of strife-ful Christen-  
dom,

Gaze on the moon by parting clouds  
revealed.

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TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill,  
Esq., for St. John's College, Cambridge.]

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long  
hath knelt

Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take  
thy place;

And, if Time spare the colours for  
the grace

Which to the work surpassing skill  
hath dealt,

Thou, on thy rock reclined, though  
Kingdoms melt

And States be'torn up by the roots,  
wilt seem

To breathe in rural peace, to hear the  
stream,

And think and feel as once the Poet  
felt.

Whate'er thy fate, those features have  
not grown

Unrecognised through many a house-  
hold tear,

More prompt more glad to fall than  
"drops of dew

By morning shed around a flower half  
blown;

Tears of delight, that testified how  
true

To life thou art, and, in thy truth,  
how dear!



Their peace, perhaps, our lightest foot-  
 fall marred;  
 On their quick sense our sweetest  
 music jarred:  
 And whither could they dart, if  
 seized with fear?  
 No sheltering stone, no tangled root  
 was near.  
 When fire or taper ceased to cheer  
 the room,  
 They wore away the night in starless  
 gloom;  
 And, when the sun first dawned upon  
 the streams,  
 How faint their portion of his vital  
 beams!  
 Thus, and unable to complain, they  
 fared,  
 While not one joy of ours by them  
 was shared.

Is there a cherished Bird (I venture  
 now  
 To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's  
 reverend brow)—  
 Is there a brilliant Fondling of the  
 cage,  
 Though sure of plaudits on his costly  
 stage,  
 Though fed with dainties from the  
 snow-white hand  
 Of a kind Mistress, fairest of the  
 land,  
 But gladly would escape; and, if need  
 were.  
 Scatter the colours from the plumes  
 that bear  
 The emancipated captive through  
 blithe air  
 Into strange woods, where he at large  
 may live  
 On best or worst which they and  
 Nature give?

The Beetle loves his unpretending  
 track,  
 The Snail the house he carries on his  
 back:  
 The far-fetched Worm with pleasure  
 would disown  
 The bed we give him, though of  
 softest down:  
 A noble instinct; in all kinds the  
 same,  
 All Ranks! What Sovereign, worthy  
 of the name,  
 If doomed to breathe against his lar-  
 ful will  
 An element that flatters him—to kill,  
 But would rejoice to barter outward  
 show  
 For the least boon that freedom can  
 bestow?

But most the Bard is true to inborn  
 right,  
 Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of  
 night,  
 Exults in freedom, can with rapture  
 vouch  
 For the dear blessings of a lowly  
 couch,  
 A natural meal—days, months, from  
 Nature's hand;  
 Time, place, and business, all at his  
 command!  
 Who bends to happier duties, who  
 more wise  
 Than the industrious Poet, taught to  
 prize,  
 Above all grandeur, a pure life un-  
 crossed  
 By cares in which simplicity is lost?  
 That life—the flowery path that winds  
 by stealth,  
 Which Horace needed for his spirit's  
 health;

Those silent Inmates now no longer  
 share,  
 Nor do they need, our hospitable  
 care,  
 Removed in kindness from their glassy  
 Cell  
 To the fresh waters of a living Well;  
 An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest  
 No winds disturb; the mirror of whose  
 breast  
 Is smooth as clear, save where with  
 dimples small  
 A fly may settle, or a blossom  
 fall.  
 —*There* swims, of blazing sun and  
 beating shower  
 Fearless (but how obscured!) the  
 golden Power,  
 That from his bauble prison used to  
 cast  
 Gleams by the richest jewel unsur-  
 past;  
 And near him, darkling like a sullen  
 Gnome,  
 The silver Tenant of the crystal  
 dome;  
 Discovered both from all the mysteries  
 Of hue and altering shape that  
 charmed all eyes.  
 Alas! they pined, they languished  
 while they shone;  
 And, if not so, what matters beauty  
 gone  
 And admiration lost, by change of  
 place,  
 That brings to the inward creature  
 no disgrace?  
 But if the change restore his birth-  
 right, then,  
 What'e'r the difference, boundless is  
 the gain.

Who can divine what impulses from  
 God  
 Reached the caged Lark, within a  
 town-abode,  
 From his poor inch or two of daisied  
 sod?  
 O yield him back his privilege! No  
 sea  
 Swells like the bosom of a man set  
 free;  
 A wilderness is rich with liberty.  
 Roll on, ye spouting Whales, who die  
 or keep  
 Your independence in the fathomless  
 Deep!  
 Spread, tiny Nautilus, the living sail;  
 Dive, at thy choice, or brave the  
 freshening gale!  
 If unproved the ambitious Eagle  
 mount  
 Sunward to seek the daylight in its  
 fount,  
 Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width,  
 shall be,  
 Till the world perishes, a field for  
 thee!

While musing here I sit in shadow  
 cool,  
 And watch these mute Companions,  
 in the pool,  
 Among reflected boughs of leafy trees,  
 By glimpses caught—disporting at  
 their ease—  
 Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,  
 I ask what warrant fixed them (like a  
 spell  
 Of witchcraft fixed them) in the  
 crystal Cell;  
 To wheel with languid motion round  
 and round,  
 Beautiful, yet in mournful durance  
 bound.

Then, with a blessing granted from  
 above  
 To every act, word, thought, and look  
 of love,  
 Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed,  
 till age  
 Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its  
 latest page.\*

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EPISTLE TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND  
 BEAUMONT, BART.

Far from our home by Grasmere's  
 quiet Lake,  
 From the Vale's peace which all her  
 fields partake,  
 Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's  
 shore  
 We sojourn stunned by Ocean's cease-  
 less roar;  
 While, day by day, grim neighbour!  
 huge Black Comb  
 Frowns deepening visibly his native  
 gloom,

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\* There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realised: nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits; as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers, with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality, viz., quickness in the motions of her mind, she had, within the range of the Author's acquaintance, no equal.

Unless, perchance rejecting in despite  
 What on the Plain *we* have of warmth  
 and light,  
 In his own storms he hides himself  
 from sight.  
 Rough is the time; and thoughts, that  
 would be free  
 From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to  
 thee;  
 Turn from a spot where neither  
 sheltered road  
 Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps  
 abroad;  
 Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it  
 might  
 Attained a stature twice a tall man's  
 height,  
 Hopeless of further growth, and brow  
 and sere  
 Through half the summer, stands with  
 top cut sheer,  
 Like an unshifting weathercock which  
 proves  
 How cold the quarter that the wind  
 best loves,  
 Or like a Centinel that, evermore  
 Darkening the window, ill defends the  
 door  
 Of this unfinished house—a Fortress  
 bare,  
 Where strength has been the Builder's  
 only care;  
 Whose rugged walls may still for years  
 demand  
 The final polish of the Plasterer's hand.  
 —This Dwelling's Inmate more than  
 three weeks' space  
 And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place.  
 I—of whose touch the fiddle would  
 complain,  
 Whose breath would labour at the flute  
 in vain,

sighed for, in heart and genius, over-  
 come  
 By noise, and strife, and questions  
 wearisome,  
 And the vain splendours of Imperial  
 Rome?  
 Let easy mirth his social hours in-  
 spire,  
 And fiction animate his sportive  
 lyre,  
 Attuned to verse that crowning light  
 Distress  
 With garlands cheats her into happi-  
 ness;  
 Give *me* the humblest note of those  
 sad strains  
 Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded  
 chains,  
 As a chance sunbeam from his  
 memory fell  
 Upon the Sabine Farm he loved so  
 well;  
 Or when the prattle of Blandusia's  
 spring  
 Taunted his ear—he only listening—  
 He proud to please, above all rivals,  
 fit  
 To win the palm of gaiety and wit;  
 He, doubt not, with involuntary  
 dread,  
 Shrink from each new favour to be  
 shed,  
 By the World's Ruler, on his honoured  
 head!

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,  
 Such earnest longings and regrets as  
 keen  
 Depressed the melancholy Cowley,  
 laid  
 Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless  
 shade;  
 wo.

A doleful bower for penitential song,  
 Where Man and Muse complained of  
 mutual wrong;  
 While Cam's ideal current glided  
 by,  
 And antique Towers nodded their  
 foreheads high,  
 Citadels dear to studious privacy.  
 But Fortune, who had long been used  
 to sport  
 With this tried Servant of a thankless  
 Court,  
 Relenting met his wishes; and to  
 You  
 The remnant of his days at least was  
 true; [loved best;  
 You, whom, though long deserted, he  
 You, Muses, Books, Fields, Liberty,  
 and Rest!

Far happier they who, fixing hope  
 and aim  
 On the humanities of peaceful fame,  
 Enter betimes with more than martial  
 fire  
 The generous course, aspire, and still  
 aspire;  
 Upheld by warnings heeded not too  
 late  
 Stifle the contradictions of their fate,  
 And to one purpose cleave, their  
 being's godlike mate!

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the  
 placid brow  
 That Woman ne'er should forfeit, keep  
 thy vow;  
 With modest scorn reject whate'er  
 would blind  
 The ethereal eyesight, cramp the  
 winged mind!

Soon as the herring-shoals at distance  
shine  
Like beds of moonlight shifting on the  
brine.

Mona from our Abode is daily seen,  
But with a wilderness of waves between;  
And by conjecture only can we speak  
Of aught transacted there in bay or  
creek:

No tidings reach us thence: from town  
or field,

Only faint news her mountain-sunbeams  
yield,

And some we gather from the misty  
air,

And some the hovering clouds, our  
telegraph, declare.

But these poetic mysteries I withhold:  
For Fancy hath her fits both hot and  
cold,

And should the colder fit with You  
be on

When You might read, my credit would  
be gone.

Let more substantial themes the pen  
engage,

And nearer interests culled from the  
opening stage

Of our migration.—Ere the welcome  
dawn

Had from the east her silver star with-  
drawn,

The Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-  
door.

Thoughtfully freighted with a various  
store;

And long or ere the uprising of the  
Sun

O'er dew-damp'd dust our journey was  
begun,

Andedful journey, under favouring skies  
Through peopled Vales: yet something  
in the guise

Of those old Patriarchs when from ro-  
to well

They roamed through Wastes where  
now the tented Arabs dwell.

Say first, to whom did we the charge  
confide,

Who promptly undertook the Wain's  
guide

Up many a sharply-twining road and  
down,

And over many a wide hill's craggy  
crown,

Through the quick turns of many a  
hollow nook,

And the rough bed of many an un-  
bridged brook?

A blooming Lass—who in her better  
hand

Bore a light switch, her sceptre of  
command

When, yet a slender Girl, she often led  
Skilful and bold, the horse and  
burthened sled\*

From the peat-yielding Moss on  
Gowdar's head.

What could go wrong with such a  
Charioteer

For goods and chattels, or those  
Infants dear,

A Pair who smilingly sat side by side.  
Our hope confirming that the salt-sea  
tide,

Whose free embraces we were bound to  
seek.

Would their lost strength restore and  
freshen the pale cheek?

\* A local word for sledge.

In music all unversed, nor blessed with  
 skill  
 bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,  
 tired of my books, a scanty company!  
 And tired of listening to the boisterous  
 sea—  
 pace between door and window muttering  
 rhyme,  
 an old resource to cheat a froward  
 time!  
 Though these dull hours (mine is it, or  
 their shame?)  
 Would tempt me to renounce that  
 humble aim.  
 —But if there be a Muse who, free to  
 take  
 her seat upon Olympus, doth forsake  
 those heights (like Phœbus when his  
 golden locks  
 He veiled, attendant on Thessalian  
 flocks)  
 And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her  
 pail  
 Trips down the pathways of some  
 winding dale;  
 Or, like a Mermaid, warbles on the  
 shores  
 To fishers mending nets beside their  
 doors;  
 Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,  
 Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless  
 wind,  
 Or listens to its play among the boughs  
 Above her head and so forgets her  
 vows—  
 If such a Visitant of Earth there be  
 And she would deign this day to smile  
 on me  
 And aid my verse, content with local  
 bounds  
 Of natural beauty and life's daily  
 rounds,

Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings,  
 which we tell  
 Without reserve to those whom we love  
 well—  
 Then haply, Beaumont! words in  
 current clear  
 Will flow, and on a welcome page  
 appear  
 Duly before thy sight, unless they  
 perish here.  
 What shall I treat of? News from  
 Mona's Isle?  
 Such have we, but unvaried in its  
 style;  
 No tales of Runagates fresh landed,  
 whence  
 And wherefore fugitive or on what  
 pretence;  
 Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the  
 wind  
 Most restlessly alive when most con-  
 fined.  
 Ask not of me, whose tongue can best  
 appease  
 The mighty tumults of the HOUSE OF  
 KEYS;  
 The last year's cup whose Ram or  
 Heifer gained,  
 What slopes are planted, or what  
 mosses drained:  
 An eye of fancy only can I cast  
 On that proud pageant now at hand or  
 past,  
 When full five hundred boats in trim  
 array,  
 With nets and sails outspread and  
 streamers gay,  
 And chanted hymns and stiller voice of  
 prayer,  
 For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep  
 repair,

Thus gladdened from our own dear  
 Vale we pass  
 And soon approach Diana's Looking-  
 glass!  
 To Loughrigg-tarn, round clear and  
 bright as heaven,  
 Such name Italian fancy would have  
 given,  
 Ere on its banks the few gray cabins  
 rose  
 That yet disturb not its concealed  
 repose  
 More than the feeblest wind that idly  
 blows.

Ah, Beaumont! when an opening in  
 the road  
 Stopped me at once by charm of what  
 it showed,  
 The encircling region vividly exprest  
 Within the mirror's depth, a world at  
 rest—  
 Sky streaked with purple, grove and  
 craggy *bield*,\*  
 And the smooth green of many a  
 pendent field,  
 And, quieted and soothed, a torrent  
 small,  
 A little daring would-be waterfall,  
 One chimney smoking and its azure  
 wreath,  
 Associate all in the calm Pool beneath,  
 With here and there a faint imperfect  
 gleam  
 Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam—  
 What wonder at this hour of stillness  
 deep,  
 A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and  
 sleep,

When Nature's self, amid such blend-  
 ing, seems  
 To render visible her own soft dreams,  
 If, mixed with what appeared of rock,  
 lawn, wood,  
 Fondly embosomed in the tranquil  
 flood,  
 A glimpse I caught of that Abode, by  
 Thee  
 Designed to rise in humble privacy.  
 A lowly Dwelling, here to be outspread.  
 Like a small Hamlet, with its bashful  
 head  
 Half hid in native trees. Alas 'tis not,  
 Nor ever was; I sighed, and left the  
 spot  
 Unconscious of its own untoward lot,  
 And thought in silence, with regret too  
 keen,  
 Of unexperienced joys that might have  
 been;  
 Of neighbourhood and intermingling  
 arts,  
 And golden summer days uniting cheer-  
 ful hearts.  
 But time, irrevocable time, is flown,  
 And let us utter thanks for blessings  
 sown  
 And reaped—what hath been, and what  
 is, our own.

Not far we travelled ere a shout of  
 glee,  
 Startling us all, dispersed my reverie;  
 Such shout as many a sportive echo  
 meeting  
 Oft-times from Alpine *chalets* sends a  
 greeting.  
 Whence the blithe hail? behold a  
 Peasant stand  
 On high, a kerchief waving in her  
 hand!

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\* A word common in the country, signifying  
 shelter, as in Scotland.

uch hope did either Parent entertain  
acing behind along the silent lane.

Blithe hopes and happy musings  
soon took flight,  
'or lo! an uncouth melancholy sight—  
On a green bank a creature stood  
forlorn  
ust half protruded to the light of  
morn,  
ts hinder part concealed by hedge-row  
thorn.  
The Figure called to mind a beast of  
prey  
stript of its frightful powers by slow  
decay,  
And, though no longer upon rapine  
bent,  
Dim memory keeping of its old intent.  
We started, looked again with anxious  
eyes,  
And in that griesly object recognise  
The Curate's Dog—his long-tried  
fiend, for they,  
As well we knew, together had grown  
gray.  
The Master died, his drooping servant's  
grief  
Found at the Widow's feet some sad  
relief;  
Yet still he lived in pining discontent,  
Sadness which no indulgence could  
prevent;  
Hence whole day wanderings, broken  
nightly sleeps  
And lonesome watch that out of doors  
he keeps;  
Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor  
brute!  
Espied him on his legs sustained,  
blank, mute,  
And of all visible motion destitute,

So that the very heaving of his breath  
Seemed stopt, though by some other  
power than death.  
Long as we gazed upon the form and  
face,  
A mild domestic pity kept its place,  
Unscared by thronging fancies of  
strange hue  
That haunted us in spite of what we  
knew.  
Even now I sometimes think of him as  
lost  
In second-sight appearances, or crost  
By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the  
ground,  
On which he stood, by spells unnatural  
bound,  
Like a gaunt shaggy Porter forced to  
wait  
In days of old romance at Archimago's  
gate.

Advancing Summer, Nature's law  
fulfilled,  
The choristers in every grove had  
stilled;  
But we, we lacked not music of our  
own,  
For lightsome Fanny had thus early  
thrown,  
Mid the gay prattle of those infant  
tongues,  
Some notes prelusive, from the round  
of songs  
With which, more zealous than the  
liveliest bird  
That in wild Arden's brakes was ever  
heard,  
Her work and her work's partners she  
can cheer,  
The whole day long, and all days of ti  
year.



Instinct with light whose sweetest  
 promise lies,  
 Never retiring, in thy large dark eyes,  
 Dark but to every gentle feeling true,  
 As if their lustre flowed from ether's  
 purest blue.

Let me not ask what tears may have  
 been wept  
 By those bright eyes, what weary vigils  
 kept,  
 Beside that hearth what sighs may have  
 been heaved  
 For wounds inflicted, nor what toil  
 relieved  
 By fortitude and patience, and the  
 grace  
 Of heaven in pity visiting the place.  
 Not unadvisedly those secret springs  
 I leave unsearched: enough that  
 memory clings,  
 Here as elsewhere, to notices that  
 make  
 Their own significance for hearts  
 awake,  
 To rural incidents, whose genial  
 powers  
 Filled with delight three summer morn-  
 ing hours.

More could my pen report of grave  
 or gay  
 That through our gipsy travel cheered  
 the way;  
 But, bursting forth above the waves,  
 the Sun  
 Laughs at my pains, and seems to say,  
 "Be done."  
 Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust,  
 reprove  
 This humble offering made by Truth to  
 Love,

Nor chide the Muse that stooped to  
 break a spell  
 Which might have else been on me  
 yet:—FAREWELL.

UPON PLEASING THE FOREGOING  
 EPISTLE THIRTY YEARS AFTER ITS  
 COMPOSITION.

Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest  
 Take those dear young Ones to a  
 fearless nest;  
 And in Death's arms has long reposed  
 the Friend  
 For whom this simple Register was  
 penned.  
 Thanks to the moth that spared it for  
 our eyes;  
 And Strangers even the slighted Scroll  
 may prize,  
 Moved by the touch of kindred sym-  
 pathies.  
 For—save the calm repentance sheds  
 o'er strife  
 Raised by remembrances of misused life,  
 The light from past endeavours purely  
 willed  
 And by Heaven's favour happily ful-  
 filled;  
 Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth,  
 may share  
 The joys of the Departed—what so fair  
 As blameless pleasure, not without  
 some tears,  
 Reviewed through Love's transparent  
 veil of years?

*Note*—LOUGHRIGG TARN, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Spatium Dianæ* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as

Not unexpected that by early day  
 Our little Band would thrid' this  
     mountain-way,  
 Before her cottage on the bright hill-  
     side  
 She hath advanced with hope to be  
     descried.  
 Right gladly answering signals we  
     displayed,  
 Moving along a tract of morning  
     shade,  
 And vocal wishes sent of like good  
     will  
 To our kind Friend high on the sunny  
     hill—  
 Luminous region, fair as if the prime  
 Were tempting all astir to look aloft or  
     climb;  
 Only the centre of the shining cot  
 With door left open makes a gloomy  
     spot,  
 Emblem of those dark corners some-  
     times found  
 Within the happiest breast on earthly  
     ground.  
  
 Rich prospect left behind of stream  
     and vale,  
 And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we  
     scale;  
 Descend and reach, in Yewdale's  
     depths, a plain  
 With haycocks studded, striped with  
     yellowing grain—  
 An area level as a Lake and spread  
 Under a rock too steep for man to  
     tread,  
 Where sheltered from the north and  
     bleak north-west  
 Aloft the Raven hangs a visible nest,  
 Fearless of all assaults that would her  
     brood molest.

Hot sunbeams' fill the steaming vale;  
     but hark,  
 At our approach, a jealous watch-dog's  
     bark,  
 Noise that brings forth no liveried  
     Page of state,  
 But the whole household, that our  
     coming wait.  
 With Young and Old warm greetings  
     we exchange,  
 And jocund smiles, and toward the  
     lowly Grange  
 Press forward by the teasing dogs  
     unscared.  
 Entering, we find the morning meal  
     prepared:  
 So down we sit, though not till each  
     had cast  
 Pleased looks around the delicate  
     repart—  
 Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh  
     from the nest,  
 With amber honey from the mountain's  
     breast;  
 Strawberries from lane or woodland,  
     offering wild  
 Of children's industry, in hillocks piled;  
 Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie  
 Upon a lordly dish; frank hospitality  
 Where simple art with bounteous  
     nature vied,  
 And cottage comfort shunned not  
     seemly pride.  
  
 Kind Hostess! Handmaid also of  
     the feast,  
 If thou be lovelier than the kindling  
     East,  
 Words by thy presence unrestrained  
     may speak  
 Of a perpetual dawn from brow and  
     cheek

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead  
 and gone;  
 But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,  
 One living stay was left, and on that  
 one  
 Some recompense for all that he had  
 lost.

O that the good old Man had power to  
 prove,  
 By message sent through air or visible  
 token,  
 That still he loves the Bird, and still  
 must love;  
 That friendship lasts though fellowship  
 is broken!

SONNET.—TO AN OCTOGENARIAN.

AFFECTIONS lose their object; Time  
 brings forth  
 No successors; and, lodged in memory,  
 If love exist no longer, it must die,—  
 Wanting accustomed food, must pass  
 from earth,  
 Or never hope to reach a second birth.  
 This sad belief, the happiest that is left  
 To thousands, share not Thou; howe'er  
 bereft,  
 Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a  
 dearth.  
 Though poor and destitute of friends  
 thou art,  
 Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race.  
 One to whom Heaven assigns that  
 mournful part  
 The utmost solitude of age to face,  
 Still shall be left some corner of the  
 heart  
 Where Love for living Thing can find a  
 place.

FLOATING ISLAND.

These lines are by the Author of the Address to  
 the Wind, etc., published heretofore along  
 with my poems. Those to a Redbreast are  
 by a deceased female Relative.

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work  
 On sky, earth, river, lake and sea;  
 Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and  
 breeze,  
 All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth  
 (By throbbing waves long undermined)  
 Loosed from its hold; how, no one  
 knew,  
 But all might see it float, obedient to  
 the wind;

Might see it, from the mossy shore  
 Dissevered, float upon the Lake,  
 Float with its crest of trees adorned  
 On which the warbling birds their  
 pastime take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;  
 There berries ripen, flowerets bloom:  
 There insects live their lives, and die;  
 A peopled world it is; in size a tiny  
 room.

And thus through many seasons' space  
 This little Island may survive:  
 But Nature, though we mark her not  
 Will take away, may cease to give.

~~Perchance when you are wandering~~  
 forth  
 Upon some vacant sunny day,  
 Without an object, hope, or fear,  
 Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle  
 is passed away;

TO A REDBREAST.—(IN SICKNESS).

STAY, little cheerful Robin! 'stay,  
And at my casement sing,  
Though it should prove a farewell lay  
And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy  
The promise in thy song;  
A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,  
Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour  
Thy song would still be dear,  
And with a more than earthly power  
My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,  
Come, and my requiem sing,  
Nor fail to be the harbinger  
Of everlasting Spring. —S. H.

I KNOW an aged Man constrained to  
dwell

In a large house of public charity,  
Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,  
With numbers near, alas! no company.

being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called "The Oaks," from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat in the style I have described; as his taste would have set an example how buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character. The design was not abandoned from failure of inclination on his part, but in consequence of local untowardness which need not be particularised.

When he 'could' creep about, at will,  
though poor  
And forced to live on 'alms, this old  
Man fed  
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage  
door  
Came not, but in a lane partook his  
bread.

There, at the root of one particular  
tree,  
An easy seat this worn-out Labourer  
found  
While Robin pecked the crumbs upon  
his knee  
Laid one by one, or scattered on the  
ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after  
day;  
What signs of mutual gladness when  
they met!  
Think of their common peace, their  
simple play,  
The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not  
to fulfil,  
In spite of season's change, its own  
demand,  
By fluttering pinions here and busy  
bill;  
There by caresses from a tremulous  
hand.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so  
strong  
Was formed between the solitary pair,  
That when his fate had housed him  
'mid a throng  
The Captive shunned all converse prof-  
fered there.

Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the  
 gay,  
 Might give to serious thought a  
 moment's sway, [day!  
 As a last token of Man's toilsome

## II.

Not in the lucid intervals of life  
 That come but as a curse to Party-  
 strife;  
 Not in some hour when Pleasure with  
 a sigh  
 Of languor puts his rosy garland by;  
 Not in the breathing-times of that poor  
 Slave  
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mam-  
 mon's cave,  
 Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do  
 words.  
 Which practised Talent readily affords,  
 Prove that her hand has touched re-  
 sponsive chords;  
 Nor has her gentle beauty power to  
 move [love  
 With genuine rapture and with fervent  
 The soul of Genius, if he dare to take  
 Life's rule from passion craved for  
 passion's sake,  
 Untaught that meekness is the  
 cherished bent  
 Of all the truly Great and all the  
 Innocent.

But who is innocent? By grace  
 divine,  
 Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine  
 Through good and evil thine, in just  
 degree  
 Of rational and manly sympathy.  
 To all that Earth from pensive hearts  
 is stealing,  
 And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes  
 revealing,

Add every charm the Universe can  
 show  
 Through every change its aspects  
 undergo  
 Care may be respited, but not re-  
 pealed;  
 No perfect cure grows on that bounded  
 field.  
 Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the  
 peace,  
 If He, through whom alone our con-  
 flicts cease,  
 Our virtuous hopes without relapse  
 advance,  
 Come not to speed the Soul's deliver-  
 ance;  
 To the distempered Intellect refuse  
 His gracious help, or give what we  
 abuse.

## III.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERÉ.)

THE Linnet's warble, sinking towards  
 a close,  
 Hints to the Thrush 'tis time for their  
 repose;  
 The shrill-voiced Thrush is heedless,  
 and again  
 The Monitor revives his own sweet  
 strain;  
 But both will soon be mastered, and  
 the copse  
 Be left as silent as the mountain-tops.  
 Ere some commanding Star dismiss to  
 rest  
 The throng of Rooks, that now, from  
 twig or nest,  
 (After a steady flight on home-bound  
 wings,  
 And a last game of mazy hoverings  
 Around their ancient grove) with caw-  
 ing noise  
 Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,  
 Its place no longer to be found;  
 Yet the lost fragments shall remain  
 To fertilise some other ground.—D.W.

---

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on  
 high  
 Her way pursuing among scattered  
 clouds,  
 Where, ever and anon, her head she  
 shrouds  
 Hidden from view in dense  
 obscurity.  
 But look, and to the watchful  
 eye  
 A brightening edge will indicate that  
 soon  
 We shall behold the struggling  
 Moon  
 Break forth,—again to walk the clear  
 blue sky.

---

### EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

#### I.

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to  
 lose  
 Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with  
 falling dews.  
 Look for the stars, you'll say that there  
 are none;  
 Look up a second time, and, one by  
 one,  
 You mark them twinkling out with  
 silvery light,  
 and wonder how they could elude the  
 sight!

The birds, of late so noisy in the  
 bowers,  
 Warbled a while with faint and fainter  
 powers,  
 But now are silent as the dim-seen  
 flowers:  
 Nor does the Village Church-clock's  
 iron tone  
 The time's and season's influence dis-  
 own;  
 Nine beats distinctly to each other  
 bound  
 In drowsy sequence; how unlike the  
 sound  
 That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a  
 fear  
 On fireside Listeners, doubting what  
 they hear!  
 The Shepherd, bent on rising with  
 the sun,  
 Had closed his door before the day  
 was done,  
 And now with thankful heart to bed  
 doth creep,  
 And join his little Children in their  
 sleep.  
 The Bat, lured forth where trees the  
 lane o'ershade,  
 Flits and refits along the close arcade;  
 The busy Dor-hawk chases the white,  
 Moth [Sloth  
 With burring note, which Industry and  
 Might both be pleased with, for it  
 suits them both.  
 A stream is heard—I see it not, but  
 know [flow:  
 By its soft music whence the waters  
 Wheels and the tread of hoofs are  
 heard no more;  
 One Boat there was, but it will touch  
 the shore [oar:  
 With the next dipping of its slackened

And leaves the disencumbered spirit  
free  
To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well—but what are helps of time  
and place, [nature's grace;  
When wisdom stands in need of  
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not,  
descend,

Like Angels from their bowers, our  
virtues to befriend;  
If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,  
"I come to open out, for fresh dis-  
play,  
The elastic vanities of yesterday?"

## v.

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-  
crowned hill,  
And sky that danced among those  
leaves, are still;  
Rest smooths the way for sleep; in  
field and bower  
Soft shades and dews have shed their  
blended power  
On drooping eyelid and the closing  
flower;  
Sound is there none at which the  
faintest heart  
Might leap, the weakest nerve of  
superstition start;  
Save when the Owl's unexpected  
scream  
Pierces the ethereal vault; and 'mid  
the gleam  
Of unsubstantial imagery—the dream,  
From the hushed vale's realities, trans-  
ferred  
To the still lake, the imaginative  
Bird  
... 'mid inverted mountains, not  
unheard.

Grave Creature! whether, while the  
moon shines bright  
On thy wings opened wide for  
smoothest flight,  
Thou art discovered in a roofless  
tower, [a lady's bower:  
Rising from what may once have been  
Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in  
thy mew [yew;  
At the dim centre of a churchyard  
Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod  
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,  
Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by  
shriek or shout,  
A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts;  
May the night never come, nor day be  
seen, [thy mien!  
When I shall scorn thy voice or mock

In classic ages men perceived a soul  
Of sapience in thy aspect, heedless  
Owl! [studious grove;  
Thee Athens revered in the  
And, near the golden sceptre grasped  
by Jove, [round him sate  
His Eagle's favourite perch, while  
The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,  
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's  
side— [wide  
Hark to that second larum! far and  
The elements have heard, and rock  
and cave replied.

## vi.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF  
CUMBERLAND.

Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to  
retire,  
Flung back from distant climes a  
streaming fire,

O Nightingale! Who ever heard  
thy song [so strong  
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows  
That listening sense is pardonably  
cheated [never greeted.  
Where wood or stream by thee was  
Surely, from fairest spots of favoured  
lands, [jealous hands,  
Were not some gifts withheld by  
This hour of deepening darkness here  
would be,

As a fresh morning for new harmony;  
And Lays as prompt would hail the  
dawn of night;  
A *dawn* she has both beautiful and  
bright, [moon's light;  
When the East kindles with the full  
Not like the rising sun's impatient  
glow [flow  
Dazzling the mountains, but an over-  
Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual  
progress led, [spread;  
For sway profoundly felt as widely  
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor,  
dear,  
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied  
ear;  
How welcome wouldst thou be to this  
green Vale  
Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet  
Nightingale!  
From the warm breeze that bears thee  
on alight  
At will, and stay thy migratory flight;  
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool  
or fount,  
Who shall complain, or call thee to  
account?  
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are  
they [way,  
That ever walk content with Nature's

God's goodness measuring bounty as  
it may;  
For whom the gravest thought of what  
they miss,  
Chastening the fulness of a present  
bliss,  
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,  
While unrepining sadness is allied  
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

## IV.

SOFT as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—  
the Mere  
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless,  
clear,  
And motionless; and, to the gazer's  
eye,  
Deeper than Ocean, in the immensity  
Of its vague mountains and unreal  
sky!  
But, from the process in that still  
retreat,  
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;  
Observe how dewy Twilight has with-  
drawn  
The crowd of daisies from the shaven  
lawn,  
And has restored to view its tender  
green.  
That, while the sun rode high, was  
lost beneath their dazzling sheen.  
—An emblem this of what the sober  
Hour  
Can do for minds disposed to feel its  
power!  
Thus oft, when we in vain have wished  
away  
The petty pleasures of the garish  
day,  
Meek Eve shuts up the whole usurping  
host  
(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at  
his post)



Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet  
 heard;  
 Yet oh! how gladly would the air be  
 stirred  
 By some acknowledgment of thanks  
 and praise,  
 Soft in its temper as those vesper lays  
 Sung to the Virgin while accordant  
 oars  
 Urge the slow bark along Calabrian  
 shores;  
 A sea-born service through the moun-  
 tains felt  
 Till into one loved vision all things  
 melt:  
 Or like those hymns that soothe with  
 graver sound  
 The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;  
 And, from the wide and open Baltic,  
 rise  
 With punctual care, Lutheran har-  
 monies.  
 Hush, not a voice is here! but why  
 repine,  
 Now when the star of eve comes forth  
 to shine  
 On British waters with that look benign?  
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward  
 way,  
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,  
 May silent thanks at least to God be  
 given  
 With a full heart; "our thoughts are  
*heard in heaven!*"

---

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE.

WHAT mischief cleaves to  
 regret,  
 How fancy sickens by vague hopes

How baffled projects on the spirit prey,  
 And fruitless wishes eat the heart  
 away,  
 The Sailor knows; he best, whose lot  
 is cast  
 On the relentless sea that holds him  
 fast  
 On chance dependent, and the fickle  
 star  
 Of power, through long and melancholy  
 war.  
 O sad it is, in sight of foreign  
 shores,  
 Daily to think on old familiar doors,  
 Hearths loved in childhood, and  
 ancestral floors;  
 Or, tossed about along a waste of  
 foam,  
 To ruminate on that delightful home  
 Which with the dear Betrothed *was* to  
 come;  
 Or came and was and is, yet meets the  
 eye  
 Never but in the world of memory;  
 Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest  
 range  
 Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread,  
 of change,  
 And if not so, whose perfect joy makes  
 sleep  
 A thing too bright for breathing man to  
 keep.  
 Hail to the virtues which that perilous  
 life  
 Extracts from Nature's elemental strife;  
 And welcome glory won in battles  
 fought  
 As bravely as the foe was keenly  
 sought.  
 But to each gallant Captain and his  
 crew  
 A less imperious sympathy is due,

Whose blaze is now subdued to tender  
gleams,  
Prelude of night's approach with soothing  
dreams.  
Look round;—of all the clouds not  
one is moving;  
'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling,  
loving.  
Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted  
sky, to lie:—  
The boundless plain of waters seems  
Comes that low sound from breezes  
rustling o'er  
The grass-crowned headland that  
conceals the shore!  
No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty  
sea,  
Whispering how meek and gentle he  
*can* be!

Thou Power supreme! who, arming  
to rebuke [look,  
Offenders, dost put off the gracious  
And clothe thyself with terrors like the  
flood  
Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,  
Whatever discipline thy Will ordain  
For the brief course that must for me  
remain;  
Teach me with quick-eared spirit to  
rejoice  
In admonitions of thy softest voice!  
Whate'er the path these mortal feet  
may trace,  
Breathe through my soul the blessing  
of thy grace,  
Glad, through a perfect love, a faith  
sincere  
Drawn from the wisdom that begins  
with fear;  
Glad to expand, and, for a season, free  
From finite cares, to rest absorbed in  
Thee!

## VII.

(BY THE SEA-SIDE.)

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone  
to rest,  
And the wild storm hath somewhere  
found a nest;  
Air slumbers—wave with wave no  
longer strives,  
Only a heaving of the deep survives,  
A tell-tale motion! soon will it be  
laid,  
And by the tide alone the water  
swayed.  
Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings  
mild.  
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—  
Such is the prospect far as sight can  
range,  
The soothing recompence, the wel-  
come change.  
Where now the ships that drove before  
the blast,  
Threatened by angry breakers as they  
passed;  
And by a train of flying clouds be-  
mocked;  
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor  
rocked  
As on a bed of death? Some lodge  
in peace,  
Saved by His care who bade the  
tempest cease;  
And some, too heedless of past dan-  
ger, court  
Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off  
port;  
But near, or hanging sea and sky  
between,  
Not one of all those wingèd Powers is  
seen,

(By transit not unlike man's frequent  
doom)  
The Wanderer lost in more determined  
gloom.

---

WHERE lies the truth? has Man, in  
wisdom's creed,  
A pitiable doom; for respite brief  
A care more anxious, or a heavier  
grief?  
Is he ungrateful, and doth little  
heed  
God's bounty, soon forgotten; or  
indeed,  
Must Man, with labour born, awake to  
sorrow  
When Flowers rejoice and Larks with  
rival speed  
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun  
good morrow?  
They mount for rapture as their songs  
proclaim  
Warbled in hearing both of earth and  
sky;  
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave  
a sigh?  
Like those aspirants let us soar—our  
aim,  
Through life's worst trials, whether  
shocks or snares,  
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than  
theirs.

---

#### THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And he accepts the punctual hymn,  
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside  
From holy offerings at noontide:  
Then here reposing let us raise  
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,  
We need not toil from morn to night;  
The respite of the mid-day hour  
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
Are with a ready heart bestowed  
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot,  
An Altar is in each man's cot,  
A Church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven! the industrious  
Sun

Already half his race hath run;  
*He* cannot halt nor go astray,  
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the East,  
If we have faltered or transgressed,  
Guide, from thy love's abundant  
source,

What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's  
short day,  
Our upward and our downward way;  
And glorify for us the west,  
When we shall sink to final rest.

---

#### A WREN'S NEST.

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds  
In field or forest with nice care,  
Is none that with the little Wren's  
In snugness may compare.

Who but is pleased to watch the moon  
on high  
Travelling where she from time to time  
enshrouds  
Her head, and nothing loth her  
Majesty  
Renounces, till among the scattered  
clouds  
One with its kindling edge declares  
that soon  
Will reappear before the uplifted  
eye  
A Form as bright, as beautiful a  
moon,  
To glide in open prospect through clear  
sky.  
Pity that such a promise e'er should  
prove  
False in the issue; that yon seeming  
space  
Of sky should be in truth the steadfast  
face  
Of a cloud flat and dense, through  
which must move

Rest, mother-bird! and when thy  
young

Take flight, and thou art free to  
roam,

When withered is the guardian flower,  
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and  
thine,

Amid the unviolated grove

Housed near the growing primrose tuft  
In foresight, or in love.

### SONNETS.

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A  
TOUR IN SCOTLAND IN THE SUMMER  
OF 1833.

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of sonnets is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Firth of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goilhead, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfriesshire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.]

#### I.

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels! that have  
grown

And spread as if ye knew that days  
might come

When ye would shelter in a happy  
home,

On this fair Mount, a Poet of your  
own,

One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic  
crown

To sue the God; but, haunting you  
green shade

All seasons through, is humbly pleased  
to braid

Ground-flowers, beneath your guardian  
ship, self sown.

Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp  
new-strung

For summer wandering quit their  
household bowers;

Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue  
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she

pours

Her spirit, while he crosses lonely  
moors,

Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

#### II.

Why should the Enthusiast, journeying  
through this Isle,

Repine as if his hour were come too  
late?

Not unprotected in her mouldering  
state,

Antiquity salutes him with a smile,

'Mid fruitful fields that ring with  
jocund toil,

And pleasure-grounds where Taste  
refined Companionate

Of Truth and Beauty, strives to  
imitate,

Far as she may, primeval Nature's  
style.

Fair land! by Time's parental love  
made free,

By social Order's watchful arms 'em  
braced,

With unexampled union meet in thee,  
For eye and mind, the present and the

past;

With golden prospect for futurity,

If that ray of light which can but to last

No door the tenement requires,  
And seldom needs a laboured roof;  
So is it to the fiercest sun  
Impervious and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,  
In perfect fitness for its aim,  
That to the Kind by special grace  
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek  
An opportune recess,  
The Hermit has no finer eye  
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied Abbey walls,  
A canopy in some still nook;  
Others are pent-housed by a brae  
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding Bird her Mate  
Warbles by fits his low clear song;  
And by the busy Streamlet both  
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,  
Where, till the flitting Bird's return,  
Her eggs within the nest repose,  
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,  
There is a better and a best;  
And, among fairest objects, some  
Are fairer than the rest;

This, one of those small Builders  
proved  
In a green covert, where, from out  
The forehead of a pollard oak,  
The leafy antlers sprout;

For She who planned the mossy  
Lodge,  
Mistrusting her evasive skill,  
Had to a Primrose looked for aid  
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,  
And fixed an infant's span above  
The budding flowers, peeped forth the  
nest,  
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show  
To some whose minds without dis-  
dain  
Can turn to little things, but once  
Looked up for it in vain:

'Tis gone—a ruthless Spoiler's prey,  
Who 'heeds not beauty, love, or  
song,  
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we  
grieved  
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by  
In clearer light the moss-built cell  
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,  
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread  
The largest of her upright leaves;  
And thus, for purposes benign,  
A simple Flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might  
disturb  
Thy quiet with no ill intent,  
Secure from evil eyes and hands  
On barbarous plunder bent,

## VI.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF  
COCKERMOUTH.

(WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN, AND HIS  
FATHER'S REMAINS ARE LAID.)

A POINT of life between my Parents'  
dust,  
And yours, my buried Little-ones! am  
I:

And to those graves looking habitually  
In kindred quiet I repose my trust. —  
Death to the innocent is more than  
just,

And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;  
So may I hope, if truly I repent  
And meekly bear the ills which bear I  
must:

And You, my Offspring! that do still  
remain,

Yet may outstrip me in the appointed  
race,

If e'er, through fault of mine, in  
mutual pain

We breathed together for a moment's  
space,

The wrong, by love provoked, let love  
arraign,

And only love keep in your hearts a  
place.

## VII.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF  
COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly  
think,

Poet! that, stricken as both are by  
years,

We, differing once so much, are now  
Compeers,

Prepared, when each has stood his  
time, to sink

Into the dust Erewhile a sterner link

United us; when thou, in boyish play,  
Entering my dungeon, didst become a  
prey

To soul-appalling darkness. Not a  
blink

Of light was there;—and thus did I,  
thy Tutor,

Make thy young thoughts acquainted  
with the grave;

While thou wert chasing the winged  
butterfly

Through my green courts; or climbing,  
a bold suitor,

Up to the flowers whose golden pro-  
geny

Still round my shattered brow in  
beauty wave.

## VIII.

## NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

THE cattle crowding round this bever-  
age clear

To slake their thirst, with reckless  
hoofs have trod

The encircling turf into a barren clod.  
Through which the waters creep, then

disappear,  
Born to be lost in Derwent flowing

near;  
Yet, o'er the brink, and round the lime-

stone-cell  
Of the pure spring (they call it the

"Nun's Well,"  
Name that first struck by chance my

startled ear)  
A tender Spirit broods—the pensive

Shade  
Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid

By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer;  
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild

Looked down with pity upon eyes be-  
guiled

Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

## III.

THEY called Thee merry England, in  
old time;  
A happy people won for thee that  
name  
With envy heard in many a distant  
clime,  
And, spite of change, for me thou  
keep'st the same  
Endearing title, a responsive chime  
To the heart's fond belief, though  
some there are  
Whose sterner judgments deem that  
word a snare  
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime  
Which foolish birds are caught with.  
Can, I ask,  
This face of rural beauty be a mask  
For discontent, and poverty, and  
crime;  
These spreading towns a cloak for  
lawless will;  
Forbid it, Heaven!—and “merry Eng-  
land” still  
Shall be thy rightful name, in prose  
and rhyme!

## IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening! when  
huge stones  
Rumble along thy bed, block after  
block:  
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,  
Combat, while darkness aggravates the  
groans:  
But if thou (like Cocytus from the  
moans  
Heard on his rueful margin) thence  
wert named  
The Mourner, thy true nature was de-  
famed,

And the habitual murmur that atones  
For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as  
Spring  
Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her  
thousand thrones,  
Seats of glad instinct and love's  
carolling,  
The concert, for the happy, then may  
vie  
With liveliest peals of birth-day har-  
mony: [benisons.  
To a grieved heart, the notes are

## V.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just  
begun,  
Yet nature seems to them a heavenly  
guide.  
Does joy approach? they meet the  
coming tide;  
And sullenness avoid, as now they  
shun  
Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and  
in the sun  
Couch near their dams, with quiet  
satisfied;  
Or gambol—each with his shadow at  
his side,  
Varying its shape wherever he may  
run.  
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy  
dew  
All turn, and court the shining and  
the green,  
Where herbs look up, and opening  
flowers are seen;  
Why to God's goodness cannot We be  
true,  
And so, His gifts and promises be-  
tween,  
Feed to the last on pleasures ever  
new?



Or, by his fire, a Child upon his knee,  
 Haply the untaught Philosopher may  
     speak  
 Of the strange sight, nor hide his  
     theory  
 That satisfies the simple and the meek,  
 Blest in their pious ignorance, though  
     weak  
 To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

## XII.

## AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BOLD words affirmed, in days when  
     'faith was strong, [the brain,  
 And doubts and scruples seldom teased  
 That no adventurer's bark had power  
     to gain [bent on wrong;  
 These shores if he approached them,  
 For, suddenly up conjured from the  
     Main,  
 Mists rose to hide the Land—that  
     search, though long  
 And eager, might be still pursued in  
     vain. ✕  
 O Fancy, what an age was *that* for  
     song! ✕  
 That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,  
 As men believed, the waters were im-  
     pelled,  
 The air controlled, the stars their  
     courses held,  
 But element and orb on *acts* did wait, ✕  
 Of *Powers* endued with visible form,  
     instinct  
 With will, and to their work by passion  
     linked.

## XIII.

DESIRE we past illusions to recall?  
 To reinstate wild fancy would we hide  
 Truths whose thick veil Science has  
     drawn aside.

No,—let this Age, high as she may,  
     install  
 In her esteem the thirst that wrought  
     man's fall,  
 The universe is infinitely wide,  
 And conquering Reason, if self-  
     glorified,  
 Can nowhere move uncrossed by some  
     new wall  
 Or gulf of mystery, which thou  
     alone,  
 Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,  
 In progress toward the fount of Love,  
     —the throne  
 Of Power, whose ministers the records  
     keep  
 Of periods fixed, and laws established,  
     less  
 Flesh to exalt than prove its nothing-  
     ness.

## XIV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE  
OF MAN.

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."  
 THE feudal Keep, the bastions of  
     Cohorn,  
 Even when they rose to check or to  
     repel  
 Tides of aggressive war, oft served as  
     well,  
 Greedy ambition, armed to treat with  
     scorn  
 Just limits; but yon Tower, whose  
     smiles adorn  
 This perilous bay, stands clear of all  
     offence;  
 Blest work it is of love and inno-  
     cence,  
 A Tower of refuge built for the else  
     forlorn.

## IX.

## TO A FRIEND.

(ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT.)

PASROR and Patriot! at whose bidding  
rise

These modest Walls, amid a flock that  
need

For one who comes to watch them  
and to feed

A fixed abode, keep down presageful  
sighs.

Threats which the unthinking only can  
despise,

Perplex the Church; but be thou firm,  
—be true

To thy first hope, and this good work  
pursue,

Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice  
Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be  
the smoke

Of thy new hearth; and sooner shall  
its wreaths,

Mounting while earth her morning  
incense breathes,

From wandering fiends of air receive a  
yoke,

And straightway cease to aspire, than  
God disdain

This humble tribute as ill-timed or  
vain.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT,  
WORKINGTON.)

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces  
vowed,

The Queen drew back the wimple that  
she wore;

And to the throng, that on the Cum-  
brian shore

Her landing hailed, how touchingly she  
bowed!

And like a Star (that, from a heavy  
cloud

Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth  
darts,

When a soft summer gale at evening  
parts

The gloom that did its loveliness en-  
shroud)

She smiled; but Time, the old Satur-  
nian Seer,

Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed  
the strand,

With step prelude to a long array

Of woes, and degradations hand in  
hand,

Weeping captivity, and shuddering  
fear

Stilled by the ensanguined block of  
Footheringay!

## XI.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST

OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF

RANGING the Heights of Scawfell or  
Black-comb,

In his lone course the Shepherd oft  
will pause,

And strive to fathom the mysterious  
laws

By which the clouds, arrayed in light  
or gloom,

On Monastrettle, and the shapes  
assume

Of all her peaks and ridges. What  
He draws

From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the  
cause;

He will take with him to the silent  
tomb:

He, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring sea  
 To shun the memory of a listless life  
 That hung between two callings. May  
 no strife  
 More hurtful here beset him, doom'd,  
 though free,  
 Self-doom'd to worse inaction, till his  
 eye  
 Shrink from the daily sight of earth  
 and sky!

## XVIII.

BY A RETIRED MARINER.

(A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless Main,  
 My mind as restless and as apt to  
 change;  
 Through every clime and ocean did I  
 range,  
 In hope at length a competence to  
 gain;  
 For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still  
 remain.  
 Year after year I strove, but strove in  
 vain,  
 And hardships manifold did I endure,  
 For Fortune on me never deign'd to  
 smile;  
 Yet I at last a resting-place have  
 found,  
 With just enough life's comforts to  
 procure.  
 In a snug Cove on this our favoured  
 Isle,  
 A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts  
 abound;  
 Then sure I have no reason to com-  
 plain.  
 Though poor to Sea I went, and poor  
 I still remain.

## XIX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND  
OF THE AUTHOR.)

BROKEN in fortune; but in mind entire  
 And sound in principle, I seek repose  
 Where ancient trees this convent pile  
 enclose,\*  
 In ruin beautiful. When vain desire  
 Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal  
 Sire  
 To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,  
 A gray-haired, pensive, thankful  
 Refugee,  
 A shade but with some sparks of  
 heavenly fire  
 Once to these cells vouchsafed. And  
 when I note  
 The old Tower's brow yellowed as with  
 the beams  
 Of sunset ever there, albeit streams  
 Of stormy weather-stains that sem-  
 blance wrought,  
 I thank the silent Monitor, and say  
 "Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours  
 of the day!"

## XX.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal  
 mound  
 (Still marked with green turf circles  
 narrowing  
 Stage above stage) would sit this  
 Island's King,  
 The laws to promulgate, enrobed and  
 crowned;  
 While, compassing the little mount  
 around.

\* Rushen Abbey.

Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,  
Struggling for life, into its saving  
arms!

Spare, too, the human helpers! Do  
they stir

'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid  
to die?

No, their dread service nerves the  
heart it warms,

And they are led by noble HILLARY.

## XV.

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

Why stand we gazing on the sparkling  
brine

With wonder, smit by its transparency,  
And all-enraptured with its purity?

Because the unstained, the clear, the  
crystalline, \*

Have ever in them something of be-  
nign;

Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,  
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful  
eye

Of a young maiden, only not divine,  
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its  
palm

For beverage drawn as from a moun-  
tain well:

Temptation centres in the liquid calm;  
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle  
To instantaneous plunging in, deep  
Sea!

And revelling in long embrace with  
Thee.

## XVI.

ISLE OF MAN.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to  
wade

On the smooth bottom of this clear  
bright sea, [glee

To sight so shallow, with a bather's  
wo.

Leapt from this rock, and but for  
timely aid

He, by the alluring element be-  
trayed,

Had perished. Then might sea-nymphs  
(and with sighs

Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies  
Bewailing his sad fate, when he was  
laid

In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he  
was frank,

Utterly in himself devoid of guile;

Knew not the double-dealing of a  
smile;

Nor aught that makes men's promises  
a blank,

Or deadly snare: and He survives to  
bless

The Power that saved him in his  
strange distress.

## XVII.

THE RETIRED MARINE OFFICER, ISLE  
OF MAN.

Did pangs of grief for lenient time too  
keen,

Grief that devouring waves had caused,  
—or guilt

Which they had witnessed, sway the  
man who built

This homestead, placed where nothing  
could be seen,

Naught heard of ocean, troubled or  
serene.

A tired Ship-soldier on paternal  
land,

That o'er the channel holds august  
command,

The dwelling raised, — a veteran  
Marine;

That he might fly, where no one could  
 pursue, [crew;  
 From this dull Monster and her sooty  
 And, as a God, light on thy topmost  
 cliff.  
 Impotent wish! which reason would  
 despise  
 If the mind knew no union of  
 extremes,  
 No natural bond between the boldest  
 schemes  
 Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.  
 Beneath stern mountains many a soft  
 vale lies, [streams.  
 And lofty springs give birth to lowly

## XXIV.

## ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

THE captive Bird was gone;—to cliff  
 or moor  
 Perchance had flown, delivered by the  
 storm;  
 Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the  
 worm:  
 Him found we not; but, climbing a  
 tall tower,  
 There saw, impared with rude fidelity  
 Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,  
 An Eagle with stretched wings, but  
 beamless eye—  
 An Eagle that could neither wail nor  
 soar.  
 Effigy of the Vanished, (shall I dare  
 To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce  
 deeds  
 And of the towering courage which past  
 times  
 Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a  
 share,  
 Not undeserved, of the memorial  
 rhymes  
 That animate my way where'er it  
 leads!

## XXV.

## THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

NOR to the clouds, not to the cliff, he  
 flew;  
 But when a storm, on sea or mountain  
 bred,  
 Came and delivered him, alone he  
 sped  
 Into the Castle-dungeon's darkest  
 mew.  
 Now, near his Master's house in open  
 view  
 He dwells, and hears indignant tem-  
 pest's howl,  
 Kennelled and chained. Ye tame  
 domestic Fowl,  
 Beware of him! Thou, saucy Cock  
 atoo,  
 Look to thy plumage and thy life.  
 The Roe,  
 Fleet as the west wind, is for him no  
 quarry;  
 Balanced in ether he will never  
 tarry,  
 Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor  
 Bird! even so  
 Doth Man of Brother-man a creature  
 make.  
 That clings to slavery for its own sad  
 sake.

## XXVI.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

WE saw, but surely, in the motley  
 crowd,  
 Not One of us has felt, the far-famed  
 sight;  
 How *could* we feel it? each the other's  
 blight,  
 Hurried and hurrying, volatile and  
 loud.

Degrees and Orders stood, each under  
each ;

Now, like to things within fate's easiest  
reach,

The power is merged, the pomp a  
grave has found.

Off with yon cloud, old Snafell ! that  
thine eye

Over three Realms may take its widest  
range :

And let, for them, thy fountains utter  
strange [phecy,

Voices, thy winds break forth in pro-  
If the whole State must suffer mortal  
change,

Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

## XXI.

DLSFOND who will—I heard a voice  
exclaim,

"Though fierce the assault, and  
shatter'd the defence,

It cannot be that Britain's social frame,  
The glorious work of time and pro-  
vidence,

Before a flying season's rash pretence,  
Should fall ; that She, whose virtue  
put to shame,

When Europe prostrate lay, the Con-  
queror's aim,

Should perish, self-subverted. Black  
and dense

The cloud is ; but brings *that* a day of  
doom

To Liberty ? Her sun is up the while,  
That orb whose beams round Saxon  
Alfred shone,

Then laugh, ye innocent Vales ! ye  
Streams, sweep on,

Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest  
Isle

Toss in the fanning wind a humbler  
plume."

## XXII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.  
(DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN,  
JULY 17.)

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to  
defy,

Appeared the Crag of Ailsa ; ne'er did  
morn

With gleaming lights more gracefully  
adorn

His sides, or wreath with mist his  
forehead high :

Now, faintly darkening with the sun's  
eclipse,

Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,  
Towering above the sea and little  
ships ;

For dwarfs the tallest seem while sail-  
ing by,

Each for her haven ; with her freight  
of Care,

Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that sel-  
dom looks

Into the secret of to-morrow's fare ;  
Though poor, yet rich, without the  
wealth of books,

Or aught that watchful Love to Nature  
owes

For her mute Powers, fix'd Forms, or  
transient Shows

## XXIII.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.  
(IN A STEAM-BOAT.)

ARRAN ! a single crested Teneriffe,  
A St. Helena next—in shape and hue ;  
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges  
blue ;

Who but must covet a cloud-seat or  
skiff

Built for the air, or winged Hippo-  
griff,

But ye, bright flowers, on frieze and  
 architrave  
 Survive, and once again the Pile  
 stands fast.  
 Calm as the Universe, from specular  
 Towers  
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits  
 pure—  
 With mute astonishment, it stands sus-  
 tained  
 Through every part in symmetry, to  
 endure,  
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all  
 his hours,  
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.

XXX.

IONA.

ON to Iona!—What can she afford  
 To *us* save matter for a thoughtful  
 sigh.  
 Heaved over ruin with stability  
 In urgent contrast? To diffuse the  
 WORD  
 (Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and  
 Time's Lord)  
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom;  
 but why,  
 Even for a moment, has our verse  
 deplored  
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their  
 destiny?  
 And when, subjected to a common  
 doom  
 Of mutability, those far-famed Piles  
 Shall disappear from both the sister  
 Isles.  
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past  
 days,  
 Garlands shall wear of amaranthine  
 bloom,  
 While heaven's vast sea of voices  
 chants their praise.

XXXI.

IONA.

(UPON LANDING.)

How sad a welcome! to every voyager,  
 Some ragged child holds up for sale a  
 store  
 Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the  
 shore  
 Where once came monk and nun with  
 gentle stir,  
 Blessings to give, news ask, or suit  
 prefer.  
 Yet is yon neat trim church, a grateful  
 speck  
 Of novelty amid the sacred wreck—  
 Strewn far and wide. Think proud  
 Philosopher!  
 Fallen though she be, this Glory of  
 the west,  
 Still on her sons the beams of mercy  
 shine;  
 And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly  
 bright than thine,  
 A grace by thee unsought and un-  
 possess'd.  
 A faith more fixed, a rapture more  
 divine  
 Shall gild their passage to eternal  
 rest."

XXXII.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's "Voyage among the Western  
 Isles."]

HERE on their knees men swore: the  
 stones were black.  
 Black in the People's minds and  
 words, yet they  
 Were at that time, as now, in colour  
 gray.

O for those motions only that invite  
The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful  
Cave!

By the breeze entered, and wave after  
wave

Softly embosoming the timid light!  
And by *one* Votary who at will might  
stand

Gazing, and take into his mind and  
heart,

With undistracted reverence, the effect  
Of those proportions where the al-  
mighty hand

That made the worlds, the sovereign  
Architect, [Art!

Has deigned to work as if with human

## XXVII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

(AFTER THE CROWD HAD DEPARTED.)

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot—  
fit school [would assign

For the presumptuous thoughts that  
Mechanic laws to agency divine;

And, gazing heaven by earth,  
would overrule

Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,  
Expanding yet precise, the roof em-  
bowed,

Might seem designed to humble Man,  
when proud

Of his best workmanship by plan and  
tool.

Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic  
weight [base,

Of tide and tempest on the Structure's  
And flashing to that Structure's top-  
most height,

Ocean has proved its strength, and of  
its grace

In calms is conscious, finding for his  
freight [place.

Of softest music some responsive

## XXVIII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights  
and claims

In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,  
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to  
the spot,

Our Fathers glimpses caught of your  
thin Frames,

And, by your mien and bearing, knew  
your names;

And they could hear *his* ghostly song  
who trod

Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a  
load,

While he struck his desolate harp  
without hopes or aims.

Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;  
Why keep *we* else the instincts whose  
dread law

Ruled here of yore, till what men felt  
they *saw*,

Not by black arts but magic natural!

If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,  
Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that  
shade a Chief.

## XXIX.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS  
AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was  
cast,

Children of Summer! Ye fresh  
flowers that brave

What Summer here escapes not, the  
fierce wave,

And whole artillery of the western  
blast,

Battering the Temple's front, its long-  
drawn nave

Smiting, as if each moment were their  
last.



## XXXV.

"THERE!" said a stripling, pointing  
 with meet pride  
 Towards a low roof with green trees  
 half concealed,  
 "Is Mossgiel farm; and that's the  
 very field  
 Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy."  
 Far and wide  
 A plain below stretched sea-ward,  
 while, descried  
 Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran  
 rose;  
 And, by that simple notice, the repose  
 Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.  
 Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or  
 stone"  
 Myriads of Daisies have shone forth  
 in flower  
 Near the lark's nest, and in their  
 natural hour  
 Have passed away, less happy than  
 the One  
 That by the unwilling ploughshare  
 died to prove  
 The tender charm of Poetry and Love.

## XXXVI.

## FANCY AND TRADITION.

THE Lovers took within this ancient  
 grove  
 Their last embrace; beside those  
 crystal springs [wings  
 The Hermit saw the Angel spread his  
 For instant flight; the Sage in yon  
 alcove  
 Sate musing; on that hill the Bard  
 would rove,  
 Not mute, where now the Linnet only  
 sings: [clings,  
 Thus every where to truth Tradition  
 Or Fancy localises Powers we love.

Were only History licensed to take  
 note  
 Of things gone by, her meagre monu-  
 ments  
 Would ill suffice for persons and  
 events:  
 There is an ampler page for man  
 to quote,  
 A readier book of manifold contents,  
 Studied alike in palace and in cot.

## XXXVII.

## THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I  
 viewed  
 By glimpses only, and confess with  
 shame  
 That verse of mine, whate'er its vary-  
 ing mood,  
 Repeats but once the sound of thy  
 sweet name;  
 Yet fetched from Paradise that honour  
 came,  
 Rightfully borne; for Nature gives  
 thee flowers  
 That have no rivals among British  
 bowers;  
 And thy bold rocks are worthy of  
 their fame.  
 Measuring thy course, fair Stream!  
 at length I pay  
 To my life's neighbour dues of neigh-  
 bourhood;  
 But I have traced thee on thy winding  
 way  
 With pleasure sometimes by this  
 thought restrained  
 For things far off we toil, while many a  
 good  
 Not sought, because too near, is never  
 gained.

But what is colour if upon the rack  
 Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack  
 Concord with oaths? What differ night and day  
 Then, when before the Perjured on his way  
 Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack  
 Above his head uplifted in vain prayer  
 To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom  
 He had insulted—Peasant, King, or Thane.  
 Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom;  
 And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,  
 Come links for social order's awful chain.

## XXXIII.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell,  
 Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark  
 (Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark  
 Of time) shone like the morning star, farewell!—  
 And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,  
 Remote St. Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark,  
 For many a voyage made in her swift bark,  
 When, with more hues than in the rainbow dwell  
 Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold;

Extracting from clear skies and air serene,  
 And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,  
 That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold  
 Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,  
 Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching sail.

## XXXIV.

## GREENOCK.

"Per me si va nella Città dolente."

WE have not passed into a doleful City,  
 We who were led to-day down a grim Dell,  
 By some too boldly named "the Jaws of Hell:"  
 Where be the wretched Ones, the sights for pity?  
 These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty:  
 As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,  
 Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,  
 It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.  
 Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,  
 Whose Merchants Princes were, whose decks were thrones:  
 Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire  
 To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde  
 Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones,  
 The poor, the lonely herdsman's joy and pride.

That union ceased : then, cleaving easy  
walks  
Through crags, and smoothing paths  
beset with danger,  
Came studious Taste ; and many a  
pensive Stranger  
Dreams on the banks, and to the river  
talks.  
What change shall happen next to  
Nunnery Dell ?  
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell !

## XLI.

## STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea  
at war  
With old poetic feeling, not for  
this,  
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged  
amiss !  
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it  
mar  
The loveliness of Nature, prove a  
bar  
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic  
sense  
Of future change, that point of vision  
whence  
May be discovered what in soul ye  
are.  
In spite of all that beauty may  
disown  
In your harsh features, Nature doth  
embrace  
Her lawful offspring in Man's art ; and  
Time,  
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his  
brother Space,  
Accepts from your bold hands the  
proffered crown  
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer  
sublime.

## . XLII.

LOWTHER ! in thy majestic Pile are  
seen  
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt  
accord  
With the baronial castle's sterner  
mien ;  
Union significant of God adored,  
And charters won and guarded by the  
sword  
Of ancient honour ; whence that  
goodly state  
Of Polity which wise men venerate,  
And will *maintain*, if God his help  
afford.  
Hourly the democratic torrent swells ;  
For airy promises and hopes suborned  
The strength of backward-looking  
thoughts is scorned.  
Fall if ye must, ye Towers and  
Pinnacles,  
With what ye symbolise, authentic  
Story  
Will say, Ye disappeared with Eng-  
land's Glory !

## XLIII.

## TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

"Magistratus indicat virum."

LONSDALE ! it were unworthy of a  
Guest,  
Whose heart with gratitude to thee  
inclines,  
If he should speak, by fancy touched,  
of signs  
On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,  
Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest  
How in thy mind and moral frame  
agree  
Fortitude and that Christian Charity  
Which, filling, consecrates the human  
breast.

## XXXVIII.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,

*(by Nolteken,)*IN WITHRAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON  
THE BANKS OF THE EDLN.STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap,  
lies deadHer new-born Babe, dire ending of  
bright hope!But Sculpture here, with the divinest  
scopeOf luminous faith, heavenward hath  
raised that headSo patiently; and through one hand  
has spreadA touch so tender for the insensate  
Child,Earth's lingering love to parting re-  
conciled.Brief parting—for the spirit is all but  
fled;That we, who contemplate the turns  
of lifeThrough this still medium, are con-  
soled and cheered;Feel with the Mother, think the  
severed Wife

Is less to be lamented than revered;

And own that Art, triumphant over  
strifeAnd pain, hath powers to Eternity  
endeared.

## XXXIX.

*(SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING).*TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert  
thou [lore;In heathen schools of philosophic  
Heart-stricken by stern destiny of

yore

The Tragic Muse thee served with  
thoughtful vow;

wo.

And what of hope Elysium could  
allowWas fondly seized by Sculpture, to  
restorePeace to the Mourner. But when He  
who woreThe crown of thorns around his bleed-  
ing browWarmed our sad being with celestial  
light:*Then* Arts, which still had drawn a  
softening graceFrom shadowy fountains of the  
Infinite,Communed with that Idea face to  
face;And move around it now as planets  
run,Each in its orbit, round the central  
Sun.

## XL.

## NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not  
soon be weary;Down from the Pennine Alps\* how  
fiercely sweepsCROGLIN, the stately Eden's tribu-  
tary!He raves, or through some moody  
passage creepsPlotting new mischief—out again he  
leapsInto broad light, and sends, through  
regions airy,That voice which soothed the Nuns  
while on the steepsThey knelt in prayer, or sang to bliss-  
ful Mary.\* The Chain of Crossfell, which parts Cum-  
berland and Westmoreland from Northumber-  
land and Durham.

That gave them birth:—months  
 passed, and still this hand,  
 That had not been too timid to  
 imprint  
 Words which the virtues of thy Lord  
 inspired,  
 Was yet not bold enough to write of  
 Thee.  
 And why that scrupulous reserve? In  
 sooth  
 The blameless cause lay in the Theme  
 itself.  
 Flowers are there many that delight  
 to strive  
 With the sharp wind, and seem to  
 court the shower.  
 Yet are by nature careless of the sun  
 Whether he shine on them or not;  
 and some,  
 Where'er he moves along the un-  
 clouded sky,  
 Turn a broad front full on his flatter-  
 ing beams:  
 Others do rather from their notice  
 shrink,  
 Loving the dewy shade.—a humble  
 - Band,  
 Modest and sweet, a Progeny of earth.  
 Congenial with thy mind and  
 character,  
 High-born Augusta!

Witness Towers and Groves!  
 And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st  
 the honoured name  
 Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear  
 witness [Parterres,  
 From thy most secret haunts; and ye  
 Which she is pleased and proud to  
 call her own:  
 Witness how oft upon my noble Friend  
*Mute* offerings, tribute from an in-  
 ward sense  
 Of admiration and respectful love,

Have waited, till the affections could  
 no more  
 Endure that silence, and broke out  
 in song,  
 Snatches of music taken up and  
 dropt  
 Like those self-solacing those under  
 notes  
 Trilled by the redbreast, when  
 autumnal leaves  
 Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only  
 mine,  
 The pleasure was, and no one heard  
 the praise,  
 Checked, in the moment of its issue  
 checked;  
 And reprehended by a fancied blush  
 From the pure qualities that called it  
 forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from  
 Virtue's meed;  
 Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil  
 That, while it only spreads a softening  
 charm  
 O'er features looked at by discerning  
 eyes,  
 Hides half their beauty from the  
 common gaze;  
 And thus, even on the exposed and  
 breezy hill  
 Of lofty station. female goodness  
 walks,  
 When side by side with lunar gentle-  
 ness  
 As in a cloister. Yet the grateful  
 Poor  
 (Such the immunities of low estate,  
 Plain Nature's enviable privilege.  
 Her sacred recompence for many  
 wants)  
 Open their hearts before Thee, pour-  
 ing out

And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon  
teach  
With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS  
THE MAN;"  
*That* searching test thy public course  
has stood;  
As will be owned alike by bad and  
good,  
Soon as the measuring of life's little  
span  
Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's  
reach.

## XLIV.

TO CORDELIA M——,

HALLSTEDS, ULLSWATER.

NOT in the mines beyond the western  
main,  
You say, Cordelia, was the metal  
sought,  
Which a fine skill, of Indian growth,  
has wrought  
Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;  
Nor is it silver of romantic Spain  
But from our loved Helvellyn's depths  
was brought,  
Our own domestic mountain. Thing  
and thought  
Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly  
vain,  
Can prop, as you have learnt, our  
nobler being:  
Yes, Lady, while about your neck is  
wound  
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this  
bright cord.  
What witchery, for pure gifts of in-  
ward seeing,  
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's  
Lord,  
For precious tremblings in your bosom  
found!

## XLV.

## CONCLUSION.

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
To pace the ground if path be there  
or none,  
While a fair region round the traveller  
lies,  
Which he forbears again to look upon;  
Pleased rather with some soft ideal  
scene,  
The work of Fancy or some happy  
tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty  
gone.  
If Thought and Love desert us, from  
that day  
Let us break off all commerce with the  
Muse;  
With Thought and Love companions  
of our way,  
Whate'er the senses take or may re-  
fuse,  
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed  
her dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE  
COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.

Nov. 5, 1834.

LADY! a Pen, perhaps, with thy re-  
gard,  
Among the Favoured, favoured not  
the least,  
Left, 'mid the Records of this Book  
inscribed,  
Deliberate traces, registers of thought  
And feeling, suited to the place and  
time

She heard, ere to the throne of grace  
 Her faithful Spirit flew,  
 His voice; beheld his speaking face,  
 And, dying, from his own embrace,  
 She felt that he was true.

## XVII.

So was he reconciled to life:  
 Brief words may speak the rest;  
 Within the dell he built a cell,  
 And there was Sorrow's guest;  
 In hermits' weeds repose he found.  
 From vain temptations free:  
 Beside the torrent dwelling—bound  
 By one deep heart-controlling sound,  
 And awed to piety.

## XVIII.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,  
 Nor fear memorial lays,  
 Where clouds that spread in solemn  
 shade,  
 Are edged with golden rays!  
 Dear art thou to the light of Heaven.  
 Though minister of sorrow;  
 Sweet is thy voice at pensive Even;  
 And thou, in Lovers' hearts forgiven,  
 Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

## TO —,

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN  
 CHILD, MARCH, 1833.

"Tum porro puer, ut sevis projectus ab undis  
 Navita; nudushumijacet," etc.—*Lucretius*.

Like a shipwreck'd Sailor tost  
 By rough waves on a perilous coast  
 Lies the Babe, in helplessness  
 And in tenderest nakedness,  
 Flung by labouring nature forth  
 Upon the mercies of the earth.

Can its eyes beseech? no more  
 Than the hands are free to im-  
 plore:  
 Voice but serves for one brief  
 cry,  
 Plaint was it? or prophecy  
 Of sorrow that will surely come?  
 Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close  
 Duly granted to thy throes:  
 By the silent thanks now tending  
 Incense-like to Heaven, descending  
 Now to mingle and to move  
 With the gush of earthly love,  
 As a debt to that frail Creature,  
 Instrument of struggling Nature  
 For the blissful calm, the peace  
 Known but to this *one* release;  
 Can the pitying spirit doubt  
 That for human-kind springs out  
 From the penalty a sense  
 Of more than mortal recompense?

'As a floating summer cloud.  
 Though of gorgeous drapery proud,  
 To the sun-burnt traveller,  
 Or the stooping labourer,  
 Ofttimes makes its bounty known  
 By its shadow round him thrown;  
 So, by chequering's of sad cheer,  
 Heavenly guardians, brooding near,  
 Of their presence tell—too bright  
 Haply for corporeal sight!  
 Ministers of grace divine  
 Feelingly their brows incline  
 O'er this seeming Castaway  
 Breathing, in the light of day,  
 Something like the faintest breath  
 That has power to baffle death—  
 Beautiful, while very weakness  
 Captivates like passive meanness!

All that they think and feel, with tears  
 of joy ;  
 And benedictions not unheard in  
 Heaven :  
 And friend in the ear of friend, where  
 speech is free  
 To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these  
 prompt lines  
 A just memorial ; and thine eyes consent  
 To read that they, who mark thy  
 course, behold  
 A life declining with the golden light  
 Of summer, in the season of sere  
 leaves ;  
 See cheerfulness undamped by steal-  
 ing Time ;  
 See studied kindness flow with easy  
 stream,  
 Illustrated with inborn courtesy ;  
 And an habitual disregard of self  
 Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the verse not tell of  
 lighter gifts  
 With these ennobling attributes con-  
 joined  
 And blended, in peculiar harmony,  
 By Youth's surviving spirit? What  
 agile grace !  
 A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like  
 form,  
 Beheld with wonder ; whether floor or  
 path  
 Thou tread, or sweep—borne on the  
 managed steed—  
 Fleet as the shadows, over down or  
 field,  
 Driven by strong winds at play among  
 the clouds

Yet one word more—one farewell  
 word—a wish  
 Which came, but it has passed into a  
 prayer,  
 That, as thy sun in brightness is de-  
 clining,  
 So, at an hour yet distant for *their*  
 sakes  
 Whose tender love, here faltering on  
 the way  
 Of a diviner love, will be forgiven,—  
 So may it set in peace, to rise again  
 For everlasting glory won by faith.

---

### THE SOMNAMBULIST.

#### I.

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower \*  
 At eve ; how softly then  
 Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,  
 Speak from the woody glen !  
 Fit music for a solemn vale !  
 And holier seems the ground  
 To him who catches on the gale  
 The spirit of a mournful tale,  
 Embodied in the sound.

#### II.

Not far from that fair site whereon  
 The Pleasure-house is reared,  
 As Story says, in antique days,  
 A stern-brow'd house appeared ;  
 Foil to a jewel rich in light  
 There set, and guarded well ;  
 Cage for a bird of plumage bright,  
 Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight  
 Beyond her native dell.

---

\* A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. *Force* is the word used in the Lake District for water-fall.



Thanks to the Powers that yet main-  
 tain their sway.  
 And have renewed the tributary Lay.  
 Truths of the heart flock in with eager  
 pace,  
 And FANCY greets them with a fond  
 embrace;  
 Swift as the rising sun his beams  
 extends  
 She shoots the tidings forth to distant  
 friends;  
 Their gifts she hails (deemed precious  
 as they prove  
 For the unconscious Babe so prompt a  
 love!)  
 But from this peaceful centre of de-  
 light  
 Vague sympathies have urged her to  
 take flight:  
 Rapt into upper regions, like the  
 Bee  
 That sucks from mountain heath her  
 honey fee;  
 Or, like the warbling Lark intent to  
 shroud  
 His head in sunbeams or a bowery  
 cloud,  
 She soars—and here and there her  
 pinions rest  
 On proud towers, like this humble  
 cottage, blest  
 With a new visitant, an infant  
 guest—  
 Towers where red streamers flout the  
 breezy sky  
 In pomp foreseen by her creative  
 eye,  
 When feasts shall crowd the Hall, and  
 steeple bells  
 Glad proclamation make, and heights  
 and dells  
 Catch the blithe music as it sinks and  
 swells;

And harboured ships, whose pride is  
 on the sea.  
 Shall hoist their topmast flags in sign  
 of glee.  
 Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning  
 ills assigned  
 By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind  
 The track that was, and is, and must  
 be, worn  
 With weary feet by all of woman  
 born)—  
 Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be  
 moved,  
 Nor feel the fulness of that joy re-  
 proved?  
 Not He, whose last faint memory will  
 command  
 The truth that Britain was his native  
 land;  
 Whose infant soul was tutored to con-  
 fide  
 In the cleansed faith for which her  
 martyrs died:  
 Whose boyish ear the voice of her  
 renown  
 With rapture thrilled; whose Youth  
 revered the crown  
 Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore.  
 Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Pro-  
 genitor!  
 —Not He, who from her mellowed  
 practice drew  
 His social sense of just, and fair, and  
 true:  
 And saw, thereafter, on the soil of  
 France  
 Rash Polity begin her maniac dance.  
 Foundations broken up, the deeps run  
 wild.  
 Nor grieved to see. (himself not un-  
 beguiled)—

And, sweet Mother! under warrant  
 Of the universal Parent,  
 Who repays in season due  
 Them who have, like thee, been  
     true  
 To the filial chain let down  
 From his everlasting throne,  
 Angels hovering round thy couch,  
 With their softest whispers vouch,  
 That, whatever griefs may fret,  
 Cares entangle, sins beset  
 This thy first-born, and with tears  
 Stain her cheek in future years,  
 Heavenly succour, not denied  
 To the Babe, whate'er betide,  
 Will to the Woman be supplied!

Mother! blest be thy calm ease;  
 Blest the starry promises,  
 And the firmament benign  
 Hallowed be it, where they shine!  
 Yes, for them whose souls have  
     scope  
 Ample for a wingèd hope,  
 And can earthward bend an ear  
 For needful listening, pledge is  
     here,  
 That, if thy new-born Charge shall  
     tread  
 In thy footsteps, and be led  
 By that other Guide, whose light  
 Of manly virtues, mildly bright,  
 Gave him first the wished-for part  
 In thy gentle virgin heart,  
 Then, amid the storms of life  
 Presignified by that dread strife  
 Whence ye have escaped together.  
 She may look for serene weather;  
 In all trials sure to find  
 Comfort for a faithful mind;  
 Kindlier issues, holier rest,  
 Than even now await her prest.  
 Conscious Nursling, to thy breast!

## THE WARNING.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

MARCH, 1833.

LIST, the winds of March are  
     blowing;  
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of  
     showing,  
 Their meek heads to the nipping  
     air,  
 Which ye feel not, happy pair!  
 Sunk into a kindly sleep.  
 We, meanwhile, our hope will  
     keep;  
 And if Time leagued with adverse  
     Change  
 (Too busy fear!) shall cross its  
     range,  
 Whatsoever check they bring,  
 Anxious duty hindering,  
 To like hope our prayers will  
     cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit  
     feeds  
 Upon the events of home as life pro-  
     ceeds,  
 Affections pure and holy in their  
     source  
 Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier  
     course;  
 Hopes that within the Father's heart  
     prevail,  
 Are in the experienced Grandsire's  
     slow to fail;  
 And if the Harp pleased his gay  
     youth, it rings  
 To his grave touch with no unready  
     strings,  
 While thoughts press on, and feelings  
     overflow,  
 And quick words round him fall like  
     flakes of snow.

Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous  
 tongues  
 Deceived, mistake calamities for  
 wrongs :  
 And over fancied usurpations brood.  
 Oft snapping at revenge in sullen  
 mood ;  
 Or, from long stress of real injuries  
 fly  
 To desperation for a remedy ;  
 In bursts of outrage spread your judg-  
 ments wide,  
 And to your wrath cry out, " Be thou  
 our guide ;"  
 Or, bound by oaths, come forth to  
 tread earth's floor  
 In marshalled thousands, darkening  
 street and moor  
 With the worst shape mock-patience  
 ever wore ;  
 Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem  
 By Flatterers carried, mount into a  
 dream  
 Of boundless suffrage. at whose sage  
 behest  
 Justice shall rule, disorder be sup-  
 prest,  
 And every man sit down as Plenty's  
 Guest !  
 —O for a bridle bitted with re-  
 morse  
 To stop your Leaders in their head-  
 strong course !  
 Oh may the Almighty scatter with  
 his grace  
 These mists, and lead you to a safer  
 place,  
 By paths no human wisdom can fore-  
 trace !  
 May He pour round you. from worlds  
 far above  
 Man's feverish passions, his pure light  
 of love,  
 That quietly restores the natural  
 mien  
 To hope, and makes truth willing to  
 be seen !  
 Else shall your blood-stained hands  
 in frenzy reap  
 Fields gaily sown when promises were  
 cheap.  
 Why is the Past belied with wicked  
 art,  
 The Future made to play so false a  
 part,  
 Among a people famed for strength  
 of mind,  
 Foremost in freedom, noblest of man-  
 kind ?  
 We act as if we joyed in the sad  
 tune  
 Storms make in rising, valued in the  
 moon  
 Naught but her changes. Thus, un-  
 grateful Nation !  
 If thou persist, and, scorning modera-  
 tion,  
 Spread for thyself the snares of tribula-  
 tion,  
 Whom, then, shall meekness guard ?  
 What saving skill  
 Lie in forbearance, strength in stand-  
 ing still ?  
 —Soon shall the Widow (for the speed  
 of Time  
 Naught equals when the hours are  
 winged with crime)  
 Widow, or Wife, implore on tremulous  
 knee,  
 From him who judged her Lord, a  
 like decree ;  
 The skies will weep o'er old men  
 desolate :  
 Ye little ones ! Earth shudders at your  
 fate,  
 Outcasts and homeless orphans——

Woke from the dream, the dreamer  
to upbraid,  
And learn how sanguine expectations  
faile  
When novel trusts by folly are be-  
trayed,—  
To see presumption, turning pale,  
refrain  
From further havoc, but repent in  
vain,—  
Good aims lie down, and perish in  
the road  
Where guilt had urged them on, with  
ceaseless goad,  
Proofs thickening round her that on  
public ends  
Domestic virtue vitally depends,  
That civic strife can turn the happiest  
hearth [earth.  
Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting

Can such a one, dear Babe! though  
glad and proud  
To welcome Thee, repel the fears that  
crowd  
Into his English breast, and spare to  
quake  
Less for his own, than for thy innocent  
sake?  
Too late—or, should the providence of  
God  
Lead, through dark ways by sin and  
sorrow trod,  
Justice and peace to a secure abode,  
Too soon—thou com'st into this  
breathing world;  
Ensigns of mimic outrage are un-  
furled.  
Who shall preserve or prop the totter-  
ing Realm?  
What hand suffice to govern the state-  
helm?

If, in the aims of men, the surest  
test  
Of good or bad (whate'er be sought  
for or profest)  
Lie in the means required, or ways  
ordained,  
For compassing the end, else never  
gained;  
Yet governors and governed both are  
blind  
To this plain truth, or fling it to the  
wind;  
If to expedience principle must  
bow;  
Past, future, shrinking up beneath the  
incumbent Now;  
If cowardly concession still must feed  
The thirst for power in men who ne'er  
concede;  
Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way  
For domination at some riper day;  
If generous Loyalty must stand in awe  
Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law;  
Or with bravado insolent and  
hard,  
Provoking punishment, to win reward;  
If office help the factious to conspire,  
And they who *should* extinguish, fan  
the fire—  
Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the  
crown  
Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of  
down;  
To be blown off at will, by Power that  
spares it  
In cunning patience, from the head  
that wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic  
feud;  
Lost above all, ye labouring multi-  
tude!

Remember she follows the law of her  
kind,  
And Instinct is neither wayward nor  
blind.  
Then think of her beautiful gliding  
form.  
Her tread that would scarcely crush a  
worm,  
And her soothing song by the winter  
fire,  
Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love:  
It may soar with the Eagle and brood  
with the Dove.  
May pierce the earth with the patient  
Mole.  
Or track the Hedgehog to his hole.  
Loving and liking are the solace of  
life,  
Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the  
death-bed of strife.  
You love your father and your  
mother,  
Your grown-up and your baby  
brother;  
You love your sister, and your  
friends,  
And countless blessings which God  
sends:  
And while these right affections play,  
You *live* each moment of your day;  
They lead you on to full content,  
And likings fresh and innocent,  
That store the mind, the memory  
feed,  
And prompt to many a gentle deed:  
But *likings* come, and pass away;  
'Tis *love* that remains till our latest  
day:  
Our heavenward guide is holy love,  
And will be our bliss with saints  
above.

## STANZAS

SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OFF ST.  
BEES' HEADS, ON THE COAST OF  
CUMBERLAND.

[St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Bauth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N.E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees; a place distinguished from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The above said religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschion, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschion, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighbourhood; one of which is alluded to in the following Stanzas: and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees' College, and Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit; and under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head of the College; and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in the following Piece, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith; a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for nature.]

But turn, my Soul, and from the  
 sleeping Pair  
 Learn thou the beauty of omniscient  
 care!  
 Be strong in faith, bid anxious  
 thoughts lie still;  
 Seek for the good and cherish it—  
 the ill  
 Oppose, or bear with a submissive  
 will.

---

If this great world of joy and pain  
 Revolve in one sure track;  
 If Freedom, set, will rise again,  
 And Virtue, flown, come back;  
 Woe to the purblind crew who fill  
 The heart with each day's care;  
 Nor gain, from past or future, skill  
 To bear, and to forbear!

---

### ‘LOVING AND LIKING:

IRREGULAR VERSES ADDRESSED TO  
 A CHILD.

[In the former editions of the author's  
 Miscellaneous Poems are three pieces addressed  
 to Children:—the following, a few lines ex-  
 cepted, is by the same Writer; and, as it  
 belongs to the same unassuming class of com-  
 positions, she has been prevailed upon to con-  
 sent to its publication.]

‘THERE'S more in words than I can  
 teach:  
 Yet listen, Child!—I would not  
 preach;  
 But only give some plain directions  
 To guide your speech and your  
 affections.  
 Say not you *love* a roasted Fowl,  
 But you may love a screaming Owl,  
 And, if you can, the unwieldy Toad  
 That crawls from his secure abode

Within the mossy garden wall  
 When evening dew begins to fall.  
 Oh mark the beauty of his eye:  
 What wonders in that circle lie!  
 So clear, so bright, our fathers said  
 He wears a jewel in his head!  
 And when, upon some showery day,  
 Into a path or public way  
 A Frog leaps out from bordering  
 grass,  
 Startling the timid as they pass,  
 Do you observe him, and endeavour  
 To take the intruder into favour;  
 Learning from him to find a reason  
 For a light heart in a dull season.  
 And you may love him in the pool,  
 That is for him a happy school,  
 In which he swims, as taught by  
 nature,  
 Fit pattern for a human creature,  
 Glancing amid the water bright,  
 And sending upward sparkling light.

Nor blush if o'er your heart be  
 stealing  
 A love for things that have no feeling:  
 The spring's first Rose, by you espied,  
 May fill your breast with joyful pride;  
 And you may love the Strawberry  
 Flower,  
 And love the Strawberry in its bower;  
 But when the fruit, so often praised  
 For beauty, to your lip is raised,  
 Say not you *love* the delicate treat,  
 But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Long may you love your pensioner  
 Mouse,  
 Though one of a tribe that torment the  
 house:  
 Nor dislike for her cruel sport the  
 Cat,  
 Deadly foe both of mouse and rat;

Guiding the Mariner through troubled  
 seas,  
 And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,  
 Like the fixed Light that crowns yon  
 Headland of St. Bees.

To aid the Votress, miracles be-  
 lieved  
 Wrought in men's minds, like miracles  
 achieved :

So piety took root : and Song might  
 tell  
 What humanizing Virtues near her  
 Cell

Sprang up, and spread their fragrance  
 wide around ;  
 How savage bosoms melted at the  
 sound

Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies  
 Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through  
 close trees,  
 From her religious Mansion of St.  
 Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument  
 of love,

Was glorified, and took its place,  
 above

The silent stars, among the angelic  
 Quire,

Her Chantry blazed with sacrilegious  
 fire,

And perished utterly ; but her good  
 deeds

Had sown the spot that witnessed them  
 with seeds

Which lay in earth expectant, till a  
 breeze

With quickening impulse answered  
 their mute pleas,

and lo ! a statelier Pile, the Abbey of  
 St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the  
 hungry fed ;  
 And Charity extendeth to the Dead  
 Her intercessions made for the soul's  
 rest :

Of tardy Penitents ; or for the best  
 Among the good (when love might else  
 have slept,

Sickened, or died) in pious memory  
 kept.

Thanks to the austere and simple  
 Devotees,

Who, to that service bound by venial  
 fees,

Kept watch before the Altars of St.  
 Bees.

Are not, in sooth, their Requiems  
 sacred ties

Woven out of passion's sharpest  
 agonies,

Subdued, composed, and formalized  
 by art,

To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart ?  
 The prayer for them whose hour is past  
 away

Says to the Living, profit while ye  
 may !

A little part, and that the worst, he sees  
 Who thinks that priestly cunning holds  
 the keys

That best unlock the secrets of St.  
 Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost  
 light,

Hope of the dawn and solace of the  
 night.

Cheers these Recluses with a steady  
 ray

In many an hour when judgment goes  
 astray.

IF Life were slumber on a bed of  
 down,  
 Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,  
 Sad were our lot: no Hunter of the  
 Hare  
 Exults like him whose javelin from the  
 lair  
 Has roused the Lion; no one plucks  
 the Rose,  
 Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter  
 blows  
 'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,  
 With joy like his who climbs on hands  
 and knees,  
 For some rare Plant, yon Headland of  
 St. Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail,  
 This new indifference to breeze or  
 gale,  
 This straight-lined progress, furrowing  
 a flat lea,  
 And regular as if locked in certainty,  
 Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the  
 Storm!  
 That Courage may find something to  
 perform;  
 That Fortitude, whose blood disdains  
 to freeze  
 At Danger's bidding, may confront the  
 seas,  
 Firm as the towering Headlands of  
 St. Bees.

Dread Cliff of Baruth! *that* wild wish  
 may sleep,  
 Bold as if Men and Creatures of the  
 Deep  
 Breathed the same Element: too many  
 wrecks  
 Have struck thy sides, too many  
 ghastly decks

Hast thou looked down upon, that  
 such a thought  
 Should here be welcome, and in verse  
 enwrought:  
 With thy stern aspect better far  
 agrees  
 Utterance of thanks that we have past  
 with ease,  
 As Millions thus shall do, the Head-  
 lands of St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments  
 her store,  
 What boots the gain if Nature should  
 lose more?  
 And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian  
 place  
 In Man's intelligence sublimed by  
 grace?  
 When Bega sought of yore the Cum-  
 brian coast,  
 Tempestuous winds her holy errand  
 cross'd;  
 She knelt in prayer—the waves their  
 wrath appease;  
 And, from her vow well weighed in  
 Heaven's decrees,  
 Rose, where she touched the strand,  
 the Chantry of St. Bees.

"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of  
 hand,"  
 Who in these Wilds then struggled  
 for command,  
 The strong were merciless, without  
 hope the weak;  
 Till this bright Stranger came, fair as  
 Day-break,  
 And as a Cresset true that darts its  
 length  
 Of beamy lustre from a tower of  
 strength;



Peaceful abodes, where Justice might  
uphold  
Her scales with even hand, and culture  
mould  
The heart to pity, train the mind in  
care  
For rules of life, sound as the Time  
could bear.  
Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of  
ease,  
Or hindrance raised by sordid pur-  
poses,  
To bear thy part in this good work,  
St. Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the  
barren moors,  
And to green meadows changed the  
swampy shores?  
Thinned the rank woods; and for the  
cheerful Grange  
Made room where Wolf and Boar were  
used to range?  
Who taught, and showed by deeds,  
that gentler chains  
Should bind the Vassal to his Lord's  
domains?  
The thoughtful Monks, intent their  
God to please,  
For Christ's dear sake, by human  
sympathies  
Poured from the bosom of thy Church,  
St. Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate  
given  
Through lawless will the Brotherhood  
was driven  
Forth from their cells;—their ancient  
House laid low  
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.

But now once more the local Heart  
revives,  
The inextinguishable Spirit strives.  
Oh may that Power who hushed the  
stormy seas,  
And cleared a way for the first Votaries,  
Prosper the new-born college of St.  
Bees!

Alas! the Genius of our age from  
Schools  
Less humble draws her lessons, aims,  
and rules.  
To Prowess guided by her insight  
keen  
Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;  
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill  
She in her own would merge the  
eternal will:  
Better, if Reason's triumphs match with  
these,  
Her flight before the bold credulities  
That furthered the first teaching of  
St. Bees.

### THE REDBREAST.

(SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND  
COTTAGE.)

DRIVEN in by Autumn's sharpening  
air,  
From half-stripped woods and pastures  
bare,  
Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:  
Not like a beggar is he come,  
But enters as a looked-for guest,  
Confiding in his ruddy breast,  
As if it were a natural shield  
Charged with a blazon on the field,

Ah ! scorn not hastily their rule who try	Flaming till thou from Paynim hands release
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify ;	That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities
Consume with zeal, in winged ecstasies	Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,	But look we now to them whose minds from far
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.	Follow the fortunes which they may not share.
Yet none so prompt to succour and protect	While in Judea Fancy loves to roam, She helps to make a Holy-land at home :
The forlorn Traveller, or Sailor wrecked	The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites
On the bare coast, nor do they grudge the boon	To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights ;
Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon	And, wedded life, through scriptural mysteries,
Claim for the Pilgrim : and, though chidings sharp	Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
May sometimes greet the strolling Minstrel's harp,	Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.
It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,	Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to fill
It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,	With love of God, throughout the Land were raised
Brightening the archway of revered St. Bees.	Churchees, on whose symbolie beauty gazed
How did the Cliffs and echoing Hills rejoice	Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious awe ;
What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,	As at this day men seeing what they saw, Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities, Aspire to more than earthly destinies ;
Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,	Witness yon Pile that greets us from St. Bees.
Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,	
And under one blest ensign serve the Lord	Yet more ; around those Churchees, gathered Towns
In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword !	Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty frowns ;

One chiefly, who with voice and look  
 Pleads for him from the chimney nook,  
 Where sits the Dame, and wears away  
 Her long and vacant holiday ;  
 With images about her heart,  
 Reflected, from the years gone by,  
 On human nature's second infancy.

TO ———.

[Miss not the occasion ; by the forelock take  
 That subtle Power, the never-biting Time,  
 Lost a mere moment's putting-off should make  
 Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

"WAIT, prithee, wait!" this answer  
 Lesbia threw

Forth to her Dove, and took no further  
 head ;

Her eye was busy, while her fingers  
 flew

Across the harp, with soul-engrossing  
 speed :

But from that bondage when her  
 thoughts were freed

She rose, and towards the close-shut  
 casement drew,

Whence the poor unregarded Favour-  
 ite, true

To old affections, had been heard to  
 plead

With flapping wing for entrance. What  
 a shriek

Forced from that voice so lately tuned  
 to a strain

Of harmony!—a shriek of terror,  
 pain,

And self-reproach!—for, from aloft, a  
 Kite

Pounced, and the Dove, which from  
 its ruthless beak

She could not rescue, perished in her  
 sight!

RURAL ILLUSIONS.

I.

SLEPH was it? or a Bird more bright

Than those of fabulous cuckoo?

A second darted by: and lo!

Another of the flock.

Through sunshine flitting from the  
 bough

To nestle in the rock.

Transient deception! a gay freak

Of April's mimeries!

Those brilliant Strangers, hailed with  
 joy

Among the budding trees,

Proved last year's leaves, pushed from  
 the spray

To frolic on the breeze.

II.

Maternal Flora! show thy face,

And let thy hand be seen.

Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,

That, as they touch the green,

Take root (so seems it) and look up

In honour of their Queen.

Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,

That not in vain aspired

To be confounded with live growths,

Most dainty, most admired,

Were only blossoms dropped from  
 twigs

Of their own offspring tired.

III.

Not such the World's illusive shows;

Her wingless flutterings.

Her blossoms which, though shed, out-  
 brave

The Floweret as it springs,

For the Undeceived, smile as they  
 may,

Are melancholy things:

Due to that good and pious deed  
 Of which we in the Ballad read.  
 But pensive fancies putting by,  
 And wild-wood sorrows, speedily  
 He plays the expert ventriloquist;  
 And, caught by glimpses now—now  
     missed,  
 Puzzles the listener with a doubt  
 If the soft voice he throws about  
 Comes from within doors or without!  
 Was ever such a sweet confusion,  
 Sustained by delicate illusion?  
 He's at your elbow—to your feeling  
 The notes are from the floor or  
     ceiling;  
 And there's a riddle to be guessed,  
 'Till you have marked his heaving  
     chest,  
 And busy throat whose sink and swell,  
 Betray the Elf that loves to dwell  
 In Robin's bosom as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the  
     Bird  
 If seen, and with like pleasure stirred  
 Commend him, when he's only heard.  
 But small and fugitive *our* gain  
 Compared with *hers* who long hath  
     lain,  
 With languid limbs and patient head,  
 Reposing on a lone sick-bed;  
 Where now, she daily hears a strain  
 That cheats her of too busy cares,  
 Eases her pain, and helps her prayers.  
 And who but this dear Bird beguiled  
 The fever of that pale-faced Child?  
 Now cooling, with his passing wing,  
 Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring;  
 Recalling now, with descant soft  
 Shed round her pillow from aloft,  
 Sweet thoughts of angels hovering  
     nigh,  
 And the invisible sympathy

Of "Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and  
     John,  
 Blessing the bed she lies upon;" \*  
 And sometimes, just as listening ends  
 In slumber, with the cadence blends  
 A dream of that low-warbled hymn  
 Which Old-folk, fondly pleased to  
     trim  
 Lamps of faith now burning dim,  
 Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,  
 When clouds gave way at dead of  
     night,  
 And the ancient church was filled with  
     light,  
 Used to sing in heavenly tone,  
 Above and round the sacred places  
 They guard, with wingèd baby-faces.

Thrice-happy Creature! in all lands  
 Nurtured by hospitable hands:  
 Free entrance to this cot has he,  
 Entrance and exit both *yet* free;  
 And, when the keen unruffled weather  
 That thus brings man and bird to-  
     gether,  
 Shall with its pleasantness be past,  
 And casement closed and door made  
     fast,  
 To keep at bay the howling blast,  
*He* needs not fear the season's rage,  
 For the whole house is Robin's cage.  
 Whether the bird flit here or there;  
 O'er table *hiz*, or perch on chair,  
 Though some may frown, and make  
     a stir  
 To scare him as a trespasser,  
 And he belike will flinch or start,  
 Good friends he has to take his part:

---

\* The words—

"Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
     Bless the bed that I lie on,"

are part of a child's prayer, still in general use  
 through the northern counties.

To take his sentence from the  
 balanced Block,  
 As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to  
 rock;  
 Though, in the depths of sunless  
 groves, no more  
 The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak  
 adore;  
 Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whis-  
 pering trees  
 Do still perform mysterious offices!  
 And functions dwell in beast and bird  
 that sway  
 The reasoning mind, or with the fancy  
 play.  
 Inviting, at all seasons, ears and  
 eyes  
 To watch for undelusive auguries:—  
 Not uninspired appear their simplest  
 ways:  
 Their voices mount symbolical of  
 praise—  
 To mix with hymns that Spirits make  
 and hear;  
 And to fallen Man their innocence is  
 dear.  
 Enraptured Art draws from those  
 sacred springs  
 Streams that reflect the poetry of  
 things!  
 Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues  
 portrayed,  
 That, might a wish avail, would never  
 fade,  
 Borne in their hands the Lily and the  
 Palm  
 Shed round the Altar a celestial  
 calm;  
 There, too, behold the Lamb and  
 guileless Dove  
 Prest in the tenderness of virgin  
 love

To saintly bosoms!—Glorious is the  
 blending  
 Of right Affections, climbing or  
 descending  
 Along a scale of light and life, with  
 cares  
 Alternate: carrying holy thoughts and  
 prayers  
 Up to the sovereign seat of the Most  
 High;  
 Descending to the worm in charity; \*  
 Like those good Angels whom a dream  
 of night  
 Gave, in the Field of Luz, to Jacob's  
 sight:  
 All, while *he* slept, treading the  
 pendent stairs  
 Earthward or heavenward, radiant  
 Messengers,  
 That, with a perfect will in one accord  
 Of strict obedience, served the  
 Almighty Lord;  
 And with untired humility forbore  
 To speed their errand by the wings  
 they wore.

What a fair World were ours for  
 Verse to paint,  
 If Power could live at ease with self-  
 restraint!  
 Opinion bow before the naked sense  
 Of the great Vision,—faith in Provi-  
 dence:  
 Merciful over all his creatures, just  
 To the least particle of sentient dust;  
 But, fixing by immutable decrees,  
 Seedtime and harvest for his purpose!  
 Then would be closed the restless  
 oblique eye  
 That looks for evil like a treacherous  
 spy;

\* The author is indebted, here, to a passage  
 in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.

But gentle Nature plays her part  
 With ever-varying wiles,  
 And transient feignings with plain  
 truth  
 So well she reconciles,  
 That those fond Idlers most are  
 pleased  
 Whom oftenest she beguiles.

---

## THIS LAWN, &amp;c.

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive  
 With shadows flung from leaves—to  
 strive

In dance, amid a press  
 Of sunshine—an apt emblem yields  
 Of Worldlings revelling in the fields  
 Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and  
 breeze

Encounter, and to narrow seas  
 Forbid a moment's rest;  
 The medley less when boreal Lights  
 Glance to and fro like aery Sprites  
 To feats of arms address!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,  
 This ceaseless play, the genuine life  
 That serves the stedfast hours,  
 Is in the grass beneath, that grows  
 Unheeded, and the mute repose  
 Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

---

## THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

FLATTERED with promise of escape  
 From every hurtful blast,  
 Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy  
 shape,  
 Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high  
 In fierce solstitial power,  
 Less fair than when a lenient sky  
 Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves  
 The labours of the plough,  
 And ripening fruits and forest leaves  
 All brighten, on the bough,

What pensive beauty autumn shows,  
 Before she hears the sound  
 Of winter rushing in, to close  
 The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer  
 such;  
 So may our Autumn blend  
 With hoary Winter, and Life touch,  
 Through heaven-born hope, her  
 end!

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## HUMANITY.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1829.)

*Not from his fellows only man may learn  
 Rights to compare and duties to discern:  
 All creatures and all objects, in degree,  
 Are friends and patrons of humanity.*—MS.

[The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.]

WHAT though the Accused, upon his  
 own appeal  
 To righteous Gods when Man has  
 ceased to feel,  
 Or at a doubting Judge's stern com-  
 mand,  
 Before the STONE OF POWER no longer  
 stand—



Disputes would then relax, like stormy  
 winds  
 That into breezes sink; impetuous  
 Minds  
 By discipline endeavour to grow  
 meek  
 As Truth herself, whom they profess to  
 seek.  
 Then Genius, shunning fellowship with  
 Pride,  
 Would braid his golden locks at  
 Wisdom's side;  
 Love ebb and flow untroubled by  
 caprice;  
 And not alone *harsh* tyranny would  
 cease,  
 But unoffending creatures find release  
 From qualified oppression, whose  
 defence  
 Rests on a hollow plea of recompence;  
 Thought-tempered wrongs, for each  
 humane respect  
 Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in  
 effect.  
 Witness those glances of indignant  
 scorn  
 From some high-minded Slave, im-  
 pelled to spurn  
 The kindness that would make him  
 less forlorn;  
 Or, if the soul to bondage be sub-  
 dued,  
 His look of pitiable gratitude!

A land whose azure mountain-tops are  
 seats  
 For Gods in council, whose green  
 vales, Retreats  
 Fit for the Shades of Heroes, mingling  
 there  
 To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as  
 the grave,  
 Stone-walls a Prisoner make, but not a  
 Slave  
 Shall Man assume a property in  
 Man?  
 Lay on the moral Will a withering  
 ban?  
 Shame that our laws at distance still  
 protect  
 Enormities, which they at home  
 reject!  
 "Slaves cannot breathe in England"  
 —yet that boast  
 Is but a mockery! when, from coast to  
 coast,  
 Though *fettered* slave be none, her  
 floors and soil  
 Groan underneath a weight of slavish  
 toil,  
 For the poor Many, measured out by  
 rules  
 Fetched with cupidity from heartless  
 schools,  
 That to an Idol, falsely called "the  
 Wealth  
 Of Nations," sacrificed a People's  
 health,  
 Body and mind and soul; a thirst so  
 keen  
 Is ever urging on the vast machine  
 Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy  
 wheels  
 The Power least prized is that which  
 thinks and feels.

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of  
 Isles,  
 Where day departs in pomp, returns  
 with smiles—  
 To greet the flowers and fruitage of a  
 land,  
 As the sun mounts, by sea-borne  
 breezes fanned;



Strange contrasts have we in this  
 world of ours!  
 That posture, and the look of filial  
 love  
 Thinking of past and gone, with what  
 is left  
 Dearly united, might be swept away  
 From this fair Portrait's fleshly  
 Archetype,  
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest  
 freak  
 Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored  
 To their lost place, or meet in  
 harmony  
 So exquisite: but *here* do they abide.  
 Enshrined for ages. Is not then the  
 Art  
 Godlike, a humble branch of the  
 divine,  
 In visible quest of immortality.  
 Stretched forth with trembling hope?  
 In every realm,  
 • From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,  
 Thousands, in each variety of tongue  
 That Europe knows, would echo this  
 appeal;  
 One above all, a Monk who waits on  
 God  
 In the magnificent Convent built of yore  
 To sanctify the Escorial palace. He,  
 Guiding, from cell to cell and room to  
 room,  
 A British Painter (eminent for truth  
 In character, and depth of feeling,  
 shown  
 By labours that have touched the  
 hearts of kings,  
 And are endeared to simple cottagers)  
 Came, in that service, to a glorious work,  
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as  
 when first  
 The appropriate Picture, fresh from  
 Titian's hand,

Graced the Refectory: and there, while  
 both  
 Stood with eyes fixed<sup>a</sup> upon that  
 Masterpiece,  
 The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear  
 Breathed out these words:—"Here  
 daily do we sit,  
 Thanks given to God for daily bread,  
 and here  
 Pondering the mischiefs of these rest-  
 less Times,  
 And thinking of my Brethren, dead,  
 dispersed,  
 Or changed and changing, I not  
 seldom gaze  
 Upon this solemn Company unmoved  
 By shock of circumstance, or lapse of  
 years,  
 Until I cannot but believe that they—  
 They are in truth the Substance, *we*  
 the Shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his  
 griefs  
 Melting away within him like a dream  
 Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to  
 speak:  
 And I, grown old, but in a happier  
 land,  
 Domestic Portrait! have to verse con-  
 signed  
 In thy calm presence those heart-  
 moving words:  
 Words that can soothe, more than they  
 agitate;  
 Whose spirit, like the angel that went  
 down  
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue  
 Informs the fountain in the human  
 breast  
 Which by the visitation was disturbed.  
 —But why this stealing tear? Com-  
 panion mute,

Must needs be conversant with upward  
looks,  
Prayer's voiceless service; but now,  
seeking naught  
And shunning naught, their own  
peculiar life  
Of motion they renounce, and with the  
head  
Partake its inclination towards earth  
In humble grace, and quiet pensive-  
ness  
Caught at the point where it stops  
short of sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art,  
make me  
Thy confidant! say, whence derived  
that air  
Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling  
thought  
Be with some lover far away, or one  
Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted  
faith!  
Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a  
moon  
Crescent in simple loveliness serene,  
Has but approached the gates of  
womanhood,  
Not entered them; her heart is yet un-  
pierced  
By the blind Archer-god, her fancy  
free:  
The fount of feeling, if unsought else-  
where,  
Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies  
Across the slender wrist of the left  
arm  
Upon her lap reposing, holds—but  
mark  
How slackly, for the absent mind  
permits

No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower,  
joined  
As in a posy, with a few pale ears  
Of yellowing corn, the same that over-  
topped  
And in their common birthplace shel-  
tered it  
'Till they were plucked together; a  
blue flower  
Called by the thrifty husbandman a  
weed;  
But Ceres, in her garland, might have  
worn  
That ornament, unblamed. The  
floweret, held  
In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she  
knows,  
(Her Father told her so) in Youth's gay  
dawn  
Her Mother's favourite; and the  
orphan Girl,  
In her own dawn—a dawn less gay  
and bright,  
Loves it while there in solitary peace  
She sits, for that departed Mother's  
sake.  
—Not from a source less sacred is  
derived  
(Surely I do not err) that pensive  
air  
Of calm abstraction through the face  
diffused  
And the whole person.  
Words have something told  
More than the pencil can, and verily  
More than is needed, but the precious  
Art  
Forgives their interference — Art  
divine,  
That both creates and fixes, in de-  
spite  
Of Death and Time, the marvels it  
hath wrought.

Intricate labyrinth, more dread for  
 thought  
 To enter than oracular cave;  
 Strict passage, through which sighs are  
 brought,  
 And whispers, for the heart, their  
 slave;  
 And shrieks, that revel in abuse  
 Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,  
 Whose piercing sweetness can unloose  
 The chains of frenzy, or entice a  
 smile  
 Into the ambush of despair;  
 Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn  
 aisle,  
 And requiems answered by the pulse  
 that beats  
 Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

## II.

The headlong Streams and Fountains  
 Serve Thee, Invisible Spirit, with  
 untired powers;  
 Cheering the wakeful Tent on Syrian  
 mountains,  
 They lull perchance ten thousand thou-  
 sand flowers,  
*That* roar, the prowling Lion's *Here I*  
*am,*  
 How fearful to the desert wide!  
 That bleat, how tender! of the Dam  
 Calling a straggler to her side.  
 Shout, Cuckoo! let the vernal soul  
 Go with thee to the frozen zone;  
 Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone Bell-  
 bird, toll!  
 At the still hour to Mercy dear,  
 Mercy from her twilight throne  
 Listening to Nun's faint throb of holy  
 fear,  
 To Sailor's prayer breathed from a  
 darkening sea,  
 Or Widow's cottage lullaby.

## III.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows,  
 And Images of voice—to hound and  
 horn [meadows  
 From rocky steep and rock-bestudded  
 Flung back, and, in the sky's blue  
 caves, reborn,  
 On with your pastime! till the church-  
 tower bells  
 A greeting give of measured glee;  
 And milder echoes from their cells  
 Repeat the bridal symphony.  
 Then, or far earlier, let us rove  
 Where mists are breaking up or gone,  
 And from aloft look down into a cove  
 Besprinkled with a careless quire,  
 Happy Milk-maids, one by one  
 Scattering a ditty each to her desire,  
 A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,  
 A stream as if from one full heart.

## IV.

Blest be the song that brightens  
 The blind Man's gloom, exalts the  
 Veteran's mirth;  
 Unscorned the Peasant's whistling  
 breath, that lightens  
 His duteous toil of furrowing the green  
 earth. [languid oar.  
 For the tired Slave, Song lifts the  
 And bids it aptly fall, with chime  
 That beautifies the fairest shore,  
 And mitigates the harshest clime.  
 Yon Pilgrims see—in lagging file  
 They move; but soon the appointed  
 way  
 A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,  
 And to their hope the distant shrine  
 Glisten with a livelier ray:  
 Nor friendless He, the Prisoner of the  
 Mine, [clear breast  
 Who from the well-spring of his own  
 Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare  
 thee well, [well! \*  
 My Song's Inspirer, once again fare-

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THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,  
 For One, but surely not for One alone,  
 Triumphs, in that great work, the  
 Painter's skill,

Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;  
 Yet representing, amid wreck and  
 wrong

And dissolution and decay, the warm  
 And breathing life of flesh, as if  
 already [graced

Clothed with impassive majesty, and  
 With no mean earnest of a heritage

Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou,  
 too, [traiture!

With thy memorial flower, meek Por-  
 From whose serene companionship I  
 passed,

Pursued by thoughts that haunt me  
 still; thou also—

Though but a simple object, into light  
 Called forth by those affections that  
 endear

The private hearth: though keeping  
 thy sole seat

In singleness, and little tried by time,  
 Creation, as it were, of yesterday—

With a congenial function art endued  
 For each and all of us, together joined,  
 In course of nature, under a low roof  
 By charities and duties that proceed  
 Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.

---

\* The pile of buildings, composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escorial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added, that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.

To a like salutary sense of awe,  
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the  
 power

Of meditation that attempts to weigh,  
 In faithful scales, things and their  
 opposites,

Can thy enduring quiet gently raise  
 A household small and sensitive,—  
 whose love,

Dependent as in part its blessings are  
 Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved  
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in  
 heaven.

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STANZAS ON THE POWER OF  
 SOUND.

ARGUMENT.

[The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual functionary, in communion with sounds, individual, or combined in studied harmony.—Sources and effects of those sounds (to the close of 6th Stanza).—The power of music, whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot.—Origin of music, and its effect in early ages—how produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza).—The mind recalled to sounds acting casually and severally.—Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme or system for moral interests and intellectual contemplation.—(Stanza 12th.) The Pythagorean theory of numbers and music, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe—imagination consonant with such a theory.—Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realised, in some degree, by the representation of all sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator.—(Last Stanza) the destruction of earth and the planetary system—the survival of audible harmony, and its support in the Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.]

i.

Thy functions are ethereal,  
 As if within thee dwelt a glancing  
 Mind,  
 Organ of Vision. And a Spirit aerial  
 Informs the cell of hearing, dark and  
 blind;

Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:  
 Art, daring because souls could  
 feel,  
 Stirred nowhere but an urgent equi-  
 page  
 Of rapt imagination sped her march  
 Through the realms of woe and  
 weal:  
 Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper  
 arch  
 Rejoiced that clamorous spell and  
 magic verse  
 Her wan disasters could disperse.

## IX.

The Gift to King Amphion  
 That walled a city with its melody  
 Was for belief no dream; thy skill,  
 Arion!  
 Could humanise the creatures of the  
 sea,  
 Where men were monsters. A last  
 grace he craves,  
 Leave for one chant;—the dulcet  
 sound  
 Steals from the deck o'er willing  
 waves,  
 And listening Dolphins gather  
 round.  
 Self-cast, as with a desperate course,  
 'Mid that strange audience, he  
 bestrides  
 A proud One docile as a managed  
 horse:  
 And singing, while the accordant  
 hand  
 Sweeps his harp, the Master rides;  
 So shall he touch at length a friendly  
 strand,  
 And he, with his Preserver, shine star-  
 bright  
 In memory, through silent night.

## X.

The pipe of Pan, to Shepherds  
 Couched in the shadow of Mænalian  
 Pines,  
 Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the  
 Leopards,  
 That in high triumph drew the Lord of  
 vines,  
 How did they sparkle to the cymbal's  
 clang!  
 While Fauns and Satyrs beat the  
 ground  
 In cadence,—and Silenus swang  
 This way and that, with wild-flowers  
 crowned.  
 To life, to *life* give back thine Ear:  
 Ye who are longing to be rid  
 Of Fable, though to truth subservient.  
 hear  
 The little sprinkling of cold earth that  
 fell  
 Echoed from the coffin lid;  
 The Convict's summons in the steeple's  
 knell.  
 "The vain distress-gun," from a lee-  
 ward shore,  
 Repeated—heard, and heard no more!

## XI.

For terror, joy, or pity,  
 Vast is the compass, and the swell of  
 notes:  
 From the Babe's first cry to voice of  
 regal City,  
 Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that  
 floats  
 Far as the woodlands—with the trill to  
 blend  
 Of that shy Songstress, whose love-tale  
 Might tempt an Angel to descend,  
 While hovering o'er the moonlight  
 vale.

When civic renovation  
 Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful  
     haste  
 Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration  
 Mounts with a tune, that travels like a  
     blast  
 Piping through cave and battlemented  
     tower;  
 Then starts the Sluggard, pleased to  
     meet  
 That voice of Freedom, in its  
     power  
 Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!  
 Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads  
 Incitements of a battle-day,  
 Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with  
     plumeless heads;  
 Even She whose Lydian airs inspire  
 Peaceful striving, gentle play  
 Of timid hope and innocent desire  
 Shot from the dancing Graces, as they  
     move  
 Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

## VI.

How oft along thy mazes,  
 Regent of Sound, have dangerous  
     Passions trod!  
 O Thou, through whom the Temple  
     rings with praises,  
 And blackening clouds in thunder  
     speak of God,  
 Betray not by the cozenage of sense  
 Thy Votaries, wooingly resigned  
 To a voluptuous influence  
 That taints the purer, better mind;  
 But lead sick Fancy to a harp  
 That hath in noble tasks been  
     tried;  
 And, if the Virtuous feel a pang too  
     sharp,

Soothe it into patience,—stay  
 The uplifted arm of Suicide;  
 And let some mood of thine in firm  
     array  
 Knit every thought the impending  
     issue needs,  
 Ere Martyr burns, or Patriot bleeds!

## VII.

As Conscience, to the centre  
 Of Being, smites with irresistible pain,  
 So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter  
 The mouldy vaults of the dull Idiot's  
     brain, [hurled—  
 Transmute him to a wretch from quiet  
 Convulsed as by a jarring din;  
 And then aghast, as at the world  
 Of reason partially let in  
 By concords winding with a sway  
 Terrible for sense and soul!  
 Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell  
     dismay.  
 Point not these mysteries to an Art  
 Lodged above the starry pole;  
 Pure modulations flowing from the  
     heart  
 Of divine Love, where Wisdom,  
     Beauty, Truth  
 With Order dwell, in endless youth?

## VIII.

Oblivion may not cover  
 All treasures hoarded by the Miser,  
     Time.  
 Orphean Insight! Truth's undaunted  
      Lover, [climb,  
 To the first leagues of tutored passion  
 When Music deigned within this  
     grosser sphere  
 Her subtle essence to enfold,  
 And Voice and Shell drew forth a tear  
 Softer than Nature's self could mould.

## TO THE MOON.

(COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,—ON THE  
COAST OF CUMBERLAND.)

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and  
com'st so near  
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;  
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to  
partake,  
So might it seem, the cares of them  
that wake;  
And, through the cottage lattice softly  
peeping,  
Dost shield from harm the humblest of  
the sleeping;  
What pleasure once encompassed  
those sweet names  
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,  
An idolizing dreamer as of yore!—  
I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat  
shore  
Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts  
attend  
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S  
FRIEND;  
So call thee for heaven's grace through  
thee made known  
By confidence supplied and mercy  
shown.  
When not a twinkling star or beacon's  
light  
Abates the perils of a stormy night;  
And for less obvious benefits, that find  
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart  
and mind;  
Both for the adventurer starting in  
life's prime;  
And veteran ranging round from clime  
to clime,  
Long baffled hope's slow fever in his  
veins,  
And wounds and weakness oft his  
labour's sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the  
winding Streams  
Empress of Night! are gladdened by  
thy beams;  
A look of thine the wilderness per-  
vades,  
And penetrates the forest's inmost  
shades;  
Thou, chequering peaceably the min-  
ster's gloom,  
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost  
one's tomb;  
Canst reach the Prisoner—to his  
grated cell [gible!—  
Welcome, though silent and intan-  
And lives there one, of all that come  
and go  
On the great waters toiling to and fro,  
One, who has watched thee at some  
quiet hour  
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,  
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and  
clouds that move  
Catching the lustre they in part re-  
prove—  
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy  
sway  
To call up thoughts that shun the  
glare of day,  
And make the serious happier than the  
gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly  
bright  
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own  
despite,  
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken  
brain,  
Let me a compensating faith main-  
tain;  
That there's a sensitive, a tender part  
Which thou canst touch in every  
human heart,

Ye wandering utterances, has earth no  
 scheme,  
 No scale of moral music, to unite  
 Powers that survive but in the faintest  
 dream [to bear  
 Of memory!—O that ye might stoop  
 Chains, such precious chains of sight.  
 As laboured minstrelsies through ages  
 wear!  
 O for a balance fit the truth to tell  
 Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII.

By one pervading Spirit  
 Of tones and numbers all things are  
 controlled,  
 As Sages taught, where faith was found  
 to merit  
 Initiation in that mystery old.  
 The Heavens, whose aspect makes our  
 minds as still  
 As they themselves appear to be,  
 Innumerable voices fill  
 With everlasting harmony;  
 The towering Headlands, crowned  
 with mist,  
 Their feet among the billows, know  
 That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;  
 Thy pinions, universal Air,  
 Ever waving to and fro,  
 Are delegates of harmony, and bear  
 Strains that support the Seasons in  
 their round;  
 Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII.

Break forth into thanksgiving,  
 Ye banded Instruments of wind and  
 chords;  
 Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,  
 Your inarticulate notes with the voice  
 of words!

Nor hushed be service from the lowing  
 mead,  
 Nor mute the forest hum of noon:  
 Thou too be heard, lone Eagle! freed  
 From snowy peak and cloud, attune  
 Thy hungry barkings to the hymn  
 Of joy, that from her utmost walls  
 The six-days' Work by flaming  
 Seraphim,  
 Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to  
 Deep  
 Shouting through one valley calls  
 All worlds, all natures, mood and  
 measure keep  
 For praise and ceaseless gratulation  
 poured  
 Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV.

A voice to Light gave Being;  
 To Time, and Man his earth-born  
 Chronicler;  
 A Voice shall finish doubt and dim  
 foreseeing,  
 And sweep away life's visionary stir;  
 The Trumpet (we, intoxicate with  
 pride,  
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars)  
 To archangelic lips applied,  
 The grave shall open, quench the stars  
 O Silence! are Man's noisy years  
 No more than moments of thy life?  
 Is Harmony, blest Queen of smiles and  
 tears,  
 With her smooth tones and discords  
 just;  
 Tempered into rapturous strife,  
 Thy destined Bond-slave? No! though  
 Earth be dust  
 And vanish, though the Heavens dis-  
 solve, her stay  
 Is in the WORD, that shall not pass  
 away.



In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,  
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,  
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still beloved (for thine, meek Power, are charms  
That fascinate the very Babe in arms,  
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,  
Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)  
O still beloved, once worshipped! Time, that frowns  
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,  
Spare thy mild splendour; still those far-shot beams  
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams  
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise  
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;  
And through dark trials still dost thou explore  
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,  
When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith  
In mysteries of birth and life and death  
And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed  
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.  
What though the rites be swept away, the fanes  
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;

Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot cease,  
Love to promote and purity and peace:  
And Fancy, unproved, even yet may trace  
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

Then, silent Monitress! let us—not blind  
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind  
Of Science laid them open to mankind—  
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare  
God's glory; and acknowledging thy share  
In that blest charge; let us—without offence  
To 'aught of highest, holiest, influence—  
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense.  
May sage and simple, catching with one eye  
The moral intimations of the sky,  
Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,  
"To look on tempests, and be never shaken;"  
To keep with faithful step the appointed way  
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day;  
And from example of thy 'monthly range  
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;  
Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope,  
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope.

For healing and composure.—But, as  
 least  
 And mightiest billows ever have confessed  
 Thy domination; as the whole vast  
 Sea  
 Feels through her lowest depths thy  
 sovereignty;  
 So shines that countenance with  
 especial grace  
 On them who urge the keel her *plains*  
 to trace  
 Furrowing its way right onward. The  
 most rude,  
 Cut off from home and country, may  
 have stood—  
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed  
 his eye,  
 Or the mute rapture ended in a  
 sigh—  
 Touched by accordance of thy placid  
 cheer,  
 With some internal lights to memory  
 dear,  
 Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the  
 breast  
 Tired with its daily share of earth's  
 unrest,—  
 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;  
 A kindly influence whereof few will  
 speak,  
 Though it can wet with tears the  
 hardest cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy  
 cave  
 Is hidden, buried in its monthly  
 grave;  
 Then, while the Sailor mid an open  
 sea  
 Swept by a favouring wind that leaves  
 thought free,  
 wo.

Paces the deck—no star perhaps in  
 sight,  
 And nothing save the moving ship's  
 own light  
 To cheer the long dark hours of vacant  
 night—  
 Oft with his musings does thy image  
 blend,  
 In his mind's eye thy crescent horns  
 ascend,  
 And thou art still, O Moon, that  
 SAILOR'S FRIEND!

## TO THE MOON

(RYDAL.)

QUEEN of the Stars!—so gentle, so  
 benign,  
 That ancient Fable did to thee assign,  
 When darkness creeping o'er thy silver  
 brow  
 Warned thee these upper regions to  
 forego,  
 Alternate empire in the shades  
 below—  
 A Bard, who, lately near the wide-  
 spread sea  
 Traversed by gleaming ships looked up  
 to thee  
 With grateful thoughts, doth now thy  
 rising hail  
 From the close confines of a shadowy  
 vale.  
 Glory of night, conspicuous yet  
 serene,  
 Nor less attractive when by glimpses  
 seen  
 Through cloudy umbrage, well might  
 that fair face,  
 And all those attributes of modest  
 grace,

That Cross belike he also raised as  
 a standard for the true  
 And faithful service of his heart in  
 the worst that might ensue  
 Of hardship and distressful fear, amid  
 the houseless waste  
 Where he, in his poor self so weak,  
 by Providence was placed.

—Here, Lady! might I cease; but  
 nay, let us before we part  
 With this dear holy shepherd-boy  
 breathe a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That unto him, where'er shall lie his  
 life's appointed way,  
 The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove  
 an all-sufficing stay.

### THE POET'S DREAM

SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY.

JUST as those final words were penned,  
 the sun broke out in power,  
 And gladdened all things; but, as  
 chanced, within that very hour,  
 Air blackened, thunder growled, fire  
 flashed from clouds that hid the sky,  
 And, for the Subject of my Verse, I  
 heaved a pensive sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts  
 from heaviness be cleared.  
 For bodied forth before my eyes the  
 cross-crowned hut appeared;  
 And, while around it storm as fierce  
 seemed troubling earth and air,  
 I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneel-  
 ing alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice  
 spake with articulate call,  
 bowed meekly in submissive fear, be-  
 fore the Lord of All;

His lips were moving; and his eyes,  
 upraised to sue for grace,  
 With soft illumination cheered the  
 dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—what  
 wonder if the sight,  
 Almost as vivid as a dream, produced  
 a dream at night?  
 It came with sleep and showed the  
 Boy, no cherub, not transformed,  
 But the poor ragged Thing whose ways  
 my human heart had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with  
 wings, so I took him in my arms,  
 And lifted from the grassy floor, still  
 his faint alarms,  
 And bore him high through yielding  
 air my debt of love to pay,  
 By giving him, for both our sakes, an  
 hour of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear  
 Child! thou art my own,  
 To show thee some delightful thing  
 in country or in town.  
 What shall it be? a mirthful throng  
 or that holy place and calm  
 St. Denis, filled with royal tombs, or  
 the Church of Notre Dame?"

"St. Owen's golden Shrine? or  
 choose what else would please  
 thee most  
 Of any wonder, Normandy, or  
 proud France, can boast!"  
 "My Mother," said the Boy, "was  
 born near to a blessed Tree,  
 The Chapel Oak of Allonville: find  
 Angel, show it me!"

IMPROMPTU.

THE sun has long been set,  
The stars are out by twos and  
threes,  
The little birds are piping yet  
Among the bushes and trees ;  
There's a cuckoo, and one or two  
thrushes,  
And a far-off wind that rushes,  
And a sound of water that gushes,  
And the cuckoo's sovereign cry  
Fills all the hollow of the sky.  
Who would "go parading"  
In London, "and masquerading,"  
On such a night of June  
With that beautiful soft half-moon,  
And all these innocent blisses ?  
On such a night as this is !

THE NORMAN BOY.

HIGH on a broad unfertile tract of  
forest-skiited Down,  
Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor  
made by man his own,  
From home and company remote and  
every playful joy,  
Served, tending a few sheep and goats,  
a ragged Norman Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot ; but  
from an English Dame,  
Stranger to me and yet my friend, a  
simple notice came,  
With suit that, I would speak in verse  
of that sequestered child  
Whom, one bleak winter's day, she  
met upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge  
with relics sprinkled o'er  
Of last night's snow, beneath a  
sky threatening the fall of  
more,  
Where tufts of herbage tempted  
each, were busy at their  
feed,  
And the poor Boy was busier still, with  
work of anxious heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent  
and withered and decayed,  
For covert from the keen north  
wind, his hands a hut had  
made.  
A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail,  
as needs must be  
A thing of such materials framed, by  
a builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his  
pains, nor seemingly lacked  
aught  
That skill or means of his could  
add, but the architect had  
wrought  
Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-  
shaped with fingers nice,  
To be engrafted on the top of his  
small edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening  
there, as the surest power and  
best  
For supplying all deficiencies, all wants  
of the rude nest<sup>1</sup>  
In which, from burning heat, or tem-  
pest driving far and wide,  
The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his  
lonely head must hide.

"God for His service needeth not  
proud work of human skill;  
They please Him best who labour  
most to do in peace His will:  
So let us strive to live, and to our  
spirits will be given  
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls,  
shall bear us up to heaven."

The Boy no answer made by words,  
but, so earnest was his look,  
Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream  
—recorded in this book,  
Lest all that passed should melt away  
in silence from my mind.  
As visions still more bright have done,  
and left no trace behind.

But oh! that Country-man of thine,  
whose eye, loved Child, can see  
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of  
early piety,

In verse, which to thy ear might come,  
would treat this simple theme,  
Nor leave untold our happy flight in  
that adventurous dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to  
thee from whom it flowed,  
Was nothing, scarcely can be aught,  
yet 'twas bounteously bestowed,  
If I may dare to cherish hope that  
gentle eyes will read  
Not loth, and listening little-ones,  
heart-touched, their fancies feed.

### THE WESTMORELAND GIRL.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

#### PART I.

SEEK who will delight in fable,  
I shall tell you truth. A Lamb  
Leapt from this steep bank to follow  
Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

Far and wide on hill and valley  
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain.  
And the bleating mother's Young-one  
Struggled with the flood in vain:

But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden  
(Ten years scarcely had she told)  
Seeing, plunged into the torrent,  
Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold.

Whirled adown the rocky channel,  
Sinking, rising, on they go,  
Peace and rest, as seems, before them  
Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current  
Whose fierce wrath the Girl had  
braved;  
Clap your hands with joy, my Hearers,  
Shout in triumph, both are saved;

Saved by courage that with danger  
Grew, by strength the gift of love,  
And belike a guardian angel  
Came with succour from above.

#### PART II.

Now, to a maturer Audience,  
Let me speak of this brave Child  
Left among her native mountains  
With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,  
Mother's care no more her guide,  
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan  
Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame,—remembrance  
makes him  
Loth to rule by strict command  
Still upon his cheek are living  
Touches of her infant hand,

On wings, from broad and steadfast  
poise let loose by this reply,  
For Allonville, o'er down and dale,  
away then did we fly;  
O'er town and tower we flew, and  
fields in May's fresh verdure  
drest;  
The wings they did not flag; the  
Child, though grave, was not de-  
prest.

But who shall show, to waking sense,  
the gleam of light that broke  
Forth from his eyes, when first the  
Boy looked down on that huge  
oak,  
For length of days so much revered,  
so famous where it stands  
For twofold hallowing—Nature's care,  
and work of human hands?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge  
I glided round and round  
The wide-spread boughs, for view of  
door, window, and stair that  
wound'

Gracefully up the gnarled trunk; nor  
left we unsurveyed  
The pointed steeple peering forth  
from the centre of the shade.

I lighted—opened with soft touch the  
chapel's iron door,  
Past softly, leading in the Boy; and,  
while from roof to floor  
From floor to roof all round his eyes  
the Child with wonder cast,  
Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each  
livelier than the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk,  
the sanctuary showed,  
By light of lamp and precious stones,  
that glimmered here, there glowed,

Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung  
in sign of gratitude;  
Sight that inspired accordant thoughts;  
and speech I thus renewed:

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou  
hast heard thy Mother say,  
And, kneeling, supplication make to  
our Lady de la Paix;  
What mournful sighs have here been  
heard, and, when the voice was  
stopt  
By sudden pangs, what bitter tears  
have on this pavement dropt!

"Poor Shepherd of the naked Down,  
a favoured lot is thine,  
Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings  
full many to this shrine;  
From body pains and pains of soul  
thou needest no release,  
Thy hours as they flow on are spent,  
if not in joy, in peace.

"Then offer up thy heart to God in  
thankfulness and praise.  
Give to Him prayers, and many  
thoughts, in thy most busy days;  
And in His sight the fragile Cross, on  
thy small hut, will be  
Holy as that which long hath crowned  
the Chapel of this Tree;

"Holy as that far seen which crowns  
the sumptuous Church in Rome  
Where thousands meet to worship God  
under a mighty Dome:  
He sees the bending multitude, He  
hears the choral rites,  
Yet not the less, in children's hymns  
and lonely prayer, delights.

## WHAT HEAVENLY SMILES.

WHAT heavenly smiles! O Lady mine  
Through my very heart they shine;  
And, if my brow gives back their  
light.

Do thou look gladly on the sight;  
As the clear Moon with modest pride  
Beholds her own bright beams  
Reflected from the mountain's side  
And from the headlong streams.

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE  
SIDE.

## I.

How beautiful when up a lofty height  
Honour ascends among the humblest  
poor,  
And feeling sinks as deep! See there  
the door  
Of One, a Widow, left beneath a  
weight  
Of blameless debt. On evil Fortune's  
spite  
She wasted no complaint, but strove  
to make  
A just repayment, both for conscience-  
sake  
And that herself and hers should stand  
upright  
In the world's eye. Her work when  
daylight failed  
Paused not, and through the depth of  
night she kept  
Such earnest vigils, that belief pre-  
vailed  
With some, the noble Creature never  
slept;  
But, one by one, the hand of death  
assailed  
Her children from her inmost heart  
bewept.

## II.

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her  
tears to flow  
Till a winter's noon day placed her  
buried Son  
Before her eyes, last child of many  
gone—  
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!  
His very feet bright as the dazzling  
snow  
Which they are touching; yea, far  
brighter, even  
As that which comes, or seems to  
come, from heaven,  
Surpasses aught these elements can  
show.  
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from  
that hour  
Whate'er befell she could not grieve  
or pine;  
But the Transfigured, in and out of  
season,  
Appeared, and spiritual presence  
gained a power  
Over material forms that mastered  
reason.  
Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make  
her thine!

## III.

But why that prayer? as if to her could  
come  
No good but by the way that leads  
to bliss  
Through Death,—so judging we  
should judge amiss.  
Since reason failed want is her threat-  
ened doom,  
Yet frequent transports mitigate the  
gloom:  
Nor of those maniacs is she one that  
kiss  
The air or laugh upon a precipice:

Dear caresses given in pity,  
Sympathy that soothed his grief,  
As the dying mother witnessed  
To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on; the Child was happy,  
Like a Spirit of air she moved,  
Wayward, yet by all who knew her  
For her tender heart beloved.

Scarcely less than sacred passions,  
Bred in house, in grove, and field,  
Link her with the inferior creatures,  
Urge her powers their rights to shield.

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,  
Learn how she can feel alike  
Both for tiny harmless minnow  
And the fierce and sharp toothed pike.

Merciful protectress, kindling  
Into anger or disdain;  
Many a captive bath she rescued,  
Others saved from lingering pain.

Listen yet awhile;—with patience  
Hear the homely truths I tell,  
She in Grasmere's old church-steeple  
Tolled this day the passing-bell.

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains  
To their echoes gave the sound,  
Notice punctual as the minute,  
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,  
Rang alone the far-heard knell,  
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,  
Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed,  
On that service she went forth;  
Nor will fail the like to render  
When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the child to temper,  
In her breast, unruly fire,  
To control the froward impulse  
And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training  
And a steadfast outward power  
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,  
In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv'rer,  
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,  
May become a blest example  
For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,  
Constant as a soaring lark,  
Should the country need a heroine  
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be  
uttered  
Prayer that Grace divine may raise  
Her humane courageous spirit  
Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

---

### YES, THOU ART FAIR.

Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved  
To scorn the declaration,  
That sometimes I in thee have loved  
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;  
Dear Maid! this truth believe,  
Minds that have nothing to confer  
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit  
To feed my heart's devotion,  
By laws to which all Forms submit  
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.



A flower how rich in sadness! Even  
 thus stoops,  
 (Sentient by Grecian sculpture's mar-  
 vellous power)  
 Thus leans, with hanging brow and  
 body bent  
 Earthward in uncomplaining languish-  
 ment,  
 The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower!  
 (Tis Fancy guides me willing to be  
 led,  
 Though by a slender thread),  
 So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine  
 dew  
 Of his death-wound, when he from  
 innocent air  
 The gentlest breath of resignation  
 drew;  
 While Venus in a passion of despair  
 Rent, weeping over him, her golden  
 hair  
 Spangled with drops of that celestial  
 shower.  
 She suffered, as Immortals sometimes  
 do;  
 But pangs more lasting far *that* Lover  
 knew  
 Who first, weighed down by scorn, in  
 some lone bower  
 Did press this semblance of unpitied  
 smart  
 Into the service of his constant heart,  
 His own dejection, downcast Flower!  
 could share  
 With thine, and gave the mournful  
 name which thou wilt ever bear.

---

COMPANION TO THE FORE-  
 GOING.

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray  
 That fosters growth or checks or  
 cheers decay,

Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more  
 deprest,  
 This Flower, that first appeared as  
 summer's guest,  
 Preserves her beauty mid autumnal  
 leaves,  
 And to her mournful habits fondly  
 cleaves.  
 When files of stateliest plants have  
 ceased to bloom,  
 One after one submitting to their  
 doom,  
 When her coevals each and all are  
 fled,  
 What keeps her thus reclined upon her  
 lonesome bed?

The old mythologists, more im-  
 pressed than we  
 Of this late day by character in  
 tree  
 Or herb, that claimed peculiar sym-  
 pathy,  
 Or by the silent lapse of fountain  
 clear,  
 Or with the language of the viewless  
 air  
 By bird or beast made vocal, sought  
 a cause  
 To solve the mystery, not in Nature's  
 laws  
 But in man's fortunes. Hence a  
 thousand tales  
 Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian  
 vales.  
 Nor doubt that something of their  
 spirit swayed  
 The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-  
 sick Maid,  
 Who, while each stood companionless  
 and eyed  
 This undeparting Flower in crimson  
 dyed,

No, passing through strange sufferings  
toward the tomb,  
She smiles as if a martyr's crown were  
won:  
Oft, when light breaks through clouds  
or waving trees,  
With outspread arms and fallen upon  
her knees  
The Mother hails in her descending  
Son  
An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies  
Her own angelic glory seems begun.

---

FAREWELL LINES.

"HIGH bliss is only for a higher  
state,"  
But, surely, if severe afflictions borne  
With patience merit the reward of  
peace,  
Peace ye deserve: and may the solid  
good,  
Sought by a wise though late ex-  
change, and here  
With bounteous hand beneath a  
cottage-roof  
To you accorded, never be withdrawn,  
Nor for the world's best promises  
renounced.  
Most soothing was it for a welcome  
Friend,  
Fresh from the crowded city, to be-  
hold  
That lonely union, privacy so deep.  
Such calm employments, such entire  
content.  
So when the rain is over, the storm  
laid,  
A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,  
Upon a rocky islet, side by side,  
Drying their feathers in the sun, at  
ease;

And so, when night with grateful  
gloom had fallen,  
Two glow-worms in such nearness that  
they shared,  
As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,  
Each with the other, on the dewy  
ground,  
Where He that made them blesses  
their repose.—  
When wandering among lakes and hills  
I note,  
Once more, those creatures thus by  
nature paired.  
And guarded in their tranquil state of  
life.  
Even as your happy presence to my  
mind  
Their union brought, will they repay  
the debt,  
And send a thankful spirit back to  
you, [shall meet again.  
With hope that we, dear Friends!

---

GLAD sight wherever new with old  
Is joined through some dear home-  
born tie;  
The life of all that we behold  
Depends upon that mystery.  
Vain is the glory of the sky,  
The beauty vain of field and grove,  
Unless, while with admiring eye  
We gaze, we also learn to love.

---

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

You call it "Love lies bleeding,"—  
so you may,  
Though the red Flower, not prostrate,  
only droops,  
As we have seen it here from day to  
day,  
From month to month, life passing  
not away:

Here let me gaze enrapt upon that  
eye,  
The impregnable and awe-inspiring  
fort  
Of contemplation, the calm port  
By reason fenced from winds that  
sigh  
Among the restless sails of vanity.  
But if no wish be hers that we should  
part,

A humbler bliss would satisfy my  
heart.

Where all things are so fair,  
Enough by her dear side to breathe  
the air

Of this Elysian weather;  
And, on or in, or near, the brook,  
espy

Shade upon the sunshine lying  
Faint and somewhat pensively;  
And downward Image gaily vying  
With its upright living tree  
Mid silver clouds, and openings of  
blue sky.

As soft almost and deep as her ceru-  
lean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a  
glance

Cast up the Stream or down at her  
beseeching.

To mark its eddying foam-balls  
prettily distrest

By ever-changing shape and want of  
rest;

Or watch, with mutual teaching,  
The current as it plays  
In flashing leaps and stealthy  
creeps

Adorn a rocky maze;  
Or note (translucent summer's happiest  
chance!)

In the slope-channel floored with  
pebbles bright,  
Stones of all hues, gem emulous of  
gem,  
So vivid that they take from keenest  
sight  
The liquid veil that seeks not to hide  
them.

### THE TRIAD.

SHOW me the noblest Youth of present  
time,

Whose trembling fancy would to love  
give birth;

Some God or Hero, from the  
Olympian clime

Returned, to seek a Consort upon  
earth:

Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see  
The brightest star of ages yet to be.

And I will mate and match him blis-  
sfully.

I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood  
Pure as herself—(song lacks not  
mightier power)

Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a path  
less wood.

Nor sea-nymph glistening from her  
coral bower:

Mere Mortals, bodied forth in vision  
still,

Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre  
fill

The chaster coverts of a British hill.

"Appear!—obey my lyre's com-  
mand!

Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!  
For ye, though not by birth allied,  
Are Sisters in the bond of love:  
Nor shall the tongue of envious pride

Thought of a wound which death is  
slow to cure,  
A fate that has endured and will en-  
dure,  
And, patience coveting yet passion  
feeding,  
Called the dejected Lingerer, *Love*  
*lies bleeding.*

### AIREY-FORCE VALLEY.

——Not a breath of air  
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.  
From the brook's margin, wide around,  
the trees  
Are steadfast as the rocks; the brook  
itself,  
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,  
Doth rather deepen than disturb the  
calm  
Where all things else are still and  
motionless. [perchance  
And yet, even now, a little breeze,  
Escaped from boisterous winds that  
rage without,  
Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,  
But to its gentle touch how sensitive  
Is the light ash! that, pendent from  
the brow  
Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence  
makes  
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,  
Powerful almost as vocal harmony  
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe  
his thoughts.

### THE SIMPLON PASS.

——Brook and road  
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy  
Pass.  
And with them did we journey several  
hours

At a slow step. The immeasurable  
height  
Of woods decaying, never to be de-  
cayed,  
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,  
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and  
forlorn,  
The torrents shooting from the clear  
blue sky,  
The rocks that muttered close upon  
our ears,  
Black drizzling crags that spake by the  
wayside  
As if a voice were in them, the sick  
sight  
And giddy prospect of the raving  
stream,  
The unfettered clouds and region of  
the heavens,  
Tumult and peace, the darkness and  
the light—  
Were all like workings of one mind,  
the features  
Of the same face, blossoms upon one  
tree,  
Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of Eternity;  
Of first, and last, and midst, and with-  
out end.

1799.

### THE LYRE.

LYRE! though such power do in thy  
magic live  
As might from India's farthest plain  
Recall the not unwilling Maid,  
Assist me to detain  
The lovely Fugitive:  
Check with thy notes the impulse  
which, betrayed  
By her sweet farewell looks, I longed  
to aid.

His soul with but a *glimpse* of  
 heavenly day?  
 Who that hath loved thee, but would  
 lay  
 His strong hand on the wind, if it were  
 bent  
 To take thee in thy majesty away?  
 —Pass onward (even the glancing  
 deer  
 Till we depart intrude not here;)  
 That mossy slope, o'er which the wood-  
 bine throws  
 A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!"

Glad moment is it when the throng  
 Of warblers in full concert strong  
 Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout  
 The lagging shower, and force coy  
 Phœbus out,  
 Met by the rainbow's form divine,  
 Issuing from her cloudy shrine;—  
 So may the thrillings of the lyre  
 Prevail to further our desire,  
 While to these shades a sister Nymph  
 I call.

"Come, if the notes thine ear may  
 pierce,  
 Come, youngest of the lovely Three,  
 Submissive to the might of verse  
 And the dear voice of harmony,  
 By none more deeply felt than Thee!"  
 —I sang: and lo! from pastimes  
 virginal  
 She hastens to the tents  
 Of nature, and the lonely elements.  
 Air sparkles round her with a dazzling  
 cheer:  
 But mark her glowing cheek, her ves-  
 ture green!  
 Ah! as if wishful to disarm  
 Or to repay the potent Charm,

She bears the stringèd lute of old  
 romance,  
 That cheered the trellised arbour's  
 privacy,  
 And soothed war-wearied knights in  
 raftèred hall.  
 How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee!  
 So tripped the Muse, inventress of the  
 dance;  
 So, truant in waste woods, the blithe  
 Euphrosyne!

But the ringlets of that head  
 Why are they ungarlanded?  
 Why bedeck her temples less  
 Than the simplest shepherdess?  
 Is it not a brow inviting  
 Choicest flowers that ever breathed,  
 Which the myrtle would delight in  
 With Idalian rose enwreathed?  
 But her humility is well content  
 With *one* wild floweret (call it not  
 forlorn)  
 FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her  
 bosom worn—  
 Yet more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,  
 Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field  
 and height!  
 For She, to all but those who love her,  
 shy,  
 Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's  
 sight;  
 Though where she is beloved and  
 loves.  
 Light as the wheeling butterfly she  
 moves:  
 Her happy spirit as a bird is free.  
 That rifles blossoms on a tree.  
 Turning them inside out with *and*  
 audacity.

Presume those interweavings to re-  
 prove  
 In you, which that fair progeny of  
 Jove  
 Learned from the tuneful spheres  
 that glide  
 In endless union, earth and sea  
 above."  
 —I sing in vain;—the pines have  
 hushed their waving:  
 A peerless Youth expectant at my  
 side.  
 Breathless as they, with unabated  
 craving  
 Looks to the earth, and to the vacant  
 air:  
 And, with a wandering eye that seems  
 to chide,  
 Asks of the clouds what occupants  
 they hide:—  
 But why solicit more than sight could  
 bear,  
 By casting on a moment all we dare?  
 Invoke we those bright beings one by  
 one;  
 And what was boldly promised, truly  
 shall be done.

"Fear not a constraining measure!  
 —Yielding to this gentle spell,  
 Lucida! from domes of pleasure,  
 Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,  
 Come to regions solitary,  
 Where the eagle builds her airy,  
 Above the hermit's long-forsaken  
 cell!"

—She comes!—behold  
 That Figure, like a ship with snow-  
 white sail!  
 Fearer she draws; a breeze uplifts  
 her veil;  
 Upon her coming wait  
 As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale

As e'er, on herbage covering earthly  
 mold,  
 Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold  
 His richest splendour—when his veer-  
 ing gait  
 And every motion of his starry train  
 Seem governed by a strain  
 Of music, audible to him alone.

"O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest  
 throne!

Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit  
 Beside an unambitious hearth to sit  
 Domestic queen, where grandeur is  
 unknown;

What living man could fear  
 The worst of Fortune's malice, wert  
 Thou near,

Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre  
 meek,

That its fair flowers may from his  
 cheek

Brush the too happy tear?

—Queen, and handmaid lowly!

Whose skill can speed the day with  
 lively cares,

And banish melancholy

By all that mind invents or hand pre-  
 pares;

O Thou, against whose lip, without  
 its smile

And in its silence even, no heart is  
 proof;

Whose goodness, sinking deep, would  
 reconcile

The softest Nursling of a gorgeous  
 palace

To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-  
 roof

Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of  
 Wallace—

Who that hath seen thy beauty could  
 content

Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;  
 Wish not for a richer streak:  
 Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;  
 But let thy love, upon that azure field  
 Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield  
 Its homage offered up in purity.  
 What would'st thou more? In sunny  
     glade,  
 Or under leaves of thickest shade,  
 Was such a stillness e'er diffused  
 Since earth grew calm while angels  
     mused?  
 Softly she treads, as if her foot were  
     loth  
 To crush the mountain dew-drops—  
     soon to melt  
 On the flower's breast; as if she felt  
 That flowers themselves, whate'er their  
     hue,  
 With all their fragrance, all their glis-  
     tening.  
 Call to the heart for inward listening—  
 And though for bridal wreaths and  
     tokens true  
 Welcomed wisely; though a growth  
 Which the careless shepherd sleeps on  
 As fitly spring from turf the mourner  
     weeps on—  
 And without wrong are cropped the  
     marble tomb to strew.  
 The charm is over; the mute Phan-  
     toms gone,  
 Nor will return—but droop not,  
     favoured Youth;  
 The apparition that before thee shone  
 Obed a summons covetous of truth.  
 From these wild rocks thy footsteps I  
     will guide  
 To bowers in which thy fortune may  
     be tried,  
 And one of the bright Three become  
     thy happy Bride.

## THE WISHING-GATE.

[In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the *Wishing-gate*, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue.]

HOPE rules a land for ever green:  
 All powers that serve the bright-eyed  
     Queen  
     Are confident and gay;  
 Clouds at her bidding disappear;  
 Points she to aught?—the bliss draws  
     near,  
 And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—there  
 Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless  
     prayer,  
     And thoughts with things at strife;  
 Yet how forlorn should ye depart,  
 Ye superstitions of the *heart*,  
     How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,  
 Ye did not forfeit one dear right,  
     One tender claim abate;  
 Witness this symbol of your sway,  
 Surviving near the public way,  
     The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race  
 Shed kindly influence on the place,  
     Ere northward they retired;  
 If here a warrior left a spell,  
 Panting for glory as he fell;  
     Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair.  
 Composed with Nature's finest care,  
     And in her fondest love—  
 Peace to embosom and content—  
 To overawe the turbulent,  
     The selfish to reprove.

Alas! how little can a moment show  
Of an eye where feeling plays  
In ten thousand dewy rays;  
A face o'er which a thousand shadows  
go!

—She stops—is fastened to that rivulet's side;

And there (while, with sedate mien,  
O'er timid waters that have scarcely  
left

Their birth-place in the rocky cleft  
She bends) at leisure may be seen  
Features to old ideal grace allied,  
Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—

Fit countenance for the soul of primal  
truth;

The bland composure of eternal  
youth!

What more changeful than the sea?

But over his great tides

Fidelity presides;

And this light-hearted Maiden constant  
is as he.

High is her aim as heaven above,

And wide as ether her good-will;

And, like the lowly reed, her love

Can drink its nurture from the scantiest  
rill:

Insight as keen as frosty star

's to *her* charity no bar,

Nor interrupts her frolic graces

When she is, far from these wild places,

Encircled by familiar faces.

) the charm that manners draw,

Nature, from thy genuine law!

Of from what her hand would do,

Her voice would utter, aught ensue

Intoward or unfit;

She, in benign affections pure,

In self-forgetfulness secure.

Sheds round the transient harm or  
vague mischance

A light unknown to tutored elegance:

Hers is not a cheek shame-stricken,

But her blushes are joy-flushes;

And the fault (if fault it be)

Only ministers to quicken

Laughter-loving gaiety,

And kindle sportive wit—

Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free

As if she knew that Oberon king of  
Faery

Had crossed her purpose with some  
quaint vagary,

And heard his viewless bands

Over their mirthful triumph clapping  
hands.

"Last of the Three, though eldest  
born,

Reveal thyself, like pensive Morn

Touched by the skylark's earliest note,

Ere humbler gladness be afloat.

But whether in the semblance drest

Of Dawn—or Eve, fair vision of the  
west,

Come with each anxious hope subdued

By woman's gentle fortitude.

Each grief, through meekness, settling  
into rest.

—Or I would hail thee when some  
high-wrought page

Of a closed volume lingering in thy  
hand [stand

Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful  
Among the glories of a happier age."

Her brow hath opened on me—see it  
there

Brightening the umbrage of her hair;

So gleams the crescent moon, that loves

To be descried, through shady groves.



Yea! even the Stranger from afar,  
 Reclining on this moss-grown bar,  
 Unknowning and unknown,  
 The infection of the ground partakes,  
 Longing for his Beloved—who makes  
 All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious spirits fear  
 The mystic stirrings that are here,  
 The ancient faith disclaim?  
 The local Genius ne'er befriends  
 Desires whose course in folly ends,  
 Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,  
 If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,  
 Here crave an easier lot;  
 If some have thirsted to renew  
 A broken vow, or bind a true,  
 With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are  
 cast  
 Upon the irrevocable past.  
 Some Penitent sincere  
 May for a worthier future sigh,  
 While trickles from his downcast eye  
 No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed  
 From turmoil, who would turn or speed  
 The current of his fate,  
 Might stop before this favoured scene,  
 At Nature's call, nor blush to lean  
 Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how  
 weak  
 Is man, though loth such help to seek,  
 Yet, passing, here might pause,  
 And thirst for insight to allay  
 Misgiving, while the crimson day  
 In quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell pro-  
 found  
 To Time's first step across the bound  
 Of midnight makes reply:  
 Time pressing on with starry crest,  
 To filial sleep upon the breast  
 Of dread eternity.

1828.

### THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.

'Tis gone—with old belief and dream  
 That round it clung, and tempting  
 scheme  
 Released from fear and doubt;  
 And the bright landscape too must lie,  
 By this blank wall, from every eye,  
 Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed  
 That opening—but a look ye cast  
 Upon the lake below,  
 What spirit-stirring power it gained  
 From faith which here was entertained  
 Though reason might say no.

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the  
 springs  
 Of history, Glory claps her wings,  
 Fame sheds the exulting tear;  
 Yet earth is wide, and many a nook  
 Unheard of is, like this, a book  
 For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought  
 That grafted, on so fair a spot,  
 So confident a token  
 Of coming good;—the charm is fled;  
 Indulgent centuries spun a thread,  
 Which one harsh day has broken.

To pause at last on more aspiring  
 heights  
 Than these, and utter your devotion  
 there  
 With thunderous voice? Or are ye  
 jubilant,  
 And would ye, tracking your proud lord  
 the Sun,  
 Be present at his setting; or the pomp  
 Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and  
 stand  
 Poising your splendours high above the  
 heads  
 Of worshippers kneeling to their up-  
 risen God?  
 Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this  
 eagerness of speed?  
 Speak, silent creatures.—They are  
 gone, are fled,  
 Buried together in yon gloomy mass  
 That loads the middle heaven; and  
 clear and bright  
 And vacant doth the region which  
 they thronged  
 Appear; a calm descent of sky con-  
 ducting  
 Down to the unapproachable abyss,  
 Down to that hidden gulf from which  
 they rose  
 To vanish—fleet as days and months  
 and years,  
 Fleet as the generations of mankind,  
 Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,  
 The lingering world, when time hath  
 ceased to be.  
 But the winds roar, shaking the rooted  
 trees,  
 And see! a bright precursor to a train  
 Perchance as numerous, overpeers the  
 rock  
 That sullenly refuses to partake  
 Of the wild impulse. From a fount  
 of life

Invisible, the long procession moves  
 Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the  
 vale  
 Which they are entering, welcome to  
 mine eye  
 That sees them, to my soul that owns  
 in them,  
 And in the bosom of the firmament  
 O'er which they move, wherein they  
 are contained,  
 A type of her capacious self and all  
 Her restless progeny.

A humble walk  
 Here is my body doomed to tread,  
 this path,  
 A little hoary line and faintly traced,  
 Work, shall we call it, of the shep-  
 herd's foot  
 Or of his flock?—joint vestige of them  
 both.  
 I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts  
 Admit no bondage and my words  
 have wings.  
 Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid  
 harp  
 To accompany the verse? The  
 mountain blast  
 Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall  
 sweep  
 The rocks, and quivering trees, and  
 billowy lake,  
 And search the fibres of the caves,  
 and they  
 Shall answer, for our song is of the  
 Clouds,  
 And the wind loves them; and the  
 gentle gales—  
 Which by their aid re-clothe the naked  
 lawn  
 With annual verdure, and revive the  
 woods,  
 And moisten the parched lips of  
 thirsty flowers—

Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among,  
Will make thee happy, happy as a child;  
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song,  
And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong.

And know—that, even for him who shuns the day  
And nightly tosses on a bed of pain;  
Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,  
Must come unhopèd for, if they come again:  
Know—that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe  
As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,  
The mimic notes, striking upon his ear  
In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,  
Could from sad regions send him to a dear  
Delightful land of verdure, shower and gleam,  
To mock the *wandering* Voice beside some haunted stream.

O bounty without measure! while the grace  
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest springs,  
Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace  
A mazy course along familiar things,  
Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,  
Streaming from founts above the starry sky,  
With angels when their own untroubled home

They leave, and speed on nightly embassy  
To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom?  
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,  
And those that seek His help, and for His mercy sigh.

### TO THE CLOUDS.

ARMY of Clouds! ye wingèd Host in troops  
Ascending from behind the motionless brow  
Of that tall rock, as from a hidden world,  
O whither with such eagerness of speed?  
What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the gale  
Companions, fear ye to be left behind,  
Or racing o'er your blue ethereal field  
Contend ye with each other? of the sea  
Children, thus post ye over vale and height  
To sink upon your mother's lap—and rest?  
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes  
Beheld in your impetuous march the likeness  
Of a wide army pressing on to meet  
Or overtake some unknown enemy?—  
But your smooth motions suit a peaceful aim;  
And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares  
Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds  
Aerial, upon due migration bound  
To milder climes; or rather do ye urge  
In caravan your hasty pilgrimage

Glance on the conscious plumes  
touched here and there?  
Full surely, when with such proud  
gifts of life  
Began the pencil's strife,  
O'erweening Art was caught as in a  
snare.

A sense of seemingly presumptuous  
wrong  
Gave the first impulse to the Poet's  
song;  
But, of his scorn repenting soon, he  
drew  
A juster judgment from a calmer view;  
And, with a spirit freed from discontent,  
Thankfully took an effort that was  
meant  
Not with God's bounty, Nature's love,  
to vie,  
Or made with hope to please that  
inward eye  
Which ever strives in vain itself to  
satisfy,  
But to recall the truth by some faint  
trace  
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,  
That in the living Creature find on  
earth a place.

---

#### POOR ROBIN.\*

Now when the primrose makes a  
splendid show,  
And lilies face the March-winds in full  
blow,  
And humbler growths as moved with  
one desire  
Put on, to welcome spring, their best  
attire,

---

\* The small wild Geranium known by that  
name.

Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how  
gay  
With his red stalks upon this sunny  
day!  
And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads,  
content  
With a hard bed and scanty nourish-  
ment,  
Mixed with the green, some shine not  
lacking power  
To rival summer's brightest scarlet  
flower;  
And flowers they well might seem to  
passers-by  
If looked at only with a careless eye;  
Flowers—or a richer produce (did it  
suit [berry fruit.  
The season) sprinklings of ripe straw-  
But while a thousand pleasures come  
unsought,  
Why fix upon his wealth or want a  
thought?  
Is the string touched in prelude to a  
lay  
Of pretty fancies that would round  
him play  
When all the world acknowledged elfin  
sway?  
Or does it suit our humour to com-  
mend  
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty  
friend,  
Whose practice teaches, spite of names  
to show  
Bright colours whether they deceive or  
no?—  
Nay, we would simply praise the free  
good-will  
With which, though slighted, he, on  
naked hill  
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to  
fill;

Love them; and every idle breeze of  
 air  
 Bends to the favourite burthen.  
 Moon and stars  
 Keep their most solemn vigils when  
 the Clouds  
 Watch also, shifting peaceably their  
 place  
 Like bands of ministering Spirits, or  
 when they lie,  
 As if some Protean art the change  
 had wrought,  
 In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep  
 Scattered, a Cyclades of various  
 shapes  
 And all degrees of beauty. O ye  
 Lightnings!  
 Ye are their perilous offspring; and  
 the Sun—  
 Source inexhaustible of life and joy,  
 And type of man's far-darting reason,  
 therefore  
 In old time worshipped as the god of  
 verse,  
 A blazing intellectual deity—  
 Loves his own glory in their looks, and  
 showers  
 Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood  
 Visions with all but beatific light  
 Enriched—too transient were they not  
 renewed  
 From age to age, and did not, while  
 we gaze  
 In silent rapture, credulous desire  
 Nourish the hope that memory lacks  
 not power  
 To keep the treasure unimpaired.  
 Vain thought!  
 Yet why repine, created as we are  
 For joy and rest, albeit to find them  
 only  
 Lodged in the bosom of eternal  
 things?

# SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

THE gentlest poet, with free thoughts  
 endowed,  
 And a true master of the glowing  
 strain,  
 Might scan the narrow province with  
 disdain  
 That to the Painter's skill is here  
 allowed.  
 This, this the Bird of Paradise! dis-  
 claim  
 The daring thought, forget the  
 name:  
 This the Sun's Bird, whom Glen-  
 doves might own  
 As no unworthy Partner in their  
 flight  
 Through seas of ether, where the  
 ruffling sway  
 Of nether air's rude billows is un-  
 known;  
 Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pas-  
 time they  
 Through India's spicy regions wing  
 their way,  
 Might bow to as their Lord. What  
 character,  
 O sovereign Nature! I appeal to  
 thee,  
 Of all thy feathered progeny  
 Is so unearthly, and what shape so  
 fair?  
 So richly decked in variegated  
 down,  
 Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy  
 brown,  
 Tints softly with each other blended,  
 Hues doubtfully begun and ended;  
 Or intershooting, and to sight  
 Lost and recovered, as the rays of  
 light

To his own genial instincts; and was  
 heard  
 (Though not without some plaintive  
 tones between)  
 To utter, above showers of blossom  
 swept  
 From tossing boughs, the promise of  
 a calm,  
 Which the unsheltered traveller might  
 receive  
 With thankful spirit. The descant,  
 and the wind  
 That seemed to play with it in love  
 or scorn, [of words  
 Encouraged and endeared the strain  
 That haply flowed from me, by fits  
 of silence  
 Impelled to livelier pace. But now,  
 my Book!  
 Charged with those lays, and others  
 of like mood,  
 Or loftier pitch if higher rose the  
 theme,  
 Go, single--yet aspiring to be joined  
 With thy Forerunners that through  
 many a year  
 Have faithfully prepared each other's  
 way--  
 Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled  
 When and wherever, in this changeful  
 world,  
 Power hath been given to please for  
 higher ends  
 Than pleasure only: gladdening to  
 prepare  
 For wholesome sadness, troubling to  
 refine,  
 Calming to raise: and, by a sapient  
 Art  
 Diffused through all the mysteries of  
 our being,  
~~softening the~~ softening the toils and pains that  
 fate not escape)

To cast their shadows on our mother  
 Earth  
 Since the primeval doom. Such is  
 the grace  
 Which, though unsued for, fails not  
 to descend  
 With heavenly inspiration: such the  
 aim  
 That reason dictates; and, as even,  
 the wish  
 Has virtue in it, why should hope to  
 me  
 Be wanting that sometimes, where  
 fancied ills  
 Harass the mind and strip from off  
 the bowers  
 Of private life their natural pleasant-  
 ness?  
 A Voice--devoted to the love whose  
 seeds  
 Are sown in every human breast, to  
 beauty  
 Lodged within compass of the hum-  
 blest sight,  
 To cheerful intercourse with wood and  
 field,  
 And sympathy with man's substantial  
 griefs--  
 Will, not be heard in vain! And in  
 those days  
 When unforeseen distress spreads far  
 and wide  
 Among a People mournfully cast  
 down,  
 Or into anger roused by venal words  
 In recklessness flung out to overturn  
 The judgment, and divert the general  
 heart  
 From mutual good--some strain of  
 thine, my Book!  
 Caught at propitious intervals, may  
 win  
 Listeners who not unwillingly admit

Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as  
 now,  
 Or when his tiny gems shall deck his  
 brow:  
 Yet more, we wish that men by men  
 despised,  
 And such as lift their foreheads o'er-  
 prized,  
 Should sometimes think, where'er  
 they chance to spy  
 This child of Nature's own humility,  
 What recompense is kept in store or  
 left  
 For all that seem neglected or be-  
 reft;  
 With what nice care equivalents are  
 given, [of Heaven.  
 How just, how bountiful, the hand  
*March 1840.*

### THE GLEANER.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,  
 Those locks from summer's golden  
 skies,  
 That o'er thy brow are shed;  
 That cheek—a kindling of the morn,  
 That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,  
 I saw; and Fancy sped  
 To scenes Arcadian, whispering,  
 through soft air,  
 Of bliss that grows without a care,  
 And happiness that never flies—  
 (How can it where love never dies?)  
 Whispering of promise, where no  
 blight  
 Can reach the innocent delight;  
 Where pity, to the mind conveyed  
 In pleasure, is the darkest shade  
 That Time, unwrinkled grandsire,  
 flings  
 From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthly  
 face  
 Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,  
 And mingle colours, that should  
 breed  
 Such rapture, nor want power to  
 feed;  
 For had thy charge been idle flowers,  
 Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,  
 To truth and sober reason blind,  
 'Mid that soft air, those long-lost  
 bowers,  
 The sweet illusion might have hung,  
 for hours.

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of  
 corn,  
 That touchingly bespeaks thee born  
 Life's daily tasks with them to share  
 Who, whether from their lowly bed  
 They rise, or rest the weary head,  
 Ponder the blessing they entreat  
 From Heaven, and *feel* what they  
 repeat,  
 While they give utterance to the  
 prayer  
 That asks for daily bread.  
 1828.

### PRELUDE,

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED  
 "POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND  
 LATE YEARS."

In desultory walk through orchard  
 grounds,  
 Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have  
 I paused  
 The while a Thrush, urged rather than  
 restrained  
 By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his  
 song

To his own genial instincts; and was  
 heard  
 (Though not without some plaintive  
 tones between)  
 To utter, above showers of blossom  
 swept  
 From tossing boughs, the promise of  
 a calm.  
 Which the unsheltered traveller might  
 receive  
 With thankful spirit. The descendant,  
 and the wind  
 That seemed to play with it in love  
 or scorn, [of words  
 Encouraged and endeared the strain  
 That haply flowed from me, by fits  
 of silence  
 Impelled to livelier pace. But now,  
 my Book!  
 Charged with those lays, and others  
 of like mood,  
 Or loftier pitch if higher rose the  
 theme,  
 Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined  
 With thy Forerunners that through  
 many a year  
 Have faithfully prepared each other's  
 way—  
 Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled  
 When and wherever, in this changeable  
 world,  
 Power hath been given to please for  
 higher ends  
 Than pleasure only; gladdening to  
 prepare  
 For wholesome sadness, troubling to  
 refine.  
 Calming to raise; and, by a sapient  
 Art  
 Diffused through all the mysteries of  
 our Being,  
 Softening the toils and pains that  
 have not ceased

To cast their shadows on our mother  
 Earth  
 Since the primeval doom. Such is  
 the grace  
 Which, though unsued for, fails not  
 to descend  
 With heavenly inspiration; such the  
 aim  
 That reason dictates; and, as even,  
 the wish  
 Has virtue in it, why should hope to  
 me  
 Be wanting that sometimes, where  
 fancied ills  
 Harass the mind and strip from off  
 the bowers  
 Of private life their natural pleasant-  
 ness?  
 A Voice—devoted to the love whose  
 seeds  
 Are sown in every human breast, to  
 beauty  
 Lodged within compass of the hum-  
 blest sight,  
 To cheerful intercourse with wood and  
 field,  
 And sympathy with man's substantial  
 griefs—  
 Will not be heard in vain! And in  
 those days  
 When unforeseen distress spreads far  
 and wide  
 Among a People mournfully cast  
 down,  
 Or into anger roused by venal words  
 In recklessness flung out to overturn  
 The judgment, and divert the general  
 heart  
 From mutual good—some strain of  
 thine, my Book!  
 Caught at propitious intervals, may  
 win  
 Listeners who not unwillingly admit



Kindly emotion tending to console  
And reconcile; and both with young  
and old

Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude  
For benefits that still survive, by faith  
In progress, under laws divine, main-  
tained.

*Rydal Mount, March 26, 1842.*

### GRACE DARLING.

Among the dwellers in the silent  
fields

The natural heart is touched, and  
In public way  
And crowded street resound with  
ballad strains,

Inspired by ONE whose very name  
bespeaks

Favour divine, exalting human love;  
Whom, since her birth on bleak  
Northumbria's coast,

Known unto few but prized as far as  
known,

A single Act endears to high and low  
Through the whole land—to Man-

hood, moved in spite of  
Of the world's freezing cares—to

generous Youth—to  
To Infancy, that lisps her praise—to

Age,  
Whose eye reflects it, glistening  
through a tear

Of tremulous admiration. Such true  
fame

Awaits her now; but, verily, good  
deeds

Do no imperishable record find.  
Save in the rolls of heaven, where  
hers may live

A theme for angels, when they cele-  
brate  
wo.

The high-souled virtues which forget-  
ful earth

Has witness'd. Oh! that winds and  
waves could speak

Of things which their united power  
called forth

From the pure depths of her  
humanity!

A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,  
Firm and unflinching, as the Light-  
house reared

On the Island-rock, her lonely dwell-  
ing-place;

Or like the invincible Rock itself that  
braves,

Age after age, the hostile elements,  
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor  
ceased, nor paused,

When, as day broke, the Maid,  
through misty air,

Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,  
Beating on one of those disastrous  
isles—

Half of a Vessel, half—no more;  
the rest

Had vanished, swallowed up with all  
that there

Had for the common safety striven  
in vain,

Or thither thronged for refuge. With  
quick glance

Daughter and Siré through optic-glass  
discern,

Clinging about the remnant of this  
Ship,

Creatures—how precious in the  
Maiden's sight!

For whom, belike, the old Man grieves  
still more

Than for their fellow-sufferers en-  
gulfed

Where every parting agony is hushed,  
And hope and fear mix not in further  
strife.

"But courage, Father! let us out to  
sea—

A few may yet be saved." The  
Daughter's words,

Her earnest tone, and look beaming  
with faith,

Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do  
they lack

The noble-minded Mother's helping  
hand

To launch the boat; and with her  
blessing cheered,

And inwardly sustained by silent  
prayer

Together they put forth, Father and  
Child!

Each grasps an oar, and struggling on  
they go—

Rivals in effort; and, alike intent

Here to elude and there surmount,  
they watch

The billows lengthening, mutually  
crossed.

And shattered, and re-gathering their  
might;

As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will  
Were, in the conscious sea, roused  
and prolonged.

That woman's fortitude—so tried, so  
proved—

May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,

They stem the current of that perilous  
gorge,

Their arms still strengthening with  
the strengthening heart,

Though danger, as the Wreck is  
near'd, becomes

More imminent. Not unseen do they  
approach;

And rapture, with varieties of fear  
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the  
frames

Of those who, in that dauntless energy,  
Foretaste deliverance; but the least  
perturbed

Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he  
perceives

That of the pair—tossed on the waves  
to bring

Hope to the hopeless, to the dying,  
life—

One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,  
Or, the Visitant other than she  
seems,

A guardian Spirit sent from pitying  
Heaven,

In woman's shape. But why prolong  
the tale,

Casting weak words amid a host of  
thoughts

Aimed to repel them? Every hazard  
faced

And difficulty mastered, with resolve  
That no one breathing should be left  
to perish,

This last remainder of the crew are all  
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the  
deep

Are safely borne, landed upon the  
beach,

And, in fulfilment of God's mercy,  
lodged

Within the sheltering Lighthouse.—  
Shout, ye Waves!

Send forth a song of triumph. Waves  
and Winds,

Exult in this deliverance wrought  
through faith

In Him whose Providence your rage  
hath served!

Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the con-  
cert join!

Kindly emotion tending to console  
And reconcile; and both with young  
and old  
Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude  
For benefits that still survive, by faith  
In progress, under laws divine, main-  
tained.

*Rydal Mount, March 26, 1842.*

### GRACE DARLING.

AMONG the dwellers in the silent  
fields  
The natural heart is touched, and  
public way  
And crowded street resound with  
ballad strains,

Inspired by ONE whose very name  
bespeaks

Favour divine, exalting human love;  
Whom, since her birth on bleak  
Northumbria's coast,

Known unto few but prized as far as  
known,

A single Act endears to high and low  
Through the whole land—to Man-  
hood, moved in spite

Of the world's freezing cares—to  
generous Youth—

To Infancy, that lisps her praise—to  
Age,

Whose eye reflects it, glistening  
through a tear

Of tremulous admiration. Such true  
fame

Awaits her *now*; but, verily, good  
deeds

Do no imperishable record find—

Save in the rolls of heaven, where  
hers may live

A theme for angels, when they cele-  
brate

wo.

The high-souled virtues which forget-  
ful earth

Has witness'd. Oh! that winds and  
waves could speak

Of things which their united power  
called forth

From the pure depths of her  
humanity!

A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,  
Firm and unflinching, as the Light-  
house reared

On the Island-rock, her lonely dwell-  
ing-place;

Or like the invincible Rock itself that  
braves,

Age after age, the hostile elements,  
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor  
ceased, nor paused,

When, as day broke, the Maid,  
through misty air,

Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,  
Beating on one of those disastrous  
isles—

Half of a Vessel, half—no more;  
the rest

Had vanished, swallowed up with all  
that there

Had for the common safety striven  
in vain,

Or thither thronged for refuge. With  
quick glance

Daughter and Sire through optic-glass  
discern,

Clinging about the remnant of this  
Ship,

Creatures—how precious in the  
Maiden's sight!

For whom, belike, the old Man grieves  
still more

Than for their fellow-sufferers en-  
gulfed

Yon snow-white torrent-fall, phumbl  
 down it drops  
 Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,  
 Lulling the leisure of that high  
 perched town.  
 AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site  
 Its neighbour and its namesake—town  
 and flood  
 Forth flashing out of its own gloomy  
 chasm  
 Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of  
 this lawn  
 Strewn with gray rocks, and on the  
 horizon's verge.  
 O'er intervenient waste, through glim-  
 mering haze,  
 Unquestionably kenned, that cone-  
 shaped hill  
 With fractured summit, no indifferent  
 sight  
 To travellers, from such comforts as  
 are thine,  
 Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy—  
 These are before me; and the varied—  
 scene  
 May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry  
 heat  
 Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind  
 Passive yet pleased. What! with this  
 Broom in flower  
 Close at my side! She bids me fly to  
 greet  
 Her sisters, soon like her to be attired  
 With golden blossoms opening at the  
 feet  
 Of my own Fairfield. The glad greet-  
 ing given,  
 Given with a voice and by a look  
 returned  
 Of old companionship, Time counts  
 not minutes  
 Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar  
 fields,

The local Genius hurries me aloft,  
 Transported over that cloud-wooling  
 hill,  
 Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the  
 clouds,  
 With dream-like smoothness, to Hei-  
 velyn's top,  
 There to alight upon crisp moss, and  
 range  
 Obtaining ampler boon, at every step.  
 Of visual sovereignty—hills multitudi-  
 nous  
 (Not Apennine can boast of fairer)  
 hills  
 Pride of two nations, wood and lake  
 and plains,  
 And prospect right below of deep  
 coves shaped  
 By skeleton arms, that, from the moun-  
 tain's trunk  
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual  
 moan  
 Struggling for liberty, while undis-  
 mayed  
 The shepherd struggles with them.  
 Onward thence  
 And downward by the skirt of Green-  
 side fell  
 And by Glenridding-screes, and low  
 Glencoign,  
 Places forsaken now, though loving still  
 The muses, as they loved them in the  
 days  
 Of the old minstrels and the border  
 bards.—  
 But here am I fast bound; and let it  
 pass,  
 The simple rapture;—who that travels  
 far  
 To feed his mind with watchful eyes  
 could share  
 Or wish to share it?—One there surely  
 was,

And would that some immortal Voice  
 —a Voice  
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude  
 Breathes out from floor or couch,  
 through pallid lips [bear—  
 Of the survivors—to the clouds might  
 Blended with praise of that parental love,  
 Beneath whose watchful eye the  
 Maiden grew

Pious and pure, modest and yet so  
 brave,  
 Though young so wise, though meek  
 so resolute—  
 Might carry to the clouds and to the  
 stars,  
 Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DAR-  
 LING's name!  
 1842.

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

1837.

## TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

COMPANION! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,  
 In whose experience trusting, day by day  
 Treasures I gained with zeal that neither  
 feared  
 The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,  
 RYDAL MOUNT, Feb. 14th, 1842.

These records take: and happy should I be  
 Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee  
 For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,  
 And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe  
 Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

## I.

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE.

APRIL, 1837.

YE Apennines! with all your fertile  
 vales  
 Deeply embosomed, and your winding  
 shores  
 Of either sea, an Islander by birth,  
 A Mountaineer by habit, would re-  
 sound

Your praise, in meet accordance with  
 your claims  
 Bestowed by Nature, or from man's  
 great deeds  
 Inherited:—presumptuous thought!—  
 it fled  
 Like vapour, like a towering cloud,  
 dissolved.  
 Not, therefore, shall my mind give way  
 to sadness;—

For what thus far hath blessed my  
 wanderings, thanks  
 Fervent but humble as the lips can  
 breathe  
 Where gladness seems a duty—let me  
 guard  
 Those seeds of expectation which the  
 fruit  
 Already gathered in this favoured Land  
 Enfolds within its core. The faith be  
 mine,  
 That He who guides and governs all,  
 approves  
 When gratitude, though disciplined to  
 look  
 Beyond these transient spheres, doth  
 wear a crown  
 Of earthly hope put on with trembling  
 hand;  
 Nor is least pleased, we trust, when  
 golden beams,  
 Reflected through the mists of age,  
 from hours  
 Of innocent delight, remote or recent,  
 Shoot but a little way—'tis all they  
 can—  
 Into the doubtful future. Who would  
 keep  
 Power must resolve to cleave to it  
 through life.  
 Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.  
 Saints would not grieve nor guardian  
 angels frown  
 If one—while tossed, as was my lot to  
 be,  
 In a frail bark urged by two slender  
 oars  
 Over waves rough and deep, that,  
 when they broke,  
 Dashed their white foam against the  
 palace walls  
 Of Genoa the superb—should there be  
 let

To meditate upon his own appointed  
 tasks,  
 However humble in themselves, with  
 thoughts  
 Raised and sustained by memory of  
 Him  
 Who oftentimes within those narrow  
 bounds  
 Rocked on the surge, there tried his  
 spirit's strength  
 and grasp of purpose, long ere sailed  
 his ship  
 To lay a new world open.  
 Nor less prized  
 By those impressions which incline the  
 heart  
 To mild, to lowly, and to seeming  
 weak.  
 Bend that way her desires. The dew,  
 the storm—  
 The dew whose moisture fell in gentle  
 drops  
 On the small hyssop destined to be-  
 come,  
 By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,  
 A purifying instrument—the storm  
 That shook on Lebanon the cedar's  
 top,  
 And as it shook, enabling the blind  
 roots  
 Further to force their way, endowed  
 its trunk  
 With magnitude and strength fit to  
 uphold  
 The glorious temple—did alike proceed  
 From the same gracious will, were  
 both an offspring  
 Of bounty infinite.  
 Between Powers that aim  
 Higher to lift their lofty heads, im-  
 pelled  
 By no profane ambition, Powers that

"The Wizard of the North," with  
 anxious hope  
 Brought to this genial climate, when  
 disease  
 Preyed upon body and mind—yet not  
 the less  
 Had his sunk eye kindled at those  
 dear words  
 That spake of bards and minstrels;  
 and his spirit  
 Had flown with mine to old Helvel-  
 lyn's brow  
 Where once together, in his day of  
 strength,  
 We stood rejoicing, as if earth were  
 free  
 From sorrow, like the sky above our  
 heads.

Years followed years, and when,  
 upon the eve  
 Of his last going from Tweed-side,  
 thought turned,  
 Or by another's sympathy was led,  
 To this bright land, Hope was for him  
 no friend,  
 Knowledge no help: Imagination  
 shaped  
 No promise. Still, in more than ear-  
 deep seats,  
 Survives for me, and cannot but sur-  
 vive  
 The tone of voice which wedded  
 borrowed words  
 To sadness not their own, when, with  
 faint smile  
 Forced by intent to take from speech  
 its edge.  
 He said, "When I am there, although  
 'tis fair,  
 'Twill be another Yarrow." Prophecy  
 More than fulfilled, as gay Cam-  
 pania's shores

Soon witnessed, and the city of seven  
 hills,  
 Her sparkling fountains, and her  
 mouldering tombs;  
 And more than all, that Eminence  
 which showed  
 Her splendours, seen, not felt, the  
 while he stood  
 A few short steps (painful they were)  
 apart  
 From Tasso's Convent-haven, and re-  
 tired grave.

Peace to their Spirits! why should  
 Poesy  
 Yield to the lure of vain regret, and  
 hover  
 In gloom on wings with confidence  
 outspread  
 To move in sunshine!—Utter thanks,  
 my Soul!  
 Tempered with awe, and sweetened by  
 compassion  
 For them who in the shades of sorrow  
 dwell  
 That I—so near the term to human  
 life  
 Appointed by man's common heritage,  
 Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that  
 Deserve a thought) but little known to  
 fame—  
 Am free to rove where Nature's love-  
 liest looks,  
 Art's noblest relics, History's rich  
 bequests,  
 Failed to reanimate and but feebly  
 cheered  
 The whole world's Darling—free to  
 rove at will  
 O'er high and low, and if requiring  
 rest,  
 Rest from enjoyment only.  
 Thanks poured forth

Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe  
Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps  
Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with  
care

Those images of genial beauty, oft  
Too lovely to be pensive in themselves  
But by reflection made so, which do  
best

And fittest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths

Life's cup when almost filled with  
years, like mine.

—How lovely robed in forenoon light  
and shade,

Each ministering to each, didst thou  
appear

Savona, Queen of territory fair

As aught that marvellous coast thro'  
all its length

Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance holds

As a selected treasure thy one cliff.

That, while it wore for melancholy crest  
A shattered Convent, yet rose proud  
to have

Clinging to its steep sides a thousand  
herbs

And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave  
proof how kind

The breath of air can be where earth  
had else

Seemed churlish. And behold, both  
far and near,

Garden and field all decked with  
orange bloom,

And peach and citron, in Spring's  
mildest breeze

Expanding: and, along the smooth  
shore curved,

Into a natural port, a tideless sea,  
To that mild breeze with motion and  
with voice

Softly responsive: and, attuned to all.  
Those vernal charms of sight and  
sound, appeared

Smooth space of turf which from the  
guardian fort

Slope! seaward, turf whose tender  
April green.

In coolest climes too fugitive, might  
even here

Plead with the sovereign Sun for  
longer stay

Than his unmitigated beams allow.

Nor plead in vain, if beauty could  
preserve,

From mortal change, aught that is  
born on earth

Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink  
Of that high Convent crested cliff I  
stood,

Modest Savona! over all did brood

A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,

Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sun-  
shine, bright—

Thy gentle Chiabrera!—not a stone.

Mural or level with the trodden floor,

In Church or Chapel, if my curious  
quest

Missed not the truth, retains a single  
name

Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or  
sage.

To whose dear memories his sepul-  
chral verse

Paid simple tribute, such as might  
have flowed

From the clear spring of a plain  
English heart.

Say rather, one in native fellowship

With all who want not skill to couple  
grief

With praise, as genuine admiration  
prompts.



By conflict, and their opposites, that  
 trust  
 In lowliness—a midway tract there lies  
 Of thoughtful sentiment for every  
 mind  
 Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-  
 aged, and Old,  
 From century on to century, must have  
 known  
 The emotion—nay, more fitly were it  
 said—  
 The blest tranquillity that sunk so  
 deep  
 Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed  
 In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth  
 floor  
 Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral  
 slabs,  
 And through each window's open fret-  
 work looked  
 O'er the blank Area of sacred earth  
 Fetched from Mount Calvary, or  
 haply delved  
 In precincts nearer to the Saviour's  
 tomb,  
 By hands of men, humble as brave,  
 who fought  
 For its deliverance—a capacious field  
 That to descendants of the dead it  
 holds  
 And to all living mute memento  
 breathes,  
 More touching far than aught which on  
 the walls  
 Is pictured, or their epitaphs can  
 speak,  
 Of the changed City's long-departed  
 power,  
 Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as  
 they are,  
 Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.  
 And, high above that length of clois-  
 tral roof,

Peering in air, and backed by azure  
 sky,  
 To kindred contemplations ministers  
 The Baptistery's dome, and that which  
 swells  
 From the Cathedral pile; and with the  
 train  
 Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed  
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet  
 Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-  
 tower.  
 Nor less remuneration waits on him  
 Who having left the Cemetery stands  
 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and  
 fall  
 Admonished not without some sense of  
 fear,  
 Fear that soon vanishes before the  
 sight  
 Of splendour unextinguished. pomp  
 unscathed,  
 And beauty unimpaired. Grand in  
 itself,  
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand  
 and fair  
 To view, and for the mind's consenting  
 eye  
 A type of age in man, upon its front  
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evi-  
 dence  
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more  
 Struggling against the stream of des-  
 tiny,  
 But with its peaceful majesty content.  
 —Oh what a spectacle at every turn  
 The Place unfolds, from pavement  
 skinned with moss,  
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the  
 heaviest foot  
 Provokes no echoes, but must softly  
 tread;  
 Where Solitude with Silence paired  
 stops short

Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a  
glimpse

Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms  
convened

For safety, they of yore enclasped the  
Cross

On knees that ceased from trembling,  
or intoned

Their orisons with voices half-sup-  
pressed.

But sometimes heard, or fancied to be  
heard.

Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,  
Into that vault receive me from whose  
depth

Issues, revealed in no presumptuous  
vision,

Albeit lifting human to divine,  
A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic  
Keys

Grasped in his hand; and lo! with  
upright sword

Prefiguring his own impendent doom,  
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both  
prepared

To suffer pains with heathen scorn and  
hate

Inflicted:—blessed Men, for so to  
Heaven

They follow their dear Lord!

Time flows—nor winds,  
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his  
course,

But many a benefit borne upon his  
breast

For human-kind sinks out of sight, is  
gone,

No one knows how; nor seldom is put  
forth

An angry arm that snatches good away,  
Never perhaps to reappear. The  
Stream

Has to our generation brought and  
brings

Innumerable gains; yet we, who now  
Walk in the light of day, pertain full  
surely

To a chilled age, most pitiaably shut  
out

From that which *is* and actuates, by  
forms,

Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to  
fact

Minutely linked with diligence un-  
spired,

Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,  
By godlike insight. To this fate is  
doomed

Science, wide-spread and spreading  
still as be

Her conquests, in the world of sense  
made known.

So with the internal mind it farès; and  
so

With morals, trusting, in contempt or  
fear

Of vital principle's controlling law,  
To her purblind guide Expediency;  
and so

Suffers religious faith. Elate with view  
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn  
The best that should keep pace with it  
and must,

Else more and more the general mind  
will droop,

Even as if bent on perishing. There  
lives

No faculty within us which the Soul  
Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal  
demands,

For dignity not placed beyond her  
reach,

Zealous co-operation of all means  
Given or acquired, to raise us from  
the mire,

The grief, the praise, are severed from  
 their dust,  
 Yet in his page the records of that  
 worth  
 Survive, uninjured;—glory then to  
 words,  
 Honour to word-preserving Arts, and  
 hail  
 Ye kindred local influences that still,  
 If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,  
 Await my steps when they the breezy  
 height  
 Shall range of philosophic Tusculum;  
 Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish  
 To meet the shade of Horace by the  
 side  
 Of his Bandusian fount; or I invoke  
 His presence to point out the spot  
 where once  
 He sate, and eulogised with earnest  
 pen  
 Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate  
 desires;  
 And all the immunities of rural life  
 Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling  
 fane.  
 Or let me loiter, soothed with what is  
 given  
 Nor asking more, on that delicious  
 Bay.  
 Parthenope's Domain — Virgilian  
 haunt,  
 Illustrated with never-dying verse,  
 And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded  
 tomb,  
 Age after age to Pilgrims from all  
 lands  
 Endeared.  
 And who—if not a man as cold  
 In heart as dull in brain—while pacing  
 ground  
 Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards,  
 high minds  
 wo.

Out of her early struggles well inspired  
 To localise heroic acts—could look  
 Upon the spots with undelighted eye,  
 Though even to their last syllable the  
 Lays  
 And very names of those who gave  
 them birth  
 Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost  
 depth.  
 Imagination feels what Reason fears  
 not  
 To recognise, the lasting virtue lodged  
 In those bold fictions that, by deeds  
 assigned  
 To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,  
 And others like in fame, created  
 Powers  
 With attributes from history derived,  
 By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,  
 Through marvellous felicity of skill,  
 With something more propitious to  
 high aims  
 Than either, pent within her separate  
 sphere,  
 Can oft with justice claim.  
 And not disdaining  
 Union with those primeval energies  
 To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from  
 your height  
 Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's  
 call  
 Descend, and, on the brow of ancient  
 Rome  
 As she survives in ruin, manifest  
 Your glories mingled with the brightest  
 hues  
 Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,  
 But never to be extinct while Earth  
 endures.  
 O come, if undishonoured by the  
 prayer,  
 From all her Sanctuaries!—Open for  
 my feet,

The Traveller's expectation?—Could  
our Will

Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere  
done

Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves  
wandering on.

Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-  
taught skill.

Full oft, our wish obtain'd; deeply we  
sigh; [learn,

Yet not unrecompensed are they who  
From that depression raised, to mount  
on high

With stronger wing, more clearly to  
discern

Eternal things; and, if need be, defy  
Change, with a brow not insolent,  
though stern.

## IV.

AT ROME.—REGRETS.—IN ALLUSION TO  
NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HIS-  
TORIANS.

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,  
Shall they no longer bloom upon the  
stock

Of History, stript naked as a rock

'Mid a dry desert? What is <sup>it</sup> —  
hear?

The glory of Infant Rome must <sup>also</sup> to  
Her morning splendours vanish, and  
their place

Know them no more. If Truth, who  
veiled her face [must steer  
With those bright beams yet hid it not,  
Henceforth a humbler course per-  
plexed and slow;

One solace yet remains for us who came  
Into this world in days when story lacked  
Severe research, that in our hearts we  
know

How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,  
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

## V.

## CONTINUED.

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet  
the same

Involved a history of no doubtful sense,  
History that proves by inward evidence  
From what a precious source of truth it  
came.

Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have  
dared

Such deeds to paint, such characters to  
frame,

But for coeval sympathy prepared  
To greet with instant faith their loftiest  
claim.

None but a noble people could have  
loved

Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-  
minded style:

Not in like sort the Runic Scald was  
moved;

He, nurs'd 'mid savage passions that  
defile

Humanity, sang feats that well might  
call

For the bloodthirsty mead of Odin's  
riotous Hall.

Sumer-

or

## VI.

## PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler un-  
wise,

Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,  
Who, gathering up all that Time's  
envious tooth

Has spared of sound and grave  
realities,

Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries.  
Dear as they are to unsuspecting  
Youth.

That might have drawn down Clio  
from the skies

To vindicate the majesty of truth.

And liberate our hearts from low  
pursuits.  
By gross Utilities enslaved we need  
More of ennobling impulse from the  
past,  
If to the future aught of good must  
come  
Sounder and therefore holier than the  
ends  
Which, in the giddiness of self-  
applause,  
We covet as supreme. Oh, grant the  
crown  
That Wisdom wears, or take his  
treacherous staff  
From Knowledge!—If the Muse,  
whom I have served  
This day, be mistress of a single  
pearl  
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem;  
Then, not in vain, under these chest-  
nut boughs  
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my  
soul  
To transports from the secondary  
founts  
Flowing of time and place, and paid to  
both  
Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have  
striven,  
By love of beauty moved, to enshrine  
in verse  
Accordant meditations, which in times  
Vexed and disordered, as our own,  
may shed  
Influence, at least among a scattered  
few,  
To soberness of mind and peace of  
heart  
Friendly; as here to my repose hath  
been  
This flowering broom's dear neighbour-  
hood, the light

And murmur issuing from yon pendent  
flood,  
And all the varied landscape. Let us  
now  
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent  
Rome

## II.

## THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME.

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine  
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the  
tie  
That bound it to its native earth—  
poised high  
Mid evening hues, along the horizon  
line, [shine.  
Striving in peace each other to out-  
But when I learned the Tree was living  
there,  
Saved from the sordid axe by Beau-  
mont's care,  
Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!  
The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so  
bright  
And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts  
of home,  
Death-parted friends, and days too  
swift in flight,  
Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome  
(Then first apparent from the Pincian  
Height)  
Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting  
Dome.

## III.

## AT ROME.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitoline Hill?  
Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful  
Rock,  
Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping  
still  
That name—a local Phantom proud to  
mock

Thanks to our Lady's grace." I  
 smiled to hear,  
 But not in scorn :—the Matron's Faith  
 may lack  
 The heavenly sanction needed to  
 ensure  
 Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward  
 track  
 Stops not at this low point, nor wants  
 the lure  
 Of flowers the Virgin without fear may  
 own,  
 For by her Son's blest hand the seed  
 was sown.

## X.

NEAR Anio's stream, I spied a gentle  
 Dove  
 Perched on an olive branch, and heard  
 her cooing  
 Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs  
 were wooing,  
 While all things present told of joy  
 and love.  
 But restless Fancy left that olive  
 grove  
 To hail the exploratory Bird re-  
 newing  
 Hope for the few, who, at the world's  
 undoing,  
 On the great flood were spared to live  
 and move.  
 O bounteous Heaven; signs true as  
 dove and bough  
 Brought to the ark are coming ever-  
 more,  
 Given though we seek them not, but,  
 while we plough  
 This sea of life without a visible  
 shore.  
 Do neither promise ask nor grace  
 implore  
 In what alone is ours, the living Now.

## XI.

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING  
 TOWARDS ROME.

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these  
 deep sighs,  
 Heaved less for thy bright plains and  
 hills bestown  
 With monuments decayed or over-  
 thrown,  
 For all that tottering stands or pros-  
 trate lies,  
 Than for like scenes in moral vision  
 shown.  
 Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;  
 Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds,  
 her gaudy crown;  
 Virtues laid low, and mouldering  
 energies.  
 Yet why prolong this mournful  
 strain?—Fallen Power  
 Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might  
 provoke  
 Verse to glad notes prophetic of the  
 hour  
 When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy  
 double yoke,  
 And enter, with prompt aid from the  
 Most High,  
 On the third stage of thy great destiny.

## XII.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENT.

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to  
 conflict came,  
 An earthquake, mingling with the  
 battle's shock,  
 Checked not its rage; unfelt the  
 ground did rock,  
 Sword dropped not, javelin kept its  
 deadly aim.—

Such was her office while she walked  
 with men,  
 A Muse, who, not unmindful of her  
 Sire,  
 All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme  
 might be  
 Revered her mother, sage Mnemosyne,  
 And taught her faithful servants how  
 the lyre  
 Should animate, but not mislead, the  
 pen.

## VII.

## AT ROME.

THEY—who have seen the noble  
 Roman's scorn  
 Break forth at thought of laying down  
 his head,  
 When the blank day is over, garreted  
 In his ancestral palace, where, from  
 morn  
 To night, the desecrated floors are  
 worn  
 By feet of purse-proud strangers; they  
 —who have read  
 In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's  
 shed,  
 How patiently the weight of wrong is  
 borne;  
 They—who have heard some learned  
 Patriot treat  
 Of freedom, with mind grasping the  
 whole theme  
 From ancient Rome, downwards  
 through that bright dream  
 Of Commonwealths, each city a star-  
 like seat  
 Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—  
 Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of  
 Thee!

## VIII.

## NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S.

LONG has the dew been dried on tree  
 and lawn;  
 O'er man and beast a not unwelcome  
 boon  
 Is shed, the languor of approaching  
 noon;  
 To shady rest withdrawing or with-  
 drawn  
 Mute are all creatures, as this couchant  
 fawn,  
 Save insect-swarms that hum in air  
 afloat, [note,  
 Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill  
 Startling and shrill as that which  
 roused the dawn.  
 —Heard in that hour, or when, as  
 now, the nerve  
 Shrinks from the note as from a mis-  
 timed thing,  
 Oft for a holy warning may it serve,  
 Charged with remembrance of *his*  
 sudden sting,  
 His bitter tears, whose name the Papal  
 Chair  
 And yon resplendent Church are proud  
 to bear.

## IX.

## AT ALBANO.

DAYS passed—and Monte Calvo would  
 not clear  
 His head from mist; and, as the wind  
 sobbed through  
 Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,  
 My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear  
 Found casual vent. She said, "Be of  
 good cheer;  
 Our yesterday's procession did not sue  
 In vain; the sky will change to sunny,  
 blue,

Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,  
The lightsome Olive's twinkling  
canopy—

Oft have I heard the Nightingale and  
Thrush

Blending as in a common English  
grove

Their love-songs; but, where'er my  
feet might roam.

Whate'er assemblages of new and old,  
Strange and familiar, might beguile the  
way,

A gratulation from that vagrant Voice  
Was wanting;—and most happily till  
now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-  
famed Pile,  
High on the brink of that precipitous  
rock.

Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth  
It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned  
In faith and hope, and dutiful obedi-  
ence,

By a few Monks, a stern society,  
Dead to the world and scorning earth-  
born joys.

Nay—though the hopes that drew,  
the fears that drove

St. Francis, far from Man's resort,  
to abide

Among these sterile heights of Apen-  
nine.

Bound him, nor, since he raised yon  
House, have ceased

To bind his spiritual Progeny, with  
rules

Stringent as flesh can tolerate and  
live:

His milder Genius (thanks to the good  
God

That made us) over those severe re-  
straints

Of mind, that dread heart-freezing dis-  
cipline,

Doth sometimes here predominate,  
and works

By unsought means for gracious pur-  
poses:

For earth, through heaven, for heaven,  
by changeful earth.

Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the  
power of sense,

Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed  
heart

Of that once sinful Being overflowed  
On sun, moon, stars, the nether  
elements,

And every shape of creature they  
sustain.

Divine affections: and with beast and  
bird

(Stilled from afar—such marvel story  
tells—

By casual outbreak of his passionate  
words.

And from their own pursuits in field  
or grove

Drawn to his side by look or act of  
love

Humane, and virtue of his innocent  
life)

He went to hold companionship so  
free.

So pure, so fraught with knowledge  
and delight,

As to be likened in his Followers'  
minds

To that which our first Parents, ere  
the fall

From their high state darkened the  
Earth with fear,

Held with all Kinds in Eden's blissful  
bowers.



Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that  
day's shame,  
Or glory, not a vestige seems to  
endure,  
Save in this Rill that took from blood  
the name \*

Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as  
crystal pure.

So may all trace and sign of deeds  
aloof

From the true guidance of humanity,  
Through Time and Nature's influence,  
purify

Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof  
Or warning serve, thus let them all,  
on ground

That gave them being, vanish to a  
sound.

## XIII.

## NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

For action born, existing to be tried,  
Powers manifold we have that inter-  
vene

To stir the heart that would, too  
closely screen

Her peace from images to pain allied.  
What wonder if at midnight by the side

Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasymene,  
The clang of arms is heard, and phan-  
toms glide,

Unhappy ghosts in troops by moon-  
light seen;

And singly thine, O vanquished Chief!  
whose corse,

Unburied, lay hid under heaps of  
slain:

But who is He?—the Conqueror.  
Would he force

His way to Rome? Ah, no, round hill  
and plain

\* Sanguinetto.

Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong  
command,  
This spot—his shadowy death-cup in  
his hand.

## XIV.

## THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

MAY 25TH, 1837.

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo—Oh, with  
what delight

Heard I that voice! and catch it now,  
though faint,

Far off and faint, and melting into air,  
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!

Those louder cries give notice that  
the Bird,

Although invisible as Echo's self,  
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks,  
happy Creature,

For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured

From vale to hill, from hill to vale led  
on,

We have pursued, through various  
lands, a long

And pleasant course; flower after  
flower has blown,

Embellishing the ground that gave  
them birth

With aspects novel to my sight; but  
still

Most fair, most welcome, when they  
drank the dew

In a sweet fellowship with kinds  
beloved,

For old remembrance sake. And oft  
—where Spring

Display'd her richest blossoms among  
files

Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing  
fruit

Ripe for the hand, or under a thick  
shade

Grants to thy mission a brief term of  
 silence,  
 And folds thy pinions up in blest  
 repose.

## XV.

## AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came  
 bereft,  
 And seeking consolation from above;  
 Nor grieve the less that skill to him  
 was left  
 To paint this picture of his lady-love:  
 Can she, a blessed saint, the work  
 approve?  
 And O, good Brethren of the cowl,  
 a thing  
 So fair, to which with peril he must  
 cling,  
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove.  
 That bloom—those eyes—can they  
 assist to bind  
 Thoughts that would stray from  
 Heaven! The dream must cease  
 To be, by Faith, not sight, his soul  
 must live  
 Else will the enamoured Monk too  
 surely find  
 How wide a space can part from  
 inward peace  
 The most profound repose his cell can  
 give.

## XVI.

## CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares  
 And stirring interests shunned with  
 desperate flight,  
 All trust abandoned in the healing  
 might  
 Of virtuous action: all that courage  
 dares,

Labour accomplishes, or patience  
 bears—  
 Those helps rejected, they, whose  
 minds perceive  
 How subtly works man's weakness,  
 sighs may heave  
 For such a One beset with cloistral  
 snares.  
 Father of Mercy! rectify his view,  
 If with his vows this object ill agree.  
 Shed over it thy grace, and thus  
 subdue  
 Imperious passion in a heart set  
 free:—  
 That earthly love may to herself be  
 true,  
 Give him a soul that cleaveth unto  
 Thee.

## XVII.

AT THE EREMITES OR UPPER CONVENT  
 OF CAMALDOLI.

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of  
 Monks, in size  
 Enormous, dragged, while side by side  
 they sate,  
 By panting steers up to this convent  
 gate?  
 How, with empurpled cheeks and pam-  
 pered eyes,  
 Dare they confront the lean austerities  
 Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu  
 wait  
 In sackcloth, and God's anger de-  
 precate  
 Through all that humbles flesh and  
 mortifies?  
 Strange contrast!—verily the world of  
 dreams,  
 Where mingle, as for mockery com-  
 bined,

Then question not that, 'mid the  
 austere Band,  
 Who breathe the air he breathed,  
 tread where he trod,  
 Some true Partakers of his loving  
 spirit  
 Do still survive, and, with those gentle  
 hearts  
 Consorted, Others, in the power, the  
 faith,  
 Of a baptized imagination, prompt  
 To catch from Nature's humblest  
 monitors  
 Whate'er they bring of impulses sub-  
 lime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk,  
 though pale  
 With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed  
 by years,  
 Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to  
 see  
 Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted  
 trunk,  
 Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward  
 raised,  
 Hands clasped above the crucifix he  
 wore  
 Appended to his bosom, and lips  
 closed  
 By the joint pressure of his musing  
 mood  
 And habit of his vow. That ancient  
 Man—  
 Nor haply less the Brother whom I  
 marked,  
 As we approached the Convent gate,  
 aloft  
 Looking far forth from his aerial cell,  
 A young Ascetic, Poet, Hero, Sage,  
 He might have been, Lover belike he  
 was—  
 If they received into a conscious ear

The notes whose first faint greeting  
 startled me,  
 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with  
 joy  
 My heart—may have been moved like  
 me to think,  
 Ah! not like me who walk in the  
 world's ways,  
 On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice*  
*of One*  
*Crying amid the Wilderness*, and  
 given,  
 Now that their snows must melt, their  
 herbs and flowers  
 Revive, their obstinate winter pass  
 away,  
 That awful name to Thee, thee,  
 simple Cuckoo,  
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore  
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou  
 leave  
 This thy last haunt beneath Italian  
 skies  
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights  
 Still loftier, and to climes more near  
 the Pole.

Voice of the desert, fare-thee-well;  
 sweet Bird!  
 If that substantial title please thee  
 more,  
 Farewell!—but go thy way, no need  
 hast thou  
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from  
 bower  
 To bower as green, from sky to sky  
 as clear.  
 Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs that  
 meet  
 Thy course and sport around thee  
 softly fan—  
 Till Night, descending upon hill and  
 vale.

For he and he only with wisdom is blest  
 Who, gathering true pleasures where-  
     ever they grow,  
 Looks up in all places, for joy or for  
     rest.  
 To the Fountain whence Time and  
     Eternity flow.

## XIX.

## AT FLORENCE.

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,  
 The dome of Florence, pensive and  
     alone, [the while,  
 Nor giving heed to aught that passed  
 I stood, and gazed upon a marble  
     stone.  
 The laurell'd Dante's favourite seat.  
     A throne,  
 In just esteem, it rivals: though no style  
 Be there of decoration to beguile  
 The mind, depressed by thought of  
     greatness flown.  
 As a true man, who long had served  
     the lyre, [more.  
 I gazed with earnestness, and dared no  
 But in his breast the mighty Poet bore  
 A Patriot's heart, warm with undying  
     fire.  
 Bold with the thought, I part from  
     I sat down,  
 And, for a moment, filled that empty

## XX.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST,  
 BY RAPHAEL. IN THE GALLERY AT  
 FLORENCE.

THE Baptist might have been ordain'd  
     to cry  
 Forth from the towers of that huge  
     Pile, wherein  
 His Father served Jehovah; but how  
     vain

Due audience, how for ought but scorn  
     defy  
 The obstinate pride and wanton revelry  
 Of the Jerusalem below, her sin  
 And folly, if they with united din  
 Drown not at once mandate and  
     prophecy?

Therefore the Voice spake from the  
     Desert, thence  
 To Her, as to her opposite in peace,  
 Silence, and holiness, and innocence.  
 To Her and to all Lands its warning  
     sent,  
 Crying with earnestness that might not  
     cease.  
 "Make straight a highway for the  
     Lord—repent!"

## XXI.

AT FLORENCE.—FROM MICHAEL  
 ANGELO.

RAPT above earth by power of one  
     fair face,  
 Hers in whose sway alone my heart  
     delights,  
 I mingle with the blest on those pure  
     heights  
 — Man, yet mortal, rarely finds  
 By a place.  
 With Him who made the Work that  
     Work accords  
 So well, that by its help and through  
     his grace  
 I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds  
     and words.  
 Clasp her beauty in my soul's  
     embrace.  
 Thus, if from two fair eyes mine  
     cannot turn,  
 I feel how in their presence doth abide  
 Light which to God is both the way  
     and guide;  
 And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,

Things in their very essences at strife,  
Shows not a sight incongruous as the  
                extremes                         [ful mind,  
That everywhere, before the thought-  
Meet on the solid ground of waking life.

## XVIII.

AT VALLOMBROSA.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades  
High over-arch'd embower,--PARADISE LOST.

"VALLOMBROSA--I longed in thy  
shadiest wood  
To slumber, reclined on the moss-  
covered floor!"

Fond wish that was granted at last,  
and the Flood.

That lulled me asleep, bids me listen  
once more. [the steep.

Its murmur how soft! as it falls down  
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Re-  
treat high in air—

Where our Milton was wont lonely  
vigils to keep

For converse with God, sought  
through study and prayer.

The Monks still repeat the tradition  
with pride,

And its truth who shall doubt? for  
his Spirit is here;

In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her  
grandeur abide,

In the pines pointing heavenward her  
beauty austere ;

In the flower-besprent meadows his  
genius we trace

Turned to humbler delights, in which  
youth might confide.

That would yield him fit help while  
prefiguring that Place

Where, if Sin had not entered, Love  
never had died.

When with life lengthened out came  
a desolate time,

And darkness and danger had compassed him round,

With a thought he would flee to these  
haunts of his prime,

And here once again a kind shelter be  
found.

And let me believe that when nightly  
the Muse

Did waft him to Sion, the glorified  
hill.

Here also, on some favoured height,  
he would choose

To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in  
the page

Of that holiest of Bards, and the name  
for my mind

Had a musical charm, which the  
winter of age

And the changes it brings had no  
power to unbind.

And now, ye Miltonian shades! under  
you

I repose, nor am forced from sweet  
fancy to part,

While your leaves I behold and the  
brooks they will strew,

And the realised vision is clasped to  
my heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as  
we may

In Forms that must perish, frail  
objects of sense ;

Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on  
the day

When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence..

## XXV.

## AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

FAIR Land! Thee all men greet with  
 joy; how few,  
 Whose souls take pride in freedom,  
 virtue, fame.  
 Part from thee without pity dyed in  
 shame:

I could not—while from Venice we  
 withdrew, [our view

Led on till an Alpine strait confined  
 Within its depths, and to the shore  
 we came

Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and  
 name,

Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder  
 colouring threw.

Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,  
 (Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid  
 lake) [creep?—

Shall a few partial breezes only  
 Be its depths quicken'd; what thou  
 dost inherit

Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil;  
 awake, [sleep!

Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like

## XXVI.

## CONTINUED.

As indignation mastered grief, my  
 tongue [agree

Spake bitter words; words that did ill  
 With those rich stores of Nature's  
 imagery,

And divine Art, that fast to memory  
 clung— [young

Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever  
 In the sun's eye, and in his sister's  
 sight

How beautiful! how worthy to be sung  
 In strains of rapture, or subdued  
 delight!

I feign not; witness that unwelcome  
 shock

That followed the first sound of  
 German speech,

Caught the far-winding barrier Alps  
 among.

In that announcement, greeting  
 seemed to mock

Parting; the casual word had power  
 to reach

My heart, and filled that heart with  
 conflict strong.

## XXVII.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING,  
 1838.

Ir with old love of you, dear Hills!  
 I share

New love of many a rival image  
 brought

From far, forgive the wanderings of  
 my thought:

Nor art thou wronged, sweet May!  
 when I compare

Thy present birth-morn with thy last,  
 so fair,

So rich to me in favours. For my  
 lot

Then was, within the famed Egerian  
 Grot

To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy  
 air

Mingling with thy soft breath! That  
 morning too,

Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming  
 Amid the sunny, shadowy Coliseum;

Heard them, unchecked by aught of  
 saddening hue,

For victories there won by flower-  
 crowned Spring,

Chant in full choir their innocent Te  
 Deum.

My noble fire emits the joyful ray  
That through the realms of glory  
shines for aye.

## XXII.

AT FLORENCE.—FROM M. ANGELO.

ETERNAL Lord! eased of a cumbrous  
load,  
And loosened from the world, I turn  
to Thee;  
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm,  
and flee  
To thy protection for a safe abode.  
The crown of thorns, hands pierced  
upon the tree,  
The meek, benign, and lacerated  
face,  
To a sincere repentance promise  
grace,  
To the sad soul give hope of pardon  
free.  
With justice mark not Thou, O Light  
divine,  
My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred  
ear;  
Neither put forth that way thy arm  
severe;  
Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto  
incline  
More readily the more my years  
require  
help, and forgiveness speedy and  
entire.

## XXIII.

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN  
THE APENNINES.

'T Trees' whose slender roots entwine  
Altars that piety neglects;  
Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine  
Which no devotion now respects:

If not a straggler from the herd  
Here ruminates, nor shrouded bird,  
Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take  
pride

In aught that ye would grace or hide—  
How sadly is your love misplaced,  
Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heeds,  
And ye—full often spurned as weeds—  
In beauty clothed, or breathing sweet-  
ness [wall—

From fractured arch and mouldering  
Do but more touchingly recall  
Man's headstrong violence and Time's  
fleetness,

Making the precincts ye adorn  
Appear to sight still more forlorn.

## XXIV.

IN LOMBARDY.

SEE, where his difficult way that Old  
Man wins [most hard  
Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves!—  
Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's  
compared,  
For whom his toil with early day  
begins.

Acknowledging no task-master, at will  
(As if her labour and her ease were  
twins)

*She* seems to work, at pleasure to lie  
still;— [she spins.

And softly sleeps within the thread  
So fare they—the Man serving as her  
Slave.

Ere long their fates do each to each  
conform: [Worm,

Both pass into new being—but the  
Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless  
grave;

*His* volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend  
To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

She sheds her beam. and, lo! the  
 shades dissolve;  
 No jarring monks. to gloomy cell  
 confined. [mind;  
 With mazy rules perplex the weary  
 No shadowy forms entice the soul aside,  
 Secure she walks. Philosophy her guide.  
 Britain, who long her warriors had  
 adored. [sword;  
 And deem'd all merit centred in the  
 Britain, who thought to stain the field  
 was fame,  
 Now honour'd Edward's less than  
 Bacon's name.  
 Her sons no more in listed fields ad-  
 vance [lance;  
 To ride the ring, or toss the beamy  
 No longer steel their indurated hearts  
 To the mild influence of the finer arts;  
 Quick to the secret grotto they retire  
 To court majestic truth, or wake the  
 golden lyre;  
 By generous Emulation taught to rise,  
 The seats of learning brave the distant  
 skies. [design,  
 Then noble Sandys. inspir'd with great  
 Reared Hawkshead's happy roof, and  
 call'd it mine. [age  
 There have I loved to show the tender  
 The golden precepts of the classic page;  
 To lead the mind to those Elysian  
 plains  
 Where, throned in gold, immortal  
 Science reigns;  
 Fair to the view is sacred Truth  
 displayed,  
 In all the majesty of light array'd,  
 To teach, on rapid wings, the curious  
 soul [pole to pole,  
 To roam from heaven to heaven, from  
 From thence to search the mystic cause  
 of things

And follow Nature to her secret springs;  
 Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth  
 Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,  
 To regulate the mind's disordered frame,  
 And quench the passions kindling into  
 flame;  
 The glimmering fires of Virtue to  
 enlarge, [charge.  
 And purge from Vice's dross my tender  
 Oft have I said, the paths of Fame  
 pursue,  
 And all that Virtue dictates, dare to do:  
 Go to the world, peruse the book of  
 man, [to scan;  
 And learn from thence thy own defects  
 Severely honest, break no plighted  
 trust, [just;  
 But coldly rest not here—be more than  
 Join to the rigours of the sires of Rome  
 The gentler manners of the private  
 dome;  
 When Virtue weeps in agony of woe,  
 Teach from the heart the tender tear  
 to flow; [entice,  
 If Pleasure's soothing song thy soul  
 Or all the gaudy pomp of splendid Vice,  
 Arise superior to the Siren's power,  
 The wretch, the short-lived vision of an  
 hour;  
 Soon fades her cheek, her blushing  
 beauties fly, [the sky.  
 As fades the chequer'd bow that paints  
 —  
 “So shall thy sire, whilst hope his  
 breast inspires,  
 And wakes anew life's glimmering  
 trembling fires,  
 Hear Britain's sons rehearse thy praise  
 with joy, [darling boy.  
 Look up to heaven, and bless his  
 If e'er these precepts quell'd the  
 passions' strife,



# SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS GENERALLY OMITTED.

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## LINES

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT  
HAWKESHEAD, ANNO ÆTATIS 14.

'AND has the Sun his flaming chariot  
driven [heaven,  
Two hundred times around the ring of  
Since Science first, with all her sacred  
train, [reign?  
Beneath yon roof began her heavenly  
While thus I mused, methought, before  
mine eyes, [rise;  
The Power of EDUCATION seemed to  
Not she whose rigid precepts trained  
the boy  
*Dead to the sense of every finer joy;*  
Nor that vile wretch who bade the  
tender age  
Spurn Reason's law and humour  
Passion's rage;  
But she who trains the generous  
British youth [Truth:  
In the bright paths of fair majestic  
Emerging slow from Academus' grove  
In heavenly majesty she seem'd to  
move. [serene  
Stern was her forehead, but a smile  
'Softened the terrors of her awful mien.'  
Close at her side were all the powers,  
design'd  
To curb, exalt, reform the tender mind:  
With panting breast, now pale as winter  
snows,  
Now flush'd as Hebe, Emulation rose;  
Shame follow'd after with reverted eye,  
And hue far deeper than the Tyrian  
dye; [pace,  
Last Industry appear'd with steady

A smile sat beaming on her pensive  
face.  
I gazed upon the visionary train,  
Threw back my eyes, return'd, and  
gazed again.  
When lo! the heavenly goddess thus  
began, [accents ran.  
Through all my frame the pleasing  
" 'When Superstition left the golden  
light [night;  
And fled indignant to the shades of  
When pure Religion rear'd the peaceful  
breast [rest,  
And lull'd the warring passions into  
Drove far away the savage thoughts  
that roll [soul,  
In the dark mansions of the bigot's  
Enlivening Hope display'd her cheerful  
ray, [day;  
And beam'd on Britain's sons a brighter  
So when on Ocean's face the storm  
subsides,  
Hush'd are the winds and silent are  
the tides; [light,  
The God of day, in all the pomp of  
Moves through the vault of heaven,  
and dissipates the night;  
Wide o'er the main a trembling lustre  
plays, [blaze;  
The glittering waves reflect the dazzling  
Science with joy saw Superstition fly  
Before the lustre of Religion's eye;  
With rapture she beheld Britannia  
smile,  
Clapp'd her strong wings, and sought  
the cheerful isle, [involve,  
The shades of night no more the soul

"BLEAK SEASON WAS IT, TUR-  
BULENT AND WILD."

BLEAK season was it, turbulent and  
wild,

When hitherward we journeyed, side  
by side,

Through bursts of sunshine and through  
flying showers,

Paced the long Vales, how long they  
were, and yet

How fast that length of way was left  
behind,

Wensley's rich Vale and Sedbergh's  
naked heights.

The frosty wind, as if to make amends  
For its keen breath, was aiding to our  
steps,

And drove us onward as two ships at  
sea ;

Or, like two birds, companions in mid-  
Parted and reunited by the blast.

Stern was the face of nature; we re-  
joiced

In that stern countenance; for our  
souls thence drew

A feeling of their strength. The naked  
trees,

The icy brooks, as on we passed,  
appeared

To question us, "Whence come ye?  
To what end?"

# AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS MY LOVE HAD BEEN.

AMONG all lovely things my Love had  
been ;

Had noted well the stars, all flowers  
that grew

About her home ; but she had never

A Glow-worm, never one, and this I  
knew.

While riding near her home one stormy  
night [espy ;

A single Glow-worm did I chance to  
I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,  
And from my Horse I leapt ; great joy  
had I.

Upon a leaf the Glow-worm did I lay,  
To bear it with me through the stormy  
night :

And, as before, it shone without dismay ;  
Albeit putting forth a fainter light.

When to the Dwelling of my Love I  
came,

I went into the Orchard quietly ;  
And left the Glow-worm, blessing it by  
name,

Laid safely by itself, beneath a Tree.

The whole next day, I hoped, and  
hoped with fear ;

At night the Glow-worm shone beneath  
the Tree : [here !

I led my Lucy to the spot, "Look  
Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me!

## SONNET.

I FIND it written of Simonides

That travelling in strange countries  
once he found

A corpse that lay expiring on the  
ground, [obsequies

For which, with pain, he caused due  
To be performed, and paid all holy fees.

Soon after, this man's Ghost unto  
him came

And told him not to sail as was his  
aim, [seas.

On board a ship then ready for the  
Simonides, admonished by the ghost,

Remained behind ; the ship the follow-  
ing day

If e'er they smooth'd the rugged walks  
of life, [way  
If e'er they pointed forth the blissful  
That guides the spirit to eternal day,  
Do thou, if gratitude inspire thy breast,  
Spurn the soft fetters of lethargic rest.  
Awake, awake! and snatch the slum-  
bering lyre,  
Let this bright morn and Sandys the  
song inspire.'

"I look'd obedience: the celestial  
Fair  
Smiled like the morn, and vanish'd  
into air."

“ON NATURE'S INVITATION  
DO I COME.”

ON Nature's invitation do I come,  
By Reason sanctioned. Can the choice  
         mislead,                                 [earth,  
'That made the calmest, fairest spot on  
With all its unappropriated good,  
My own; and not mine only, for with  
me                                 [bowerd—  
Entrenched—say rather peacefully em-  
Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,  
A younger orphan of a Home extinct,  
The only daughter of my parents  
dwells:  
Aye, think on that, my heart, and cease  
to stir;                                 [frame  
Pause upon that, and let the breathing  
No longer breathe, but all be satisfied.  
Oh, if such silence be not thanks to  
God  
For what hath been bestowed, then  
where, where then                 [did ne'er  
Shall gratitude find rest? Mine eyes  
Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind  
Take pleasure in the midst of happy  
thoughts,

But either she, whom now I have, who  
now  
Divides with me this loved abode, was  
there, [turned,  
Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps  
Her voice was like a hidden Bird that  
sang;  
The thought of her was like a flash of  
light  
Or an unseen companionship, a breath  
Or fragrance independent of the wind.  
In all my goings, in the new and old  
Of all my meditations, and in this  
Favourite of all, in this the most of  
'all. . . .  
Embrace me then, ye hills, and close  
me in.  
Now in the clear and open day I feel  
Your guardianship: I take it to my  
heart;  
'Tis like the solemn shelter of the  
night.  
But I would call thee beautiful; for  
mild, [art,  
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou  
Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,  
Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou  
art pleased,  
Pleased with thy crags, and woody  
steeps, thy Lake,  
Its one green Island, and its winding  
shores,  
The multitude of little rocky hills,  
Thy Church, and cottages of mountain-  
stone  
Clustered like stars some few, but  
single most,  
And lurking dimly in their shy re-  
treats, [looks,  
Or glancing at each other cheerful  
Like separated stars with clouds be-  
tween.

Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,  
Which now we too unwillingly resign  
Though for brief absence. But farewell!  
the page  
Glimmers before my sight through  
thankful tears,  
Such as start forth, not seldom, to  
approve  
Our truth, when we, old yet unchilled  
by age,  
Call thee, though known but for a few  
fleet years,  
The heart-affianced sister of our love!

---

"WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING  
FLOOD HAD OVERTHROWN."

WHEN Severn's sweeping flood had  
overthrown  
St. Mary's Church, the preacher then  
would cry:—  
"Thus, Christian people, God his might  
hath shown  
That ye to him your love may testify;  
Haste, and rebuild the pile."—But not  
a stone  
Resumed its place. Age after age  
went by.  
And Heaven still lacked its due, though  
piety  
In secret did, we trust, her loss be-  
moan.  
But now her Spirit hath put forth her  
claim  
In Power, and Poesy would lend her  
voice;  
Let the new Church be worthy of its aim.  
That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!  
Oh! in the past if cause there was for  
shame,  
Let not our times halt in their better  
choice.

LINES

INSCRIBED IN A COPY OF HIS POEMS  
SENT TO THE QUEEN FOR THE ROYAL  
LIBRARY AT WINDSOR.

DEIGN, Sovereign Mistress! to accept  
a lay,  
No Laureate offering of elaborate art;  
But salutation taking its glad way  
From deep recesses of a loyal heart.  
Queen, Wife and Mother! may All-  
judging Heaven  
Shower with a bounteous hand on  
Thee and Thine  
Felicity that only can be given  
On earth to goodness blest by grace  
divine.

Lady! devoutly honoured and beloved  
Through every realm confided to thy  
sway;  
May'st thou pursue thy course by God  
approved, [obey.  
And He will teach thy people to

As thou art wont, thy sovereignty adorn  
With woman's gentleness, yet firm  
and staid; [have worn  
So shall that earthly crown thy brows  
Be changed for one whose glory  
cannot fade.

And now by duty urged, I lay this Book  
Before thy Majesty, in humble trust  
That on its simplest pages thou wilt look  
With a benign indulgence more than  
just.

Nor wilt thou blame an aged Poet's  
prayer, [thy mind  
That issuing hence may steal into  
Some solace under weight of royal care,  
Or grief—the inheritance of human  
kind.

Set sail, was wrecked, and all on  
board was lost.  
Thus was the tenderest Poet that could  
be, [loving lay,  
Who sang in ancient Greece his  
Saved out of many by his piety.

## SONNET.

THE confidence of Youth our only Art,  
And Hope gay Pilot of the bold de-  
sign, [Rhine,  
We saw the living Landscapes of the  
Reach after reach, salute us and de-  
part; [they start!  
Slow sink the Spires—and up again  
But who shall count the Towers as  
they recline [line  
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon  
Striding, with shattered crests, the eye  
athwart?  
More touching still, more perfect was  
the pleasure,  
When hurrying forward till the slack'ning  
stream  
Spread like a spacious Mere, we there  
could measure  
A smooth free course along the watery  
gleam,  
Think calmly on the past, and mark  
at leisure [a dream.  
Features which else had vanished like

INSCRIPTION ON 'A' ROCK AT  
RYDAL MOUNT. (1838.)

WOULDEST thou be gathered to Christ's  
chosen flock,  
Shun the broad way too easily explored,  
And let thy path be hewn out of the  
Rock, [Word.  
The living Rock of God's Eternal

ON A PORTRAIT OF I. F. [ISA-  
BELLA FENWICK], PAINTED  
BY MARGARET GILLIES.

WE gaze—nor grieve to think that we  
must die,  
But that the precious love this friend  
hath sown  
Within our hearts, the love whose flower  
hath blown  
Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,  
Will pass so soon from human memory;  
And not by strangers to our blood  
alone,  
But by our best descendants be un-  
known,  
Unthought of—this may surely claim a  
sigh.  
Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection;  
Thou against Time so feelingly dost  
strive.  
Where'er, preserved in this most true  
reflection,  
An image of her soul is kept alive,  
Some lingering fragrance of the pure  
affection,  
Whose flower with us will vanish, must  
survive.

## TO I. F.

THE star which comes at close of day  
to shine  
More heavenly bright than when it  
leads the morn,  
Is Friendship's emblem, whether the  
forlorn  
She visiteth, or, shedding light benign  
Through shades that solemnize Life's  
calm decline,  
Doth 'make the happy happier. This  
have we

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone  
 With steadfast ray benign  
 On Gotha's ducal roof, and on  
 The softly flowing Leine,  
 Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,  
 And glittered on the Rhine.  
 Old Camus, too, on that prophetic  
 night  
 Was conscious of the ray;  
 And his willows whispered in its light,  
 Not to the Zephyr's sway.  
 But with a Delphic life, in sight  
 Of this auspicious day—  
 This day, when Granta hails her chosen  
 Lord,  
 And, proud of her award,  
 Confiding in that Star serene,  
 Welcomes the Consort of a happy  
 Queen.

Prince, in these collegiate bowers,  
 Where science, leagued with holier  
 truth,  
 Guards the sacred heart of youth,  
 Solemn monitors are ours.  
 These reverend aisles, these hallowed  
 towers,  
 Raised by many a hand august,  
 Are haunted by majestic Powers,  
 The Memories of the Wise and Just,  
 Who, faithful to a pious trust,  
 Here, in the Founder's Spirit sought  
 To mould and stamp the ore of  
 thought  
 In that bold form and impress high  
 That best betoken patriot loyalty.  
 Not in vain those Sages taught—  
 True disciples, good as great,

Have pondered here their country's  
 weal,  
 Weighed the Future by the Past,  
 Learned how social frames may last,  
 And how a Land may rule its fate  
 By constancy inviolate,  
 Though worlds to their foundations  
 reel [Zeal.  
 The sport of factious Hate or godless

Albert, in thy race we cherish  
 A Nation's strength that will not  
 perish  
 While England's sceptred Line  
 True to the King of Kings is found;  
 Like that Wise ancestor of thine  
 Who threw the Saxon shield o'er  
 Luther's life  
 When first, above the yells of bigot  
 strife,  
 The trumpet of the Living Word  
 Assumed a voice of deep portentous  
 sound,  
 From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber  
 heard.  
 What shield more sublime  
 E'er was blazoned or sung?  
 And the PRINCE whom we greet  
 From its Hero sprung.  
 Resound, resound the strain  
 That hails him for our own!  
 Again, again, and yet again,  
 For the Church, the State, the Throne:  
 And that Presence fair and bright,  
 Ever blest wherever seen,  
 Who deigns to grace our festal rite,  
 The Pride of the Islands, VICTORIA  
 THE QUEEN!

For know we not that from celestial  
spheres,  
When Time was young, an inspira-  
tion came  
(Oh were it mine!) to hallow saddest  
tears, [aim.  
And help life onward in its noblest

### ODE

ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL  
HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT AS CHAN-  
CELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF  
CAMBRIDGE, JULY, 1847.

For thirst of power that Heaven  
disowns,  
For temples, towers, and thrones  
Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,  
Indignant Europe cast  
Her stormy foe at last  
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan  
rock.  
War is passion's basest game  
Madly played to win a name:  
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and  
Heaven to dare,  
The servile million bow;  
But will the Lightning glance aside to  
spare  
The Despot's laurelled brow.  
War is mercy, glory, fame,  
Waged in Freedom's holy cause,  
Freedom, such as man may claim  
Under God's restraining laws.  
Such is Albion's fame and glory;  
Let rescued Europe tell the story.  
But lo! what sudden cloud has darkened  
all  
The land as with a funeral pall?  
The Rose of England suffers blight,  
The Flower has drooped, the Isle's  
delight;

Flower and bud together fall;  
A Nation's hopes lie crushed in Clare-  
mont's desolate Hall.

Time a chequered mantle wears—  
Earth awakes from wintry sleep:  
Again the Tree a blossom bears;  
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!  
Hark to the peals on this bright May-  
morn!

They tell that your future Queen is  
born.

A Guardian Angel fluttered  
Above the babe, unseen;  
One word he softly uttered,  
It named the future Queen;  
And a joyful cry through the Island  
rang,  
As clear and bold as the trumpet's  
clang,  
As bland as the reed of peace:  
"VICTORIA be her name!"  
For righteous triumphs are the  
base  
Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful  
fame.

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold  
Uplifted in his arms the child,  
And while the fearless infant smiled,  
Her happier destiny foretold:—  
"Infancy, by Wisdom mild,  
Trained to health and artless beauty;  
Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled  
From the lore of lofty duty;  
Womanhood in pure renown,  
Seated on her lineal throne;  
Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,  
Fresh with lustre all their own.  
Love, the treasure worth possessing  
More than all the world beside,  
This shall be her choicest blessing,  
Oft to royal hearts denied."

*Mar.*                     Fy! no more of it.

*Wil.* Dear Master! gratitude's a heavy burden

To a proud Soul.—Nobody loves this Oswald—

Yourself, you do not love him.

*Mar.*                     I do more, I honour him. Strong feelings to his heart Are natural; and from no one can be learnt More of man's thoughts and ways than his experience

Has given him power to teach: and then for courage

And enterprise—what perils hath he shunned?

What obstacles hath he failed to overcome?

Answer these questions, from our common knowledge,

And be at rest.

*Wil.*     Oh, Sir!

*Mar.*                     Peace, my good Wilfred; Repair to Liddesdale, and tell the Band I shall be with them in two days at farthest.

*Wil.* May He whose eye is over all protect you!                     [*Exit.*]

*Enter OSWALD (a bunch of plants in his hand).*

*Osw.* This wood is rich in plants and curious simples.

*Mar. (looking at them).* The wild rose, and the poppy, and the nightshade: Which is your favourite, Oswald?

*Osw.*                     That which, while it is Strong to destroy, is also strong to heal—  
[*Looking forward.*]

Not yet in sight!—We'll saunter here awhile;

They cannot mount the hill, by us unseen.

*Mar. (a letter in his hand).* It is no common thing when one like you Performs these delicate services, and therefore

I feel myself much bounden to you. Oswald;

'Tis a strange letter this!—You saw her write it?

*Osw.* And saw the tears with which she blotted it.

*Mar.* And nothing less would satisfy him?

*Osw.*                     No less;

For that another in his Child's affection Should hold a place, as if 'twere robbery, He seemed to quarrel with the very thought.

Besides, I know not what strange prejudice Is rooted in his mind; this Band of ours, Which you've collected for the nobles' ends,

Along the confines of the Esk and Tweed To guard the Innocent—he calls us "Outlaws;"

And, for yourself, in plain terms he assert This garb was taken up that indolence Might want no cover, and rapacity Be better fed.

*Mar.*                     Ne'er may I own the hear That cannot feel for one, helpless as he is

*Osw.* Thou know'st me for a Man no easily moved,

Yet was I grievously provoked to think Of what I witnessed.

*Mar.*                     This day will suffice To end her wrongs.

*Osw.*                     But if the blind Man's tale Should yet be true?

*Mar.*                     Would it were possible: Did not the Soldier tell thee that himself, And others who survived the wreck, beheld.

The Baron Herbert perish in the waves Upon the coast of Cyprus?

*Osw.*                     Yes, even so. And I had heard the like before: in sooth The tale of this his quondam Barony Is cunningly devised; and, on the back Of his forlorn appearance, could not fail To make the proud and vain his tributaries,

And stir the pulse of lazy charity. The seignories of Herbert are in Devon; We, neighbours of the Esk and Tweed: 'tis much

The Arch-impostor—

*Mar.*                     Treat him gently. Oswald; Though I have never seen his face, methinks,

There cannot come a day when I shall cease.

To love him. I remember, when a Boy Of scarcely seven years' growth, beneath the Elm

That casts its shade over our villageschool, 'Twas my delight to sit and hear Idonea Repeat her Father's terrible adventures.



THE BORDERS.

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARMADUKE.

OSWALD,

WALLACE.

LACY.

LENNON.

HERBERT C.

WILKED, Servant to MARMADUKE.

Host.

### Of the Band of Borderers.

Forester.

ELURED, a Peasant.

Peasant, Pilgrims, etc.

IDONEA.

Female Beggar.

ELEANOR, Wife of ELDRED.

SCENE, *Borders of England and Scotland.*

TIME, *The Reign of Henry III.*

READERS already acquainted with my Poems will recognise, in the following composition, some eight or ten lines, which I have not scrupled to retain in the places where they originally stood. It is proper however to add that they would not have been used elsewhere, if I had foreseen the time when I might be induced to publish this Tragedy.

February 28, 1842.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Road in a Wood.*

WALLACE *and* LACY.

*Lacy.* The Troop will be impatient;  
let us hie  
Back to our post, and strip the Scottish  
Foray  
Of their rich Spoil, ere they recross the  
Border.

—Pity that our young Chief will have no part

In this good service.

Rather let us grieve  
 That, in the undertaking which has caused  
 His absence, he hath sought, whate'er his  
 aim,  
 Companionship with One of crooked ways,  
 From whose perverted soul can come no  
 good

To our confiding, open-hearted, Leader.

*Lacy.* True; and, remembering how  
the Band have proved  
That Oswald finds small favour in our  
sight.

Well may we wonder he has gained such power

Over our much-loved Captain. -

*Wal.* I have heard  
Of some dark deed to which in early life  
His passion drove him—then a Voyager  
Upon the midland Sea. You knew his  
bearing

In Palestine?  
*Lacy.* Where he despised alike  
 Mohammedan and Christian. But enough;  
 Let us begone—the Band may else be  
 foiled. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter MARMADUKE and WILFRED.*

WIL. Be cautious, my dear Master!

Mar. I perceive  
That fear is like a cloak which old men  
huddle

About their love, as if to keep it warm.

Will Nay, but I grieve that we should  
part. This Stranger,  
For such he is—

*Mar.* Your busy fancies, Wilfred,  
Might tempt me to a smile ; but what of  
him ?

*Wil.* You know that you have saved his life.

Mar. I know it.

WIL. And that he hates you!—Pardon  
me, perhaps  
That word was hasty.

I feel my strength returning. The be-  
quest

Of thy kind Panoress, which to receive  
We have thus far adventured, will suffice  
To save thee from the extreme of penury;  
But when thy Father must lie down and  
die,

How wilt thou stand alone?

*Idon.* Is he not strong?

Is he not valiant?

*Her.* Am I then so soon  
Forgotten? have my warnings passed so  
quickly

Out of thy mind? My dear, my only,  
Child;

Thou wouldst be leaning on a broken  
reed—

This Maimaduke—

*Idon.* O could you hear his voice:  
Alas! you do not know him. He is one  
'I wot not what ill tongue has wronged  
him with you)

All gentleness and love. His face be-  
speaks

A deep and simple meekness: and that  
Soul,

Which with the motion of a virtuous act

Flashes a look of terror upon guilt,

Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,

By a miraculous finger stilled at once.

*Her.* Unhappy Woman!

*Idon.* Nay, it was my duty  
Thus much to speak; but think not I  
forget—

Dear Father! how *could* I forget and  
live?—

You and the story of that doleful night

When, Antioch blazing to her topmast  
towers,

You rushed into the murderous flames,  
returned

Blind as the grave, but, as you oft have  
told me,

Clasping your infant Daughter to your  
heart.

*Her.* Thy Mother too!—scarce had I  
gained the door,

I caught her voice; she threw herself  
upon me,

I felt thy infant brother in her arms;

She saw my blasted face—a tide of  
soldiers

That instant rushed between us, and I  
heard

Her last death-shriek, distinct among a  
thousand.

*Idon.* Nay, Father, stop not; let me  
hear it all.

*Her.* Dear Daughter! precious relic of  
that time—

For my old age, it doth remain with thee  
To make it what thou wilt. Thou hast

been told,

That when, on our return from Palestine,  
I found how my domains had been

usurped,

I took thee in my arms, and we began

Our wanderings together. Providence

At length conducted us to Rossland,—

there,

Our melancholy story moved a Stranger

To take thee to her home—and for  
myself,

Soon after, the good Abbot of St. Cuth-  
bert's

Supplied my helplessness with food and  
raiment,

And, as thou know'st, gave me that  
humble Cot

Where now we dwell.—For many years I  
bore

Thy absence, till old age and flesh in-  
firmities

Exacted thy return, and our reunion.

I did not think that, during that long  
absence,

My Child, forgetful of the name of  
— Herbert,

Had given her love to a wild Freebooter,  
Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,

Doth prey alike on two distracted Coun-  
tries,

Traitor to both.

*Idon.* Oh, could you hear his voice!  
I will not call on Heaven to vouch for  
me,

But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

*Enter a Peasant.*

*Pea.* Good morrow, Strangers! If you  
want a Guide,

Let me have leave to serve you!

*Idon.* My Companion  
Hath need of rest; the sight of Hut or  
Hostel

Would be most welcome.

*Pea.* Yon white hawthorn gained.  
You will look down into a dell, and there

Till all the band of playmates wept together ;  
And that was the beginning of my love.  
And, though all converse of our later years,

An image of this old Man still was present,  
When I had been most happy. Pardon me  
If this be idly spoken.

*Osw.* Sec, they come,  
Two Travellers !

*Mar.* (*points*). The woman is Idonea.

*Osw.* And leading Herbert.

*Mar.* We must let them pass—  
This thicket will conceal us.

[*They step aside.*]

*Enter IDONEA, leading HERBERT blind.*

*Idon.* Dear Father, you sigh deeply ;  
ever since

We left the willow shade by the brook-  
side,

Your natural breathing has been troubled.  
*Her.* Nay,

You are too fearful ; yet must I confess,  
Our march of yesterday had better suited  
A firmer step than mine.

*Idon.* That dismal Moor—  
In spite of all the larks that cheered our  
path,

I never can forgive it : but how steadily  
*You* paced along, when the bewildering  
moonlight

Mocked me with many a strange fantastic  
shape !—

I thought the Convent never would appear ;  
It seemed to move away from us : and yet  
That you are thus the fault is mine ; for  
the air

Was soft and warm, no dew lay on the  
grass,

And midway on the waste ere night had  
fallen

I spied a Covert walled and roofed with  
sods—

A miniature ; belike some Shepherd-boy,  
Who might have found a nothing-doing  
hour

Heavier than work, raised it : within that  
hut

We might have made a kindly bed of  
heath,

And thankfully there rested side by side  
Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with re-  
cruited strength,

wo.

Have hailed the morning sun. But  
cheerily, Father,—

That staff of yours, I could almost have  
heart

To fling't away from you : you make no  
use

Of me, or of my strength ;—come, let me  
feel

That you do press upon me. There—  
indeed

You are quite exhausted. Let us rest  
awhile

On this green bank. [*He sits down.*]

*Her.* (*after some time*). Idonea, you are  
silent,

And I divine the cause.

*Idon.* Do not reproach me :

I pondered patiently your wish and will  
When I gave way to your request ; and

now,  
When I behold the ruins of that face,

Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope  
of light,

And think that they were blasted for my  
sake,

The name of Marmaduke is blown away :  
Father, I would not change that sacred

feeling  
For all this world can give.

*Her.* Nay, be composed :

Few minutes gone a faintness overspread  
My frame, and I bethought me of two

things  
I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,  
And thee, my Child !

*Idon.* Believe me, honoured Sire !  
'Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy

fancies,  
And you mistake the cause : you hear the

woods  
Resound with music, could you see the

sun,  
And look upon the pleasant face of

Nature—

*Her.* I comprehend thee—I should be  
as cheerful

As if we two were twins ; two songsters  
bred

In the same nest, my spring-time one  
with thine.

My fancies, fancies if they be, are such  
As come, dear Child ! from a far deeper

source  
Than bodily weariness. While here we sit

x

Hovering round Herbert's door, a man  
whose figure  
Resembled much that cold voluptuary.  
The villain, Clifford. He hates you, and  
he knows

Where he can stab you deepest.

*Her.* Clifford never  
Would stoop to skulk about a Cottage  
door—

It could not be.

*Osw.* And yet I now remember  
That, when your praise was warm upon  
my tongue,

And the blind Man was told how you had  
rescued

A maiden from the ruffian violence  
Of this same Clifford, he became impatient  
And would not hear me.

*Mar.* No—it cannot be—  
I dare not trust myself with such a  
thought—

Yet whence this strange aversion? You  
are a man

Not used to rash conjectures—

*Osw.* If you deem it  
A thing worth further notice, we must act  
With caution, sift the matter artfully.

[*Exit MARMADUKE and OSWALD.*]

SCENE, *The door of the Hostel.*

HERBERT, IDONEA, and Host.

*Her. (scated).* As I am dear to you,  
remember, Child!

This last request.

*Idon.* You know me, Sire; farewell!

*Her.* And are you going then? Come,  
come, Idonea,

We must not part.—I have measured  
many a league

When these old limbs had need of rest,—  
and now

I will not play the sluggard.

*Idon.* Nay, sit down.

[*Turning to Host.*]

Good Host, such tendance as you would  
expect

From your own Children, if yourself were  
sick,

Let this old Man find at your hands;  
poor Leader. [*Looking at the dog.*]

We soon shall meet again. If thou neglect  
This charge of thine, then ill befall thee!

—Look,

The little fool is loth to stay behind.

*Sir Host!* by all the love you bear to  
courtesy,

Take care of him, and feed the truant well.

*Host.* Fear not, I will obey you;—but

One so young,

And One so fair, it goes against my heart

That you should travel unattended.

Lady!—

I have a palfrey and a groom: the lad

Shall squire you, (would it not be better,

Sir?)

And for less fee than I would let him run

For any lady I have seen this twelve-  
month.

*Idon.* You know, Sir, I have been too  
long your guard

Not to have learnt to laugh at little fears.

Why, if a wolf should leap from out a  
thicket,

A look of mine would send him scouring  
back,

Unless I differ from the thing I am

When you are by my side.

*Her.* Idonea, wolves

Are not the enemies that move my fears.

*Idon.* No more, I pray, of this. Three

days at farthest

Will bring me back—protect him, Saints

—farewell! [*Exit IDONEA.*]

*Host.* 'Tis never drought with us—St.

Cuthbert and his Pilgrims,

Thanks to them, are to us a stream of  
comfort:

Pity the Maiden did not wait a while;

She could not, Sir, have failed of company.

*Her.* Now she is gone, I fain would call  
her back.

*Host. (calling).* Holla!

*Her.* No, no, the business must be  
done.—

What means this riotous noise?

*Host.* The villagers

Are flocking in—a wedding festival—

That's all—God save you, Sir.

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* Ha! as I live.

The Baron Herbert!

*Host.* Mercy, the Baron Herbert!

*Osw.* So far into your journey! on my  
life,

You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare  
you?

Will see an ash from which a sign-board  
hangs ;  
The house is hidden by the shade. · Old  
Man,  
You seem worn out with travel—shall I  
support you ?

*Her.* I thank you ; but, a resting-place  
so near,

'Twere wrong to trouble you.

*Pea.* God speed you both.  
[*Exit Peasant.*

*Her.* Idonea, we must part. Be not  
alarmed—

'Tis but for a few days—a thought has  
struck me.

*Idon.* That I should leave you at this  
house, and thence

Proceed alone. It shall be so ; for strength  
Would fail you ere our journey's end be  
reached.

[*Exit HERBERT supported by IDONEA.*

*Re-enter MARMADUKE and OSWALD.*

*Mar.* This instant will we stop him——

*Osw.* Be not hasty,

For sometimes, in despite of my con-  
viction,

He tempted me to think the Story true ;

'Tis plain he loves the Maid, and what he  
said

That savoured of aversion to thy name  
Appeared the genuine colour of his soul—  
Anxiety lest mischief should befall her  
After his death.

*Mar.* I have been much deceived.

*Osw.* But sure he loves the Maiden, and  
never love

Could find delight to nurse itself so  
strangely,

Thus to torment her with *inventions*!—  
death——

There must be truth in this.

*Mar.* Truth in his story !

He must have felt it then, known what it  
was,

And in such wise to rack her gentle heart  
Had been a tenfold cruelty.

*Osw.* Strange pleasures

Do we poor mortals cater for ourselves !

To see him thus provoke her tenderness

With tales of weakness and infirmity !

I'd wager on his life for twenty years.

*Mar.* We will not waste an hour in  
such a cause.

*Osw.* Why, this is noble ! shake her off  
at once.

*Mar.* Her virtues are his instruments.  
—A Man

Who has so practised on the world's cold  
sense,

May well deceive his Child—What ! leave  
her thus,

A prey to a deceiver ?—no—no—no—

'Tis but a word and then——

*Osw.* Something is here

More than we see, or whence this strong  
aversion ?

Marmaduke ! I suspect unworthy tales

Have reached his ear—you have had  
enemies.

*Mar.* Enemies !—of his own coinage,

*Osw.* That may be,

But wherefore slight protection such as  
you

Have power to yield ? perhaps he looks  
elsewhere.—

I am perplexed.

*Mar.* What hast thou heard or seen ?

*Osw.* No—no—the thing stands clear  
of mystery ;

(As you have said) he coins himself the  
slander

With which he taints her ear ;—for a  
plain reason ;

He deads the presence of a virtuous  
man

Like you ; he knows your eye would  
search his heart,

Your justice stamp upon his evil deeds  
The punishment they merit. All is plain :

It cannot be——

*Mar.* What cannot be ?

*Osw.* Yet that a Father

Should in his love admit no rivalry,  
And torture thus the heart of his own

Child——

*Mar.* Nay, you abuse my friendship !

*Osw.* Heaven forbid !—

There was a circumstance, trifling in-  
deed——

It struck me at the time—yet I believe

I never should have thought of it again

But for the scene which we by chance  
have witnessed.

*Mar.* What is your meaning ?

*Osw.* Two days gone I saw,

Though at a distance and he was dis-  
guised,

She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—

She paces round and round an Infant's grave,

And in the Churchyard sod her feet have worn

A hollow ring; they say it is knee-deep—

Ah! what is here?

[*A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes as if in sleep—a Child in her arms.*]

*Beg.* Oh! Gentlemen, I thank you; I've had the saddest dream that ever troubled

The heart of living creature.—My poor Babe

Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread

When I had none to give him; whereupon I put a slip of foxglove in his hand, Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once:

When into one of those same spotted bells A bee came darting, which the Child with joy

Imprisoned there, and held it to his ear, And suddenly grew black, as he would die.

*Mar.* We have no time for this, my babbling Gossip;

Here's what will comfort you.

[*Gives her money.*]

*Beg.* The Saints reward you For this good deed!—Well, Sirs, this passed away;

And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog, Trotting alone along the beaten road, Came to my child as by my side he slept, And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden

Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head:

But here he is, [*kissing the Child*] it must have been a dream.

*Ors.* When next inclined to sleep, take my advice

And put your head, good Woman, under cover.

*Beg.* Oh, Sir, you would not talk thus, if you knew

What life is this of ours, how sleep will master

The weary-worm.—You gentlefolk have got

Warm chambers to your wish. I'd rather be

A stone than what I am.—But two nights gone,

The darkness overtook me—wind and rain

Beat hard upon my head—and yet I saw A glow-worm, through the covert of the

furze,

Shine calmly as if nothing ailed the sky: At which I half accused the God in

Heaven.—

You must forgive me.

*Ors.* Ay, and if you think The Fairies are to blame, and you should

chide Your favourite saint—no matter—this good day

Has made amends.

*Beg.* Thanks to you both; but, Oh Sir!

How would you like to travel on whole hours

As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,

Expecting still, I knew not how, to find A piece of money glittering through the dust?

*Mar.* This woman is a prater. Pray, good Lady!

Do you tell fortunes?

*Beg.* Oh Sir, you are like the rest. This Little-one—it cuts me to the heart—

Well! they might turn a beggar from their doors,

But there are Mothers who can see the Babe

Here at my breast, and ask me where I bought it:

This they can do, and look upon my face— But you, Sir, should be kinder.

*Mar.* Come hither, Fathers, And learn what nature is from this poor

Wretch!

*Beg.* Ay, Sir, there's nobody that feels for us.

Why now—but yesterday I overtook A blind old Greybeard and accosted him,

I' th' name of all the Saints, and by the Mass

He should have used me better!—Charity! If you can melt a rock, he is your man;

But I'll be even with him—here again Have I been waiting for him.

*Her.* Well as the wreck I am permits.

And you, Sir?

*Osw.* I do not see Idonea.

*Her.* Dutiful Girl,

She is gone before, to spare my weariness.  
But what has brought you hither?

*Osw.* A slight affair,  
That will be soon despatched.

*Her.* Did Marmaduke  
Receive that letter?

*Osw.* Be at peace.—The tie  
Is broken, you will hear no more of *him*.

*Her.* This is true comfort, thanks a  
thousand times!—

'That noise!—would I had gone with her  
as far

As the Lord Clifford's Castle: I have heard  
That, in his milder moods, he has ex-  
pressed

Compassion for me. His influence is great  
With Henry, our good King;—the Baron  
might

Have heard my suit, and urged my plea  
at Court.

No matter—he's a dangerous Man.—That  
noise!—

'Tis too disorderly for sleep or rest.

Idonea would have fears for me,—the  
Convent

Will give me quiet lodging. You have a  
boy, good Host,

And he must lead me back.

*Osw.* You are most lucky;  
I have been waiting in the wood hard by  
For a companion—here he comes; our  
journey

*Enter MARMADUKE.*

Lies on your way; accept us as your  
Guides.

*Her.* Alas! I creep so slowly.

*Osw.* Never fear;  
We'll not complain of that.

*Her.* My limbs are stiff  
And need repose. Could you but wait  
an hour?

*Osw.* Most willingly!—Come, let me  
lead you in,

And, while you take your rest, think not  
of us;

We'll stroll into the wood; lean on my  
arm.

[*Conducts HERBERT into the house.*

*Exit MARMADUKE.*

*Enter Villagers.*

*Osw.* (*to himself coming out of the Hostel*).

I have prepared a most apt Instru-  
ment—

The Vagrant must, no doubt, be loitering  
somewhere

About this ground; she hath a tongue  
well skilled,

By mingling natural matter of her own  
With all the daring fictions I have taught  
her,

To win belief, such as my plot requires.

[*Exit OSWALD.*

*Enter more Villagers, a Musician among  
them.*

*Host* (*to them*). Into the court, my

Friend, and perch yourself

Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty Maids,  
Garlands and flowers, and cakes and  
merry thoughts,

Are here, to send the sun into the west  
More speedily than you belike would wish.

*SCENE changes to the Wood adjoining the  
Hostel—MARMADUKE and OSWALD  
entering.*

*Mar.* I would fain hope that we deceive  
ourselves:

When first I saw him sitting there, alone,  
It struck upon my heart I know not how.

*Osw.* To-day will clear up all.—You  
marked a Cottage,  
That ragged Dwelling, close beneath a  
rock

By the brook-side: it is the abode of One,  
A Maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford,  
Who soon grew weary of her; but, alas!  
What she had seen and suffered turned  
her brain.

Cast off by her Betrayer, she dwells alone,  
Nor moves her hands to any needful  
work:

She eats her food which every day the  
peasants

Bring to her hut; and so the Wretch has  
lived

Ten years; and no one ever heard her  
voice;

But every night at the first stroke of twelve  
She quits her house and, in the neighbour-  
ing Churchyard

Upon the self-same spot, in rain or storm,

*Osw.* Well, but softly,  
Who is it that hath wronged you?

*Beg.* Mark you me ;  
I'll point him out ;—a Maiden is his guide,  
Lovely as Spring's first rose ; a little dog,  
Tied by a woollen cord, moves on before  
With look as sad as he were dumb ; the

cur,  
I owe him no ill will, but in good sooth  
He does his Master credit.

*Mar.* As I live,  
'Tis Herbert and no other !

*Beg.* 'Tis a feast to see him,  
Lank as a ghost and tall, his shoulders  
bent,  
And long beard white with age—yet ever-

more,  
As if he were the only Saint on earth,  
He turns his face to heaven.

*Osw.* But why so violent  
Against this venerable Man ?

*Beg.* I'll tell you :  
He has the very hardest heart on earth ;  
I had as lief turn to the Friar's school  
And knock for entrance, in mid holiday.

*Mar.* But to your story.

*Beg.* I was saying, Sir—  
Well !—he has often spurned me like a  
toad,

But yesterday was worse than all ; at last  
I overtook him, Sirs, my Babe and I,  
And begged a little aid for charity :  
But he was snappish as a cottage cur.  
Well then, says I—I'll out with it ; at  
which

I cast a look upon the Girl, and felt  
As if my heart would burst ; and so I left  
him.

*Osw.* I think, good Woman, you are the  
very person

Whom, but some few days past, I saw in  
Eskdale,  
At Herbert's door.

*Beg.* Ay ; and if truth were known  
I have good business there.

*Osw.* I met you at the threshold,  
And he seemed angry.

*Beg.* Angry ! well he might ;  
And long as I can stir I'll dog him.—  
Yesterday,

To serve me so, and knowing that he owes  
The best of all he has to me and mine.  
But 'tis all over now. That good old Lady  
Has left a power of riches ; and I say it,

If there's a lawyer in the land, the knave  
Shall give me half.

*Osw.* What's this ?—I fear, good Woman,  
You have been insolent.

*Beg.* And there's the Baron,  
I spied him skulking in his peasant's dress.

*Osw.* How say you ? in disguise ?—

*Mar.* But what's your business  
With Herbert or his Daughter ?

*Beg.* Daughter ! truly—  
But how's the day ?—I fear, my little Boy,  
We've overslept ourselves.—Sirs, have you  
seen him ? [Offers to go.

*Mar.* I must have more of this ;—you  
shall not stir

An inch, till I am answered. Know you  
aught

That doth concern this Herbert ?

*Beg.* You are provoked,  
And will misuse me, Sir !

*Mar.* No trifling, Woman !—

*Osw.* You are as safe as in a sanctuary ;  
Speak.

*Mar.* Speak !

*Beg.* He is a most hard-hearted Man.

*Mar.* Your life is at my mercy.

*Beg.* Do not harm me,  
And I will tell you all !—You know not,  
Sir,

What strong temptations press upon the  
Poor.

*Osw.* Speak out.

*Beg.* Oh, Sir, I've been a wicked  
Woman.

*Osw.* Nay, but speak out !

*Beg.* He flattered me, and said  
What harvest it would bring us both ; and  
so

I parted with the Child.

*Mar.* Parted with whom ?

*Beg.* Idonea, as he calls her ; but the  
Girl

Is mine.

*Mar.* Yours, Woman ! are you Herbert's  
wife ?

*Beg.* Wife, Sir ! his wife—not I ; my  
husband, Sir.

Was of Kirkoswald—many a snowy winter  
We've weathered out together. My poor  
Gilfred !

He has been two years in his grave.

*Mar.* Enough.

*Osw.* We've solved the riddle—Mis-  
creant !



*Mar.* I met a peasant near the spot ; he told me,

These ten years she had sate all day alone  
Within those empty walls.

*Osw.* I too have seen her ;  
Chancing to pass this way some six  
months gone,

At midnight, I betook me to the Church-  
yard :

The moon shone clear, the air was still,  
so still

The trees were silent as the graves be-  
neath them.

Long did I watch, and saw her pacing  
round

Upon the self-same spot, still round and  
round,

Her lips for ever moving.

*Mar.* At her door  
Rooted I stood ; for, looking at the  
woman,

I thought I saw the skeleton of Idonea.

*Osw.* But the pretended Father——

*Mar.* Earthly law  
Measures not crimes like his.

*Osw.* We rank not, happily,  
With those who take the spirit of their rule  
From that soft class of devotees who feel  
Reverence for life so deeply, that they  
spare

The verminous brood, and cherish what  
they spare

While feeding on their bodies. Would  
that Idonea

Were present, to the end that we might  
hear

What she can urge in his defence ; she  
loves him.

*Mar.* Yes, loves him ; 'tis a truth that  
multiplies

His guilt a thousand-fold.

*Osw.* 'Tis most perplexing :  
What must be done ?

*Mar.* We will conduct her hither ;  
These walls shall witness it—from first to  
last

He shall reveal himself.

*Osw.* Happy are we,  
Who live in these disputed tracts, that own  
No law but what each man makes for  
himself :

Here justice has indeed a field of triumph.

*Mar.* Let us begone and bring her  
hither ;—here

wo.

The truth shall be laid open, his guilt  
proved

Before her face. The rest be left to me.

*Osw.* You will be firm : but though we  
well may trust

The issue to the justice of the cause,  
Caution must not be flung aside ; re-  
member,

Yours is no common life. Self-stationed  
here,

Upon these savage confines, we have  
seen you

Stand like an isthmus 'twixt two stormy  
seas

That oft have checked their fury at your  
bidding.

'Mid the deep holds of Solway's mossy  
waste,

Your single virtue has transformed a Band  
Of fierce barbarians into Ministers  
Of peace and order. Aged men with tears  
Have blessed their steps, the faithless  
retire

For shelter to their banners. But it is,  
As you must needs have deeply felt, it is  
In darkness and in tempest that we seek  
The majesty of Him who rules the world.  
Benevolence, that has not heart to use  
The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,  
Becomes at last weak and contemptible.

Your generous qualities have won due  
praise,

But vigorous Spirits look for something  
more

Than Youth's spontaneous products ; and  
to-day

You will not disappoint them ; and here-  
after——

*Mar.* You are wasting words ; hear me  
then once for all :

You are a Man—and therefore, if com-  
passion,

Which to our kind is natural as life.

Be known unto you, you will love this  
Woman,

Even as I do ; but I should loathe the  
light,

If I could think one weak or partial  
feeling——

*Osw.* You will forgive me——

*Mar.* If I ever knew  
My heart, could penetrate its inmost core.

'Tis at this moment.—Oswald, I have  
loved

With proper speed our quarters may be  
gained

To-morrow evening.

*[Looks restlessly towards the mouth  
of the dungeon.]*

*Mar.* When, upon the plank,  
I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice  
blessed me :

You could not hear, for the foam beat the  
rocks

With deafening noise,—the benediction  
fell

Back on himself; but changed into a  
curse.

*Osw.* As well indeed it might.

*Mar.* And this you deem

The fittest place?

*Osw. (aside).* He is growing pitiful.

*Mar. (listening).* What an odd moaning  
that is!—

*Osw.* Mighty odd

The wind should pipe a little, while we  
stand

Cooling our heels in this way!—I'll begin  
And count the stars.

*Mar. (still listening).* That dog of his,  
you are sure,

Could not come after us—he *must* have  
perished :

The torrent would have dashed an oak to  
splinters.

You said you did not like his looks—  
that he

Would trouble us; if he were here again,  
I swear the sight of him would quail me  
more

Than twenty armies.

*Osw.* How?

*Mar.* The old blind Man,  
When you had told him the mischance,  
was troubled

Even to the shedding of some natural tears  
Into the torrent over which he hung,  
Listening in vain.

*Osw.* He has a tender heart!

*[OSWALD offers to go down into the  
dungeon.]*

*Mar.* How now, what mean you?

*Osw.* Truly, I was going  
To waken our stray Baron. Were there  
not

A farm or dwelling-house within five  
leagues,

e should deserve to wear a cap and bells,

Three good round years, for playing the  
fool here

In such a night as this.

*Mar.* Stop, stop.

*Osw.* Perhaps,

You'd better like we should descend  
together,

And lie down by his side—what say you  
to it?

Three of us—we should keep each other  
warm :

I'll answer for it that our four-legged  
friend

Shall not disturb us; further I'll not  
engage;

Come, come, for manhood's sake!

*Mar.* These drowsy shiverings,

This mortal stupor which is creeping over  
me,

What do they mean? were this my single  
body

Opposed to armies, not a nerve would  
tremble :

Why do I tremble now?—Is not the  
depth

Of this Man's crimes beyond the reach of  
thought?

And yet, in plumbing the abyss for judg-  
ment,

Something I strike upon which turns my  
mind

Back on herself, I think, again—my  
breast

Concentres all the terrors of the Uni-  
verse :

I look at him and tremble like a child.

*Osw.* Is it possible?

*Mar.* One thing you noticed not :  
Just as we left the glen a clap of thunder  
Burst on the mountains with hell-rousing  
force.

This is a time, said he, when guilt may  
shudder ;

But there's a Providence for them who  
walk

In helplessness, when innocence is with  
them.

At this audacious blasphemy, I thought  
The spirit of vengeance seemed to ride  
the air.

*Osw.* Why are you not the man you  
were that moment?

*[He draws MARMADUKE to the  
dungeon.]*

From Palestine, and brought with me a heart,  
 Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly;  
 comfort,  
 I met your Father, then a wandering Out-  
 cast :  
 He had a Guide, a Shepherd's boy ; but  
 grieved  
 He was that One so young should pass  
 his youth  
 In such sad service ; and he parted with  
 him.  
 We joined our tales of wretchedness to-  
 gether,  
 And begged our daily bread from door to  
 door.

I talk familiarly to you, sweet Lady !  
 I'or once you loved me.

*Idon.* You shall back with me  
 And see your Friend again. The good  
 old Man

Will be rejoiced to greet you.

*Old Pil.* It seems but yesterday  
 That a fierce storm o'ertook us, worn with  
 travel,

In a deep wood remote from any town.  
 A cave that opened to the road presented  
 A friendly shelter, and we entered in.

*Idon.* And I was with you ?

*Old Pil.* If indeed 'twas you—  
 But you were then a tottering Little-one—  
 We satc us down. The sky grew dark  
 and darker :

I struck my flint, and built up a small fire  
 With rotten boughs and leaves, such as  
 the winds

Of many autumns in the cave had piled.  
 Meanwhile the storm fell heavily on the  
 woods ;

Our little fire sent forth a cheering warmth  
 And we were comforted, and talked of  
 comfort ;

But 'twas an angry night, and o'er our  
 heads

The thunder rolled in peals that would  
 have made

A sleeping man uneasy in his bed.

O Lady, you have need to love your  
 Father.

His voice—methinks I hear it now, his  
 voice

When, after a broad flash that filled the  
 cave,

He said to me, that he had seen his Child,

A face (no cherub's face more beautiful)  
 Revealed by lustre brought with it from  
 heaven ;

And it was you, dear Lady !

*Idon.* God be praised,  
 That I have been his comforter till  
 now !

And will be so through every change of  
 fortune

And every sacrifice his peace requires.—

Let us begone with speed, that he may  
 hear

These joyful tidings from no lips but  
 mine.

[*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*]

SCENE, *The Area of a half-ruined Castle*  
 —on one side the entrance to a dungeon  
 —OSWALD and MARMADUKE *pacing*  
*backwards and forwards.*

*Mar.* 'Tis a wild night.

*Osw.* I'd give my cloak and bonnet  
 For sight of a warm fire.

*Mar.* The wind blows keen ;  
 My hands are numb.

*Osw.* Ha ! ha ! 'tis nipping cold.  
 [*Blowing his fingers.*]

I long for news of our brave Comrades ;  
 Lacy

Would drive those Scottish Rovers to  
 their dens

If once they blew a horn this side the  
 Tweed.

*Mar.* I think I see a second range of  
 Towers ;

This castle has another Area—come,  
 Let us examine it.

*Osw.* 'Tis a bitter night ;

I hope Idonea is well housed. That  
 horseman,

Who at full speed swept by us where the  
 wood

Roared in the tempest, was within an ace  
 Of sending to his grave our precious

Charge :

That would have been a vile mischance.

*Mar.* It would.

*Osw.* Justice had been most cruelly  
 defrauded.

*Mar.* Most cruelly.

*Osw.* As up the steep we climb,

I saw a distant fire in the north-east ;

I took it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon :

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* Herbert!—confusion! (*aside*).

Here it is, my Friend,

[*Presents the Horn.*]

A charming beverage for you to carouse  
This bitter night

*Her.* Ha! Oswald! ten bright crosses  
I would have given, not many minutes  
gone.

To have heard your voice.

*Osw.* Your couch, I fear, good Baron,  
Has been but comfortless; and yet that  
place,

When the tempestuous wind first drove us  
hither,

Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better  
turn

And under covert rest till break of day,  
Or till the storm abate.

(*To MARMADUKE aside.*) He has restored  
you,

No doubt you have been nobly enter-  
tained?

But soft!—how came he forth? The Night-  
mare Conscience

Has driven him out of harbour?

*Mar.* I believe You have guessed right.

*Her.* The trees renew their murmur:  
Come, let us house together.

[*OSWALD conducts him to the dungeon.*]

*Osw.* (*returns*). Had I not  
Esteemed you worthy to conduct the  
affair

To its most fit conclusion, do you think  
I would so long have struggled with my

Nature,  
And smothered all that's man in me?—  
away!

[*Looking towards the dungeon.*]  
This man's the property of him who best  
Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a  
privilege;

It now becomes my duty to resume it.

*Mar.* Touch not a finger—

*Osw.* What then must be done?

*Mar.* Which way so'er I turn, I am  
perplexed.

*Osw.* Now, on my life, I grieve for you.  
The misery

Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts  
Did not admit of stronger evidence;  
Twelve honest men, plain men, would set  
us right;

Their verdict would abolish these weak  
scruples.

*Mar.* Weak! I am weak—there does  
my torment lie,

Feeding itself.

*Osw.* Verily, when he said  
How his old heart would leap to hear her  
steps,

You thought his voice the echo of Idonea's.

*Mar.* And never heard a sound so ter-  
rible.

*Osw.* Perchance you think so now?

*Mar.* I cannot do it:  
Twice did I spring to grasp his withered  
throat,

When such a sudden weakness fell upon  
me,

I could have dropped asleep upon his  
breast.

*Osw.* Justice—is there not thunder in  
the word?

Shall it be law to stab the petty robber  
Who aims but at our purse; and shall  
this Parricide—

Worse is he far, far worse (if foul dis-  
honour

Be worse than death) to that confiding  
Creature

Whom he to more than filial love and duty  
Hath falsely trained—shall he fulfil his

purpose?

But you are fallen.

*Mar.* Fallen should I be indeed—  
Murder—perhaps asleep, blind, old, alone,  
Betrayed, in darkness! Here to strike the  
blow—

Away! away!—[*Flings away his sword.*]

*Osw.* Nay, I have done with you:  
We'll lead him to the Convent. He shall  
live,

And she shall love him. With unques-  
tioned title

He shall be seated in his Barony,  
And we too chant the praise of his good  
deeds.

I now perceive we do mistake our mas-  
ters,

And most despise the men who best can  
teach us:

Henceforth it shall be said that bad men  
only

Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that  
old Man

Is brave.

*Mar.* You say he was asleep,—look at this arm,  
And tell me if 'tis fit for such a work.

Oswald, Oswald! [*Leans upon OSWALD.*]

*Osw.* This is some sudden seizure!

*Mar.* A most strange faintness,—will you hunt me out  
A draught of water?

*Osw.* Nay, to see you thus  
Moves me beyond my bearing.—I will try  
To gain the torrent's brink. [*Exit OSWALD.*]

*Mar.* [*after a pause*]. It seems an age  
Since that Man left me.—No, I am not  
lost.

*Her.* [*at the mouth of the dungeon*]. Give  
me your hand; where are you,  
Friends?, and tell me

How goes the night.

*Mar.* 'Tis hard to measure time  
In such a weary night, and such a place.

*Her.* I do not hear the voice of my  
friend Oswald.

*Mar.* A minute past, he went to fetch  
a draught

Of water from the torrent. 'Tis, you'll say,  
A cheerless beverage.

*Her.* How good it was in you  
To stay behind!—Hearing at first no  
answer,

I was alarmed.

*Mar.* No wonder; this is a place  
That well may put some fears into *your*  
heart.

*Her.* Why so? a roofless rock had been  
a comfort,

Storm-beaten and bewildered as we were;  
And in a night like this to lend your  
cloaks

To make a bed for me!—My Girl will weep  
When she is told of it.

*Mar.* This Daughter of yours  
Is very dear to you.

*Her.* Oh! but you are young;  
Over your head twice twenty years must  
roll,

With all their natural weight of sorrow  
and pain,

Ere can be known to you how much a  
Father

May love his Child.

*Mar.* Thank you, old Man, for this!  
[*Aside.*]

*Her.* Fallen am I, and worn out, a  
useless Man;

Kindly have you protected me to-night,  
And no return have I to make but  
prayers;

May you in age be blest with such a  
daughter!—

When from the Holy Land I had returned  
Sightless, and from my heritage was  
driven,

A wretched Outcast—but this strain of  
thought

Would lead me to talk fondly.

*Mar.* Do not fear;  
Your words are precious to my ears:  
go on.

*Her.* You will forgive me, but my heart  
runs over.

When my old Leader slipped into the  
flood

And perished, what a piercing outcry you  
Sent after him. I have loved you ever  
since.

You start—where are we?

*Mar.* Oh, there is no danger;  
The cold blast struck me.

*Her.* 'Twas a foolish question.  
*Mar.* But when you were an Outcast?—

Heaven is just;  
Your piety would not miss its due reward;

The little Orphan then would be your  
succour,

And do good service, though she knew it  
not.

*Her.* I turned me from the dwellings of  
my Fathers,

Where none but those who tramped on  
my rights

Seemed to remember me. To the wide  
world

I bore her in my arms; her looks won  
pity;

She was my Raven in the wilderness,  
And brought me food. Have I not cause

to love her?

*Mar.* Yes.  
*Her.* More than ever *Patience*  
loved a Child?

*Mar.* Yes, yes.  
*Her.* I will not murmur, merciful God!

I will not murmur; blasted as I have been.  
Thou hast left me ears to hear my Daugh-

ter's voice,  
And arms to fold her to my heart. Sub-

missively  
Thee I adore, and find my rest in faith.

[*Taking MARMADUKE'S sword and giving it to him.*

To Clifford's arms he would have led  
His Victim—haply to this desolate house.

*Mar. (advancing to the dungeon).* It must be ended !—

*Osw.* Softly ; do not rouse him ;

He will deny it to the last. He lies  
Within the Vault, a spear's length to the left.

[*MARMADUKE descends to the dungeon.*

[*Alone.*] The Villains rose in mutiny to destroy me ;

I could have quelled the Cowards, but this Stripling

Must needs step in, and save my life. The look

With which he gave the boon—I see it now !

The same that tempted me to loathe the gift.—

For this old venerable Grey-beard—faith

'Tis his own fault if he hath got a face

Which doth play tricks with them that look on it :

'Twas this that put it in my thoughts—that countenance—

His staff—his figure—Murder !—what, of whom ?

We kill a worn-out horse, and who but women

Sigh at the deed ? Hew down a withered tree,

And none look grave but dotards. He may live

To thank me for this service. Rainbow arches,

Highways of dreaming passion, have too long,

Young as he is, diverted wish and hope  
From the unpretending ground we mortals tread ;—

Then shatter the delusion, break it up  
And set him free. What follows ? I have learned

That things will work to ends the slaves o' the world

Do never dream of. I *have* been what he—

This Boy—when he comes forth with bloody hands—

Might envy, and am now,—but he shall know

What I am now—

[*Goes and listens at the dungeon.*

Praying or parleying ?—tut !  
Is he not eyeless ? He has been half-dead  
These fifteen years—

*Enter female Beggar with two or three of her Companions.*

[*Turning abruptly.*] Ha ! speak—what Thing art thou ?

[*Recognises her.*] Heavens ! my good Friend !

[*To her.*] Beg. Forgive me, gracious Sir !—

*Osw. (to her companions).* Begone, ye

Slaves, or I will raise a whirlwind

And send ye dancing to the clouds, like leaves. [*They retire affrighted.*

Beg. Indeed we meant no harm ; we lodge sometimes

In this deserted Castle—I *repent me.*

[*OSWALD goes to the dungeon—listens—returns to the Beggar.*

*Osw.* Woman, thou hast a helpless Infant—keep

Thy secret for its sake, or veily

That wretched life of thine shall be the forfeit.

Beg. I *do* repent me, Sir ; I fear the curse  
Of that blind Man. 'Twas not your

money, Sir,—

*Osw.* Begone !

Beg. [*going.*] There is some wicked deed in hand : [*Aside.*

Would I could find the old Man and his Daughter. [*Exit Beggar.*

MARMADUKE *re-enters from the dungeon.*

*Osw.* It is all over then ;—your foolish fears

Are hushed to sleep, by your own act and deed,

Made quiet as he is.

*Mar.* Why came you down ?

And when I felt your hand upon my arm  
And spake to you, why did you give no

answer ?

Feared you to waken him ? he must have been

In a deep sleep. I whispered to him thrice.

There are the strangest echoes in that place !

*Osw.* Tut ! let them gabble till the day of doom.

*Mar.* Scarcely, by groping, had I reached the Spot,

Dissolved the Barons' League, and sent  
abroad  
His Sheriffs with fit force to reinstate  
The genuine owners of such Lands and  
Baronies  
As, in these long commotions, have been  
seized.  
His Power is this way tending. It befits  
us  
To stand upon our guard, and with our  
swords  
Defend the innocent.

*Mar.* Lacy! we look  
But at the surfaces of things; we hear  
Of towns in flames, fields ravaged, young  
and old  
Driven out in troops to want and naked-  
ness;  
Then grasp our swords and rush upon a  
cure  
That flatters us, because it asks not  
thought:  
The deeper malady is better hid;  
The world is poisoned at the heart.

*Lacy.* What mean you?

*Wal.* (whose eye has been fixed sus-  
piciously upon OSWALD). Ay, what  
is it you mean?

*Mar.* Haikce, my Friends; --  
[*Appearing gay.*

Were there a Man who, being weak and  
helpless  
And most forlorn, should bribe a Mother,  
pressed  
By penury, to yield him up her Daughter,  
A little Infant, and instruct the Babe,  
Prattling upon his knee, to call him  
Father—

*Lacy.* Why, if his heart be tender, that  
offence

I could forgive him.

*Mar.* (going on). And should he make  
the Child

An instrument of falsehood, should he  
teach her

To stretch her arms, and dim the glad-  
some light

Of infant playfulness with piteous looks  
Of misery that was not—

*Lacy.* Troth, 'tis hard—

But in a world like ours—

*Mar.* (changing his tone). This self-  
same Man—

Even while he printed kisses on the cheek

Of this poor Babe, and taught its innocent  
tongue

To lisp the name of Father—could he look  
To the unnatural harvest of that time

When he should give her up, a Woman  
grown,

To him who bid the highest in the market  
Of foul pollution—

*Lacy.* The whole visible world  
Contains not such a Monster!

*Mar.* For this purpose  
Should he resolve to taint her Soul by  
means

Which bathe the limbs in sweat to think  
of them;

Should he, by tales which would draw  
tears from iron,

Work on her nature, and so turn com-  
passion

And gratitude to ministers of vice,  
And make the spotless spirit of filial love  
Prime mover in a plot to damn his Victim  
Both soul and body—

*Wal.* 'Tis too horrible;  
Oswald, what say you to it?

*Lacy.* Hew him down,  
And fling him to the ravens.

*Mar.* But his aspect,  
It is so meek, his countenance so vener-  
able.

*Wal.* (with an appearance of mistrust).  
But how, what say you, Oswald?

*Lacy* (at the same moment). Stab him,  
were it

Before the Altar.

*Mar.* What, if he were sick,  
Tottering upon the very verge of life,  
And old, and blind—

*Lacy.* Blind, say you?

*Osw.* (coming forward). Are we Men,  
Or own we baby Spirits? Genuine courage

Is not an accidental quality,

A thing dependent for its casual birth

On opposition and impediment.

Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats

down  
The giant's strength; and, at the voice of  
Justice,

Spare not the worm. The giant and the  
worm—

She weighs them in one scale. The wiles  
of woman,

And craft of age, seducing reason, first  
Made weakness a protection, and obscured

*Host.* Gentle pilgrims,  
St. Cuthbert speed you on your holy  
errand.

[*Exeunt* IDONEA and Pilgrims.

SCENE, *A desolate Moor.*

OSWALD (*alone*).

*Osw.* Carry him to the Camp! Yes, to  
the Camp.

Oh, Wisdom! a most wise resolve! and  
then,

That half a word should blow it to the  
winds!

This last device must end my work.—  
Methinks

It were a pleasant pastime to construct  
A scale and table of belief—as thus—  
Two columns, one for passion, one for  
proof;

Each rises as the other falls: and first,  
Passion a unit and *against* us—proof—  
Nay, we must travel in another path,  
Or we're stuck fast for ever;—passion,  
then,

Shall be a unit *for* us; proof—no, passion!  
We'll not insult thy majesty by time,  
Person, and place—the where, the when,  
the how,

And all particulars that dull brains re-  
quire

To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,  
They bow to, calling the idol, Demonstra-  
tion.

A whipping to the Moralists who preach  
That misery is a sacred thing: for me,  
I know no cheaper engine to degrade a  
man,

Nor any half so sure. This Stripling's  
mind

Is shaken till the dregs float on the sur-  
face;

And, in the storm and anguish of the  
heart,

He talks of a transition in his Soul,  
And dreams that he is happy. We dis-  
sect

The senseless body, and why not the  
mind?—

These are strange sights—the mind of  
man, upturned,

Is in all natures a strange spectacle;  
In some a hideous one—hem! shall I  
stop?

No.—Thoughts and feelings will sink  
deep, but then

They have no substance. Pass but a few  
minutes,

And something shall be done which  
Memory

May touch, whene'er her Vassals are at  
work.

*Enter* MARMADUKE *from behind.*

*Osw.* (*turning to meet him*). But listen,  
for my peace—

*Mar.* Why, I *believe* you.

*Osw.* But hear the proofs—

*Mar.* Ay, prove that when two peas  
Lie snugly in a pod, the pod must then  
Be larger than the peas—prove this—  
'twere matter

Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to dream  
It ever could be otherwise!

*Osw.* Last night,  
When I returned with water from the  
brook,

I overheard the Villains—every word  
Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.  
Said one, "It is agreed on. The blind  
Man

Shall feign a sudden illness, and the  
Girl,

Who on her journey must proceed alone,  
Under pretence of violence, be seized.

She is," continued the detested Slave,  
"She is right willing—strange if she were  
not!—

They say Lord Clifford is a savage man;  
But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,  
Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's  
harp,

There's witchery in't. I never knew a  
maid

That could withstand it. True," con-  
tinued he,

"When we arranged the affair, she wept  
a little

(Not the less welcome to my Lord for  
that)

And said, 'My Father he will have it  
so.'"

*Mar.* I am your hearer.

*Osw.* This I caught, and more  
That may not be retold to any ear.  
The obstinate bolt of a small iron door  
Detained them near the gateway of the  
Castle.



Hush!—'tis the feeble and earth-loving  
wind

That creeps along the bells of the crisp  
heather.

Alas! 'tis cold—I shiver in the sunshine—  
What can this mean? There is a psalm  
that speaks

Of God's parental mercies—with Idonea  
I used to sing it.—Listen!—what foot is  
there?

*Enter MARMADUKE.*

*Mar. (aside—looking at HERBERT).* And  
I have loved this Man! and *she* hath  
loved him!

And I loved her, and she loves the Lord  
Clifford!

And there it ends;—if this be not enough  
To make mankind merry for evermore,  
Then plain it is as day that eyes were made  
For a wise purpose—verily to weep with!  
*(Looking round.)*

A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece  
Of Nature, finished with most curious  
skill!

*(To HERBERT).* Good Baron, have you  
ever practised tillage?

Pray tell me what this land is worth by  
the acre.

*Her.* How glad I am to hear your voice!  
I know not

Wherein I have offended you;—last night  
I found in you the kindest of Protectors;  
This morning, when I spoke of weariness,  
You from my shoulder took my scrip and  
threw it

About your own; but for these two hours  
past

Once only have you spoken, when the lark  
Whirled from among the fern beneath our  
feet,

And I, no coward in my better days,  
Was almost terrified.

*Mar.* That's excellent!—  
So you bethought you of the many ways  
In which a man may come to his end,  
whose crimes

Have roused all Nature up against him—  
pshaw!—

*Her.* For mercy's sake, is nobody in  
sight?

No traveller, peasant, herdsman?

*Mar.* Not a soul:  
Here is a tree, ragged, and bent, and bare,

That turns its goat's-beard flakes of pea-  
green-moss

From the stern breathing of the rough  
sea-wind;

This have we, but no other company:  
Commend me to the place. If a man  
should die

And leave his body here, it were all one  
As he were twenty fathoms underground.

*Her.* Where is our common Friend?

*Mar.* A ghost, methinks—  
The Spirit of a murdered man, for in-  
stance—

Might have fine room to ramble about  
here,

A grand domain to squeak and gibber in.

*Her.* Lost Man! if thou have any close-  
pent guilt

Pressing upon thy heart, and this the hour  
Of visitation—

*Mar.* A bold word from you!

*Her.* Restore him, Heaven!

*Mar.* The desperate

Wretch!—A Flower,  
Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but  
now

They have snapped her from the stem—  
Poh! let her lie

Besotted with mire, and let the houseless  
snail

Feed on her leaves. You knew her well  
—ay, there,

Old Man! you were a very Lynx, you  
knew

The worm was in her—

*Her.* Mercy! Sir, what mean you?

*Mar.* You have a Daughter!

*Her.* Oh that she were here!—

She hath an eye that sinks into all hearts,  
And if I have in aught offended you,  
Soon would her gentle voice make peace  
between us.

*Mar. (aside).* I do believe he weeps—I  
could weep too—

There is a vein of her voice that runs  
through his:

Even such a Man my fancy bodied forth  
From the first moment that I loved the  
Maid;

And for his sake I loved her more: these  
tears—

I did not think that aught was left in me  
Of what I have been—yes, I thank thee,  
Heaven!

*Lacy.* He is no madman.  
*Wal.* A most subtle doctor  
 Were that man, who could draw the line  
 that parts  
 Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from  
 Madness.

That should be scourged, not pitied.  
 Restless Minds,

Such Minds as find amid their fellow-men  
 No heart that loves them, none that they  
 can love,

Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy  
 In dim relation to imagined Beings.

*One of the Band.* What if he mean to  
 offer up our Captain

An expiation and a sacrifice  
 To those infernal fiends!

*Wal.* Now, if the event  
 Should be as Lennox has foretold, then  
 swear,

My Friends, his heart shall have as many  
 wounds

As there are daggers here.

*Lacy.* What need of swearing!

*One of the Band.* Let us away!

*Another.* Away!

*A third.* Hark! how the horns  
 Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the  
 vale.

*Lacy.* Stay you behind; and, when the  
 sun is down,

Light up this beacon.

*One of the Band.* You shall be obeyed.  
*[They go out together.]*

SCENE, *The Wood on the edge of the Moor.*

MARMADUKE (*alone*).

*Mar.* Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond  
 human thought,

Yet calm.—I could believe that there  
 was here

The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,  
 Remembered terror, there is peace and  
 rest.

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* Ha! my dear Captain.

*Mar.* A later meeting, Oswald,  
 Would have been better timed.

*Osw.* Alone, I see;  
 You have done your duty. I had hopes,  
 which now

I feel that you would justify.

*Mar.*

I had fears,  
 From which I have freed myself—but 'tis  
 my wish

To be alone, and therefore we must part.

*Osw.* Nay, then—I am mistaken.

There's a weakness  
 About you still; you talk of solitude—  
 I am your friend.

*Mar.* What need of this assurance  
 At any time? and why given now?

*Osw.* Because  
 You are now in truth my Master; you  
 have taught me

What there is not another living man  
 Had strength to teach;—and therefore  
 gratitude

Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.

*Mar.* Wherefore press this on me?

*Osw.* Because I feel  
 That you have shown, and by a signal  
 instance,

How they who would be just must seek  
 the rule

By diving for it into their own bosoms.

To-day you have thrown off a tyranny

That lives but in the torpid acquiescence

Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny

Of the world's masters, with the musty  
 rules

By which they uphold their craft from age  
 to age:

You have obeyed the only law that sense

Submits to recognise; the immediate law,

From the clear light of circumstances,  
 flashed

Upon an independent Intellect.

Henceforth new prospects open on your  
 path;

Your faculties should grow with the  
 demand;

I still will be your friend, will cleave to  
 you

Through good and evil, obloquy and  
 scorn,

Of as they dare to follow on your steps.

*Mar.* I would be left alone.

*Osw. (exultingly).* I know your motives!  
 I am not of the world's presumptuous  
 judges,

Who damn where they can neither see  
 nor feel.

With a hard-hearted ignorance; your  
 struggles

I witness'd, and now hail your victory.

I will commit him to this final *Ordeal*!—  
 He heard a voice—a shepherd-lad came  
 to him  
 And was his guide; if once, why not  
 again,  
 And in this desert? If never—then the  
 whole  
 Of what he says, and looks, and does,  
 and is,  
 Makes up one damning falsehood. Leave  
 him here  
 To cold and hunger!—Pain is of the  
 heart,  
 And what are a few throes of bodily  
 suffering  
 If they can waken one pang of remorse?  
*[Goes up to HERBERT.]*  
 Old Man! my wrath is as a flame burnt  
 out,  
 It cannot be rekindled. Thou art here  
 Led by my hand to save thee from per-  
 dition;  
 Thou wilt have time to breathe and  
 think—

*Her.* Oh, Mercy!

*Mar.* I know the need that all men  
 have of mercy,  
 And therefore leave thee to a righteous  
 judgment.

*Her.* My Child, my blessèd Child!

*Mar.* No more of that;  
 Thou wilt have many guides if thou art  
 innocent;  
 Yea, from the utmost corners of the  
 earth,  
 That Woman will come o'er this Waste  
 to save thee.

*[He pauses and looks at HERBERT'S staff.]*  
 Ha! what is here? and carved by her  
 own hand! *[Reads upon the staff.]*  
 "I am eyes to the blind, saith the Lord  
 He that puts his trust in me shall not  
 fail!"

Yes, be it so;—repent and be forgiven—  
 God and that staff are now thy only  
 guides.

*[He leaves HERBERT on the Moor.]*

SCENE, *An eminence, a Beacon on the  
 summit.*

LACY, WALLACE, LENNOX, &c. &c.

*Several of the Band (confusedly).* But  
 patience!

*One of the Band.* Curses on that Traitor,  
 Oswald!

Our Captain made a prey to foul device!—  
*Len. (to WALLACE).* His tool, the wander-  
 ing Beggar, made last night

A plain confession, such as leaves no  
 doubt,

Knowing what otherwise we know too  
 well,

That she revealed the truth. Stand by  
 me now;

For rather would I have a nest of vipers  
 Between my breast-plate and my skin  
 than make

Oswald my special enemy, if you  
 Deny me your support.

*Lacy.* We have been fooled—  
 But for the motive?

*Wal.* Natures such as his  
 Spin motives out of their own bowels,  
*Lacy!*

I leard this when I was a Confessor.

I know him well; there needs no other  
 motive

Than that most strange incontinence in  
 crime

Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life  
 to him

And breath and being; where he cannot  
 govern,

He will destroy.

*Lacy.* To have been trapped like  
 moles!—

Yes, you are right, we need not hunt for  
 motives:

There is no crime from which this man  
 would shrink;

He recks not human law; and I have  
 noticed

That often, when the name of God is  
 uttered,

A sudden blankness overspreads his face.

*Len.* Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride  
 has built

Some uncouth superstition of its own.

*Wal.* I have seen traces of it.

*Len.* Once he headed  
 A band of Pirates in the Norway seas;  
 And when the King of Denmark sum-  
 moned him

To the oath of fealty, I well remember,  
 'Twas a strange answer that he made; he  
 said,

"I hold of Spirits, and the Sun in heaven,"

*Mar.* Spare me awhile that greeting.

*Osw.* It may be

That some there are, squeamish half-  
thinking cowards,

Who will turn pale upon you, call you  
murderer,

And you will walk in solitude among  
them.

A mighty evil for a strong-built mind !—

Join twenty tapes of unequal height

And light them joined, and you will see  
the less

How 'twill burn down the taller ; and  
they all

Shall prey upon the tallest. Solitude !—

The Eagle lives in Solitude !

*Mar.*

Even so,  
The Sparrow so on the house-top, and I,  
The weakest of God's creatures, stand  
resolved

To abide the issue of my act, alone.

*Osw.* Now would you ? and for ever ?—

My young Friend,

As time advances either we become

The prey or masters of our own past  
deeds.

Fellowship we *must* have, willing or no ;

And if good Angels fail, slack in their  
duty,

Substitutes, turn our faces where we may,

Are still forthcoming ; some which, though  
they bear

Ill names, can render no ill services,

In recompense for what themselves re-  
quired.

So meet extremes in this mysterious  
world,

And opposites thus melt into each other.

*Mar.* Time, since Man first drew breath,  
has never moved

With such a weight upon his wings as  
now ;

But they will soon be lightened.

*Osw.*

Ay, look up—

Cast round you your mind's eye, and you  
will learn

Fortitude is the child of Enterprise :

Great actions move our admiration, chiefly  
Because they carry in themselves an  
earnest

That we can suffer greatly.

*Mar.*

Very true.

*Osw.* Action is transitory—a step, a  
blow,

The motion of a muscle—this way or  
that—

'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy

We wonder at ourselves like men be-  
trayed :

Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,  
And shares the nature of infinity.

*Mar.* Truth—and I feel it.

*Osw.*

What ! if you had bid  
Eternal farewell to unmingled joy  
And the light dancing of the thoughtless  
heart ;

It is the toy of fools, and little fit

For such a world as this. The wise  
abjure

All thoughts whose idle composition lives

In the entire forgetfulness of pain.

—I see I have disturbed you.

*Mar.*

By no means.

*Osw.* Compassion !—pity !—pity can  
do without them ;

And what if you should never know them  
more !—

He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,

Finds ease because another feels it too.

If e'er I open out this heart of mine

It shall be for a nobler end—to teach

And not to purchase pining sympathy.

—Nay, you are pale.

*Mar.*

It may be so.

*Osw.*

Remorse—

It cannot live with thought ; think on,  
think on,

And it will die. What ! in this universe,  
Where the least things control the great-  
est, where

The faintest breath that breathes can  
move a world ;

What ! feel remorse, where, if a cat had  
sneezed,

A leaf had fallen, the thing had never  
been

Whose very shadow gnaws us to the  
vitals.

*Mar.* Now, whither are you wandering ?

That a man,

So used to suit his language to the time,  
Should thus so widely differ from him-  
self—

It is most strange.

*Osw.* Murder !—what's in the word !—

I have no cases by me ready made

To fit all deeds. Carry him to the Camp !—

A shallow project ;—you of late have seen

Except for that abatement which is paid  
 By envy as a tribute to desert,  
 I was the pleasure of all hearts, the darling  
 Of every tongue—as you are now. You’ve heard  
 That I embarked for Syria. On our voyage  
 Was hatched among the crew a foul Conspiracy  
 Against my honour, in the which our Captain  
 Was, I believed, prime Agent. The wind fell ;  
 We lay becalmed week after week, until  
 The water of the vessel was exhausted ;  
 I felt a double fever in my veins,  
 Yet rage suppressed itself ;—to a deep stillness  
 Did my pride tame my pride ;—for many days.  
 On a dead sea under a burning sky,  
 I brooded o’er my injuries, deserted  
 By man and nature ;—if a breeze had blown,  
 It might have found its way into my heart,  
 And I had been—no matter—do you mark me ?  
*Mar.* Quick—to the point—if any untold crime  
 Doth haunt your memory.  
*Osar.* Patience, hear me further !—  
 One day in silence did we drift at noon  
 By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and bare ;  
 No food was there, no drink, no grass, no shade,  
 No tree, no jutting eminence, nor form  
 Inanimate large as the body of man,  
 Nor any living thing whose lot of life  
 Might stretch beyond the measure of one moon.  
 To dig for water on the spot, the Captain  
 Landed with a small troop, myself being one :  
 There I reproached him with his treachery.  
 Imperious at all times, his temper rose .  
 He struck me ; and that instant had I killed him.  
 And put an end to his insolence, but my Comrades  
 Rushed in between us : then did I insist

(All hated him, and I was stung to madness)  
 That we should leave him there, alive !—we did so.  
*Mar.* And he was famished ?  
*Osar.* Naked was the spot :  
 Methinks I see it now—how in the sun  
 Its stony surface glittered like a shield ;  
 And in that miserable place we left him,  
 Alone but for a swarm of minute creatures  
 Not one of which could help him while alive,  
 Or mourn him dead.  
*Mar.* A man by men cast off,  
 Left without burial ! nay, not dead nor dying.  
 But standing, walking, stretching forth his arms,  
 In all things like ourselves but in the agony  
 With which he called for mercy ; and—even so—  
 He was forsaken ?  
*Osar.* There is a power in sounds :  
 The cries he uttered might have stopped the boat  
 That bore us through the water—  
*Mar.* You returned  
 Upon that dismal hearing—did you not ?  
*Osar.* Some scoffed at him with hellish mockery,  
 And laughed so loud it seemed that the smooth sea  
 Did from some distant region echo us.  
*Mar.* We all are of one blood, our veins are filled  
 At the same poisonous fountain !  
*Osar.* ’Twas an island  
 Only by sufferance of the winds and waves,  
 Which with their foam could cover it at will.  
 I know not how he perished ; but the calm,  
 The same dead calm, continued many days.  
*Mar.* But his own crime had brought on him this doom,  
 His wickedness prepared it ; these expedients  
 Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.  
*Osar.* The man was famished, and was innocent !  
*Mar.* Impossible !

*Iden.* How innocent! —  
 Oh heavens! you've been deceived.  
*Mar.* Thou art a Woman  
 To bring perdition on the universe.  
*Iden.* Already I've been punished to  
 the height  
 Of my offence. [*Sniffing affectionately.*  
 I see you love me still,  
 The labours of my hand are still your  
 joy;  
 Bethink you of the hour when on your  
 shoulder  
 I hung this belt.

[*Pointing to the belt on which was  
 suspended HERBERT'S scrip.*

*Mar.* Mercy of Heaven! [*Snakes.*

*Iden.* What ails you! [*Distractedly.*

*Mar.* The scrip that held his food, and  
 I forgot

To give it back again!

*Iden.* What mean your words?

*Mar.* I know not what I said—all may  
 be well.

*Iden.* That smile hath life in it!

*Mar.* This road is perilous;

I will attend you to a Hut that stands  
 Near the wood's edge—rest there to-night,  
 I pray you:

For me, I have business, as you heard,  
 with Oswald,

But will return to you by break of day.

[*Exeunt.*

#### ACT IV.

SCENE, *A desolate prospect—a ridge of  
 rocks—a Chapel on the summit of one—  
 Moon behind the rocks—night stormy—  
 irregular sound of a bell—HERBERT  
 enters exhausted.*

*Her.* That Chapel-bell in mercy seemed  
 to guide me,

But now it mocks my steps; its fitful  
 stroke

Can scarcely be the work of human hands.  
 Hear me, ye Men upon the cliffs, if such  
 There be who pray nightly before the  
 Altar.

Oh that I had but strength to reach the  
 place!

My Child—my Child—dark—dark—I  
 faint—this wind—

These stifling blasts—God help me!

*Enter ELDRID.*

*ELR.* Better this bare rock,  
 Though it were tottering over a man's  
 head,  
 Than a tight case of dungeon walls for  
 shelter  
 From such rough dealing.

[*A moaning voice is heard.*

Ha! what sound is that?

Trees creaking in the wind (but none are  
 here)

Send forth such noises—and that weary  
 bell!

Surely some evil Spirit abroad to-night  
 Is ringing it—'twould stop a Saint in  
 prayer,

And that—what is it? never was sound  
 so like

A human groan. Ha! what is here?  
 Poor Man—

Murdered! alas! speak—speak, I am your  
 friend:

No answer—hush—lost wretch, he lifts  
 his hand

And lays it to his heart—(*Kneels to him*).  
 I pray you speak!

What has befallen you?

*Her.* (*feebly*). A stranger has done this.  
 And in the arms of a stranger I must die.

*Eld.* Nay, think not so: come, let me  
 raise you up: [*Raises him.*

This is a dismal place—well—that is well—  
 I was too fearful—take me for your guide  
 And your support—my hut is not far off.

[*Draws him gently off the stage.*

SCENE, *A room in the Hostel—MAR-  
 MADUKE and OSWALD.*

*Mar.* But for Idonea!—I have cause to  
 think

That she is innocent.

*Osw.* Leave that thought awhile  
 As one of those beliefs which in their  
 hearts

Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no  
 better

Than feathers clinging to their points of  
 passion.

This day's event has laid on me the duty  
 Of opening out my story; you must hear  
 it,

And without further preface.—In my  
 youth,

*Osw.* The man had never wronged  
*Mar.* Banish the thought, crush it  
 be at peace.

His guilt was marked—these things  
 never be

Were there not eyes that see, for  
 good ends,

Where ours are baffled.

*Osw.* I had been deceived.

*Mar.* And from that hour miser-  
 able man

No more was heard of?

*Osw.* I had been betrayed.

*Mar.* And he found no defence!

*Osw.* The Crew

Gave me a hearty welcome; they had laid

The plot to rid themselves of any cost,

Of a tyrannic Master whom they loathed.

So we pursued our voyage: when we

landed,

The tale was spread abroad; my power

at once

Shrunk from me; plans and schemes, and

lofty hopes—

All vanished. I gave way—do you attend?

*Mar.* The Crew deceived you?

*Osw.* No, command yourself.

*Mar.* It is a small night—how the

wind howls!

*Osw.* I hid my head within a Convent,

there

Lay passive as a dormouse in mid winter.

That was no life for me—I was o'erthrown,

But not destroyed.

*Mar.* The proofs—you ought

to have seen

The guilt—have touched it—felt it at

your heart—

As I have one.

*Osw.* A fresh tide of Crusaders

Drove by the place of my retreat: three

night

Did constant meditation dry my blood;

Three sleepless nights I passed in sound-

ing on,

Through words and things, a dim and

perilous way;

And, wheresoe'er I turned me, I beheld

A slavery compared to which the dungeon

And clanking chains are perfect liberty.

You understand me—I was comforted;

I saw that every possible shape of action

Might lead to good—I saw it and burst

forth,

Thirsting for some of those exploits that  
 fill

The earth for sure redemption of lost  
 peace.

[Marking MARMADUKE'S countenance.]

Nay, you have had the worst. Ferocity

Subsided in a moment, like a wind

That drops down dead out of a sky it

vexed.

And yet I had within me evermore

A salient spring of energy; I mounted

From action up to action with a mind

That never rested—without meat or

drink

Have I lived many days—my sleep was

bound

To purposes of reason—not a dream

But had a continuity and substance

That waking life had never power to give.

*Mar.* O wretched Human-kind!—Until

the mystery

Of all this world is solved, well may we

envy

The worm, that, underneath a stone whose

weight

Would crush the lion's paw with mortal

anguish,

Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep,

in safety.

Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those

traitors?

*Osw.* Give not to them a thought.

From Palestine

We marched to Syria: oft I left the

Camp,

When all that multitude of hearts was

still,

And followed on, through woods of gloomy

cedar,

Into deep chasms troubled by roaring

streams;

Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed

The moonlight desert, and the moonlight

sea:

In these my lonely wanderings I per-

ceived

What mighty objects do impress their

forms

To elevate our intellectual being;

And felt, if ought on earth deserves a

curse,

'Tis that worst principle of ill which dooms

A thing so great to perish self-consumed.

—So much for my remorse!

Of pity cast from inward tenderness  
Do fall around him upon aught that bears  
Unightly marks of violence or harm.  
Emphatically such a Being lives,  
Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,  
An inmate of this active universe :  
For feeling has to him imparted power  
That through the growing faculties of  
sense

Booth like an agent of the one great Mind  
Gave, creator and receiver both,  
Nothing but in alliance with the works  
Of song, it beholds.—Such, verily, is the  
Poetic spirit of our human life,

By uniform control of after years,  
In most, abated or suppressed ; in some,  
Through every change of growth and of  
decay,  
Re-eminent till death.

From early days,  
Beginning not long after that first time  
In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch  
I held mute dialogues with my Mother's  
heart,

I have endeavoured to display the means  
Whereby this infant sensibility,  
Great birthright of our being, was in me  
Augmented and sustained. Yet is a path  
So difficult before me ; and I fear  
That in its broken windings we shall need  
The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's  
wing :

For now a trouble came into my mind  
From unknown causes. I was left alone  
Seeking the visible world, nor knowing  
why.

The props of my affections were removed,  
And yet the building stood, as if sus-  
tained

By its own spirit ! All that I beheld  
Was dear, and hence to finer influxes  
The mind lay open, to a more exact  
and close communion. Many are our joys  
in youth, but oh ! what happiness to live  
When every hour brings palpable access  
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is  
delight,

and sorrow is not there ! The seasons  
came,  
and every season wheresoe'er I moved  
Unfolded transitory qualities,  
Which, but for this most watchful power  
of love.

Had been neglected ; left a register  
Of permanent relations, else unknown.  
Hence life, and change, and beauty, soli-  
tude

More active even than "best society"—  
Society made sweet as solitude  
By silent inobtrusive sympathies,  
And gentle agitations of the mind  
From manifold distinctions, difference  
Perceived in things, where, to the un-  
watchful eye,

No difference is, and hence, from the  
same source,

Sublimar joy ; for I would walk alone,  
Under the quiet stairs, and at that time  
Have felt whate'er there is of power in  
sound

To breathe an elevated mood, by form  
Or image unprofaned ; and I would stand,  
If the night blackened with a coming  
storm,

Beneath some rock, listening to notes  
that are

The ghostly language of the ancient earth  
Or make their dim abode in distant  
winds.

Thence did I drink the visionary power ;  
And deem not profitless those fleeting  
moods

Of shadowy exultation : not for this,  
That they are kindred to our purer mind  
And intellectual life ; but that the soul,  
Remembering how she felt, but what she  
felt

Remembering not, retains an obscure  
sense

Of possible sublimity, whereto  
With growing faculties she doth aspire ;  
With faculties still growing, feeling still  
That whatsoever point they gain, they  
yet

Have something to pursue.

And not alone,  
'Mid gloom and tumult, but no less 'mid  
fair

And tranquil scenes, that universal power  
And fitness in the latent qualities  
And essences of things, by which the mind  
Is moved with feelings of delight, to me  
Came strengthened with a superadded  
soul,

A virtue not its own. My morning walks  
Were early ;—oft before the hours of  
school



## THE PRELUDE.

Amid my strongest workings evermore  
Was searching out the lines of difference  
As they lie hid in all external forms,  
Near or remote, minute or vast ; an eye  
Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered

leaf,  
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens  
Spangled with kindred multitudes of  
stars,  
Could find no surface where its power  
might sleep ;  
Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,  
And by an unrelenting agency  
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

And here, O Friend ! have I retraced  
my life  
Up to an eminence, and told a tale  
Of matters which not falsely may be  
called  
The glory of my youth. Of genius,  
power,  
Creation and divinity itself  
I have been speaking, for my theme has  
been  
What passed within me. Not of outward  
things  
Done visibly for other minds, words,  
signs,  
Symbols or actions, but of my own heart  
Have I been speaking, and my youthful  
mind.  
O Heavens ! how awful is the might of  
souls,  
And what they do within themselves  
while yet  
The yoke of earth is new to them, the  
world  
Nothing but a wild field where they were  
sown.  
This is, in truth, heroic argument,  
This genuine prowess, which I wished to  
touch  
With hand however weak, but in the  
main  
It lies far hidden from the reach of words.  
Points have we all of us within our souls  
Where all stand single ; this I feel, and  
make  
Breathings for incommunicable powers ;  
But is not each a memory to himself ?—  
And, therefore, now that we must quit  
this

That lives who hath not known his god-  
like hours,  
And feels not what an empire we inherit  
As natural beings in the strength of  
Nature.

No more : for now into a populous plain  
We must descend. A Traveller I am,  
Whose tale is only of himself ; even so,  
So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt  
To follow, and if thou, my honour-  
Friend !  
Who in these thoughts art ever <sup>ever</sup> <sup>gu</sup> <sup>D</sup>.  
side,  
Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps.

It hath been told, that when the first  
delight  
That flashed upon me from this novel  
show  
Had failed, the mind returned into her-  
self ;  
Yet true it is, that I had made a <sup>change</sup>  
In climate, and my nature's <sup>outward</sup> <sup>coat</sup>  
Changed also slowly and in-<sup>sensibly</sup>.  
Full oft the quiet and exalted thoughts  
Of loneliness gave way to empty noise  
And superficial pastimes ; now and then  
Forced labour, and more frequently forced  
hopes ;  
And, worst of all, a treasonable growth  
Of indecisive judgments, that impaired  
And shook the mind's simplicity.—And  
yet

This was a gladsome time. Could I be-  
hold—  
Who, less insensible than sodden clay  
In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,  
Could have beheld,—with undelighted  
heart,  
So many happy youths, so wide and fair  
A congregation in its budding-time  
Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at  
once  
So many divers samples from the growth  
Of life's sweet season—could have seer  
unmoved  
That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers  
Decking the matron temples of a place  
So famous through the world ? To me, a  
least,

It was a goodly prospect : for, in sooth,  
Though I had I not betime to stand

Wishing to hope without a hope, some  
 fears  
 About my future worldly maintenance,  
 And, more than all, a strangeness in the  
 mind,  
 A feeling that I was not for that hour,  
 Nor for that place. But wherefore be  
 cast down?  
 For (not to speak of Reason and her pure  
 Reflective acts to fix the moral law  
 My step in the conscience, nor of Christian  
<sup>son,</sup> ~~Thou~~ Hope,  
 Even with <sup>her</sup> ~~her~~ mightier), hither I had come,  
 Bear witness Truth, endowed with holy  
 powers  
 And faculties, whether to work or feel.  
 Oft when the dazzling show no longer  
 new  
 Had ceased to dazzle, oftentimes did I quit  
 My comrades, leave the crowd, buildings  
 and groves,  
 And as I paced alone the level fields  
 Far from those lovely sights and sounds  
 sublime  
 With which I had been conversant, the  
 mind  
 Drooped not; but there into herself re-  
 turning,  
 With prompt rebound seemed fresh as  
 heretofore.  
 At least I more distinctly recognised  
 Her native instincts: let me dare to speak  
 A higher language, say that now I felt  
 What independent solaces were mine,  
 To mitigate the injurious sway of place  
 Or circumstance, how far soever changed  
 In youth, or to be changed in after years.  
 As if awakened, summoned, roused, con-  
 strained,  
 I looked for universal things; perused  
 The common countenance of earth and  
 sky:  
 Earth, nowhere unembellished by some  
 trace  
 Of that first Paradise whence man was  
 driven;  
 And sky, whose beauty and bounty are  
 expressed  
 By the proud name she bears—the name  
 of Heaven.  
 called on both to teach me what they  
 might;  
 Or turning the mind in upon herself,

Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread  
 my thoughts  
 And spread them with a wider creeping;  
 felt  
 Incumbencies more awful, visitings  
 Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,  
 That tolerates the indignities of Time,  
 And, from the centre of Eternity  
 All finite motions overruling, lives  
 In glory immutable. But peace! enough  
 Here to record that I was mounting now  
 To such community with highest truth—  
 A track pursuing, not unfrod before,  
 From strict analogies by thought sup-  
 plied  
 Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.  
 To every natural form, rock, fruit, or  
 flower,  
 Even the loose stones that cover the high-  
 way,  
 I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,  
 Or linked them to some feeling: the great  
 mass  
 Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all  
 That I beheld respired with inward  
 meaning.  
 Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love  
 Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on  
 From transitory passion, unto this  
 I was as sensitive as waters are  
 To the sky's influence in a kindred mood  
 Of passion; was obedient as a lute  
 That waits upon the touches of the wind.  
 Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most  
 rich—  
 I had a world about me—'twas my own;  
 I made it, for it only lived to me,  
 And to the God who sees into the heart.  
 Such sympathies, though rarely, were be-  
 trayed  
 By outward gestures and by visible looks:  
 Some called it madness—so indeed it was,  
 If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,  
 If steady moods of thoughtfulness ma-  
 tured  
 To inspiration, sort with such a name;  
 If prophecy be madness; if things viewed  
 By poets in old time, and higher up  
 By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,  
 May in these tutored days no more be  
 seen  
 With undisordered sight. But leaving  
 this,  
 It was no madness for the bodily eye

Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride  
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain  
Never excited by the fumes of wine  
Before that hour, or since. Then, forth  
I ran

From the assembly; through a length of  
streets.

Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door  
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,  
Albeit long after the importunate bell  
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra  
voice

No longer haunting the dark winter night.  
Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy  
mind,

The place itself and fashion of the rites.  
With careless ostentation shouldering up  
My surplice, through the inferior throng  
I clove

Of the plain Burghers, who in audience  
stood

On the last skirts of their permitted  
ground,  
Under the pealing organ. Empty  
thoughts!

I am ashamed of them: and that great  
Dard,

And thou, O Friend! who in thy ample  
mind

Hast placed me high above my best  
deserts,

Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,  
In some of its unworthy vanities,  
Brother to many more.

In this mixed sort  
The months passed on, remissly, not given  
up

To wilful alienation from the right,  
Or walks of open scandal, but in vague  
And loose indifference, easy likings, aims  
Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,  
Yet Nature, or a happy course of things  
Not doing in their stead the needful work.  
The memory languidly revolved, the heart  
Reposed in noontide rest, the inner pulse  
Of contemplation almost failed to beat.  
Such life might not inaptly be compared  
To a floating island, an amphibious spot  
Unsound, of spongy texture, yet withal  
Not wanting a fair face of water-weeds  
And pleasant flowers. The thirst of living  
praise.

Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the  
sight

Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,  
Where mighty *minds* lie visibly entombed,  
Have often stirred the heart of youth,  
and bred

A fervent love of rigorous discipline.—  
Alas! such high emotion touched not me.  
Look was there none within these walls

o shame  
My easy spirits, and discountenance  
Their light composure, far less to instil  
A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed  
To puissant efforts. Nor was this the  
blame

Of others but my own; I should, in truth,  
As far as doth concern my single self,  
Misdemean most widely, lodging it else-  
where:

For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,  
Was a spoiled child, and, rambling like  
the wind,

As I had done in daily intercourse  
With those crystalline rivers, solemn  
heights,

And mountains, ranging like a fowl of  
the air,

I was ill-tutored for captivity;  
To quit my pleasure, and, from month to  
month,

Take up a station calmly on the perch  
Of sedentary peace. Those lovely forms  
Had also left less space within my mind.  
Which, wrought upon instinctively, had  
found

A freshness in those objects of her love,  
A winning power, beyond all other power.  
Not that I slighted books,—that were to  
lack

All sense,—but other passions in me  
ruled,  
—Passions more fervent, making me less  
prompt

To in-door study than was wise or well,  
Or suited to those years. Yet I, though  
used

In magisterial liberty to rove,  
Culling such flowers of learning as might  
tempt

A random choice, could shadow forth a  
place

(If now I yield not to a flattering dream)  
Whose studious aspect should have bent  
me down

To instantaneous service; should at once  
Have made me pay to science and to arts

And independent musings pleased me so  
 That spells seemed on me when I was  
 alone,  
 Yet could I only cleave to solitude  
 In lonely places ; if a throng was near  
 That way I leaned by nature ; for my  
 heart  
 Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

Not seeking those who might participate  
 My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,  
 Though not unused to mutter lonesome  
 songs,

Even with myself divided such delight,  
 Or looked that way for aught that might  
 be clothed

In human language), easily I passed  
 From the remembrances of better things,  
 And slipped into the ordinary works  
 Of careless youth, unburdened, unalarmed.  
*Caverns* there were within my mind which  
 sun

Could never penetrate, yet did there not  
 it store of leafy *arbours* where the  
 light

ght enter in at will. Companionships,  
 endships, acquaintances, were welcome  
 all.

e sauntered, played, or rioted ; we  
 talked  
 profitable talk at morning hours ;  
 ifted about along the streets and  
 walks,  
 ad lazily in trivial books, went forth  
 gallop through the country in blind  
 zeal

senseless horsemanship, or on the breast  
 Gam sailed boisterously, and let the  
 stars  
 me forth, perhaps without one quiet  
 thought.

Such was the tenour of the second act  
 this new life. Imagination slept,  
 d yet not utterly. I could not print  
 ound where the grass had yielded to  
 the steps  
 generations of illustrious men,  
 moved. I could not always lightly  
 pass  
 ough the same gateways, sleep where  
 they had slept,  
 e where they waked, range that in-  
 closure old,

That garden of great intellects, undis-  
 turbed.

Place also by the side of this dark sense  
 Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,  
 Even the great Newton's own ethereal  
 self,

Seemed humbled in these precincts thence  
 to be

The more endeared. Their several me-  
 mories here  
 (Even like their persons in their portraits  
 clothed

With the accustomed garb of daily life)  
 Put on a lowly and a touching grace  
 Of more distinct humanity, that left  
 All genuine admiration unimpaired.

' Beside the pleasant Mill of *Trompington*  
 I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn  
 shade ;

Heard him, while birds were warbling,  
 tell his tales

Of amorous passion. And that gentle  
 Bard,

Chosen by the Muses for their Page of  
 State—

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded  
 heaven

With the moon's beauty and the moon's  
 soft pace,

I called him Brother, Englishman, and  
 Friend !

Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,  
 Stood almost single ; uttering odious  
 truth—

Darkness before, and danger's voice be-  
 hind,

Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged  
 An awful soul—I seemed to see him here  
 Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress  
 Bounding before me, yet a stripling  
 youth—

A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks  
 Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,  
 And conscious step of purity and pride.  
 Among the band of my compeers was one  
 Whom chance had stationed in the very  
 room

Honoured by Milton's name. O tempe-  
 rate Bard !

Be it confest that, for the first time,  
 seated

Within thy innocent lodge and oratory  
 One of a festive circle, I poured out

In silence, or with keen devouring noise  
 Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes  
 then  
 At matins froze, and couched at curfew-  
 time,  
 Trained up through piety and zeal to  
 prize  
 Spare diet, patient labour, and plain  
 weeds.  
 O seat of Arts! renowned throughout the  
 world!  
 Far different service in those homely days  
 The Muses' modest nurslings underwent  
 From their first childhood: in that glo-  
 rious time  
 When Learning, like a stranger come  
 from far,  
 Sounding through Christian lands her  
 trumpet, roused  
 Peasant and king; when boys and youths,  
 the growth  
 Of ragged villages and crazy huts,  
 Forsook their homes, and, errant in the  
 quest  
 Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook,  
 Where, pensioned, they in shelter might  
 sit down,  
 From town to town and through wide  
 scattered realms  
 Journeyed with ponderous folios in their  
 hands;  
 And often, starting from some covert place,  
 Saluted the chance comer on the road,  
 Crying, "An obolus, a penny give  
 To a poor scholar!"—when illustrious  
 men,  
 Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,  
 Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon, read  
 Before the doors or windows of their cells  
 By moonshine through mere lack of taper  
 light.

But peace to vain regrets! We see but  
 darkly  
 Even when we look behind us, and best  
 things  
 Are not so pure by nature that they needs  
 Must keep to all, as fondly all believe,  
 Their highest promise. If the mariner,  
 When at reluctant distance he hath passed  
 Some tempting island, could but know  
 the ill  
 That must have fallen upon him had he  
 brought

His bark to land upon the wished-for  
 shore,  
 Good cause would oft be his to thank the  
 surf  
 Whose white belt scared him thence, or  
 wind that blew  
 Inexorably adverse: for myself  
 I grieve not; happy is the gowned youth,  
 Who only misses what I missed, who falls  
 No lower than I fell.

I did not love,  
 Judging not ill perhaps, the timid course  
 Of our scholastic studies; could have  
 wished  
 To see the river flow with ampler range  
 And freer pace; but more, far more, I  
 grieved  
 To see displayed among an eager few,  
 Who in the field of contest persevered,  
 Passions unworthy of youth's generous  
 heart  
 And mounting spirit, pitiously repaid,  
 When so disturbed, whatever palms are  
 won.  
 From these I turned to travel with the  
 shoal  
 Of more unthinking natures, easy minds  
 And pillowy; yet not wanting love that  
 makes  
 The day pass lightly on, when foresight  
 sleeps,  
 And wisdom and the pledges interchanged  
 With our own inner being are forgot.

Yet was this deep vacation not given up  
 To utter waste. Hitherto I had stood  
 In my own mind remote from social life.  
 (At least from what we commonly so  
 name,)  
 Like a lone shepherd on a promontory  
 Who lacking occupation looks far forth  
 Into the boundless sea, and rather makes  
 Than finds what he beholds. And sure  
 it is,  
 That this first transit from the smooth  
 delights  
 And wild outlandish walks of simple youth  
 To something that resembles an approach  
 Towards human business, to a privileged  
 world  
 Within a world, a midway residence  
 With all its intervenient imagery,  
 Did better suit my visionary mind,  
 Far better, than to have been bolted forth.

And written lore, acknowledged my liege  
Ioid,

A homage frankly offered up, like that  
Which I had paid to Nature. Toil and  
pains

In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,  
Should spread from heart to heart ; and  
stately groves.

Majestic edifices, should not want  
A corresponding dignity within.

The congregating temper that pervades  
Our unripe years, not wasted, should be  
taught

To minister to works of high attempt—  
Works which the enthusiast would per-  
form with love.

Youth should be awed, religiously pos-  
sessed

With a conviction of the power that waits  
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and  
prized

For its own sake, on glory and on praise  
If but by labour won, and fit to endure  
The passing day ; should learn to put  
aside

Her trappings here, should strip them off  
abashed

Before antiquity and steadfast truth  
And strong book-mindedness ; and over  
all

A healthy sound simplicity should reign,  
A seemly plainness, name it what you will,  
Republican or pious.

If these thoughts

Are a gratuitous emblazonry  
That mocks the recreant age *we* live in,  
then

Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect  
Whatever formal gait of discipline  
Shall raise them highest in their own  
esteem—

Let them parade among the Schools at  
will,  
But spare the House of God. Was ever  
known

The witless shepherd who persists to  
drive

A flock that thistles not to a pool disliked ?  
A weight must surely hang on days begun  
And ended with such mockery. Be wise,  
Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the  
spirit

Of ancient times revive, and youth be  
trained

At home in pious service, to your bells  
Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound  
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air ;  
And your officious doings bring disgrace  
On the plain steeples of our English  
Church,

Whose worship, 'mid remotest village  
trees,  
Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at  
hand

In daily sight of this irreverence,  
Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,  
Loses her just authority, falls beneath  
Collateral suspicion, else unknown.  
This truth escaped me not, and I confess,  
That having 'mid my native hills given  
loose

To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a  
pile

Upon the basis of the coming time,  
That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what  
joy

To see a sanctuary for our country's youth  
Informed with such a spirit as might be  
Its own protection ; a primeval grove,  
Where, though the shades with cheerfulness  
were filled,

Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds  
In under-coverts, yet the countenance  
Of the whole place should bear a stamp  
of awe ;

A habitation sober and demure  
For ruminating creatures ; a domain  
For quiet things to wander in ; a haunt  
In which the heron should delight to feed  
By the shy rivers, and the pelican  
Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought  
Might sit and sun himself.—Alas ! alas !  
In vain for such solemnity I looked ;  
Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies,  
ears vexed

By chattering popinjays ; the inner heart  
Seemed trivial, and the impresses without  
Of a too gaudy region.

Different sight

Those venerable Doctors saw of old,  
When all who dwelt within these famous  
walls

Led in abstemiousness a studious life ;  
When, in forlorn and naked chambers  
cooped

And crowded, o'er the ponderous books  
they hung

Like caterpillars eating out their way

(The idol weak as the idolater),  
 And Decency and Custom starving Truth.  
 And blind Authority beating with his  
 staff  
 The child that might have led him ;  
 Emptiness  
 Followed as of good omen, and meek  
 Worth  
 Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices  
 I cannot say what portion is in truth  
 The naked recollection of that time,  
 And what may rather have been called to  
 life  
 By after-meditation. But delight  
 That, in an easy temper lulled asleep,  
 Is still with Innocence its own reward,  
 This was not wanting. Carelessly I  
 roamed  
 As through a wide museum from whose  
 stores  
 A casual rarity is singled out  
 And has its brief perusal, then gives way  
 To others, all supplanted in their turn ;  
 Till 'mid this crowded neighbourhood of  
 things  
 That are by nature most unneighbourly,  
 The head turns round and cannot right  
 itself ;  
 And though an aching and a barren sense  
 Of gay confusion still be uppermost.  
 With few wise longings and but little love,  
 Yet to the memory something cleaves at  
 last.  
 Whence profit may be drawn in times to  
 come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend !  
 The labouring time of autumn, winter,  
 spring,  
 Eight months ! rolled pleasingly away ;  
 the ninth  
 Came and returned me to my native hills.

## BOOK FOURTH.

### SUMMER VACATION.

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when  
 quickening steps  
 Followed each other till a dreary moor

Was crossed. a bare ridge clomb. upon  
 whose top  
 Standing alone, as from a rampart's edge,  
 I overlooked the bed of Windermere.  
 Like a vast river, stretching in the sun.  
 With exultation, at my feet I saw  
 Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming  
 bays,  
 A universe of Nature's fairest forms  
 Proudly revealed with instantaneous burst,  
 Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.  
 I bounded down the hill shouting again  
 For the old Ferryman ; to the shout the  
 rocks  
 Replied, and when the Charon of the  
 flood  
 Had staid his oars, and touched the  
 jutting pier,  
 I did not step into the well-known boat  
 Without a cordial greeting. Thence with  
 speed  
 Up the familiar hill I took my way  
 Towards that sweet Valley\* where I had  
 been reared ;  
 'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere veering  
 round  
 I saw the snow-white church upon her  
 hill  
 Sit like a thronèd Lady, sending out  
 A gracious look all over her domain.  
 Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking  
 town ;  
 With eager footsteps I advance and reach  
 The cottage threshold where my journey  
 closed.  
 Glad welcome had I, with some tears-  
 perhaps,  
 From my old Dame, so kind and motherly,  
 While she perused me with a parent's  
 pride.  
 The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like  
 dew  
 Upon thy grave, good creature ! While  
 my heart  
 Can beat never will I forget thy name.  
 Heaven's blessing be upon thee where  
 thou liest  
 After thy innocent and busy stir  
 In narrow cares, thy little daily growth  
 Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years.  
 And more than eighty, of untroubled life-  
 Childless, yet by the strangers to thy  
 blood

\* Hawkshead.

Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way  
Among the conflicts of substantial life ;  
By a more just gradation did lead on  
To higher things ; more naturally matured,

For permanent possession, better fruits,  
Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue.  
In serious mood, but oftener, I confess,  
With playful zest of fancy, did we note  
(How could we less ?) the manners and the ways

Of those who lived distinguished by the badge

Of good or ill report ; or those with whom  
By frame of Academic discipline  
We were perforce connected, men whose sway

And known authority of office served  
To set our minds on edge, and did no more.

Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,  
Found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring  
Of the grave Elders, men unsoured,  
grotesque

In character, tricked out like aged trees  
Which through the lapse of their infirmity

Give ready place to any random seed  
That chooses to be reared upon their trunks.

Here on my view, confronting vividly  
Those shepherd swains whom I had lately left,

Appeared a different aspect of old age ;  
How different ! yet both distinctly marked,  
Objects embossed to catch the general eye,

Or portraitures for special use designed,  
As some might seem, so aptly do they serve

To illustrate Nature's book of rudiments—  
That book upheld as with maternal care  
When she would enter on her tender scheme

Of teaching comprehension with delight,  
And mingling playful with pathetic thoughts.

The surfaces of artificial life  
And manners finely wrought, the delicate race  
Of colours, lurking, gleaming up and down

Through that state arras woven with silk  
and gold ;

This wily interchange of snaky hues,  
Willingly or unwillingly revealed,  
I neither knew nor cared for ; and as such  
Were wanting here, I took what might be found

Of less elaborate fabric. At this day  
I smile, in many a mountain solitude  
Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks  
Of character, in points of wit as broad,  
As aught by wooden images performed  
For entertainment of the gaping crowd  
At wake or fair. And oftentimes do sit  
Remembrances before me of old men—  
Old humourists, who have been long in their graves,

And having almost in my mind put off  
Then human names, have into phantoms passed

Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer : 'tis enough to note  
That here in dwarf proportions were expressed

The limbs of the great world ; its eager  
strifes

Collaterally portrayed, as in mock fight,  
A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt  
Though short of mortal combat ; and whatever

Might in this pageant be supposed to hit  
An artless rustic's notice, this way less,  
More that way, was not wasted upon me—

And yet the spectacle may well demand  
A more substantial name, no mimic show,  
Itself a living part of a live whole,

A creek in the vast sea ; for, all degrees  
And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise

Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms  
Retainers won away from sold good ;

And here was Labour, his own bond-slave ; Hope,

That never set the pains against the prize ;  
Idleness halting with his weary clog,  
And poor misguided Shame, and witless

Fear,  
And simple Pleasure foraging for Death ;  
Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray ;  
Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile  
Murmuring submission, and bald government,



Some lovely Image in the song rose up  
Full-formed, like Venus rising from the  
sea :

Then have I darted forwards to let loose  
My hand upon his back with stormy joy,  
Caressing him again and yet again.  
And when at evening on the public way  
I sauntered, like a river murmuring  
And talking to itself when all things else  
Are still, the creature trotted on before ;  
Such was his custom ; but whene'er he  
met

A passenger approaching, he would turn  
To give me timely notice, and straight-  
way,

Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed  
My voice, composed my gait, and, with  
the air

And mien of one whose thoughts are free,  
advanced

To give and take a greeting that might  
save

My name from piteous rumours, such as  
wait

On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

Those walks well worthy to be prized  
and loved—

Regretted!—that word, too, was on my  
tongue,

But they were richly laden with all good,  
And cannot be remembered but with  
thanks

And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart—  
Those walks in all their freshness now  
came back

Like a returning Spring. When first I  
made

Once more the circuit of our little lake.  
If ever happiness hath lodged with man.

That day consummate happiness was  
mine,

Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contem-  
plative

The sun was set, or setting, when I left  
Our cottage door, and evening soon  
brought on

A sober hour, not winning or serene.  
For cold and raw the air was, and un-  
tuned ;

But as a face we love is sweetest then  
When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look  
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart  
Have fitness in herself : even so with me

It fared that evening. Gently did my  
soul

Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted,  
stood

Naked, as in the presence of her God.

While on I walked, a comfort seemed to  
touch

A heart that had not been disconsolate :  
Strength came where weakness was not  
known to be,

At least not felt ; and restoration came  
Like an intruder knocking at the door  
Of unacknowledged weariness. I took  
The balance, and with firm hand weighed  
myself.

—Of that external scene which round me  
lay,

Little, in this abstraction, did I see ;  
Remembered less ; but I had inward  
hopes

And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and  
soothed,

Conversed with promises, had glimmer-  
ing views

How life pervades the undecaying mind :  
How the immortal soul with God-like  
power

Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest  
sleep

That time can lay upon her ; how on  
earth

Man, if he do but live within the light  
Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad  
His being armed with strength that can-  
not fail.

Nor was there want of milder thoughts  
of love,

Of innocence, and holiday repose ;  
And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the  
stir

Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end  
At last, or glorious, by endurance won.

Thus musing, in a wood I sate me down  
Alone, continuing there to muse : the  
slopes

And heights meanwhile were slowly over-  
spread

With darkness, and before a rippling  
breeze

The long lake lengthened out its heart  
line,

And in the sheltered coppice where I  
sate,

Around me from among the hazel leaves

Honoured with little less than filial love.  
 What joy was mine to see thee once  
 again,  
 Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of  
 things  
 About its narrow precincts all beloved,  
 And many of them seeming yet my own !  
 Why should I speak of what a thousand  
 hearts  
 Have felt, and every man alive can guess ?  
 The rooms, the court, the garden were not  
 left  
 Long unsaluted, nor the sunny seat  
 Round the stone table under the dark  
 pine,  
 Friendly to studious or to festive hours ;  
 Nor that unruly child of mountain birth,  
 The famous brook, who, soon as he was  
 boxed  
 Within our garden, found himself at once,  
 As if by trick insidious and unkind,  
 Stripped of his voice and left to dimple  
 down  
 (Without an effort and without a will)  
 A channel paved by man's officious care.  
 I looked at him and smiled, and smiled  
 again,  
 And in the press of twenty thousand  
 thoughts,  
 " Ha," quoth I, " pretty prisoner, are you  
 there !"  
 Well might sarcastic Fancy then have  
 whispered,  
 " An emblem here behold of thy own life ;  
 in its late course of even days with all  
 Their smooth enthrallment ;" but the heart  
 was full,  
 Too full for that reproach. My aged  
 Dame  
 Walked proudly at my side : she guided  
 me ;  
 willing, nay—nay, wishing to be led.  
 —The face of every neighbour whom I  
 met  
 Was like a volume to me ; some were  
 hailed  
 Upon the road, some busy at their work,  
 Inceremonious greetings interchanged,  
 With half the length of a long field  
 between.  
 Among my schoolfellows I scattered  
 round  
 like recognitions, but with some con-  
 straint

Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,  
 But with more shame, for my habiliments,  
 The transformation wrought by gay  
 attire.  
 Not less delighted did I take my place  
 At our domestic table : and, dear Friend !  
 In this endeavour simply to relate  
 A Poet's history, may I leave untold  
 The thankfulness with which I laid me  
 down  
 In my accustomed bed, more welcome  
 now  
 Perhaps than if it had been more desired  
 Or been more often thought of with  
 regret ;  
 That lowly bed whence I had heard the  
 wind  
 Roar, and the rain beat hard ; where I so  
 oft  
 Had lain awake on summer nights to  
 watch  
 The moon in splendour couched among  
 the leaves  
 Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood ;  
 Had watched her with fixed eyes while to  
 and fro  
 In the dark summit of the waving tree  
 She rocked with every impulse of the  
 breeze.

Among the favourites whom it pleased  
 me well  
 To see again, was one by ancient right  
 Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills ;  
 By birth and call of nature pre-ordained  
 To hunt the badger and unearth the fox  
 Among the impervious crags, but having  
 been  
 From youth our own adopted, he had  
 passed  
 Into a gentler service. And when first  
 The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day  
 Along my veins I kindled with the stir,  
 The fermentation, and the vernal heat  
 Of poesy, affecting private shades  
 Like a sick Lover, then this dog was used  
 To watch me, an attendant and a friend,  
 Obsequious to my steps early and late,  
 Though often of such dilatory walk  
 Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.  
 A hundred times when, roving high and  
 low,  
 I have been harassed with the toil of verse,  
 Much pains and little progress, and at once

Now here, now there, moved by the  
straggling wind,  
Came ever and anon a breath-like sound,  
Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog,  
The off and on companion of my walk ;  
And such, at times, believing them to be,  
I turned my head to look if he were  
there ;  
Then into solemn thought I passed once  
more.

A freshness also found I at this time  
In human Life, the daily life of those  
Whose occupations really I loved ;  
The peaceful scene oft filled me with  
surprise  
Changed like a garden in the heat of  
spring,  
After an eight-days' absence. For (to  
omit  
The things which were the same and yet  
appeared  
Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude,  
A narrow Vale where each was known to  
all,  
'Twas not indifferent to a youthful mind  
To mark some sheltering bower or sunny  
nook,  
Where an old man had used to sit alone,  
Now vacant ; pale-faced babes whom I  
had left  
In arms, now rosy prattlers at the feet'  
Of a pleased grandame tottering up and  
down ;  
And growing girls whose beauty, filched  
away  
With all its pleasant promises, was gone  
To deck some slighted playmate's homely  
cheek.

Yes, I had something of a subtler sense,  
And often looking round was moved to  
smiles  
such as a delicate work of humour breeds ;  
read, without design, the opinions,  
thoughts,  
Of those plain-living people now observed  
With clearer knowledge ; with another  
eye  
saw the quiet woodman in the woods,  
The shepherd roam the hills. With new  
delight,  
This chiefly, did I note my grey-haired  
Dame ;

Saw her go forth to church or other work  
Of state, equipped in monumental trim ;  
Short velvet cloak, (her bonnet of the  
like),

A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers  
Wore in old time. Her smooth domestic  
life,

Affectionate without disquietude,  
Her talk, her business, pleased me ; and  
no less

Her clear though shallow stream of piety  
That ran on Sabbath days a fresher  
course ;

With thoughts unfelt till now I saw her  
read

Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,  
And loved the book, when she had  
dropped asleep  
And made of it a pillow for her head.

Nor less do I remember to have felt,  
Distinctly manifested at this time,  
A human-heartedness about my love  
For objects hitherto the absolute wealth  
Of my own private being and no more ;  
Which I had loved, even as a blessed  
spirit

Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,  
Might love in individual happiness.  
But now there opened on me other  
thoughts

Of change, congratulation or regret,  
A pensive feeling ! It spread far and  
wide ;

The trees, the mountains shared it, and  
the brooks,

The stars of Heaven, now seen in their  
old haunts—

White Sirius glittering o'er the southern  
crag,

Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven,  
Acquaintances of every little child,  
And Jupiter, my own beloved star !

Whatever shadings of mortality,  
Whatever imports from the world of  
death

Had come among these objects here-  
tofore,

Were, in the main, of mood less tender :  
strong,

Deep, gloomy were they, and severe ;  
the scatterings

Of awe or tremulous dread, that had  
given way

Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,  
A span above man's common measure,  
tall,  
Stiff, lank, and upright: a more meagre  
man

Was never seen before by night or day.  
Long were his arms, pallid his hands;  
his mouth

Looked ghastly in the moonlight: from  
behind,

A mile-stone propped him; I could also  
ken

That he was clothed in military garb,  
Though faded, yet entire. Companion-  
less.

No dog attending, by no staff sustained,  
He stood, and in his very dress appeared  
A desolation, a simplicity,

To which the trappings of a gaudy world  
Make a strange back-ground. From his  
lips, ere long,

Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain  
Or some uneasy thought; yet still his  
form

Kept the same awful steadiness—at his  
feet

His shadow lay, and moved not. From  
self-blame

Not wholly free, I watched him thus; at  
length

Subduing my heart's specious cowardice,  
I left the shady nook where I had stood  
And hailed him. Slowly from his resting-  
place

He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm  
In measured gesture lifted to his head  
Returned my salutation; then resumed  
His station as before; and when I asked  
His history, the veteran, in reply,  
Was neither slow nor eager; but, un-  
moved,

And with a quiet uncomplaining voice,  
A stately air of mild indifference,  
He told in few plain words a soldier's  
tale—

That in the Tropic Islands he had served,  
Whence he had landed scarcely three  
weeks past;

That on his landing he had been dis-  
missed,

And now was travelling towards his native  
home.

his heard, I said, in pity, "Come with  
me."

He stooped, and straightway from the  
ground took up

An oaken staff by me yet unobserved—  
A staff which must have dropt from his  
slack hand

And lay till now neglected in the grass.  
Though weak his step and cautious, he  
appeared

To travel without pain, and I beheld,  
With an astonishment but ill suppressed,  
His ghostly figure moving at my side;  
Nor could I, while we journeyed thus,  
forbear

To turn from present hardships to the  
past,

And speak of war, battle, and pestilence,  
Sprinkling this talk with questions, better  
spared,

On what he might himself have seen or  
felt.

He all the while was in demeanour calm,  
Concise in answer; solemn and sublime  
He might have seemed, but that in all he  
said

There was a strange half-absence, as of one  
Knowing too well the importance of his  
theme,

But feeling it no longer. Our discourse  
Soon ended, and together on we passed  
In silence through a wood gloomy and  
still.

Up-turning, then, along an open field,  
We reached a cottage. At the door I  
knocked,

And earnestly to charitable care  
Commended him as a poor friendless man,  
Belated and by sickness overcome.  
Assured that now the traveller would  
repose

In comfort, I entreated that henceforth  
He would not linger in the public ways,  
But ask for timely furtherance and help  
Such as his state required. At this re-  
proof,

With the same ghastly mildness in his  
look,

He said, "My trust is in the God of  
Heaven,

And in the eye of him who passes me!"

The cottage door was speedily un-  
barred,  
And now the soldier touched his hat once  
more

And open field, through which the path-  
way wound,  
And homeward led my steps. Magni-  
ficent

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,  
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,  
The sea lay laughing at a distance ; near,  
The solid mountains shone, bright as the  
clouds,

Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean  
light ;

And in the meadows and the lower  
grounds

Was all the sweetness of a common  
dawn—

Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,  
And labourers going forth to till the  
fields.

Ah ! need I say, dear Friend ! that to the  
brim

My heart was full ; I made no vows, but  
vows

Were then made for me ; bond unknown  
to me

Was given, that I should be, else sinning  
greatly,

A dedicated Spirit. On I walked  
In thankful blessedness, which yet sur-  
vives.

Strange rendezvous ! My mind was at  
that time

A parti-coloured show of grave and gay,  
Solid and light, short-sighted and pro-  
found ;

Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,  
Consorting in one mansion unreprieved.

The worth I knew of powers that I  
possessed,

Though slighted and too oft misused.  
Besides,

That summer, swarming as it did with  
thoughts

Transient and idle, lacked not intervals  
When Folly from the frown of fleeting  
Time

Shrunk, and the mind experienced in her-  
self

Conformity as just as that of old  
To the end and written spirit of God's  
works,

Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,  
Through pregnant vision, separate or con-  
joined.

When from our better selves we have  
too long

Been parted by the hurrying world, and  
dloop,

Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,  
How gracious, how benign, is Solitude :

How potent a mere image of her, sway ;  
Most potent when impressed upon the  
mind

With an appropriate human centre—  
hermit,

Deep in the bosom of the wilderness .  
Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot

Is treading, where no other face is seen)  
Kneeling at prayers ; or watchman on the  
top

Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves ;  
Or as the soul of that great Power is met

Sometimes embodied on a public road,  
When, for the night deserted, it assumes

A character of quiet more profound  
Than pathless wastes.

Once, when those summer  
months

Were flown, and autumn brought its  
annual show

Of oars with oars contending, sails with  
sails,

Upon Winander's spacious breast, it  
chanced

That—after I had left a flower-decked  
room

(Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, sur-  
vived

To a late hour), and spirits overwrought  
Were making night do penance for a day

Spent in a round of strenuous idleness—  
My homeward course led up a long ascent,

Where the road's watery surface, to the  
top

Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon  
And bore the semblance of another stream

Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook  
That murmured in the vale. All else was  
still ;

No living thing appeared in earth or air,  
And, save the flowing water's peaceful  
voice,

Sound there was none—but, lo ! an un-  
couth shape,

Shown by a sudden turning of the road,  
So near that, slipping back into the shade

Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him  
well,

While I was seated in a rocky cave  
 On the sea-side, perusing, so it chanced,  
 The famous history of the errant knight  
 Recorded by Cervantes, these same  
 Thoughts  
 Set me, and to height unusual rose,  
 While listlessly I sate, and, having closed  
 The book, had turned my eyes toward  
 The wide sea.  
 On poetry and geometric truth,  
 And their high privilege of lasting life,  
 From all internal injury exempt,  
 Mused; upon these chiefly: and at  
 Length,  
 My senses yielding to the sultry air,  
 Sleep seized me, and I passed into a  
 Dream.  
 I saw before me stretched a boundless  
 Plain  
 Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,  
 And as I looked around, distress and fear  
 Came creeping over me, when at my side,  
 Close at my side, an uncouth shape  
 Appeared  
 Upon a dromedary, mounted high,  
 He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin  
 Tribes:  
 A lance he bore, and underneath one arm  
 A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell  
 Of a surpassing brightness. At the sight  
 Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a  
 Guide  
 Was present, one who with unerring skill  
 Would through the desert lead me; and  
 While yet  
 I looked and looked, self-questioned what  
 This freight  
 Which the new-comer carried through  
 The waste  
 Could mean, the Arab told me that the  
 Stone  
 (To give it in the language of the dream)  
 Was "Euclid's Elements;" and "This,"  
 Said he,  
 "Is something of more worth;" and at  
 The word  
 Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in  
 Shape,  
 In colour so resplendent, with command  
 That I should hold it to my ear. I did so,  
 And heard that instant in an unknown  
 Tongue,  
 Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,  
 A loud prophetic blast of harmony:

An Ode, in passion uttered, which fore-  
 Told  
 Destruction to the children of the earth  
 By deluge, now at hand. No sooner ceased  
 The song, than the Arab with calm look  
 Declared  
 That all would come to pass of which the  
 Voice  
 Had given forewarning, and that he him-  
 Self  
 Was going then to bury those two books:  
 The one that held acquaintance with the  
 Stars,  
 And wedded soul to soul in purest bond  
 Of reason, undisturbed by space or time;  
 The other that was a god, yea many gods,  
 Had voices more than all the winds, with  
 Power  
 To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe.  
 Through every clime, the heart of human  
 Kind.  
 While this was uttering, strange as it may  
 Seem,  
 I wondered not, although I plainly saw  
 The one to be a stone, the other a shell;  
 Nor doubted once but that they both  
 Were books,  
 Having a perfect faith in all that passed.  
 Far stronger, now, grew the desire I felt  
 To cleave unto this man; but when I  
 Prayed  
 To share his enterprise, he hurried on  
 Reckless of me: I followed, not unseen,  
 For oftentimes he cast a backward look,  
 Grasping his twofold treasure.—Lance in  
 Rest,  
 He rode, I keeping pace with him; and  
 Now  
 He, to my fancy, had become the knight  
 Whose tale Cervantes tells; yet not the  
 Knight,  
 But was an Arab of the desert too;  
 Of these was neither, and was both at  
 Once.  
 His countenance, meanwhile, grew more  
 Disturbed;  
 And, looking backwards when he looked,  
 Mine eyes  
 Saw, over half the wilderness diffused,  
 A bed of glittering light: I asked the  
 Cause:  
 "It is," said he, "the waters of the deep  
 Gathering upon us;" quickening then  
 The pace

With his lean hand, and in a faltering voice,  
Whose tone bespoke reviving interests  
Till then unfelt, he thanked me; I returned  
The farewell blessing of the patient man,  
And so we parted. Back I cast a look,  
And lingered near the door a little space,  
Then sought with quiet heart my distant home.

## BOOK FIFTH.

## BOOKS.

WHEN Contemplation, like the night-calm felt  
Through earth and sky, spreads widely,  
and sends deep  
Into the soul its tranquillising power,  
Even then I sometimes grieve for thee,  
O Man,  
Earth's paramount Creature! not so much  
for woes  
That thou endurest; heavy though that  
weight be,  
Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with  
light divine  
Doth melt away; but for those palms  
achieved,  
Through length of time, by patient exercise  
Of study and hard thought; there, there,  
it is  
That sadness finds its fuel. Hitherto,  
In progress through this Verse, my mind  
hath looked  
Upon the speaking face of earth and  
heaven  
As her prime teacher, intercourse with  
man  
Established by the sovereign Intellect,  
Who through that bodily image hath  
diffused,  
As might appear to the eye of fleeting  
time,  
A deathless spirit. Thou also, man! hast  
wrought,  
For commerce of thy nature with herself,  
Things that aspire to unconquerable life;  
And yet we feel—we cannot choose but  
feel—  
That they must perish. Tremblings of  
the heart

It gives, to think that our immortal  
being  
No more shall need such garments; and  
yet man,  
As long as he shall be the child of earth,  
Might almost "weep to have" what he  
may lose,  
Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,  
Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate.  
A thought is with me sometimes, and I  
say,—  
Should the whole frame of earth by in-  
ward throes  
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far  
to scorch  
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up  
Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and  
bare,  
Yet would the living Presence still subsist  
Victorious, and composure would ensue,  
And kindlings like the morning—presage  
sure  
Of day returning and of life revived.  
But all the meditations of mankind,  
Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth  
By reason built, or passion, which itself  
Is highest reason in a soul sublime;  
The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,  
Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,  
Twin labourers and heirs of the same  
hopes;  
Where would they be? Oh! why hath  
not the Mind  
Some element to stamp her image on  
In nature somewhat nearer to her own?  
Why, gifted with such powers to send  
abroad  
Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so  
frail?  
One day, when from my lips a like  
complaint  
Had fallen in presence of a studious  
friend,  
He with a smile made answer, that in  
truth  
'Twas going far to seek disquietude;  
But on the front of his reproof confessed  
That he himself had oftentimes given  
way  
To kindred hauntings. Whereupon I  
told,  
That once in the stillness of a summer's  
noon,

Down to the low and wren-like warblings,  
 made  
 For cottagers and spinners at the wheel.  
 And sun-burnt travellers resting their  
 tired limbs.  
 Stretched under wayside hedge-rows,  
 ballad tunes,  
 Food for the hungry ears of little ones,  
 And of old men who have survived their  
 joys—  
 'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,  
 And of the men that framed them,  
 whether known,  
 Or sleeping nameless in their scattered  
 graves,  
 That I should here assert their rights,  
 attest  
 Their honours, and should, once for all,  
 pronounce  
 Their benediction; speak of them as  
 Powers  
 For ever to be hallowed; only less,  
 For what we are and what we may  
 become,  
 Than Nature's self, which is the breath of  
 God,  
 Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Rarely and with reluctance would I  
 stoop  
 To transitory themes; yet I rejoice,  
 And, by these thoughts admonished, will  
 pour out  
 Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was  
 reared  
 Safe from an evil which these days have  
 laid  
 Upon the children of the land, a pest  
 That might have dried me up, body and  
 soul.  
 This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,  
 And things that teach as Nature teaches:  
 then,  
 Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet  
 where,  
 Where had we been, we two, beloved  
 Friend!  
 If in the season of unperilous choice,  
 In lieu of wandering, as we did, through  
 vales  
 rich with indigenous produce, open  
 ground  
 Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at  
 will,

We had been followed, hourly watched,  
 and noosed,  
 Each in his several melancholy walk  
 Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its  
 feed,  
 Led through the lanes in forlorn servi-  
 tude;  
 Or rather like a stalled ox debarred  
 From touch of growing grass, that may  
 not taste  
 A flower till it have yielded up its sweets  
 A prelibation to the mower's scythe.

Behold the parent hen amid her brood,  
 Though fledged and feathered, and well  
 pleased to part  
 And straggle from her presence, still a  
 brood,  
 And she herself from the maternal bond  
 Still undischarged; yet doth she little more  
 Than move with them in tenderness and  
 love,  
 A centre to the circle which they make;  
 And now and then, alike from need of  
 theirs  
 And call of her own natural appetites,  
 She scratches, ransacks up the earth for  
 food,  
 Which they partake at pleasure. Early  
 died  
 My honoured Mother, she who was the  
 heart  
 And hinge of all our learnings and our  
 loves:  
 She left us destitute, and, as we might,  
 Trooping together. Little suits it me  
 To break upon the sabbath of her rest  
 With any thought that looks at others'  
 blame;  
 Nor would I praise her but in perfect love.  
 Hence am I checked: but let me boldly  
 say,  
 In gratitude, and for the sake of truth,  
 Unheard by her, that she, not falsely  
 taught,  
 Fetching her goodness rather from times  
 past,  
 Than shaping novelties for times to come,  
 Had no presumption, no such jealousy,  
 Nor did by habit of her thoughts mis-  
 trust  
 Our nature, but had virtual faith that He  
 Who fills the mother's breast with in-  
 nocent milk,



Of the unwieldy creature he bestrode,  
He left me : I called after him aloud ;  
He heeded not ; but, with his twofold  
charge

Still in his grasp, before me, full in view,  
Went hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,  
With the fleet waters of a drowning  
world

In chase of him ; whereat I waked in  
terror,

And saw the sea before me, and the book,  
In which I had been reading, at my side.

Full often, taking from the world of  
sleep

This Arab phantom, which I thus beheld,  
This semi-Quixote, I to him have given  
A substance, fancied him a living man,  
A gentle dweller in the desert, crazed  
By love and feeling, and internal thought  
Protracted among endless solitudes ;  
Have shaped him wandering upon this  
quest !

Not have I pitied him ; but rather felt  
Reverence was due to a being thus em-  
ployed ;

And thought that, in the blind and awful  
lair

Of such a madness, reason did lie couched.  
Enow there are on earth to take in charge  
Their wives, their children, and their  
virgin loves,

Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear ;  
Enow to stir for these ; yea, will I say,  
Contemplating in soberness the approach  
Of an event so dire, by signs in earth  
Or heaven made manifest, that I could  
share

That maniac's fond anxiety, and go  
Upon like errand. Oftentimes at least  
Me hath such strong entrancement over-  
come,

When I have held a volume in my hand,  
Poor earthly casket of immortal verse,  
Shakespeare, or Milton, labourers divine !

Great and benign, indeed, must be the  
power

Of living nature, which could thus so  
long

Detain me from the best of other guides  
And dearest helpers, left unthanked, un-  
praised,

Even in the time of lisping infancy ;

And later down, in prattling childhood  
even,

While I was travelling back among those  
days,

How could I ever play an ingrate's part ?  
Once more should I have made those  
bowers resound,

By intermingling strains of thankfulness  
With their own thoughtless melodies ; at  
least

It might have well beseeemed me to repeat  
Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,  
In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale  
That did bewitch me then, and soothes  
me now.

O Friend ! O Poet ! brother of my soul,  
Think not that I could pass along un-  
touched

By these remembrances. Yet wherefore  
speak ?

Why call upon a few weak words to say  
What is already written in the hearts  
Of all that breathe?—what in the path of  
all

Drops daily from the tongue of every  
child,

Wherever man is found ? The trickling  
tear

Upon the cheek of listening Infancy  
Proclaims it, and the insuperable look  
That drinks as if it never could be full.

That portion of my story I shall leave  
There registered : whatever else of power  
Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be  
Peculiar to myself, let that remain  
Where still it works, though hidden from  
all search

Among the depths of time. Yet is it just  
That here, in memory of all books which  
lay

Their sure foundations in the heart of  
man,

Whether by native prose, or numerous  
verse,

That in the name of all inspired souls —  
From Homer the great Thunderer, from  
the voice

That roars along the bed of Jewish song,  
And that more varied and elaborate,  
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that  
shake

Our shores in England,—from those  
loftiest notes

The child, whose love is here, at least,  
doth reap  
One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

These mighty workmen of our later age,  
Who, with a broad highway, have over-  
bridged  
The froward chaos of futurity,  
Tamed to their bidding; they who have  
the skill  
To manage books, and things, and make  
them act

On infant minds as surely as the sun  
Deals with a flower: the keepers of our  
time.

The guides and wardens of our faculties,  
Sages who in their prescience would  
control

All accidents, and to the very road  
Which they have fashioned would confine  
us down,

Like engines; when will their presump-  
tion learn,

That in the unreasoning progress of the  
world

A wiser spirit is at work for us,  
A better eye than theirs, most prodigal  
Of blessings, and most studious of our  
good,

Even in what seem our most unfruitful  
hours?

There was a Boy: ye knew him well,  
ye cliffs

And islands of Winander!—many a time  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone  
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering  
lake.

And there, with fingers interwoven, both  
hands

Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his  
mouth

Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him: and they  
would shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call, with quivering  
peals,

And long halloos and screams, and echoes  
loud,

Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild

Of jocund din: and, when a lengthened  
pause

Of silence came and baffled his best skill,  
Then sometimes, in that silence while he  
hung

Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind,  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven,  
received

Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates,  
and died  
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years  
old.

Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale  
Where he was born; the grassy church-  
yard hangs

Upon a slope above the village school,  
And through that churchyard when my  
way has led

On summer evenings, I believe that there  
A long half hour together I have stood  
Mute, looking at the grave in which he  
lies!

Even now appears before the mind's clear  
eye

That self-same village church; I see her  
sit

(The thronèd Lady whom erewhile we  
hailed)

On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy  
Who slumbers at her feet.—forgetful, too,  
Of all her silent neighbourhood of graves.  
And listening only to the glad some sounds  
That, from the rural school ascending, play  
Beneath her and about her. May she long  
Behold a race of young ones like to those  
With whom I herded!—(easily, indeed,  
We might have fed upon a fatter soil  
Of arts and letters—but be that forgiven)—  
A race of real children; not too wise,  
Too learned, or too good: but wanton,  
fresh,

And banded up and down by love and  
hate;

Not unresentful where self-justified:  
Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest,  
shy:

Mad at their sports like withered leaves  
in winds;

Doth also for our nobler part provide,  
Under His great correction and control,  
As innocent instincts, and as innocent  
food ;

Or draws for minds that are left free to  
trust

In the simplicities of opening life  
Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded  
weeds.

This was her creed, and therefore she was  
pure

From anxious fear of error or mishap,  
And evil, overweeningly so called ;

Was not puffed up by false unnatural  
hopes,

Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,  
Nor with impatience from the season  
asked

More than its timely produce ; rather  
loved

The hours for what they are, than from  
regard

Glanced on their promises in restless  
pride.

Such was she—not from faculties more  
strong

Than others have, but from the times,  
perhaps,

And spot in which she lived, and through  
a grace

Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,  
A heart that found benignity and hope,

Being itself benign.

My drift I fear

Is scarcely obvious ; but, that common  
sense

May try this modern system by its fruits,  
Leave let me take to place before her  
sight

A specimen portrayed with faithful  
hand.

Full early trained to worship seemliness,  
This model of a child is never known

To mix in quarrels ; that were far be-  
neath

Its dignity ; with gifts he bubbles o'er  
As generous as a fountain ; selfishness

May not come near him, nor the little  
throng

Of fitting pleasures tempt him from his  
path ;

The wandering beggars propagate his  
name,

Dumb creatures find him tender as a nun,  
wo.

And natural or supernatural fear,  
Unless it leap upon him in a dream,  
Touches him not. To enhance the wonder,  
see

How arch his notices, how nice his sense  
Of the ridiculous ; not blind is he

To the broad follies of the licensed world,  
Yet innocent himself withal, though

shrewd,

And can read lectures upon innocence ;  
A miracle of scientific lore,

Ships he can guide across the pathless  
sea,

And tell you all their cunning ; he can  
read

The inside of the earth, and spell the  
stars ;

He knows the policies of foreign lands ;  
Can string you names of districts, cities,

towns,  
The whole world over, tight as beads of  
dew

Upon a gossamer thread ; he sifts, he  
weighs ;

All things are put to question ; he must  
live

Knowing that he grows wiser every day  
Or else not live at all, and seeing too

Each little drop of wisdom as it falls  
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart :

For this unnatural growth the trainer  
blame,

Pity the tree.—Poor human vanity,  
Wert thou extinguished, little would be  
left.

Which he could truly love ; but how es-  
cape ?

For, ever as a thought of purer birth  
Rises to lead him toward a better clime,

Some intermeddler still is on the watch  
To drive him back, and pound him, like

a stray,  
Within the pinfold of his own conceit.

Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved  
to find

The playthings, which her love designed  
for him,

Unthought of : in their woodland beds  
the flowers

Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn.  
Oh ! give us once again the wishing-cap

Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat  
Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,

And Sabra in the forest with St. George !

On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,  
And there have read, devouring as I read,  
Defrauding the day's glory, desperate !  
Till with a sudden bound of smart re-  
proach,  
Such as an idler deals with in his shame,  
I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o'er this earth presides,  
And o'er the heart of man : invisibly  
It comes, to works of unproved delight,  
And tendency benign, directing those  
Who care not, know not, think not what  
they do.

The tales that charm away the wakeful  
night

In Araby, romances ; legends penned  
For solace by dim light of monkish lamps ;  
Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised  
By youthful squires ; adventures endless,  
spun

By the dismantled warrior in old age,  
Out of the bowels of those very schemes  
In which his youth did first extravagate ;  
These spread like day, and something in  
the shape

Of these will live till man shall be no  
more.

Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are  
ours,

And *they must* have their food. Our  
childhood sits,

Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne  
That hath more power than all the ele-  
ments.

I guess not what this tells of Being past,  
Nor what it augurs of the life to come ;  
But so it is, and, in that dubious hour,  
That twilight when we first begin to see  
This dawning earth, to recognise, expect,  
And, in the long probation that ensues,  
The time of trial, ere we learn to live  
In reconciliation with our stunted powers ;  
To endure this state of meagre vassalage,  
Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,  
Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows  
To custom, mettlesome, and not yet tamed  
And humbled down ;—oh ! then we feel,  
we feel,

We know where we have friends. Ye  
dreamers, then,

Forgers of daring tales ! we bless you then,  
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape  
Philosophy will call you : *then* we feel

With what, and how great might ye are in  
league,

Who make our wish, our power, our  
thought a deed,

An empire, a possession,—ye whom time  
And seasons serve ; all Faculties to whom  
Earth crouches, the elements are potter's  
clay,

Space like a heaven filled up with northern  
lights,

Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at  
once.

Reiniquishing this lofty eminence  
For ground, though humbler, not the less  
a tract

Of the same isthmus, which our spirits  
cross

In progress from their native continent  
To earth and human life, the Song might  
dwell

On that delightful time of growing youth  
When craving for the marvellous gives  
way

To strengthening love for things that we  
have seen ;

When sober truth and steady sympathies,  
Offered to notice by less daring pens,  
Take firmer hold of us, and words them-  
selves

Move us with conscious pleasure.

I am sad  
At thought of raptures now for ever flown ;  
Almost to tears I sometimes could be  
sad

To think of, to read over, many a page,  
Poems withal of name, which at that time  
Did never fail to entrance me, and are  
now

Dead in my eyes, dead as a theatre  
Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice five  
years

Or less I might have seen, when first my  
mind

With conscious pleasure opened to the  
charm

Of words in tuneful order, found them  
sweet

For their own *sakes*, a passion, and a  
power ;

And phrases pleased me chosen for de-  
light,

For pomp, or love. Oft, in the public  
roads

Though doing wrong and suffering, and  
 full oft  
 Bending beneath our life's mysterious  
 weight  
 Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding  
 not  
 In happiness to the happiest upon earth.  
 Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,  
 Be these the daily strengtheners of their  
 minds ;  
 May books and Nature be their early joy !  
 And knowledge, rightly honoured with  
 that name—  
 Knowledge not purchased by the loss of  
 power !

Well do I call to mind the very week  
 When I was first intrusted to the care  
 Of that sweet Valley ; when its paths, its  
 shores,  
 And brooks were like a dream of novelty  
 To my half-infant thoughts ; that very  
 week,  
 While I was roving up and down alone,  
 Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to  
 cross  
 One of those open fields, which, shaped  
 like ears,  
 Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's  
 Lake :  
 Twilight was coming on, yet through the  
 gloom  
 Appeared distinctly on the opposite  
 shore  
 A heap of garments, as if left by one  
 Who might have there been bathing.  
 Long I watched,  
 But no one owned them ; meanwhile the  
 calm lake  
 Grew dark with all the shadows on its  
 breast,  
 And, now and then, a fish up-leaping  
 snapped  
 The breathless stillness. The succeeding  
 day,  
 Those unclaimed garments telling a plain  
 tale  
 Drew to the spot an anxious crowd ; some  
 looked  
 In passive expectation from the shore,  
 While from a boat others hung o'er the  
 deep,  
 Sounding with grappling irons and long  
 poles

At last, the dead man, 'mid that beauteous  
 scene  
 Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright  
 Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre  
 shape  
 Of terror ; yet no soul-debasing fear,  
 Young as I was, a child not nine years old,  
 Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen  
 Such sights before, among the shining  
 streams  
 Of fairy land, the forest of romance.  
 Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle,  
 With decoration of ideal grace ;  
 A dignity, a smoothness, like the works  
 Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

A precious treasure had I long pos-  
 sessed,  
 A little yellow, canvas-covered book,  
 A slender abstract of the Arabian tales ;  
 And, from companions in a new abode,  
 When first I learnt, that this dear prize  
 of mine  
 Was but a block hewn from a mighty  
 quarry—  
 That there were four large volumes, laden  
 all  
 With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in  
 truth,  
 A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,  
 With one not richer than myself, I made  
 A covenant that each should lay aside  
 The money's he possessed, and hoard up  
 more,  
 Till our joint savings had amassed enough  
 To make this book our own. Through  
 several months,  
 In spite of all temptation, we preserved  
 Religiously that vow ; but firmness failed,  
 Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

And when thereafter to my father's  
 house  
 The holidays returned me, there to find  
 That golden store of books which I had  
 left,  
 What joy was mine ! How often in the  
 course  
 Of those glad respites, though a soft west  
 wind  
 Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish,  
 For a whole day together, have I lain  
 Down by thy side, O Derwent ! murmur-  
 ing stream,

More to myself. Two winters may be  
 passed  
 Without a separate notice : many books  
 Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously  
 perused,

But with no settled plan. I was detached  
 Intentially from academic cares ;  
 Yet independent study seemed a course ;  
 Of hardy disobedience towards friends  
 And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.  
 This spurious virtue, rather let it bear  
 A name it now deserves, this cowardice,  
 Gave treacherous sanction to that over-  
 love

Of freedom which encouraged me to turn  
 From regulations even of my own  
 As from restraints and bonds. Yet who  
 can tell—

Who knows what thus may have been  
 gained, both then

And at a later season, or preserved ;  
 What love of nature, what original  
 strength

Of contemplation, what intuitive truths,  
 The deepest and the best, what keen  
 research,

Unbiased, unbewildered, and unawed ?

The Poet's soul was with me at that  
 time ;

Sweet meditations, the still overflow  
 Of present happiness, while future years  
 Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,  
 No few of which have since been realised ;  
 And some remain, hopes for my future  
 life.

Four years and thirty, told this very week,  
 Have I been now a sojourner on earth,  
 By sorrow not unsmitten ; yet for me  
 Life's morning radiance hath not left the  
 hills,

Her dew is on the flowers. Those were  
 the days

Which also first emboldened me to trust  
 With firmness, hitherto but slightly  
 touched

By such a daring thought, & not might  
 leave

Some monument behind me which pure  
 hearts

Should reverence. The instinctive hum-  
 bleness,

Maintained even by the very name and  
 thought

Of printed books and authorship, began  
 To melt away ; and further, the dread awe  
 Of mighty names was softened down and  
 seemed

Approachable, admitting fellowship  
 Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now,  
 Though not familiarly, my mind put on,  
 Content to observe, to achieve, and to  
 enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free to  
 choose,

Did I by night frequent the College  
 groves

And tributary walks ; the last, and oft  
 The only one, who had been lingering  
 there

Through hours of silence, till the porter's  
 bell,

A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,  
 Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice,  
 Inexorable summons ! Lofty elms,

Inviting shades of opportune recess,  
 Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood

Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree  
 With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely

wreathed,  
 Grew there ; an ash which Winter for  
 himself

Decked as in pride, and with outlandish  
 grace :

Up from the ground, and almost to the  
 top,

The trunk and every master branch were  
 green

With clustering ivy, and the lightsome  
 twigs

And outer spray profusely tipped with  
 seeds

That hung in yellow tassels, while the air  
 Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I  
 stood

Foot-bound overlooking at this lovely tree  
 Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere  
 Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance  
 May never tread ; but scarcely Spenser's  
 self

Could have more tranquil visions in his  
 youth,

Or could more bright appearances create  
 Of human forms with superhuman powers.

Than I beheld loitering on calm clear  
 nights

Alone, beneath this fairy world of earth.

Yet unfrequented, while the morning  
light

Was yellowing the hill tops, I went abroad  
With a dear friend, and for the better  
part

Of two delightful hours we strolled along  
By the still borders of the misty lake,  
Repeating favourite verses with one voice,  
Or conning more, as happy as the birds  
That round us chaunted. Well might we  
be glad,

Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,  
More bright than madness or the dreams  
of wine;

And, though full oft the objects of our  
love

Were false, and in their splendour over-  
wrought,

Yet was there surely then no vulgar  
power

Working within us,—nothing less, in  
truth,

Than that most noble attribute of man,  
Though yet untutored and inordinate,  
That wish for something loftier, more  
adorned,

Than is the common aspect, daily garb,  
Of human life. What wonder, then, if  
sounds

Of exultation echoed through the groves!  
For, images, and sentiments, and words,  
And everything encountered or pursued  
In that delicious world of poesy,  
Kept holiday, a never-ending show,  
With music, incense, festival, and flowers!

Here must we pause: this only let me  
add,  
From heart-experience, and in humblest  
sense

Of modesty, that he, who in his youth  
A daily wanderer among woods and fields  
With living Nature hath been intimate,  
Not only in that raw unpractised time  
Is stirred to ecstasy, as others are,  
By glittering verse; but further, doth  
receive,

In measure only dealt out to himself,  
Knowledge and increase of enduring joy  
From the great Nature that exists in  
works

Of mighty Poets. Visionary power  
Attends the motions of the viewless winds,  
Embodied in the mystery of words:

There, darkness makes abode, and all the  
host

Of shadowy things work endless changes,  
—there,

As in a mansion like their proper home,  
Even forms and substances are circum-  
fused

By that transparent veil with light divine,  
And, through the turnings intricate of  
verse,

Present themselves as objects recognised,  
In flashes, and with glory not their own.

## BOOK SIXTH.

### CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS.

THE leaves were fading when to Esth-  
waite's banks

And the simplicities of cottage life  
I bade farewell; and, one among the  
youth

Who, summoned by that season, reunite  
As scattered birds troop to the fowler's  
lure,

Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so  
prompt

Or eager, though as gay and undepressed  
In mind, as when I thence had taken  
flight

A few short months before. I turned my  
face

Without repining from the coves and  
heights

Clothed in the sunshine of the withering  
fern;

Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence  
Of calmer lakes and louder streams; and  
you,

Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumber-  
land,

You and your not unwelcome days of  
mirth

Relinquished. and your nights of revelry,  
And your own unlovely cell sate down

In lightsome mood—such privilege has  
youth

That cannot take long leave of pleasant  
thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society  
Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived





On the vague reading of a truant youth  
 'Twere idle to descant. My inner judgment  
 Not seldom differed from my taste in  
 books,  
 As if it appertained to another mind,  
 And yet the books which then I valued  
 most  
 Are dearest to me *now*; for, having  
 scanned,  
 Not heedlessly, the laws, and watched the  
 forms  
 Of Nature, in that knowledge I possessed  
 A standard, often usefully applied,  
 Even when unconsciously, to things re-  
 moved  
 From a familiar sympathy.—In fine,  
 I was a better judge of thoughts than  
 words,  
 Mised in estimating words, not only  
 By common inexperience of youth,  
 But by the trade in classic niceties,  
 The dangerous craft of culling term and  
 phrase  
 From languages that want the living  
 voice  
 To carry meaning to the natural heart;  
 To tell us what is passion, what is truth,  
 What reason, what simplicity and sense.

Yet may we not entirely overlook  
 The pleasure gathered from the rudiments  
 Of geometric science. Though advanced  
 In these enquiries, with regret I speak,  
 No farther than the threshold, there I  
 found  
 Both elevation and composed delight:  
 With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance  
 pleased  
 With its own struggles, did I meditate  
 On the relation those abstractions bear  
 To Nature's laws, and by what process led,  
 Those immaterial agents bowed their  
 heads  
 Duly to serve the mind of earth-born  
 man;  
 From star to star, from kindred sphere to  
 sphere,  
 From system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source  
 I drew  
 A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense

Of permanent and universal sway,  
 And paramount belief; there, recognised  
 A type, for finite natures, of the one  
 Supreme Existence, the surpassing life  
 Which—to the boundaries of space and  
 time,  
 Of melancholy space and doleful time,  
 Superior, and incapable of change,  
 Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,  
 And hath the name of, God. Tran-  
 scendent peace  
 And silence did await upon these thoughts  
 That were a frequent comfort to my  
 youth.

'Tis told by one whom stormy waters  
 threw,  
 With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck  
 spared,  
 Upon a desert coast, that having brought  
 To land a single volume, saved by chance,  
 A treatise of Geometry, he went,  
 Although of food and clothing destitute,  
 And beyond common wretchedness de-  
 pressed,  
 To part from company and take this book  
 (Then first a self-taught pupil in its  
 truths)  
 To spots remote, and draw his diagrams  
 With a long staff upon the sand, and thus  
 Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost  
 Forget his feeling: so (if like effect  
 From the same cause produced, 'mid  
 outward things  
 So different, may rightly be compared),  
 So was it then with me, and so will be  
 With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm  
 Of those abstractions to a mind beset  
 With images, and haunted by herself,  
 And specially delightful unto me  
 Was that clear synthesis built up aloft  
 So gracefully; even then when it ap-  
 peared  
 Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy  
 To sense embodied: not the thing it is  
 In verity, an independent world,  
 Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine un-  
 earned  
 By aught, I fear, of genuine desert—  
 Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn  
 aptitudes.  
 And not to leave the story of that time

From smooth Cam's silent waters : had  
we met,  
Even at that early time, needs must I  
trust

In the belief, that my maturer age,  
My calmer habits, and more steady voice,  
Would with an influence benign have  
soothed,

Or chased away, the airy wretchedness  
That batten'd on thy youth. But thou  
hast trod

A march of glory, which doth put to  
shame

These vain regrets ; health suffers in thee,  
else

Such grief for thee would be the weakest  
thought

That ever harboured in the breast of man.

A passing word crewhile did lightly  
touch

On wanderings of my own, that now  
embraced

With livelier hope a region wider far.

When the third summer freed us from  
restraint.

A youthful friend, he too a mountainer,  
Not slow to share my wishes, took his  
staff,

And sallying forth, we journeyed side by  
side,

Bound to the distant Alps. A hardy  
sight

Did this unprecedented course imply  
Of college studies and their set rewards ;  
Nor had, in truth, the scheme been  
formed by me

Without uneasy forethought of the pain,  
The censures, and ill-omening of those  
To whom my worldly interests were dear.  
But Nature then was sovereign in my  
mind,

And mighty forms, seizing a youthful  
fancy,

Had given a charter to irregular hopes.  
In any age of uneventful calm

Among the nations, surely would my heart  
Have been possessed by similar desire ;  
But Europe at that time was thrilled  
with joy.

France standing on the top of golden  
hours,  
and human nature seeming born again.

Lightly equipped, and but a few brief  
looks

Cast on the white cliffs of our native  
shore

From the receding vessel's deck, we  
chanced

To land at Calais on the very eve  
Of that great federal day ; and there we  
saw,

In a mean city, and among a few,  
How bright a face is worn when joy of  
one

Is joy for tens of millions. Southward  
thence

We held our way, direct through hamlets,  
towns,

Gaudy with reliques of that festival.

Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,  
And window-garlands. On the public  
roads,

And, once, three days successively, through  
paths

By which our toilsome journey was  
abridged.

Among sequestered villages we walked  
And found benevolence and blessedness

Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when  
spring

Hath left no corner of the land un-  
touched :

Where elms for many and many a league  
in files

With their thin umbrage, on the stately  
roads

Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our  
heads,

For ever near us as we paced along :  
How sweet at such a time, with such  
delight

On every side, in prime of youthful  
strength.

To feed a Poet's tender melancholy  
And fond conceit of sadness, with the  
sound

Of undulations varying as might please  
The wind that swayed them ; once, and  
more than once,

Unhoused beneath the evening star we  
saw

Dances of liberty, and, in late hours  
Of darkness, dances in the open air

Deftly prolonged, though grey-haired  
lookers on

Might waste their breath in chiding.

The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden gleam.

O Friend! we had not seen thee at that time,

And yet a power is on me, and a strong Confusion, and I seem to plant thee there.

Far art thou wandered now in search of health

And milder breezes,—melancholy lot!

But thou art with us, with us in the past,

The present, with us in the times to come.

There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,

No languor, no dejection, no dismay,

No absence scarcely can there be, for those

Who love as we do. Speed thee well I divide

With us thy pleasure; thy returning strength,

Receive it daily as a joy of ours;

Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift

Of gales Etesian or of tender thoughts.

I, too, have been a wanderer; but, alas!

How different the fate of different men.

Though mutually unknown, yea, nursed and reared

As if in several elements, we were framed

To bend at last to the same discipline,

Predetermined, if two beings ever were,

To seek the same delights, and have one health,

One happiness. Throughout this narrative,

Else sooner ended, I have borne in mind

For whom it registers the birth, and marks the growth,

Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,

And joyous loves, that hallow innocent days

Of peace and self-command. Of rivers, fields,

And groves I speak to thee, my Friend I to thee,

Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths

Of the huge city, on the leaded roof

Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,

Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds

Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,

To shut thine eyes, and by internal light  
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,

Far distant, thus beheld from year to year  
Of a long exile. Nor could I forget,

In this late portion of my argument,

That scarcely, as my term of pupilage

Ceased, had I left those academic bowers

When thou wert thither guided. From the heart

Of London, and from cloisters there, thou camest,

And didst sit down in temperance and peace,

A rigorous student. What a stormy course

Then followed. Oh! it is a pang that calls

For utterance, to think what easy change  
Of circumstances might to thee have spared

A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes,

For ever withered. Through this retrospect

Of my collegiate life I still have had

Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place

Present before my eyes, have played with times

And accidents as children do with cards,  
Or as a man, who, when his house is built,

A frame locked up in wood and stone,  
doth still,

As impotent fancy prompts, by his fire-side,

Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought  
Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,

And all the strength and plumage of thy youth,

Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse  
Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms

Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out  
From things well-matched or ill, and

words for things,

The self-created sustenance of a mind  
Debarred from Nature's living images,

Compelled to be a life unto herself,  
And unrelentingly possessed by thirst

Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not alone,

Ah! surely not in singleness of heart  
Should I have seen the light of evening

fade

But oh! if Past and Future be the wings  
 On whose support harmoniously con-  
 joined  
 Moves the great spirit of human know-  
 ledge, spare  
 These courts of mystery, where a step  
 advanced  
 Between the portals of the shadowy rocks  
 Leaves far behind life's treacherous vani-  
 ties,  
 For penitential tears and trembling hopes  
 Exchanged—to equalise in God's pure  
 sight  
 Monarch and peasant: be the house re-  
 deemed  
 With its unworldly votaries, for the sake  
 Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved  
 Through faith and meditative reason,  
 resting  
 Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,  
 Calmly triumphant; and for humbler  
 claim  
 Of that imaginative impulse sent  
 From these majestic floods, yon shining  
 cliffs,  
 The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,  
 Cerulean's ether's pure inhabitants,  
 These forests unapproachable by death,  
 That shall endure as long as man endures,  
 To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,  
 To struggle, to be lost within himself  
 In trepidation, from the blank abyss  
 To look with bodily eyes, and be con-  
 soled."  
 Not seldom since that moment have I  
 wished  
 That thou, O Friend! the trouble or the  
 calm  
 Hadst shared, when, from profane regards  
 apart,  
 In sympathetic reverence we trod  
 The floors of those dim cloisters, till that  
 hour,  
 From their foundation, strangers to the  
 presence  
 Of unrestricted and unthinking man.  
 Abroad, how cheerfully the sunshine lay  
 Upon the open lawns! Vallombre's  
 groves  
 Entering, we fed the soul with darkness;  
 thence  
 Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,  
 In different quarters of the bending sky,  
 The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if

Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there.  
 Memorial revered by a thousand  
 storms;  
 Yet then, from the indiscriminating sweep  
 And rage of one State whirlwind, insecure.

'Tis not my present purpose to retrace  
 That variegated journey step by step.  
 A march it was of military speed,  
 And Earth did change her images and  
 forms  
 Before us, fast as clouds are changed in  
 heaven.  
 Day after day, up early and down late,  
 From hill to vale we dropped, from vale  
 to hill  
 Mounted—from province on to province  
 swept,  
 Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen  
 weeks,  
 Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship  
 Upon the stretch, when winds are blowing  
 fair;  
 Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life,  
 Enticing valleys, greeted them and left  
 Too soon, while yet the very flash and  
 gleam  
 Of salutation were not passed away.  
 Oh! sorrow for the youth who could have  
 seen  
 Unchastened, unsubdued, unawed, un-  
 raised  
 To patriarchal dignity of mind,  
 And pure simplicity of wish and will,  
 Those sanctified abodes of peaceful man,  
 Pleased (though to hardship born, and  
 compassed round  
 With danger, varying as the seasons  
 change),  
 Pleased with his daily task, or, if not  
 pleased,  
 Contented, from the moment that the  
 dawn  
 (Ah! surely not without attendant gleams  
 Of soul-illumination) calls him forth  
 To industry, by glistenings flung on rocks.  
 Whose evening shadows lead him to  
 repose.

Well might a stranger look with bound-  
 ing heart  
 Down on a green recess, the first I saw  
 Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal vale,  
 Quiet and lorded over and possessed,

Under 115—

The vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy,  
 Upon the bosom of the gentle Saône  
 We glided forward with the flowing stream  
 Swift Rhone! thou wert the wings on which we cut  
 A winding passage with majestic ease  
 Between thy lofty rocks Enchanting show  
 Those woods and farms and orchards did present,  
 And single cottages and lurking towns,  
 Reach after reach, succession without end  
 Of deep and stately vales! A lonely pair  
 Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed along.  
 Clustered together with a merry crowd  
 Of those emancipated, a blithe host  
 Of travellers, chiefly delegates returning  
 From the great spousals newly solemnized  
 At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven  
 Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees;  
 Some vapoured in the untruliness of joy,  
 And with their swords flourished as if to fight  
 The saucy air. In this proud company  
 We landed—took with them our evening meal,  
 Guests welcome almost as the angels were  
 To Abraham of old. The supper done,  
 With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts  
 We rose at signal given, and formed a ring  
 And, hand in hand, danced round and round the board;  
 All hearts were open, every tongue was loud  
 With amity and glee; we bore a name  
 Honoured in France, the name of Englishmen,  
 And hospitably did they give us hail,  
 As their forerunners in a glorious course;  
 And round and round the board we danced again.  
 With these blithe friends our voyage we renewed  
 At early dawn. The monastery bells  
 Made a sweet jangling in our youthful ears,  
 The rapid river flowing without noise,  
 And each uprising or receding spire

Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals  
 Touching the heart amid the boisterous crew  
 By whom we were encompassed Taking leave  
 Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side by side,  
 Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued  
 Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set  
 Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and there  
 Rested within an awful *solitude*.  
 Yes, for even then no other than a place  
 Of soul-affecting *solitude* appeared  
 That far-famed region, though our eyes had seen,  
 As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,  
 Arms flashing, and a military glare  
 Of riotous men commissioned to expel  
 The blameless inmates, and belike subvert  
 That frame of social being, which so long  
 Had bodied forth the ghostliness of things  
 In silence visible and perpetual calm  
 —“Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!”—  
 The voice  
 Was Nature’s, uttered from her Alpine throne;  
 I heard it then, and seem to hear it now—  
 “Your impious work forbear, perish what may,  
 Let this one temple last, be this one spot  
 Of earth devoted to eternity!”  
 She ceased to speak, but while St Bruno’s pines  
 Waved their dark tops, not silent as they waved,  
 And while below, along their several beds,  
 Murmured the sister streams of Life and Death,  
 Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my heart  
 Responded; “Honour to the patriot’s zeal!  
 Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!  
 Hail to the mighty projects of the time!  
 Discerning sword that Justice wields, do thou  
 Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging fires,  
 Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,  
 Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.

Came in reply, translated by our feelings,  
 Ended in this,—*that we had crossed the Alps.*

Imagination—here the Power so called  
 Through sad incompetence of human  
 speech.

That awful Power rose from the mind's  
 abyss

Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,  
 At once, some lonely traveller. I was  
 lost;

Halted without an effort to break through;  
 But to my conscious soul I now can say—  
 "I recognise thy glory:" in such strength  
 Of usurpation, when the light of sense  
 Goes out, but with a flash that has re-  
 vealed

The invisible world, doth greatness make  
 abode.

There harbours; whether we be young or  
 old,

Our destiny, our being's heart and home,  
 Is with infinitude, and only there;  
 With hope it is, hope that can never die,  
 Effort, and expectation, and desire,  
 And something evermore about to be.  
 Under such banners militant, the soul  
 Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no  
 spoils

That may attest her prowess, blest in  
 thoughts

That are their own perfection and reward,  
 Strong in herself and in beatitude  
 That hides her, like the mighty flood of  
 Nile

Poured from his fount of Abyssinian  
 clouds

To fertilise the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensue  
 Upon those tidings by the peasant given  
 Was soon dislodged. Downwards we  
 hurried fast,  
 And, with the half-shaped rock <sup>which</sup> we  
 had missed.

Entered a narrow chasm. The brook and  
 road

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy  
 strait,

And with them did we journey several  
 hours

At a slow pace. The immeasurable height  
 of woods decaying, never to be decayed,

The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
 And in the narrow rent at every turn  
 Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and  
 forlorn,

The torrents shooting from the clear blue  
 sky,

The rocks that muttered close upon our  
 ears,

Black drizzling crags that spake by the  
 way-side

As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
 The unfettered clouds and region of the  
 Heavens,

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the  
 light—

Were all like workings of one mind, the  
 features

Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;  
 Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
 The types and symbols of Eternity,  
 Of first, and last, and midst, and without  
 end.

That night our lodging was a house  
 that stood

Alone, within the valley, at a point  
 Where, tumbling from aloft, a torrent  
 swelled

The rapid stream whose margin we had  
 trod;

A dreary mansion, large beyond all need,  
 With high and spacious rooms, deafened  
 and stunned

By noise of waters, making innocent sleep  
 Lie melancholy among weary bones.

Uprisen betimes, our journey we re-  
 newed,

Led by the stream, ere noon-day magnified  
 Into a lordly river, broad and deep,

Dimpling along in silent majesty,  
 With mountains for its neighbours, and in  
 view

Of distant mountains and their snowy  
 tops,

And thus proceeding to Locarno's Lake.  
 Fit resting-place for such a visitant.

Locarno! spreading out in width like  
 Heaven,

How dost thou cleave to the poetic heart.  
 Bask in the sunshine of the memory;

And Como! thou, a treasure whom the  
 earth

By naked huts, wood-built, and sown like  
tents  
Or Indian cabins over the fresh lawns  
And by the river side.

That very day,  
From a bare ridge we also first beheld  
Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and  
grieved

To have a soulless image on the eye  
That had usurped upon a living thought  
That never more could be. The wondrous  
Vale

Of Chamouny stretched far below, and  
soon

With its dumb cataacts and streams or  
ice,

A motionless array of mighty waves,  
Five rivers broad and vast, made rich  
amends,

And reconciled us to realities ;  
There small birds warble from the leafy  
trees,

The eagle soars high in the element,  
There doth the reaper bind the yellow  
sheaf,

The maiden spread the haycock in the  
sun,

While Winter like a well-tamed lion  
walks,

Descending from the mountain to make  
sport

Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

Whate'er in this wide circuit we beheld,  
Or heard, was fitted to our unripe state  
Of intellect and heart. With such a book  
Before our eyes, we could not choose but  
read

Lessons of genuine brotherhood, the plain  
And universal reason of mankind,  
The truths of young and old. Nor, side  
by side

Pacing, to social pilgrims, or alone  
Each with his humour, could we fail to  
abound

In dreams and fictions, pensively com-  
posed :

Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,  
And gilded sympathies, the willow  
weath,

And sober posies of funeral flowers,  
Gathered among those solitudes sublime  
From formal gardens of the lady Sorrow,  
Did sweeten many a meditative hour

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries  
Mixed something of stern mood, an  
under-thirst

Of vigour seldom utterly allayed :  
And from that source how different a sad-  
ness

Would issue, let one incident make  
known.

When from the Vallais we had turned,  
and clomb

Along the Simplon's steep and rugged  
road,

Following a band of muleteers, we reached  
A halting-place, where all together took  
Their noon-tide meal. Hastily rose our  
guide,

Leaving us at the board ; awhile we  
lingered,

Then paced the beaten downward way  
that led

Right to a rough stream's edge, and there  
broke off ;

The only track now visible was one  
That from the torrent's further brink held  
forth

Conspicuous invitation to ascend  
A lofty mountain. After brief delay  
Crossing the unbridged stream, that road  
we took,

And clomb with eagerness, till anxious  
fears

Intruded, for we failed to overtake  
Our comrades gone before. By fortunate  
chance,

While every moment added doubt to  
doubt,

A peasant met us, from whose mouth we  
learned

That to the spot which had perplexed us  
first

We must descend, and there should find  
the road,

Which in the stony channel of the stream  
Lay a few steps, and then along its banks ;  
And, that our future course, all plain to  
sight,

Was downwards, with the current of that  
stream.

Loth to believe what we so grieved to hear,  
For still we had hopes that pointed to  
the clouds,

We questioned him again, and yet again ;  
But every word that from the peasant's  
lips

But here I must break off, and bid  
farewell  
To days, each offering some new sight, or  
fraught  
With some untried adventure, in a course  
Prolonged till sprinklings of autumnal  
snow  
Checked our unwearied steps. Let this  
alone  
Be mentioned as a parting word, that not  
In hollow exultation, dealing out  
Hyperboles of praise comparative;  
Not rich one moment to be poor for  
ever;  
Not prostrate, overborne, as if the mind  
Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner  
On outward forms—did we in presence  
stand  
Of that magnificent region. On the front  
Of this whole Song is written that my  
heart  
Must, in such Temple, needs have offered  
up

A different worship. Finally, what'er  
I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream  
That flowed into a kindred stream; a gale,  
Confederate with the current of the soul,  
To speed my voyage; every sound or  
sight,

In its degree of power, administered  
To grandeur or to tenderness,—to the one  
Directly, but to tender thoughts by means  
Less often instantaneous in effect;  
Led me to these by paths that, in the  
main,

Were more circuitous, but not less sure  
Duly to reach the point marked out by  
Heaven.

Oh, most beloved Friend! a glorious  
time.

A happy time that was; triumphant looks  
Were then the common language of all  
eyes;

As if awaked from sleep, the Nations  
hailed

Their great expectancy: the fife of war  
Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,  
A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.  
We left the Swiss exulting in the sever  
Of their near neighbours; the  
shortening fast

Our pilgrimage, nor distant ~~able h~~ from  
home,

We crossed the Brabant armies on the  
fret

For battle in the cause of Liberty.  
A stripling, scarcely of the household then  
Of social life, I looked upon these things  
As from a distance; heard, and saw, and  
felt,

Was touched, but with no intimate con-  
cern;

I seemed to move along them, as a bird  
Moves through the air, or as a fish  
pursues

Its sport, or feeds in its proper element;  
I wanted not that joy, I did not need  
Such help; the ever-living universe,  
Turn where I might, was opening out its  
glories,

And the independent spirit of pure youth  
Called forth, at every season, new delights.  
Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er  
green fields.

## BOOK SEVENTH.

### RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

Six changeful years have vanished since  
I first

Poured out (saluted by that quickening  
breeze

Which met me issuing from the City's\*  
walls)

A glad preamble to this Verse: I sang  
Aloud, with fervour irresistible  
Of short-lived transport, like a torrent  
bursting,

From a black thunder-cloud, down Sea-  
fell's side

To rush and disappear. But soon broke  
forth

(So willed the Muse) a less impetuous  
stream,

That flowed awhile with unabating  
strength,

Then stopped for years; not audible  
again

Before last primrose-time. Belovèd  
Friend!

The assurance which then cheered some  
heavy thoughts

\* The City of Goslar in Lower Saxony.



Keeps to herself, confined as in a depth  
 Of Abyssinian privacy. I spake  
 Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden  
 plots  
 Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed  
 maids ;  
 Thy lofty steep, and pathways roofed  
 with vines,  
 Winding from house to house, from town  
 to town,  
 Sole link that binds them to each other ;  
 walks,  
 League after league, and cloistral avenues,  
 Where silence dwells if music be not  
 there ;  
 While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,  
 Through fond ambition of that hour, I  
 strove  
 To chant your praise ; nor can approach  
 you now  
 Ungreeted by a more melodious Song,  
 Where tones of Nature smoothed by  
 learned Art  
 May flow in lasting current. Like a  
 breeze  
 Or sunbeam over your domain I passed  
 In motion without pause ; but ye have left  
 Your beauty with me, a serene accord  
 Of forms and colours, passive, yet en-  
 dowed  
 In their submissiveness with power as  
 sweet  
 And gracious, almost might I dare to say,  
 As virtue is, or goodness ; sweet as love,  
 Or the remembrance of a generous deed,  
 Or mildest visitations of pure thought,  
 When God, the giver of all joy, is thanked  
 Religiously, in silent blessedness ;  
 Sweet as this last herself, for such it is.

With those delightful pathways we ad-  
 vanced,  
 For two days' space, in presence of the  
 Lake,  
 That, stretching far among the Alps,  
 assumed  
 A character more stern. The second  
 night,  
 From sleep awakened, and misled by  
 sound  
 Of the church clock telling the hours with  
 strokes  
 Whose import then we had not learned,  
 we rose

By moonlight, doubting not that day was  
 nigh,  
 And that meanwhiel, by no uncertain  
 path,  
 Along the winding margin of the lake,  
 Led, as before, we should behold the  
 scene,  
 Hushed in profound repose. We left the  
 town  
 Of Gravedona with this hope ; but soon  
 Were lost, bewildered among woods im-  
 mense,  
 And on a rock sate down, to wait for day.  
 An open place it was, and overlooked,  
 From high, the sullen water far beneath,  
 On which a dull red image of the moon  
 Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form  
 Like an uneasy snake. From hour to  
 hour  
 We sate and sate, wondering as if the  
 night  
 Had been ensnared by witchcraft. On  
 the rock  
 At last we stretched our weary limbs for  
 sleep,  
 But *could not* sleep, tormented by the  
 stings  
 Of insects, which with noise like that of  
 noon  
 Filled all the woods : the cry of unknown  
 birds ;  
 The mountains more by blackness visible  
 And their own size, than any outward  
 light ;  
 The breathless wilderness of clouds ; the  
 clock  
 That told, with unintelligible voice,  
 The widely parted hours ; the noise of  
 streams,  
 And sometimes rustling motions nigh at  
 hand,  
 That did not leave us free from personal  
 fear :  
 And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that  
 set  
 Before us, while she still was high in  
 heaven ;—  
 These were our food ; and such a summer's  
 night  
 Followed that pair of golden days that  
 shed  
 On Como's Lake, and all that round it  
 lay,  
 Their fairest, softest, happiest influence,

Among Tartarian wilds—fell short, far  
 short,  
 Of what my fond simplicity believed  
 And thought of London—held me by a  
 chain  
 Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.  
 Whether the bolt of childhood's Fancy  
 shot  
 For me beyond its ordinary mark,  
 'Twere vain to ask; but in our flock of  
 boys  
 Was One, a cripple from his birth, whom  
 chance  
 Summoned from school to London;  
 fortunate  
 And envied traveller! When the Boy  
 returned,  
 After short absence, curiously I scanned  
 His mien and person, nor was free, in  
 sooth,  
 From disappointment, not to find some  
 change  
 In look and air, from that new region  
 brought,  
 As if from Fairy-land. Much I ques-  
 tioned him;  
 And every word he uttered, on my ears  
 Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note,  
 That answers unexpectedly awry,  
 And mocks the prompter's listening.  
 Marvellous things  
 Had vanity (quick Spirit that appears  
 Almost as deeply seated and as strong  
 In a Child's heart as fear itself) con-  
 ceived  
 For my enjoyment. Would that I could  
 now  
 Recall what then I pictured to myself,  
 Of mitred Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,  
 The King, and the King's Palace, and,  
 not last,  
 Nor least, Heaven bless him! the re-  
 nowned Lord Mayor:  
 Dreams not unlike to those which once  
 begat  
 A change of purpose in young Whit-  
 ington,  
 When he, a friendless and a drooping  
 boy,  
 Sate on a stone, and heard the bells  
 speak out  
 Articulate music. Above all, one thought  
 Baffled my understanding: how men  
 lived

Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet  
 still  
 Strangers, not knowing each the other's  
 name.

O, wond'rous power of words, by simple  
 faith  
 Licensed to take the meaning that we  
 love!  
 Vauxhall and Ranelagh! I then had  
 heard  
 Of your green groves, and wilderness of  
 lamps  
 Dimming the stars, and fireworks magical,  
 And gorgeous ladies, under splendid  
 domes,  
 Floating in dance, or warbling high in air  
 The songs of spirits! Nor had Fancy  
 fed  
 With less delight upon that other class  
 Of marvels, broad-day wonders perma-  
 nent:  
 The River proudly bridged; the dizzy top  
 And Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's;  
 the tombs  
 Of Westminster; the Giants of Guild-  
 hall;  
 Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the  
 gates,  
 Perpetually recumbent; Statues—man,  
 And the horse under him—in gilded pomp  
 Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vast  
 squares;  
 The Monument, and that Chamber of the  
 Tower  
 Where England's sovereigns sit in long  
 array,  
 Their steeds bestriding,—every mimic  
 shape  
 Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch  
 wore,  
 Whether for gorgeous tournament ad-  
 dressed,  
 Or life or death upon the battle-field.  
 Those bold imaginations in due time  
 Had vanished, leaving others in their  
 stead:  
 And now I looked upon the living scene;  
 Familiarly perused it; oftentimes,  
 In spite of strongest disappointment,  
 pleased  
 Through courteous self-submission, as a  
 tax  
 Paid to the object by prescriptive right.

On thy departure to a foreign land  
 Has failed; too slowly moves the promised  
 work.  
 Through the whole summer have I been  
 at rest,  
 Partly from voluntary holiday,  
 And part through outward hindrance.  
 But I heard,  
 After the hour of sunset yester-even,  
 Sitting within doors between light and  
 dark,  
 A choir of redbreasts gathered somewhere  
 near  
 My threshold,—minstrels from the distant  
 woods  
 Sent in on Winter's service, to announce,  
 With preparation artful and benign,  
 That the rough lord had left the surly  
 North  
 On his accustomed journey. The delight,  
 Due to this timely notice, unawares  
 Smote me, and, listening, I in whispers  
 said,  
 "Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will  
 be  
 Associates, and, unscared by blustering  
 winds,  
 Will chant together." Thereafter, as the  
 shades  
 Of twilight deepened, going forth, I spied  
 A glow-worm underneath a dusky plume  
 Or canopy of yet unwithered fern,  
 Clear-shining, like a hermit's taper seen  
 Through a thick forest. Silence touched  
 me here  
 No less than sound had done before; the  
 child  
 Of Summer, lingering, shining, by herself,  
 The voiceless worm on the unfrequented  
 hills,  
 Seemed sent on the same errand with the  
 choir  
 Of Winter that had wailed at my door,  
 And the whole year breathed tenderness  
 and love.

The last night's genial feeling over-  
 flowed  
 Upon this morning, and my favourite  
 grove,  
 Tossing in sunshine its dark boughs  
 aloft,  
 As if to make the strong wind visible,  
 Wakes in me agitations like its own,

A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,  
 Which we will now resume with lively  
 hope,  
 Nor checked by aught of tamer argument,  
 That lies before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion, soon I  
 bade  
 Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats  
 Of gowned students, quitted hall and  
 bower,  
 And every comfort of that privileged  
 ground,  
 Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent  
 among  
 The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of  
 life  
 I should adhere, and seeming to possess  
 A little space of intermediate time  
 At full command, to London first I turned,  
 In no disturbance of excessive hope,  
 By personal ambition unenslaved,  
 Frugal as there was need, and, though  
 self-willed,  
 From dangerous passions free. Three  
 years had flown  
 Since I had felt in heart and soul the  
 shock  
 Of the huge town's first presence, and  
 had paced  
 Her endless streets, a transient visitant:  
 Now, fixed amid that concourse of man-  
 kind  
 Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,  
 And life and labour seemed but one, I  
 filled  
 An idler's place; an idler well content  
 To have a house (what matter for a  
 home?)  
 That owned him; living cheerfully abroad  
 With unchecked fancy ever on the stir,  
 And all my young affections out of doors.

There was a time when whatsoever is  
 feigned  
 Of airy palaces, and gardens built  
 By Genii of romance; or hath in grave  
 Authentic history been sent forth of Rome,  
 Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis;  
 Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,  
 Of golden cities ten months' journey  
 deep

Enough ;—the mighty concourse I surveyed  
 With no unthinking mind, well pleased to note  
 Among the crowd all specimens of man,  
 Through all the colours which the sun bestows,  
 And every character of form and face :  
 The Swede, the Russian ; from the genial south,  
 The Frenchman and the Spaniard ; from remote  
 America, the Hunter-Indian ; Moors,  
 Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,  
 And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns.

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to day,  
 The spectacles within doors,—birds and beasts  
 Of every nature, and strange plants convened  
 From every clime ; and, next, those sights that ape  
 The absolute presence of reality,  
 Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,  
 And what earth is, and what she has to show.

I do not here allude to subtlest craft,  
 By means refined attaining purest ends,  
 But imitations, fondly made in plain  
 Confession of man's weakness and his loves.

Whether the Painter, whose ambitious skill

Submits to nothing less than taking in  
 A whole horizon's circuit, do with power,  
 Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,

Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,  
 Or in a ship on waters, with a world  
 Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,  
 Above, behind, far stretching and before ;  
 Or more mechanic artist represent  
 By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,  
 From blended colours also borrowing help,

Some miniature of famous spots or things,—

St. Peter's Church ; or, more aspiring aim,  
 In microscopic vision, Rome herself ;

Or, haply, some choice rural haunt,—the Falls

Tivoli ; and, high upon that steep,

The Sibyl's mouldering Temple ! every tree,  
 Villa, or cottage, lurking among rocks  
 Throughout the landscape ; tuft, stone, scratch minute—  
 All that the traveller sees when he is there.

Add to these exhibitions, mute and still,  
 Others of wider scope, where living men,  
 Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,  
 Diversified the allurement. Need I fear  
 To mention by its name, as in degree,  
 Lowest of these and humblest in attempt:  
 Yet richly graced with honours of her own,  
 Half-rural Sadler's Wells ? Though at that time

Intolerant, as is the way of youth  
 Unless itself be pleased, here more than once

Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add,  
 With ample recompense) giants and dwarfs,

Clowns, conjurors, posture-masters, harlequins,

Amid the uproar of the rabblement,  
 Perform their feats. Nor was it mean delight

To watch crude Nature work in untaught minds ;

To note the laws and progress of belief ;  
 Though obstinate on this way, yet on that  
 How willingly we travel, and how far !  
 To have, for instance, brought upon the scene

The champion, Jack the Giant-killer : Lo !  
 He dons his coat of darkness : on the stage

Walks, and achieves his wonders, from the eye

Of living Mortal covert, "as the moon  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

Delusion bold ! and how can it be wrought :  
 The garb he wears is black as death, the word

"Invisible" flames forth upon his chest.

Here, too, were "forms and pressures of the time,"

Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displeased  
 When Art was young ; dramas of living men,

And recent things yet warm with life ; a sea-fight,

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain  
Of a too busy world ! Before me flow,  
Thou endless stream of men and moving things !

Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—  
With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe—

On strangers, of all ages ; the quick dance  
Of colours, lights, and forms ; the deafening din ;

The comers and the goers face to face,  
Face after face ; the string of dazzling wares,

Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names.

And all the tradesman's honours overhead :

Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page,  
With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,

Stationed above the door, like guardian saints ;

There, allegoric shapes, female or male,  
Or physiognomies of real men.

Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,

Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attractive head

Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,

Escaped as from an enemy, we turn abruptly into some sequestered nook,  
Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud !

At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,

And sights and sounds that come at intervals,

We take our way. A raree-show is here,  
With children gathered round ; another street

presents a company of dancing dogs,  
Or dromedary, with an antic pair

Of monkeys on his back ; a minstrel band  
Of Savoyards ; or, single and alone,

an English ballad-singer. Private courts,  
gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes

thrilled by some female vendor's scream,  
belike

the very shrillest of all London cries,  
lay then entangle our impatient steps ;

Conducted through those labyrinths, un-  
awares,  
To privileged regions and inviolate,  
Where from their airy lodges studious  
lawyers  
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens  
green.

Thence back into the throng, until we reach,

Following the tide that slackens by degrees,

Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets

Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.

Here files of ballads dangle from dead

walls ;

Advertisements, of giant-size, from high  
Press forward, in all colours, on the sight ;

These, bold in conscious merit, lower  
down ;

That, fronted with a most imposing word,  
Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.

As on the broadening causeway we advance,

Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong

In lineaments, and red with over-toil.

'Tis one encountered here and everywhere ;

A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,  
And stumping on his arms. In sailor's

garb

Another lies at length, beside a range  
Of well-formed characters, with chalk

inscribed

Upon the smooth flat stones : the Nurse  
is here,

The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,  
The military Idle, and the Dame,

That field-ward takes her walk with  
decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening  
hubbub, where

See, among less distinguishable shapes,  
The begging scavenger, with hat in hand ;

The Italian, as he thruds his way with care,  
Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images

Upon his head ; with basket at his breast  
The Jew ; the stately and slow-moving  
Turk,  
With freight of slippers piled beneath his  
arm !

While oaths and laughter and indecent  
speech

Were rife about him as the songs of birds  
Contending after showers. The mother  
now

Is fading out of memory, but I see  
The lovely Boy as I beheld him then  
Among the wretched and the falsely gay,  
Like one of those who walked with hair  
unsinged

Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and  
spells

Muttered on black and spiteful instigation  
Have stopped, as some believe, the kind-  
liest growths.

Ah, with how different spirit might a  
prayer

Have been preferred, that this fair crea-  
ture, checked

By special privilege of Nature's love,  
Should in his childhood be detained for  
ever!

But with its universal freight the tide  
Hath rolled along, and this bright inno-  
cent.

Mary! may now have lived till he could  
look

With envy on thy nameless babe that  
sleeps,

Beside the mountain-chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then  
been told

Since, travelling southward from our  
pastoral hills,

I heard, and for the first time in my life,  
The voice of woman utter blasphemy—  
Saw woman as she is, to open shame  
Abandoned, and the pride of public vice :  
I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once  
Thrown in, that from humanity divorced  
Humanity, splitting the race of man  
In twain, yet leaving the same outward  
form.

Distress of mind ensued upon the sight,  
And ardent meditation. Later years  
Brought to such spectacle a milder sad-  
ness,

Feelings of pure commiseration, grief  
For the individual and the overthrow  
Of her soul's beauty ; farther I was then  
But seldom led, or wished to go ; in truth  
The sorrow of the passion stopped me  
there.

But let me now, less moved, in order  
take

Our argument. Enough is said to show  
How casual incidents of real life,  
Observed where pastime only had been  
sought,

Outweighed, or put to flight, the set  
events

And measured passions of the stage,  
albeit

By Siddons trod in the fulness of her  
power.

Yet was the theatre my dear delight ;  
The very gilding, lanips and painted  
scrolls,

And all the mean upholstery of the place.  
Wanted not animation, when the tide  
Of pleasure ebbed but to return as fast

With the ever-shifting figures of the  
scene,

Solemn or gay : whether some beauteous  
dame

Advanced in radiance through a deep  
recess

Of thick entangled forest, like the moon  
Opening the clouds ; or sovereign king,  
announced

With flourishing trumpet, came in full-  
blown state

Of the world's greatness, winding round  
with train

Of courtiers, banners, and a length of  
guards ;

Or captive led in abject weeds, and  
jingling

His slender manacles ; or romping girl  
Bounced, leapt, and pawed the air ; or  
mumbling sire,

A scare-crow pattern of old age dressed up  
In all the tatters of infirmity

All loosely put together, hobbled in.  
Stumping upon a cane with which he  
smites,

From time to time, the solid boards, and  
makes them

Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabout.  
Of one so overloaded with his years.

But what of this ! the laugh, the grin  
grimace.

The antics striving to outstrip each other.  
Were all received, the least of them not  
lost.

With an unmeasured welcome. Through  
the night,

Shipwreck, or some domestic incident  
 Divulged by Truth and magnified by  
 Fame ;  
 Such as the daring brotherhood of late  
 Set forth, too serious theme for that light  
 place—  
 I mean, O distant Friend ! a story drawn  
 From our own ground,—the Maid of  
 Buttermere,—  
 And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife  
 Deserted and deceived, the Spoiler came  
 And wooed the artless daughter of the  
 hills,  
 And wedded her, in cruel mockery  
 Of love and marriage bonds. These words  
 to thee  
 Must needs bring back the moment when  
 we first,  
 Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's  
 name,  
 Beheld her serving at the cottage inn ;  
 Both stricken, as she entered or with-  
 drew  
 With admiration of her modest mien  
 And carriage, marked by unexampled  
 grace.  
 We since that time not unfamiliarly  
 Have seen her,—her discretion have  
 observed,  
 Her just opinions, delicate reserve,  
 Her patience, and humility of mind  
 Unspoiled by commendation and the  
 excess  
 Of public notice—an offensive light  
 To a meek spirit suffering inwardly.

From this memorial tribute to my theme  
 was returning, when, with sundry forms  
 commingled—shapes which met me in  
 the way  
 That we must tread—thy image rose  
 again,  
 Maiden of Buttermere ! She lives in  
 peace  
 Upon the spot where she was born and  
 reared ;  
 Without contamination doth she live  
 in quietness, without anxiety :  
 Beside the mountain-chapel, sleeps in  
 earth  
 Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb  
 That, thither driven from some unsheltered  
 place,  
 Rests underneath the little rock-like pile

When storms are raging. Happy are  
 they both—  
 Mother and child !—These feelings, in  
 themselves  
 Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I  
 think  
 On those ingenuous moments of our youth  
 Ere we have learnt by use to slight the  
 crimes  
 And sorrows of the world. Those simple  
 days  
 Are now my theme ; and, foremost of the  
 scenes,  
 Which yet survive in memory, appears  
 One, at whose centre sate a lovely Boy,  
 A sportive infant, who, for six months'  
 space,  
 Not more, had been of age to deal about  
 Articulate prattle—Child as beautiful  
 As ever clung around a mother's neck,  
 Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.  
 There, too, conspicuous for stature tall  
 And large dark eyes, beside her infant  
 stood  
 The mother ; but, upon her cheeks dif-  
 fused,  
 False tints too well accorded with the  
 glare  
 From play-house lustres thrown without  
 reserve  
 On every object near. The Boy had been  
 The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on  
 In whatsoever place, but seemed in this  
 A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.  
 Of lusty vigour, more than infantine  
 He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose  
 Just three parts blown—a cottage-child—  
 if e'er,  
 By cottage-door on breezy mountain-side,  
 Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a  
 babe  
 By Nature's gift so favoured. Upon a  
 board  
 Decked with refreshments had this child  
 been placed,  
 His little stage in the vast theatre,  
 And there he sate surrounded with a  
 throng  
 Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute  
 men  
 And shameless women, treated and  
 caressed ;  
 Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses  
 played,

Thrice welcome Presence! how can patience e'er  
 Grow weary of attending on a track  
 That kindles with such glory! All are charmed,  
 Astonished; like a hero in romance,  
 He winds away his never-ending horn;  
 Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense;  
 What memory and what logic! till the strain  
 Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,  
 Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.

Genius of Burke! forgive the pen seduced  
 By specious wonders, and too slow to tell  
 Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered men,  
 Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,  
 And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,  
 Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent tongue—  
 Now mute, for ever mute in the cold grave.  
 I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—  
 Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches start  
 Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe  
 The younger brethren of the grove. But some—  
 While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,  
 Against all systems built on abstract rights,  
 Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims  
 Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;  
 Declares the vital power of social ties  
 Endear'd by Custom; and with high disdain,  
 Exploding upstart Theory, insists  
 Upon the allegiance to which men are born—  
 Some—say at once a froward multitude—  
 Murmur (for truth is hated, where not loved)  
 As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,  
 Galled by their monarch's chain. The times were big  
 With ominous change, which, night by night, provoked

Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion raised;  
 But memorable moments intervened,  
 When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove's brain,  
 Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,  
 Startling the Synod. Could a youth, and one  
 In ancient story versed, whose breast had heaved  
 Under the weight of classic eloquence,  
 Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired?

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail  
 To achieve its higher triumph. Not unfelt  
 Were its admonishments, 'nor lightly heard  
 The awful truths delivered thence by tongues  
 Endowed with various power to search the soul;  
 Yet ostentation, domineering, oft  
 Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of place!—  
 There have I seen a comely bachelor,  
 Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend  
 His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up  
 And, in a tone elaborately low  
 Beginning, lead his voice through many a maze  
 A minuet course; and, winding up his mouth,  
 From time to time, into an orifice  
 Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,  
 And only not invisible, again  
 Open it out, diffusing thence a smile  
 Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.  
 Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,  
 Moses, and he who penned, the other day,  
 The Death of Abel, Shakspeare, and the Bard  
 Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy theme  
 With fancies thick as his inspiring stars.  
 And Ossian (doubt not—'tis the naked truth)  
 Summoned from streamy Morven—each and all  
 Would, in their turns, lend ornament and flowers  
 To entwine the crook of eloquence the help'd



Between the show; and many-headed  
 mass  
 Of the spectators, and each several nook  
 Filled with its fray or brawl, how eagerly  
 And with what flashes, as it were, the  
 mind  
 Turned this way—that way! sportive and  
 alert  
 And watchful, as a kitten when at play,  
 While winds are eddying round her,  
 among straws  
 And rustling leaves. Enchanting age and  
 sweet!  
 Romantic almost, looked at through a  
 space,  
 How small, of intervening years! For  
 then,  
 Though surely no mean progress had been  
 made  
 In meditations holy and sublime,  
 Yet something of a girlish child-like gloss  
 Of novelty survived for scenes like these;  
 Enjoyment haply handed down from  
 times  
 When at a country-playhouse, some rude  
 barn  
 Tricked out for that proud use, if I per-  
 chance  
 Caught, on a summer evening through a  
 chink  
 In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse  
 Of daylight, the bare thought of where I  
 was  
 Gladdened me more than if I had been  
 led  
 Into a dazzling cavern of romance,  
 Crowded with Genii busy among works  
 Not to be looked at by the common sun.

The matter that detains us now may  
 seem,  
 To many, neither dignified enough  
 Nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by  
 them,  
 Who, looking inward, have observed the  
 ties  
 That bind the perishable hours of life  
 Each to the other, and the curious props  
 By which the world of memory and  
 thought  
 Exists and is sustained. More lofty  
 themes,  
 Such as at least do wear a prouder face,  
 Solicit our regard; but when I think

Of these, I feel the imaginative power  
 Languish within me; even then it slept,  
 When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the  
 heart  
 Was more than full; amid my sobs and  
 tears  
 It slept, even in the pregnant season of  
 youth.  
 For though I was most passionately moved  
 And yielded to all changes of the scene  
 With an obsequious promptness, yet the  
 storm  
 Passed not beyond the suburbs of the  
 mind;  
 Save when realities of act and mien,  
 The incarnation of the spirits that move  
 In harmony amid the Poet's world,  
 Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth  
 By power of contrast, made me recognise,  
 As at a glance, the things which I had  
 shaped,  
 And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely  
 seen,  
 When, having closed the mighty Shak-  
 speare's page,  
 I mused, and thought, and felt, in soli-  
 tude.

Pass we from entertainments, that are  
 such  
 Professedly, to others titled higher,  
 Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,  
 More near akin to those than names  
 imply,—  
 I mean the brawls of lawyers in their  
 courts  
 Before the ermined judge, or that great  
 stage  
 Where senators, tongue-favoured men,  
 perform.  
 Admired and envied. Oh! the beating  
 heart,  
 When one among the prime of these rose  
 up,—  
 One, of whose name from childhood we  
 had heard  
 Familiarly, a household term, like those,  
 The Bedfords, Glosters, Salisburys, of old  
 Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence!  
 hush!

This is no trifle, no short-flighted wit,  
 No stammerer of a minute, painfully  
 Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked  
 The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:

Caught by the spectacle my mind turned  
round

As with the might of waters ; an apt type  
This label seemed of the utmost we can  
know.

Both of ourselves and of the universe :  
And, on the shape of that unmoving man.  
His steadfast face and sightless eyes,  
I gazed,  
As if admonished from another world.

Though reared upon the base of out-  
ward things,  
Structures like these the excited spirit  
mainly

Builds for herself ; scenes different there  
are,

Full-formed, that take, with small internal  
help,

Possession of the faculties,—the peace  
That comes with night ; the deep solemn-  
ity

Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,  
When the great tide of human life stands  
still ;

The business of the day to come, unborn,  
Of that gone by, locked up, as in the  
grave ;

The blended calmness of the heavens and  
earth,

Moonlight and stars, and empty streets,  
and sounds

Unfrequent as in deserts ; at late hours  
Of winter evenings, when unwholesome  
rains

Are falling hard, with people yet astir,  
The feeble salutation from the voice  
Of some unhappy woman, now and then  
Heard as we pass, when no one looks  
about,

Nothing is listened to. But these, I fear,  
Are falsely catalogued ; things that are,  
are not,  
As the mind answers to them, or the  
heart

Is prompt, or slow, to feel. What say  
you, then,

To times, when half the city shall break  
out

Full of one passion, vengeance, rage, or  
fear ?

To executions, to a street on fire.

Mobs, riots, or rejoicings ? From these  
sights

Take one,—that ancient festival, the Fair,  
Held where martyrs suffered in past  
time,

And named of St. Bartholomew ; there,  
see

A work completed to our hands, that  
lays,

If any spectacle on earth can do,  
The whole creative powers of man asleep!—  
For once, the Muse's help will we implore.  
And she shall lodge us, wafted on her  
wings,

Above the press and danger of the crowd  
Upon some showman's platform. What  
a shock

For eyes and ears ! what anarchy and  
din,

Barbarian and infernal,—a phantasma,  
Monstrous in colour, motion, shape, sight,  
sound !

Below, the open space, through every  
nook

Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive  
With heads ; the midway region, and  
above,

Is thronged with staring pictures and  
huge scrolls.

Dumb proclamations of the Prodigies ;  
With chattering monkeys dangling from  
their poles,

And children whirling in their round-  
abouts ;

With those that stretch the neck and  
strain the eyes,

And crack the voice in rivalry, the  
crowd

Inviting : with buffoons against buffoons—  
Grimacing, writhing, screaming.—him  
who grinds

The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weaves.  
Rattles the salt-box, thumps the kettle-  
drum,

And him who at the trumpet puffs his  
cheeks,

The silver-collared Negro with his timbral.  
Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls, and  
boys,

Blue-breeched, pink-vested, with high-  
towering plumes.—

All moveables of wonder, from all parts.  
Are here—Albinos, painted Indians,  
Dwarfs,

The Horse of knowledge, and the learned  
Fig,

This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the plains,  
To rule and guide his captivated flock.

I glance but at a few conspicuous marks,  
Leaving a thousand others, that, in hall,  
Court, theatre, conventicle, or shop,  
In public room or private, park or street,  
Each fondly reared on his own pedestal,  
Looked out for admiration. Folly, vice,  
Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress,  
And all the strife of singularity,  
Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense—  
Of these, and of the living shapes they wear,

There is no end. Such candidates for regard,  
Although well pleased to be where they were found,

I did not hunt after, nor greatly prize,  
Nor made unto myself a secret boast .  
Of reading them with quick and curious eye ;

But, as a common produce, things that are

To-day, to-morrow will be, took of them  
Such willing note, as, on some errand bound

That asks not speed, a traveller might bestow

On sea-shells that bestrew the sandy beach,

Or daisies swarming through the fields of June.

But foolishness and madness in parade,  
Though most at home in this their dear domain,  
Are scattered everywhere, no rarities,  
Even to the rudest novice of the Schools.  
We, rather, it employed, to note, and keep

In memory, those individual sights  
Of courage, or integrity, or truth,  
Or tenderness, which there, set off by foil,  
Appeared more touching. One will I select ;

A Father—for he bore that sacred name—  
I saw him, sitting in an open square,  
Upon a corner-stone of that low wall,  
Wherein were fixed the iron pales that fenced

A spacious grass-plot ; there, in silence, sate

wo.

This One Man, with a sickly babe out-stretched

Upon his knee, whom he had thither brought

For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher air.

Of those who passed, and me who looked at him,

He took no heed ; but in his brawny arms

(The Artificer was to the elbow bare,  
And from his work this moment had been stolen)

He held the child, and, bending over it,  
As if he were afraid both of the sun

And of the air, which he had come to seek,

Eyed the poor babe with love unutterable.

As the black storm upon the mountain-top

Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so

That huge fermenting mass of human-kind

Serves as a solemnn background, or relief,  
To single forms and objects, whence they draw,

For feeling and contemplative regard,  
More than inherent liveliness and power.  
How oft, amid those overflowing streets,  
Have I gone forward with the crowd, and said

Unto myself, "The face of every one  
That passes by me is a mystery !"

Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look,  
oppressed

By thoughts of what and whither, when and how,

Until the shapes before my eyes became  
A second-sight procession, such as glides  
Over still mountains, or appears in dreams ;

And once, far-travelled in such mood, beyond

The reach of common indication, lost  
Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten  
Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)  
Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,  
Stood, propped against a wall, upon his chest

Wearing a written paper, to explain  
His story, whence he came, and who he was.

Cowers, or sprinkles o'er, yon village  
 green?  
 Crowd seems it, solitary hill: to thee,  
 Though but a little family of men,  
 Shepherds and tillers of the ground—be-  
 times  
 Assembled with their children and their  
 wives.  
 And here and there a stranger inter-  
 spersed.  
 They hold a rustic fair—a festival,  
 Such as, on this side now, and now on  
 that.  
 Repeated through his tributary vales,  
 Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,  
 Sees annually, if clouds towards either  
 ocean  
 Blown from their favourite resting-place,  
 or mists  
 Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded  
 head.  
 Delightful day it is for all who dwell  
 In this secluded glen, and eagerly  
 They give it welcome. Long ere heat of  
 noon,  
 From byre or field the kine were brought :  
 the sheep  
 Are penned in cotes; the chaffering is  
 begun.  
 The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice  
 Of a new master: bleat the flocks aloud.  
 Booths are there none: a stall or two is  
 here;  
 A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,  
 The other to make music: hither, too,  
 From far, with basket, slung upon her  
 arm,  
 Of hawker's wares—books, pictures,  
 combs, and pins—  
 Some aged woman finds her way again,  
 Year after year, a punctual visitant!  
 There also stands a speech-maker by rote,  
 Pulling the strings of his boxed raree-  
 show;  
 And in the lapse of many years may come  
 Prouder itinerant, mountebank, or he  
 Whose wonders in a covered wain lie hid.  
 But one there is, the loveliest of them all,  
 Some sweet lass of the valley, looking  
 out  
 For gains, and who that sees her would  
 not buy?  
 Fruits of her father's orchard are her  
 wares,

And with the ruddy produce she walks  
 round  
 Among the crowd, half pleased with, half  
 ashamed  
 Of her new office, blushing restlessly.  
 The children now are rich, for the old to-  
 day  
 Are generous as the young; and, if con-  
 tent  
 With looking on, some ancient wedded  
 pair  
 Sit in the shade together, while they  
 gaze,  
 "A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled  
 brow,  
 The days departed start again to life,  
 And all the scenes of childhood reappear,  
 Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing  
 sun  
 To him who slept at noon and wakes at  
 eve."  
 Thus gaiety and cheerfulness prevail.  
 Spreading from young to old, from old to  
 young,  
 And no one seems to want his share.—  
 Immense  
 Is the recess, the circumambient world  
 Magnificent, by which they are embraced:  
 They move about upon the soft green  
 turf:  
 How little they, they and their doings,  
 seem.  
 And all that they can further or obstruct!  
 Through utter weakness pitifully dear,  
 As tender infants are: and yet how great  
 For all things serve them; them the  
 morning light  
 Loves, as it glistens on the silent rocks:  
 And them the silent rocks, which now  
 from high  
 Look down upon them; the reposing  
 clouds:  
 The wild brooks prattling from invisible  
 haunts;  
 And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir  
 Which animates this day their calm abode.  
  
 With deep devotion. Nature, did I feel.  
 In that enormous City's turbulent world  
 Of men and things, what benefit I owed  
 To thee, and those domains of rural peace.  
 Where to the sense of beauty first my  
 heart  
 Was opened; tract more exquisitely fair

The Stone-eater, the man that swallows  
fire,  
Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl.  
The Bust that speaks and moves its  
goggling eyes,  
The Wax-work, Clock-work, all the mar-  
vellous craft  
Of modern Merlins, Wild Beasts, Puppet-  
shows,  
All out-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted  
things,  
All freaks of nature, all Promethean  
thoughts  
Of man, his dulness, madness, and their  
feats  
All jumbled up together, to compose  
A Parliament of Monsters. Tents and  
Booths  
Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast  
mill,  
Are vomiting, receiving on all sides,  
Men, Women, three-years' Children, Babes  
in arms.

Oh, blank confusion ! true epitome  
Of what the mighty City is herself,  
To thousands upon thousands of her sons,  
Living amid the same perpetual whirl  
Of trivial objects, melted and reduced  
To one identity, by differences  
That have no law, no meaning, and no  
end—  
Oppression, under which even highest  
minds  
Must labour, whence the strongest are  
not free.  
But though the picture weary out the eye,  
By nature an unmanageable sight,  
It is not wholly so to him who looks  
in steadiness, who hath among least  
things  
An under-sense of greatest ; see the parts  
As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.  
This, of all acquisitions, first awaits  
In sundry and most widely different  
modes  
Of education, nor with least delight  
In that through which I passed. Atten-  
tion springs,  
And comprehensiveness and memory flow,  
From early converse with the works of  
God  
Among all regions ; chiefly where appear  
Lost obviously simplicity and power.

Think, how the everlasting streams and  
woods,  
Stretched and still stretching far and  
wide, exalt  
The roving Indian, on his desert sands :  
What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant  
show  
Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's  
eye :  
And, as the sea propels, from zone to  
zone,  
Its currents ; magnifies its shoals of life  
Beyond all compass ; spreads, and sends  
aloft  
Armies of clouds,—even so, its powers  
and aspects  
Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,  
The views and aspirations of the soul  
To majesty. Like virtue have the forms  
Perennial of the ancient hills ; nor less  
The changeful language of their coun-  
tenances  
Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids  
the thoughts,  
However multitudinous, to move  
With order and relation. This, if still,  
As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,  
Not violating any just restraint,  
As may be hoped, of real modesty,—  
This did I feel, in London's vast do-  
main.  
The Spirit of Nature was upon me there ;  
The soul of Beauty and enduring Life  
Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,  
Through meagre lines and colours, and  
the press  
Of self-destroying, transitory things,  
Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

## BOOK EIGHTH.

RETROSPECT.—LOVE OF NATURE  
LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN.

WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, that  
are heard  
Up to thy summit, through the depth of  
air  
Ascending, as if distance had the power  
To make the sounds more audible ? What  
crowd

Had also heard, from those who yet  
remembered,  
Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths  
that decked  
Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar ; and of  
youths,  
Each with his maid, before the sun was  
up.

By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,  
To drink the waters of some sainted well.  
And hang it round with garlands. Love  
survives ;

But, for such purpose, flowers no longer  
grow :

The times, too sage, perhaps too proud,  
have dropped

These lighter graces : and the rural ways  
And manners which my childhood looked  
upon

Were the unluxuriant produce of a life  
Intent on little but substantial needs,  
Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.  
But images of danger and distress,  
Man suffering among awful Powers and  
Forms :

Of this I heard, and saw enough to make  
Imagination restless ; nor was free  
Myself from frequent perils ; nor were  
tales

Wanting,—the tragedies of former times.  
Hazards and strange escapes, of which the  
rocks

Immutable, and everflowing streams,  
Where'er I roamed, were speaking monu-  
ments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in  
old time,

Long springs and tepid winters, on the  
banks

Of delicate Galesus ; and no less  
Those scattered along Adria's myrtle  
shores :

Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-  
white herd

To triumphs and to sacrificial rites  
Devoted, on the inviolable stream  
Of rich Clitumnus ; and the goat-herd  
lived

As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows  
Of cool Lucretilis, where the pipe was  
heard

Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks  
With tutelary music, from all harm

The fold protecting. I myself, mature  
In manhood then, have seen a pastoral  
tract

Like one of these, where Fancy might run  
wild.

Though under skies less generous, less  
serene :

There, for her own delight had Nature  
framed

A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse  
Of level pasture, islanded with groves  
And banked with woody risings ; but the  
Plain

Endless, here opening widely out, and  
there

Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn  
And intricate recesses, creek or bay  
Sheltered within a shelter, where at large  
The shepherd strays, a rolling hut his  
home.

Thither he comes with spring-time, there  
abides

All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear  
His flageolet to liquid notes of love  
Attuned, or sprightly life resounding far.  
Nook is there none, nor tract of that vast  
space

Where passage opens, but the same shall  
have

In turn its visitant, telling there his hours  
In unlaborious pleasure, with no task  
More toilsome than to carve a beechen  
bowl

For spring or fountain, which the traveller  
finds,

When through the region he pursues at  
will

His devious course. A glimpse of such  
sweet life

I saw when, from the melancholy walls  
Of Goslar, once imperial, I renewed  
My daily walk along that wide cham-  
paign,

That, reaching to her gates, spreads east  
and west,

And northwards, from beneath the moun-  
tainous verge

Of the Hercynian forest. Yet, hail to you  
Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye  
hollow vales,

Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's  
voice,

Powers of my native region ! Ye that  
seize

Than that famed paradise of ten thousand  
trees,  
Or Gehol's matchless gardens, for delight  
Of the Tartarian dynasty composed  
(Beyond that mighty wall, not fabulous,  
China's stupendous mound) by patient toil  
Of myriads and boon nature's lavish help ;  
There, in a clime from widest empire  
chosen,  
1. Alling (could enchantment have done  
more ?)

A sumptuous dream of flowery lawns, with  
domes  
Of pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells  
For eastern monasteries, sunny mounts  
With temples crested, bridges, gondolas,  
Rocks, dens, and groves of foliage taught  
to melt  
Into each other their obsequious hues,  
Vanished and vanishing in subtle chase,  
Too fine to be pursued ; or standing forth  
In no discordant opposition, strong  
And gorgeous as the colours side by side  
Bedded among rich plumes of tropic  
birds ;  
And mountains over all, embracing all ;  
And all the landscape, endlessly enriched  
With waters running, falling, or asleep.

But lovelier far than this, the paradise  
Where I was reared ; in Nature's primi-  
tive gifts  
Favoured no less, and more to every sense  
Delicious, seeing that the sun and sky,  
The elements, and seasons as they change,  
Do find a worthy fellow-labourer there—  
Man free, man working for himself, with  
choice  
Of time, and place, and object ; by his  
wants,  
His comforts, native occupations, cares,  
Cheerfully led to individual ends  
Or social, and still followed by a train  
Unwooded, unthought-of even—simplicity,  
And beauty, and inevitable grace.

Yea, when a glimpse of those imperial  
bowers  
Would to a child be transport over-great,  
When but a half-hour's roam through such  
a place  
Would leave behind a dance of images,  
That shall break in upon his sleep for  
weeks ;

Even then the common haunts of the  
green earth,  
And ordinary interests of man,  
Which they embosom, all without regard  
As both may seem, are fastening on the  
heart  
Insensibly, each with the other's help.  
For me, when my affections first were led  
From kindred, friends, and playmates, to  
partake  
Love for the human creature's absolute  
self,  
That noticeable kindliness of heart  
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding  
most,  
Where sovereign Nature dictated the  
tasks  
And occupations which her beauty  
adorned,  
And Shepherds were the men that pleased  
me first ;  
Not such as Saturn ruled 'mid Latian  
wilds,  
With arts and laws so tempered, that  
their lives  
Left, even to us toiling in this late day,  
A bright tradition of the golden age ;  
Not such as, 'mid Arcadian fastnesses  
Sequestered, handed down among them-  
selves  
Felicity, in Grecian song renowned ;  
Nor such as—when an adverse fate had  
driven,  
From house and home, the courtly band  
whose fortunes  
Entered, with Shakspeare's genius, the  
wild woods  
Of Aiden—amid sunshine or in shade  
Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted  
hours,  
Ere Phæbe sighed for the false Gany-  
mede ;  
Or there where Perdita and Florizel  
Together danced, Queen of the feast, and  
King ;  
Nor such as Spenser fabled. True it is,  
That I had heard (what he perhaps had  
seen)  
Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far  
Their May-bush, and along the street in  
flocks  
Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,  
Aimed at the laggards slumbering within  
doors ;

From vice and folly, wretchedness and  
fear ;

Of this I little saw, cared less for it,  
But something must have felt.

Call ye these appearances—  
Which I beheld of shepherds in my  
youth,

This sanctity of Nature given to man—  
A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore  
On the dead letter, miss the spirit of  
things ;

Whose truth is not a motion or a shape  
Instinct with vital functions, but a block  
Or waven image which yourselves have  
made,

And ye adore ! But blessèd be the God  
Of Nature and of Man that this was so ;  
That men before my inexperienced eyes  
Did first present themselves thus purified,  
Removed, and to a distance that was fit :  
And so we all of us in some degree  
Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led,  
And howsoever ; were it otherwise,  
And we found evil fast as we find good  
In our first years, or think that it is  
found,

How could the innocent heart bear up  
and live !

But doubly fortunate my lot ; not here  
Alone, that something of a better life  
Perhaps was round me than it is the  
privilege

Of most to move in, but that first I  
looked

At man through objects that were great  
or fair ;

First communed with him by their help.  
And thus

Was founded a sure safeguard and de-  
fence

Against the weight of meanness, selfish  
cares,

Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that  
beat in

On all sides from the ordinary world  
In which we traffic. Starting from this  
point

I had my face turned toward the truth,  
began

With an advantage furnished by that  
kind

Of prepossession, without which the soul  
Receives no knowledge that can bring  
forth good,

No genuine insight ever comes to her.  
From the restraint of over-watchful eyes  
Preserved, I moved about, year after year,  
Happy, and now most thankful that my  
walk

Was guarded from too early intercourse  
With the deformities of crowded life,  
And those ensuing laughters and con-  
tempts,

Self-pleasing, which, if we would wish to  
think

With a due reverence on earth's rightful  
lord,

Here placed to be the inheritor of  
heaven,

Will not permit us ; but pursue the mind,  
That to devotion willingly would rise,  
Into the temple and the temple's heart.

Yet deem not, Friend ! that human  
kind with me

Thus early took a place pre-eminent ;  
Nature herself was, at this unripe time,  
But secondary to my own pursuits  
And animal activities, and all  
Their trivial pleasures ; and when these  
had drooped

And gradually expired, and Nature  
prized

For her own sake, became my joy, even  
then—

And upwards through late youth, until  
not less

Than two-and-twenty summers had been  
told—

Was Man in my affections and regards  
Subordinate to her, her visible forms  
And viewless agencies : a passion, she,  
A rapture often, and immediate love  
Ever at hand ; he, only a delight  
Occasional, an accidental grace,  
His hour being not yet come. Far less  
had then

The inferior creatures, beast or bird,  
attuned

My spirit to that gentleness of love  
(Though they had long been carefully  
observed),

Won from me those minute obeisances  
Of tenderness, which I may number now  
With my first blessings. Nevertheless  
on these

The light of beauty did not fall in vain.  
Or grandeur circumfuse them to no end.



The heart with firmer grasp ! Your snows  
and streams

Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds,  
That howl so dismally for him who treads  
Companionless your awful solitudes !

Here, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter  
long

To wait upon the storms : of their  
approach

Capacious, into sheltering coves he drives  
His flock, and thither from the homestead  
bears

A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,  
And deals it out, their regular nourish-  
ment

Strewn on the frozen snow. And when  
the spring

Looks out, and all the pastures dance with  
lambs,

And when the flock, with warmer weather,  
climbs

Higher and higher, him his office leads  
To watch their goings, whatsoever track  
The wanderers choose. For this he quits  
his home

At day-spring, and no sooner doth the  
sun

Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,  
Than he lies down upon some shining  
rock,

And breakfasts with his dog. When they  
have stolen,

As is their wont, a pittance from strict  
time,

For rest not needed or exchange of love,  
Then from his couch he starts ; and now  
his feet

Crush out a livelier fragrance from the  
flowers

Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill en-  
wrought

In the wild turf : the lingering dews of  
morn

Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he  
hies,

His staff protending like a hunter's spear,  
Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,  
And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged  
streams.

Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,  
Might deign to follow him through what  
he does

Or sees in his day's march ; himself he  
feels,

In those vast regions where his service  
lies,

A freeman, wedded to his life of hope  
And hazard, and hard labour inter-  
changed

With that majestic indolence so dear  
To native man. A rambling schoolboy,  
thus

I felt his presence in his own domain,  
As of a lord and master, or a power,  
Or genius, under Nature, under God,  
Presiding ; and severest solitude  
Had more commanding looks when he  
was there

When up the lonely brooks on rainy days  
Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills  
By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes  
Have glanced upon him distant a few  
steps,

In size a giant, stalking through thick  
fog,

His sheep like Greenland bears ; or, as  
he stepped

Beyond the boundary line of some hill-  
shadow,

His form hath flashed upon me, glorified  
By the deep radiance of the setting sun :

Or him have I descried in distant sky,  
A solitary object and sublime,

Above all height ! like an aerial cross  
Stationed alone upon a spiry rock

Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus  
was man

Ennobled outwardly before my sight,  
And thus my heart was early introduced

To an unconscious love and reverence  
Of human nature ; hence the human

form

To me became an index of delight,  
Of grace and honour, power and worthi-  
ness.

Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost  
As those of books, but more exalted far ;

Far more of an imaginative form  
Than the gay Corin of the groves, who

lives  
For his own fancies, or to dance by the

hour,  
In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—

Was, for the purposes of kind, a man  
With the most common ; husband, father ;

learned,  
Could teach, admonish ; suffered with

the rest

Great Spirit— as thou art, in endless  
 dreams  
 Of sickness, disjoining, joining, things  
 Without the light of knowledge. Where  
 the harm,  
 If, when the woodman languished with  
 disease  
 Induced by sleeping nightly on the  
 ground  
 Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise,  
 I called the pangs of disappointed love,  
 And all the sad etcetera of the wrong,  
 To help him to his grave? Meanwhile  
 the man,  
 If not already from the woods retired  
 To die at home, was haply as I knew,  
 Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle  
 airs,  
 Birds, running streams, and hills so  
 beautiful  
 On golden evenings, while the charcoal pile  
 Breathed up its smoke, an image of his  
 ghost  
 Or spirit that full soon must take her  
 flight.  
 Nor shall we not be tending towards that  
 point  
 Of sound humanity to which our Tale  
 Leads, though by sinuous ways, if here I  
 show  
 How Fancy, in a season when she wove  
 Those slender cords, to guide the uncon-  
 scious Boy  
 For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's  
 call  
 Some pensive musings which might well  
 bescem  
 Maturer years.  
 A grove there is whose boughs  
 Stretch from the western marge of Thur-  
 ston-mere,  
 With length of shade so thick, that whoso  
 glides  
 Along the line of low-roofed water, moves  
 As in a cloister. Once—while, in that  
 shade  
 Loitering, I watched the golden beams of  
 light  
 Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed  
 In silent beauty on the naked ridge  
 Of a high eastern hill—thus slowed my  
 thoughts  
 'n a pure stream of words fresh from the  
 heart :

Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er shall  
 close  
 My mortal course, there will I think on  
 you ;  
 Dying, will cast on you a backward  
 look ;  
 Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale  
 Is no where touched by one memorial  
 gleam)  
 Doth with the fond remains of his last  
 power  
 Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds  
 On the dear mountain-tops where first he  
 rose.

Enough of humble arguments ; recall,  
 My Song ! those high emotions which thy  
 voice  
 Has heretofore made known ; that burst-  
 ing forth  
 Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,  
 When everywhere a vital pulse was felt,  
 And all the several frames of things, like  
 stars,  
 Through every magnitude distinguishable,  
 Shone mutually indebted, or half lost  
 Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy  
 Of life and glory. In the midst stood  
 Man,  
 Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,  
 As, of all visible natures, crown, though  
 born  
 Of dust, and kindred to the worm ; a  
 Being,  
 Both in perception and discernment, first  
 In every capability of rapture,  
 Through the divine effect of power and  
 love :  
 As, more than anything we know, instinct  
 With godhead, and, by reason and by  
 will,  
 Acknowledging dependency sublime.

Ere long, the lonely mountains left, I  
 moved,  
 Begirt, from day to day, with temporal  
 shapes  
 Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,  
 Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,  
 Manners and characters discriminate,  
 And little bustling passions that eclipse.  
 As well they might, the impersonated  
 thought,  
 The idea, or abstraction of the kind.

But when that first poetic faculty  
 Of plain Imagination and severe,  
 No longer a mute influence of the soul,  
 Ventured, at some rash Muse's earnest  
 call,  
 To try her strength among harmonious  
 words ;  
 And to book-notions and the rules of art  
 Did knowingly conform itself ; there  
 came  
 Among the simple shapes of human life  
 A wilfulness of fancy and conceit :  
 And Nature and her objects beautified  
 These fictions, as in some sort, in their  
 turn,  
 They burnished her. From touch of this  
 new power  
 Nothing was safe : the elder-tree that  
 grew  
 Beside the well-known charnel-house had  
 then  
 A dismal look ; the yew-tree had its  
 ghost,  
 That took his station there for ornament :  
 The dignities of plain occurrence then  
 Were tasteless, and truth's golden mean,  
 a point  
 Where no sufficient pleasure could be  
 found.  
 Then, if a widow, staggering with the  
 blow  
 Of her distress, was known to have turned  
 her steps  
 To the cold grave in which her husband  
 slept,  
 One night, or haply more than one,  
 through pain  
 Or half-insensate impotence of mind,  
 The fact was caught at greedily, and  
 there  
 She must be visitant the whole year  
 through,  
 Wetting the turf with never-ending tears.

Through quaint obliquities I might  
 pursue  
 These cravings ; when the foxglove, one  
 by one,  
 Upwards through every stage of the tall  
 stem,  
 Had shed beside the public way its bells,  
 And stood of all dismantled, save the last  
 Left at the, tapering ladder's top, that  
 seemed

WO,

To bend as doth a slender blade of grass  
 Tipped with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to  
 seat.  
 Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested  
 still  
 With this last relic, soon itself to fall,  
 Some vagrant mother, whose arch little  
 ones,  
 All unconcerned by her dejected plight,  
 Laughed as with rival eagerness their  
 hands  
 Gathered the purple cups that round them  
 lay,  
 Strewing the turf's green slope.  
 A diamond light  
 (Whene'er the summer sun, declining,  
 smote  
 A smooth rock wet with constant springs)  
 was seen  
 Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank that  
 rose  
 Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the  
 hearth  
 Seated, with open door, often and long  
 Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,  
 That made my fancy restless as itself.  
 'Twas now for me a burnished silver  
 shield  
 Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay  
 Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood :  
 An entrance now into some magic cave  
 Or palace built by fairies of the rock ;  
 Nor could I have been bribed to disen-  
 chant  
 The spectacle, by visiting the spot.  
 Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood,  
 Engrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings  
 bred  
 By pure Imagination : busy Power  
 She was, and with her ready pupil  
 turned  
 Instinctively to human passions, then  
 Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent  
 swarm  
 Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich  
 As mine was through the bounty of a  
 grand  
 And lovely region, I had forms distinct  
 To steady me : each airy thought re-  
 volved  
 Round a substantial centre, which at once  
 Incited it to motion, and controlled.  
 I did not pine like one in cities bred,  
 As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend !

An Idler among academic bowers,  
 Such was my new condition, as at large  
 Has been set forth; yet here the vulgar  
 light  
 Of present, actual, superficial life,  
 Gleaning through colouring of other  
 times,  
 Old usages and local privilege,  
 Was welcome, softened, if not solemnised.  
 This notwithstanding, being brought more  
 near  
 To vice and guilt, forerunning wretched-  
 ness,  
 I trembled,—thought, at times, of human  
 life  
 With an indefinite terror and dismay,  
 Such as the storms and angry elements  
 Had bred in me; but gloomier far, a dim  
 Analogy to uproar and misrule,  
 Disquiet, danger, and obscurity.

It might be told (but wherefore speak  
 of things  
 Common to all?) that, seeing, I was led  
 Gravely to ponder—judging between good  
 And evil, not as for the mind's delight  
 But for her guidance—one who was to *act*,  
 As sometimes to the best of feeble means  
 I did, by human sympathy impelled;  
 And, through dislike and most offensive  
 pain,  
 Was to the truth conducted; of this faith  
 Never forsaken, that, by acting well,  
 And understanding, I should learn to love  
 The end of life, and everything we know.

Grave Teacher, stern Preceptress! for  
 at times  
 Thou canst put on an aspect most severe;  
 London, to thee I willingly return.  
 Erewhile my verse played idly with the  
 flowers  
 Enwrought upon thy mantle; satisfied  
 With that amusement, and a simple look  
 Of child-like inquisition now and then  
 Cast upwards on thy countenance, to  
 detect  
 Some inner meanings which might har-  
 bour there.  
 But how could I in mood so light indulge,  
 Keeping such fresh remembrance of the  
 day,  
 When, having thriddled the long labyrinth  
 Of the suburban villages, I first

Entered thy vast dominion? On the roof  
 Of an itinerant vehicle I sate,  
 With vulgar men about me, trivial forms  
 Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and  
 things,—  
 Mean shapes on every side: but, at the  
 instant,  
 When to myself it fairly might be said,  
 The threshold now is overpast, (how  
 strange  
 That aught external to the living mind  
 Should have such mighty sway! yet so it  
 was),  
 A weight of ages did at once descend  
 Upon my heart; no thought embodied,  
 no  
 Distinct remembrances, but weight and  
 power,—  
 Power growing under weight: alas! I  
 feel  
 That I am trifling: 'twas a moment's  
 pause,—  
 All that took place within me came and  
 went  
 As in a moment; yet with Time it dwells,  
 And grateful memory, as a thing divine.

The curious traveller, who, from open  
 day,  
 Hath passed with torches into some huge  
 cave,  
 The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den  
 In old time haunted by that Danish  
 Witch,  
 Yordas; he looks around and sees the  
 vault  
 Widening on all sides; sees, or thinks he  
 sees,  
 Erelong, the massy roof above his head,  
 That instantly unsettles and recedes,—  
 Substance and shadow, light and dark-  
 ness, all  
 Commingled, making up a canopy  
 Of shapes and forms and tendencies to  
 shape  
 That shift and vanish, change and inter-  
 change  
 Like spectres,—ferment silent and sub-  
 lime!  
 That after a short space works less and  
 less,  
 Till, every effort, every motion gone,  
 The scene before him stands in perfect  
 view

Not seeking frequent intercourse with  
men.  
By literature, or elegance, or rank,  
Distinguished. Scarcely was a year thus  
spent  
Ere I forsook the crowded solitude,  
With less regret for its luxurious pomp,  
And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,  
Than for the humble book-stalls in the  
streets.  
Exposed to eye and hand where'er I  
turned.

France lured me forth ; the realm that  
I had crossed  
So lately, journeying toward the snow-  
clad Alps.  
But now, relinquishing the scrip and  
staff,  
And all enjoyment which the summer sun  
Sheds round the steps of those who meet  
the day  
With motion constant as his own, I went  
Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town.  
Washed by the current of the stately  
Loire.

Through Paris lay my readiest course.  
and there  
Sojourning a few days, I visited  
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame.  
The latter chiefly : from the field of Mars  
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony.  
And from Mont Martre southward to  
the Dome

Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous  
Halls,  
The National Synod and the Jacobins,  
I saw the Revolutionary Power  
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by  
storms ;  
The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace  
huge  
Of Orleans ; coasted round and round the  
line  
Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and  
Shop,  
Great rendezvous of worst and best, the  
walk  
Of all who had a purpose, or had not :  
I stared and listened, with a stranger's  
ears,  
To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub  
wild !

And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes.  
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a lock  
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced  
to wear,  
But seemed there present ; and I scanned  
them all,  
Watched every gesture uncontrollable.  
Of anger, and vexation, and despite.  
All side by side, and struggling face to  
face,  
With gaiety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the  
dust  
Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,  
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone.  
And pocketed the relic, in the guise  
Of an enthusiast : yet, in honest truth,  
I looked for something that I could not  
find.  
Affecting more emotion than I felt ;  
For 'tis most certain, that these various  
sights,  
However potent their first shock, with  
me  
Appeared to recompense the traveller's  
pains  
Less than the painted Magdalene of Le  
Brun,  
A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair  
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and ruddy  
check  
Pale and bedropped with everflowing  
tears.

But hence to my more permanent abode  
I hasten : there, by novelties in speech,  
Domestic manners, customs, gestures  
looks,  
And all the attire of ordinary life.  
Attention was engrossed ; and, thus  
amused.  
I stood, mid those concussions, uncon-  
cerned.  
Tranquil almost, and careless as a flower  
Glassed in a greenhouse, or a park  
shrub  
That spreads its leaves in unmolested  
peace.  
While every bush and tree, the count-  
through,  
Is shaking to the roots : indifference this  
Which may seem strange : but I was un-  
prepared

Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes  
 scanned  
 Most feelingly, could overthrow my trust  
 In what we *may* become ; induce belief  
 That I was ignorant, had been falsely  
 taught,  
 A solitary, who with vain conceits  
 Had been inspired, and walked about in  
 dreams.

From those sad scenes when meditation  
 turned,

Lo ! everything that was indeed divine  
 Retained its purity inviolate,  
 Nay brighter shone, by this portentous  
 gloom

Set off ; such opposition as aroused  
 The mind of Adam, yet in Paradise  
 Though fallen from bliss, when in the  
 East he saw

Darkness ere day's mid course, and morn-  
 ing light

More orient in the western cloud, that  
 drew.

O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 Descending slow with something heavenly  
 fraught.

Add also, that among the multitudes  
 Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen  
 Affectingly set forth, more than else-  
 where

Is possible, the unity of man,  
 One spirit over ignorance and vice  
 Predominant in good and evil hearts ;  
 One sense for moral judgments, as one  
 eye

For the sun's light. The soul when  
 smitten thus

By a sublime *idea*, whence soe'er  
 Vouchsafed for union or communion,  
 feeds

On the pure bliss, and takes her rest with  
 God.

Thus from a very early age, O Friend !  
 My thoughts by slow gradations had  
 been drawn

To human-kind, and to the good and ill  
 Of human life : Nature had led me on ;  
 And oft amid the " busy hum " I seemed  
 To travel independent of her help,  
 As if I had forgotten her ; but no,  
 The world of human-kind outweighed not  
 hers

In my habitual thoughts ; the scale of  
 love,  
 Though filling daily, still was light, com-  
 pared  
 With that in which *her* mighty objects  
 lay.

## BOOK NINTH.

## RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

EVLN as a river,—partly (it might seem)  
 Yielding to old remembrances, and  
 swayed

In part by fear to shape a way direct,  
 That would engulf him soon in the  
 ravenous sea—

Turns, and will measure back his course,  
 far back,

Seeking the very regions which he crossed  
 In his first outset ; so have we, my  
 Friend !

Turned and returned with intricate de-  
 lay.

Or as a traveller, who has gained the brow  
 Of some aerial Down, while there he halts  
 For breathing-time, is tempted to review  
 The region left behind him ; and, if  
 aught

Deserving notice have escaped regard,  
 Or been regarded with too careless eye,  
 Strives, from that height, with one and  
 yet one more

Last look, to make the best amends he  
 may :

So have we lingered. Now we start  
 afresh

With courage, and new hope risen on our  
 toil.

Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,  
 Whene'er it comes ! needful in work so  
 long,

Thrice needful to the argument which  
 now

Awaits us ! Oh, how much unlike the  
 past !

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,  
 I ranged at large, through London's wide  
 domain,  
 Month after month. Obscurely did I  
 live.

With needful knowledge, had abruptly  
 passed  
 Into a theatre, whose stage was filled  
 And busy with an action far advanced.  
 Like others, I had skimmed, and some-  
 times read  
 With care, the master-pamphlets of the  
 day ;  
 Nor wanted such half-insight as grew  
 wild  
 Upon that meagre soil, helped out by  
 talk  
 And public news ; but having never seen  
 A chronicle that might suffice to show  
 Whence the main organs of the public  
 power  
 Had sprung, their transmigrations, when  
 and how  
 Accomplished, giving thus unto events  
 A form and body ; all thing were to me  
 Loose and disjointed, and the affections  
 left  
 Without a vital interest. At that time,  
 Moreover, the first storm was overblown,  
 And the strong hand of outward violence  
 Locked up in quiet. For myself, I fear  
 Now in connection with so great a theme  
 To speak (as I must be compelled to do)  
 Of one so unimportant ; night by night  
 Did I frequent the formal haunts of men,  
 Whom, in the city, privilege of birth  
 Sequestered from the rest, societies  
 Polished in arts, and in punctilio versed ;  
 Whence, and from deeper causes, all dis-  
 course  
 Of good and evil or the time was shunned  
 With scrupulous care ; but these restric-  
 tions soon  
 Proved tedious, and I gradually with-  
 drew  
 Into a noisier world, and thus ere long  
 Became a patriot ; and my heart was all  
 Given to the people, and my love was  
 theirs.

A band of military Officers,  
 Then stationed in the city, were the chief  
 Of my associates : some of these wore  
 swords  
 That had been seasoned in the wars, and  
 all  
 Were men well-born ; the chivalry of  
 France.  
 In age and temper differing, they had yet

One spirit ruling in each heart ; alike  
 (Save only one, hereafter to be named)  
 Were bent upon undoing what was done :  
 This was their rest and only hope ; there-  
 with  
 No fear had they of bad becoming worse,  
 For worst to them was come ; nor would  
 have stirred,  
 Or deemed it worth a moment's thought  
 to stir,  
 In anything, save only as the act  
 Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by  
 years,  
 Was in the prime of manhood, and ere-  
 while  
 He had sate lord in many tender hearts ;  
 Though heedless of such honours now,  
 and changed :  
 His temper was quite mastered by the  
 times,  
 And they had blighted him, had eaten  
 away  
 The beauty of his person, doing wrong  
 Alike to body and to mind : his port,  
 Which once had been erect and open, now  
 Was stooping and contracted, and a face,  
 Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts  
 Of symmetry and light and bloom, ex-  
 pressed,  
 As much as any that was ever seen,  
 A ravage out of season, made by thoughts  
 Unhealthy and vexatious. With the  
 hour,  
 That from the press of Paris duly brought  
 Its freight of public news, the fever  
 came,  
 A punctual visitant, to shake this man,  
 Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow  
 cheek  
 Into a thousand colours ; while he read,  
 Or mused, his sword was haunted by his  
 touch  
 Continually, like an uneasy place  
 In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour  
 Of universal ferment ; mildest men  
 Were agitated ; and commotions, strife  
 Of passions and opinions, filled the walls  
 Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.  
 The soil of common life, was, at that  
 time,  
 Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,  
 And not then only, "What a mockery  
 this  
 Of history, the past and that to come !

Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity.  
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy  
Diffused around him, while he was  
intent

On works of love or freedom, or revolved  
Complacently the progress of a cause,  
Whereof he was a part; yet this was  
meek

And placid, and took nothing from the  
man

That was delightful. Oft in solitude  
With him did I discourse about the end  
Of civil government, and its wisest forms;  
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,  
Custom and habit, novelty and change;  
Of self-respect, and virtue in the few  
For patrimonial honour set apart,  
And ignorance in the labouring multitude.  
For he, to all intolerance indisposed,  
Balanced these contemplations in his  
mind;

And I, who at that time was scarcely  
dipped

Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment  
Than later days allowed; carried about  
me,

With less alloy to its integrity,  
The experience of past ages, as, through  
help

Of books and common life, it makes sure  
way

To youthful minds, by objects over near  
Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled  
By struggling with the crowd for present  
ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to  
find

Error without excuse upon the side  
Of them who strove against us, more  
delight

We took, and let this freely be confessed,  
In painting to ourselves the miseries  
Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life  
Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul  
The meanest thrives the most; where  
dignity,

True personal dignity, abideth not;  
A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off  
From the natural inlets of just sentiment,  
From lowly sympathy and chastening  
truth;

Where good and evil interchange their  
names,

And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is  
paired  
With vice at home. We added dearest  
themes—

Man and his noble nature, as it is  
The gift which God has placed within his  
power,

His blind desires and steady faculties  
Capable of clear truth, the one to break  
Bondage, the other to build liberty  
On firm foundations, making social life,  
Through knowledge spreading and im-  
perishable,

As just in regulation, and as pure  
As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honourable deeds  
Of ancient Story, thought of each bright  
spot,

That would be found in all recorded time,  
Of truth preserved and error passed away:  
Of single spirits that catch the flame from  
Heaven,

And how the multitudes of men will feed  
And fan each other; thought of sects  
how keen

They are to put the appropriate nature on,  
Triumphant over every obstacle  
Of custom, language, country, love, or  
hate,

And what they do and suffer for their  
creed;

How far they travel, and how long en-  
dure;

How quickly mighty Nations have been  
formed,

From least beginnings; how, together  
locked

By new opinions, scattered tribes have  
made

One body, spreading wide as clouds in  
heaven.

To aspirations then of our own minds  
Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld  
A living confirmation of the whole

Before us, in a people from the depth  
Of shameful imbecility uprisen,

Fresh as the morning star. Elate we  
looked

Upon their virtues; saw, in rudest men,  
Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,  
And continence of mind, and sense of  
right,

Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.



And mountain liberty. It could not be  
But that one tutored thus should look  
with awe

Upon the faculties of man, receive  
Gladly the highest promises, and hail,  
As best, the government of equal rights  
And individual worth. And hence, O  
Friend!

If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced  
Less than might well befit my youth, the  
cause

In part lay here, that unto me the events  
Seemed nothing out of nature's certain  
course,

A gift that was come rather late than  
soon.

No wonder, then, if advocates like these,  
Inflamed by passion, blind with prejudice,  
And stung with injury, at this riper day,  
Were impotent to make my hopes put on  
The shape of theirs, my understanding  
bend

In honour to their honour: zeal, which yet  
Had slumbered, now in opposition burst  
Forth like a Polar summer: every word  
They uttered was a dart, by counter-  
winds

Blown back upon themselves; their reason  
seemed

Confusion-stricken by a higher power  
Than human understanding, their dis-  
course

Claimed, spiritless; and, in their weak-  
ness strong,  
triumphed.

Meantime, day by day, the roads  
Were crowded with the bravest youth of  
France,

and all the promptest of her spirits,  
linked

In gallant soldiery, and posting on  
To meet the war upon her frontier  
bounds.

'Tis at this very moment do tears start  
into mine eyes: I do not say I weep—  
wept not then,—but tears have dimmed  
my sight,

In memory of the farewells of that time,  
Domestic severings, female fortitude  
At dearest separation, patriot love  
And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,  
Encouraged with a martyr's confidence;  
Even files of strangers merely seen but  
once,

And for a moment, men from far with  
sound

Of music, martial tunes, and banners  
spread,

Entering the city, here and there a face,  
Or person singled out among the rest,  
Yet still a stranger and beloved as such;  
Even by these passing spectacles my  
heart

Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed  
Arguments sent from Heaven to prove  
the cause

Good, pure, which no one could stand up  
against,

Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish,  
proud,

Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,  
Hater perverse of equity and truth.

Among that band of Officers was one,  
Already hinted at, of other mould—

A patriot, thence rejected by the rest,  
And with an oriental loathing spurned,  
As of a different caste. A meeker man  
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,  
Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries  
Made him more gracious, and his nature  
then

Did breathe its sweetness out most sen-  
sibly,

As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,  
When foot hath crushed them. He  
through the events

Of that great change wandered in perfect  
faith,

As through a book, an old romance, or  
tale

Of Fairy, or some dream of actions  
wrought

Behind the summer clouds. By birth he  
ranked

With the most noble, but unto the poor  
Among mankind he was in service bound,  
As by some tie invisible, oaths professed  
To a religious order. Man he loved  
As man; and, to the mean and the  
obscure,

And all the homely in their homely works,  
Transferred a courtesy which had no air  
Of condescension; but did rather seem  
A passion and a gallantry like that  
Which he, a soldier, in his idler day  
Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he  
was,

Less genuine and wrought up within  
myself—

I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,  
And for the *Matin*-bell to sound no more  
Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the  
cross

High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign  
How welcome to the weary traveller's  
eyes !)

Of hospitality and peaceful rest.  
And when the partner of those varied  
walks

Pointed upon occasion to the site  
Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,  
To the imperial edifice of Blois,  
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped  
From my remembrance, where a lady  
lodged,

By the first Francis wooed, and bound to  
him

In chains of mutual passion, from the  
tower,

As a tradition of the country tells,  
Practised to commune with her royal  
knight

By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse  
Twixt her high-seated residence and his  
Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath ;  
Even here, though less than with the  
peaceful house

Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments  
Of Kings, their vices and their better  
deeds,

Imagination, potent to inflame  
At times with virtuous wrath and noble  
scorn,

Did also often mitigate the force  
Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,  
So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind ;  
And on these spots with many gleams I  
looked

Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,  
Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one  
Is law for all, and of that barren pride  
In them who, by immunities unjust,  
Between the sovereign and the people  
stand.

His helper and not theirs, laid stronger  
hold

Daily upon me, mixed with pity too  
And love ; for where hope is, there love  
will be

For the abject multitude. And when we  
chanced

One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,  
Who crept along sitting her languid gait  
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord  
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from  
the lane

Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid  
hands

Was busy knitting in a heartless mood  
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend  
In agitation said, " 'Tis against *that*  
That we are fighting," I with him be-  
lieved

That a benignant spirit was abroad  
Which might not be withstood, that  
poverty

Abject as this would in a little time  
Be found no more, that we should see the  
earth

Unthwarted in her wish to recompense  
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,  
All institutes for ever blotted out  
That legalised exclusion, empty pomp  
Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,  
Whether by edict of the one or few ;  
And finally, as sum and crown of all,  
Should see the people having a strong  
hand

In framing their own laws ; whence better  
days

To all mankind. But, these things set  
apart,

Was not this single confidence enough  
To animate the mind that ever turned  
A thought to human welfare, — that  
henceforth

Captivity by mandate without law  
Should cease ; and open accusation lead  
To sentence in the hearing of the world,  
And open punishment, if not the air  
Be free to breathe in, and the heart of  
man

Dread nothing ? From this height I shall  
not stoop

To humbler matter that detained us oft  
In thought or conversation, public acts,  
And public persons, and emotions wrought  
Within the breast, as ever-varying winds  
Of record or report swept over us ;  
But I might here, instead, repeat a tale,  
Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events  
That prove to what low depth had struck  
the roots,

How widely spread the boughs, of that  
old tree

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,  
 Or such retirement, Friend! as we have  
 known  
 In the green dales beside our Rotha's  
 stream,  
 Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,  
 To ruminate, with interchange of talk,  
 On rational liberty, and hope in man,  
 Justice and peace. But far more sweet  
 such toil—  
 Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts ab-  
 struse—  
 If nature then be standing on the brink  
 Of some great trial, and we hear the voice  
 Of one devoted,—one whom circumstance  
 Hath called upon to embody his deep  
 sense  
 In action, give it outwardly a shape,  
 And that of benediction, to the world.  
 Then doubt is not, and truth is more  
 than truth,—  
 A hope it is, and a desire; a creed  
 Of zeal, by an authority Divine  
 Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.  
 Such conversation, under Attic shades,  
 Did Dion hold with Plato; ripened thus  
 For a deliverer's glorious task,—and such  
 He, on that ministry already bound,  
 Held with Eudemus and Timonides,  
 Surrounded by adventurers in arms,  
 When those two vessels with their daring  
 freight,  
 For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,  
 Sailed from Zacynthus,—philosophic war,  
 Led by Philosophers. With harder fate,  
 Though like ambition, such was he, O  
 Friend!  
 Of whom I speak. So BEAUPUY (let the  
 name  
 Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity)  
 Fashioned his life; and many a long dis-  
 course,  
 With like persuasion honoured, we main-  
 tained:  
 He, on his part, accoutred for the worst.  
 He perished fighting, in supreme com-  
 mand,  
 Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire,  
 For liberty, against deluded men,  
 His fellow country-men; and yet most  
 blessed  
 In this, that he the fate of later times  
 Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,  
 Who have as ardent hearts as he had then.

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth  
 Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet  
 Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk;  
 Or in wide forests of continuous shade,  
 Lofty and over-arched, with open space  
 Beneath the trees, clear footing many  
 a mile—  
 A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts,  
 From earnest dialogues I slipped in  
 thought,  
 And let remembrance steal to other times,  
 When o'er those interwoven roots, moss-  
 clad,  
 And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,  
 Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed,  
 might pace  
 In sylvan meditation undisturbed;  
 As on the pavement of a Gothic church  
 Walks a lone Monk, when service hath  
 expired,  
 In peace and silence. But if e'er was  
 heard,—  
 Heard, though unseen,—a devious traveller,  
 Retiring or approaching from afar  
 With speed and echoes loud of trampling  
 hoofs  
 From the hard floor reverberated, then  
 It was Angelica thundering through the  
 woods  
 Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid  
 Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.  
 Sometimes methought I saw a pair of  
 knights  
 Joust underneath the trees, that as in  
 storm  
 Rocked high above their heads; anon,  
 the din  
 Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,  
 In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt  
 Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with  
 dance  
 Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,  
 A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.  
 The width of those huge forests, unto me  
 A novel scene, did often in this way  
 Master my fancy while I wandered on  
 With that revered companion And some-  
 times—  
 When to a convent in a meadow green,  
 By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,  
 And not by reverential touch of Time  
 Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—  
 In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,  
 In spite of real fervour, and of that

Remained for all whose fancies had run  
 wild  
 With evil expectations ; confidence  
 And perfect triumph for the better cause.

The State, as if to stamp the final seal  
 On her security, and to the world  
 Show what she was, a high and fearless  
 soul.

Exulting in defiance, or heart-stung  
 By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt  
 With spiteful gratitude the baffled  
 League,

That had stirred up her slackening faculties

To a new transition, when the King was  
 crushed,  
 Spared not the empty throne, and in  
 proud haste

Assumed the body and venerable name  
 Of a Republic. Lamentable crimes,  
 'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire  
 work

Of massacre, in which the senseless sword  
 Was prayed to as a judge ; but these were  
 past.

Earth free from them for ever, as was  
 thought.—

Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once !  
 Things that could only show themselves  
 and die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I  
 returned,

And ranged, with ardour heretofore unfelt,  
 The spacious city, and in progress passed  
 The prison where the unhappy Monarch  
 lay,

Associate with his children and his wife  
 In bondage ; and the palace, lately  
 stormed

With roar of cannon by a furious host.  
 I crossed the square (an empty area then)  
 Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain  
 The dead, upon the dying heaped, and  
 gazed

On this and other spots, as doth a man  
 Upon a volume whose contents he knows  
 Are memorable, but from him locked up.  
 Being written in a tongue he cannot read,  
 So that he questions the mute leaves with  
 pain.

And half upbraids their silence. But that  
 night

I felt most deeply in what world I was,  
 What ground I trod on, and what air I  
 breathed.

High was my room and lonely, near the  
 roof

Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge  
 That would have pleased me in more  
 quiet times ;

Nor was it wholly without pleasure then.  
 With unextinguished taper I kept watch.  
 Reading at intervals ; the fear gone by

Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.  
 I thought of those September massacres.  
 Divided from me by one little month,

Saw them and touched : the rest was con-  
 jured up

From tragic fictions or true history,  
 Remembrances and dim admonishments.  
 The horse is taught his manage, and no  
 star

Of wildest course but treads back his own  
 steps ;

For the spent hurricane the air provides  
 As fierce a successor ; the tide retreats  
 But to return out of its hiding-place

In the great deep ; all things have second  
 birth ;

The earthquake is not satisfied at once :  
 And in this way I wrought upon myself.  
 Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried.  
 To the whole city, "sleep no more." The

trance  
 Fled with the voice to which it had given  
 birth ;

But vainly comments of a calmer mind  
 Promised soft peace and sweet forgetful-  
 ness.

The place, all hushed and silent as it was,  
 Appeared unfit for the repose of night.  
 Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.

With early morning towards the Palace-  
 walk

Of Orleans eagerly I turned ; as yet  
 The streets were still : not so those long  
 Arcades ;

There, 'mid a peal of ill-matched sound-  
 and cries, -

That greeted me on entering, I could  
 hear

Shrill voices from the hawkers in the  
 throng.

Bawling, "Denunciation of the Crimes  
 Of Maximilian Robespierre ;" the hand.

Which, as a deadly mischief, and a foul  
And black dishonour, France was weary of.

O, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus  
The story might begin,) oh, balmy time,  
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow,  
Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!  
So might—and with that prelude *did*  
begin  
The record; and, in faithful verse, was  
given  
The doleful sequel.

But our little bark  
On a strong river boldly hath been  
launched;  
And from the driving current should we  
turn  
To loiter wilfully within a creek,  
Howe'er attractive, fellow voyager!  
Wouldst thou not chide? Yet deem not  
my pains lost:  
For Vaudracour and Julia (so were  
named  
The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale will  
draw  
Tears from the hearts of others, when  
their own  
Shall beat no more. Thou, also, there  
may'st read,  
At leisure, how the enamoured youth was  
driven,  
By public power abased, to fatal crime,  
Nature's rebellion against monstrous law;  
How, between heart and heart, oppression  
thrust  
Her mandates, severing whom true love  
had joined,  
Harassing both; until he sank and  
pressed  
The couch his fate had made for him;  
supine,  
Save when the stings of viperous remorse,  
Frying their strength, enforced him to  
start up,  
Aghast and prayerless. Into a deep wood  
He fled, to shun the haunts of human  
kind;  
There dwelt, weakened in spirit more  
and more;  
Nor could the voice of Freedom, which  
through France  
Full speedily resounded, public hope,  
Or personal memory of his own worst  
wrongs,

Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy  
shades,  
His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind.

## BOOK TENTH.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.—  
(CONTINUED).

It was a beautiful and silent day  
That overspread the countenance of earth,  
Then fading with unusual quietness,—  
A day as beautiful as e'er was given  
To soothe regret, though deepening what  
it soothed,  
When by the gliding Loire I paused, and  
cast  
Upon his rich domains, vineyard and  
tilth,  
Green meadow-ground, and many-coloured  
woods,  
Again, and yet again, a farewell look;  
Then from the quiet of that scene passed  
on,  
Bound to the fierce Metropolis. From  
his throne  
The King had fallen, and that invading  
host—  
Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front  
was written  
The tender mercies of the dismal wind  
That bore it—on the plains of Liberty  
Had burst innocuous. Say in bolder  
words,  
They—who had come elate as eastern  
hunters  
Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when  
he  
Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,  
Rajahs and Omrahs in his train, intent  
To drive their prey enclosed within a  
ring  
Wide as a province, but, the signal given,  
Before the point of the life-threatening  
spear  
Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash  
men,  
Had seen the anticipated quarry turned  
Into avengers, from whose wrath they  
fled  
In terror, Disappointment and dismay

And, lastly, if the means on human will,  
 Frail human will dependent should  
 betray

Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt  
 That mid the loud distractions of the  
 void

A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,  
 Arbitrator undisturbed of right and wrong,  
 Of life and death, in majesty severe  
 Enjoining, as may best promote the aims  
 Of truth and justice, either sacrifice.  
 From whatsoever region of our cares  
 Or our infirm affections Nature pleads,  
 Earnest and blind, against the stern  
 decree.

On the other side, I called to mind  
 those truths  
 That are the commonplaces of the  
 schools—  
 (A theme for boys, too hackneyed for  
 their sires.)  
 Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,  
 In all their comprehensive bearings known  
 And visible to philosophers of old,  
 Men who, to business of the world un-  
 trained,  
 Lived in the shade; and to Harmodius  
 known  
 And his compeer Aristogiton, known  
 To Brutus—that tyrannic power is weak,  
 Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor  
 love,  
 Nor the support of good or evil men  
 To trust in; that the godhead which is  
 ours  
 Can never utterly be charmed or stilled;  
 That nothing hath a natural right to last  
 But equity and reason: that all else  
 Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best  
 Lives only by variety of disease.

Well might my wishes be intense, my  
 thoughts  
 Strong and perturbed, not doubting at  
 that time  
 But that the virtue of one paramount  
 mind  
 Would have abashed those impious crests  
 —have quelled  
 Outrage and bloody power, and—in de-  
 spite  
 Of what the People long had been and  
 were

Through ignorance and false teaching,  
 sadder proof

Of immaturity, and—in the teeth  
 Of desperate opposition from without—  
 Have cleared a passage for just govern-  
 ment,

And left a solid birthright to the State,  
 Redeemed, according to example given  
 By ancient lawgivers.

In this frame of mind,  
 Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,  
 So seemed it,—now I thankfully acknow-  
 ledge,

Forced by the gracious providence of  
 Heaven,—  
 To England I returned, else (though  
 assured

That I both was and must be of small  
 weight,  
 No better than a landsman on the deck  
 Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm)  
 Doubtless, I should have then made  
 common cause

With some who perished; haply perished  
 too,  
 A poor mistaken and bewildered offer-  
 ing,—  
 Should to the breast of Nature have gone  
 back,

With all my resolutions, all my hopes,  
 A Poet only to myself, to men  
 Useless, and even, beloved Friend! a  
 soul

To thee unknown!

Twice had the trees let fall  
 Their leaves, as often Winter had put on  
 His hoary crown, since I had seen the  
 surge

Beat against Albion's shore, since ear of  
 mine

Had caught the accents of my native  
 speech

Upon our native country's sacred ground.  
 A patriot of the world, how could I glide  
 Into communion with her sylvan shades,  
 Erewhile my tuneful haunt? It pleased  
 me more

To abide in the great City, where I found  
 The general air still busy with the stir  
 Of that first memorable onset made  
 By a strong levy of humanity  
 Upon the traffickers in Negro blood:  
 Effort which, though defeated, had re-  
 called

Prompt as the voice, held forth a printed speech,

The same that had been recently pronounced,

When Robespierre, not ignorant for what mark

Some words of indirect reproof had been intended, rose in hardihood, and dared

The man who had an ill surmise of him To bring his charge in openness ;

whereat,

When a dead pause ensued, and no one stirred,

In silence of all present, from his seat Louvet walked single through the avenue,

And took his station in the Tribune, saying,

"I, Robespierre, accuse thee!" Well is known

The inglorious issue of that charge, and how

He, who had launched the startling thunderbolt,

The one bold man, whose voice the attack had sounded,

Was left without a follower to discharge His perilous duty, and retire lamenting

That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men

Who to themselves are false.

But these are things

Of which I speak, only as they were storm Or sunshine to my individual mind,

No further. Let me then relate that now—

In some sort seeing with my proper eyes That Liberty, and Life, and Death would soon

To the remotest corners of the land Lie in the arbitrement of those who ruled

The capital City ; what was struggled for, And by what combatants victory must be

won ;

The indecision on their part whose aim Seemed best, and the straightforward path

of those

Who in attack or in defence were strong Through their impiety—my inmost soul

Was agitated ; yea, I could almost Have prayed that throughout earth upon

all men,

By patient exercise of reason made Worthy of liberty, all spirits filled

With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,

The gift of tongues might fall, and power arrive

From the four quarters of the winds to do For France, what without help she could

not do,

A work of honour ; think not that to this I added, work of safety : from all doubt

Or trepidation for the end of things Far was I, far as angels are from guilt.

Yet did I grieve, nor only grieved, but thought

Of opposition and of remedies :

An insignificant stranger and obscure, And one, moreover, little graced with

power

Of eloquence even in my native speech, And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,

Yet would I at this time with willing heart

Have undertaken for a cause so great Service however dangerous. I revolved,

How much the destiny of Man had still Hung upon single persons ; that there

was,

Transcendent to all local patrimony, One nature, as there is one sun in heaven ;

That objects, even as they are great, thereby

Do come within the reach of humblest eyes ;

That Man is only weak through his mistrust

And want of hope where evidence divine Proclaims to him that hope should be

most sure ;

Nor did the inexperience of my youth Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong

In hope, and trained to noble aspirations,

A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself, Is for Society's unreasoning herd

A domineering instinct, serves at once For way and guide, a fluent receptacle

That gathers up each petty straggling rill And vein of water, glad to be rolled on

In safe obedience ; that a mind, whose rest

Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint, In circumspection and simplicity,

Falls rarely in entire discomfiture Below its aim, or meets with, from with-

out,

A treachery that foils it or defeats ;

That voice, ill requiem! seldom heard by  
me  
Without a spirit overcast: by dark  
Imaginations, sense of woes to come,  
Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men, who, for their  
desperate ends,  
Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were glad  
Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong  
before  
In wicked pleas, were strong as demons  
now;  
And thus, on every side beset with foes,  
The goaded land waxed mad; the crimes  
of few  
Spread into madness of the many; blasts  
From hell came sanctified like airs from  
heaven.  
The sternness of the just, the faith of  
those  
Who doubted not that Providence had  
times  
Of vengeful retribution, theirs who throned  
The human Understanding paramount  
And made of that their God, the hopes of  
men  
Who were content to barter short-lived  
pangs  
For a paradise of ages, the blind rage  
Of insolent tempers, the light vanity  
Of intermeddlers, steady purposes  
Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet,  
And all the accidents of life were pressed  
Into one service, busy with one work.  
The Senate stood aghast, her prudence  
quenched,  
Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,  
Her frenzy only active to extol  
Past outrages, and shape the way for new,  
Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole  
year  
With feast-days; old men from the  
chimney-nook,  
The maiden from the bosom of her love,  
The mother from the cradle of her babe,  
The warrior from the field—all perished,  
all—  
friends, enemies, of all parties, ages,  
ranks,  
head after head, and never heads enough

For those that bade them fall. They  
found their joy.  
They made it proudly; eager as a child,  
(If like desires of innocent little ones  
May with such heinous appetites be com-  
pared),  
Pleased in some open field to exercise  
A toy that mimics with revolving wings  
The motion of a wind-mill; though the air  
Do of itself blow fresh, and make the  
vanes  
Spin in his eyesight, *that* contents him  
not,  
But, with the plaything at arm's length,  
he sets  
His front against the blast, and runs  
amain,  
That it may whirl the faster.

Amid the depth  
Of those enormities, even thinking minds  
Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their  
being;  
Forgot that such a sound was ever heard  
As Liberty upon earth: yet all beneath  
Her innocent authority was wrought,  
Nor could have been, without her blessed  
name.  
The illustrious wife of Roland, in the  
hour  
Of her composure, felt that agony,  
And gave it vent in her last words. O  
Friend!

It was a lamentable time for man,  
Whether a hope had e'er been his or not;  
A woeful time for them whose hopes  
survived  
The shock; most woeful for those few  
who still  
Were flattered, and had trust in human  
kind:  
They had the deepest feeling of the grief.  
Meanwhile the Invaders fared as they  
deserved:  
The Herculean Commonwealth had put  
forth her arms,  
And throttled with an infant godhead's  
might  
The snakes about her cradle; that was  
well,  
And as it should be; yet no cure for them  
Whose souls were sick with pain of what  
would be  
Hereafter brought in charge against man-  
kind.



To notice old forgotten principles,  
 And though the nation spread a novel  
 heat  
 Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I own  
 That this particular strife had wanted  
 power  
 To rivet my affections; nor did now  
 Its unsuccessful issue much excite  
 My sorrow; for I brought with me the  
 faith  
 That, if France prospered, good men  
 would not long  
 Pay fruitless worship to humanity,  
 And this most rotten branch of human  
 shame,  
 Object, so seemed it, of superstitious pains,  
 Would fall together with its parent tree.  
 What, then, were my emotions, when in  
 arms  
 Britain put forth her freeborn strength in  
 league,  
 Oh, pity and shame! with those confede-  
 rate Powers!  
 Not in my single self alone I found,  
 But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,  
 Change and subversion from that hour.  
 No shock  
 Given to my moral nature had I known  
 Down to that very moment; neither lapse  
 Nor turn of sentiment that might be  
 named  
 A revolution, save at this one time;  
 All else was progress on the self-same  
 path  
 On which, with a diversity of pace,  
 I had been travelling: this a stride at  
 once  
 Into another region. As a light  
 And pliant harelbell, swinging in the  
 breeze  
 On some grey rock—its birthplace—so  
 had I  
 Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient  
 tower  
 Of my beloved country, wishing not  
 A happier fortune than to wither there:  
 Now was I from that pleasant station torn  
 And tossed about in whirlwind. I re-  
 joiced,  
 Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to  
 record!—  
 Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,  
 When Englishmen by thousands were  
 o'erthrown,

Left without glory on the field, or driven,  
 Brave hearts! to shameful flight. It was  
 a grief,—  
 Grief call it not, 'twas anything but that,—  
 A conflict of sensations without name,  
 Of which *he* only, who may love the sight  
 Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,  
 When in the congregation bending all  
 To their great Father, prayers were offered  
 up,  
 Or praises for our country's victories;  
 And, 'mid the simple worshippers, per-  
 chance  
 I only, like an uninvited guest  
 Whom no one owned, sate silent, shall I  
 add,  
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

Oh! much have they to account for,  
 who could tear,  
 By violence, at one decisive rent,  
 From the best youth in England their  
 dear pride,  
 Their joy, in England; this, too, at a time  
 In which worst losses easily might wean  
 The best of names, when patriotic love  
 Did of itself in modesty give way,  
 Like the Precursor when the Deity  
 Is come Whose harbinger he was; a time  
 In which apostasy from ancient faith  
 Seemed but conversion to a higher creed;  
 Withal a season dangerous and wild,  
 A time when sage Experience would have  
 snatched  
 Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose  
 A chaplet in contempt of his grey locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the  
 red-cross flag  
 In that unworthy service was prepared  
 To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,  
 A brood of gallant creatures, on the  
 deep;  
 I saw them in their rest, a sojourner  
 Through a whole month of calm and glassy  
 days  
 In that delightful island which protects  
 Their place of convocation—there I heard,  
 Each evening, pacing by the still sea-  
 shore,  
 A monitory sound that never failed.—  
 The sunset cannon. While the orb went  
 down  
 In the tranquillity of nature, came

The blame is ours, not Nature's. When  
 a taunt  
 Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,  
 Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap  
 From popular government and equality,"  
 I clearly saw that neither these nor aught  
 Of wild belief engrafted on their names  
 By false philosophy had caused the woe,  
 But a terrific reservoir of guilt  
 And ignorance filled up from age to age,  
 That could no longer hold its loathsome  
 charge,  
 But burst and spread in deluge through  
 the land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the  
 sea  
 Small islands scattered amid stormy  
 waves,  
 So *that* disastrous period did not want  
 Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,  
 To which the silver wands of saints in  
 Heaven.  
 Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not  
 the less,  
 For those examples, in no age surpassed  
 Of fortitude and energy and love,  
 And human nature faithful to herself  
 Under worst trials, was I driven to think  
 Of the glad times when first I traversed  
 France  
 A youthful pilgrim; above all reviewed  
 That eventide, when under windows bright  
 With happy faces and with garlands hung,  
 And through a rainbow-arch that spanned  
 the street,  
 Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,  
 I paced, a dear companion at my side,  
 The town of Arras, whence with promise  
 high  
 Issued, on delegation to sustain  
 Humanity and right. *that* Robespierre,  
 He who thereafter, and in how short time!  
 Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.  
 When the calamity spread far and wide—  
 And this same city, that did then appear  
 To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned  
 Under the vengeance of her cruel son.  
 As Lear reproached the winds—I could  
 almost  
 Have quarrelled with that blameless  
 spectacle  
 For lingering yet an image in my mind  
 To mock me under such a strange reverse.

O Friend! few happier moments have  
 been mine  
 Than that which told the downfall of this  
 Tribe  
 So dreaded, so abhorred. The day de-  
 serves  
 A separate record. Over the smooth sands  
 Of Leven's ample estuary lay  
 My journey, and beneath a genial sun,  
 With distant prospect among gleams of  
 sky  
 And clouds, and intermingling mountain-  
 tops,  
 In one inseparable glory clad,  
 Creatures of one ethereal substance met  
 In consistory, like a diadem  
 Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit  
 In the empyrean. Undemeath that pomp  
 Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales  
 Among whose happy fields I had grown  
 up  
 From childhood. On the fulgent spec-  
 tacle,  
 That neither passed away nor changed.  
 I gazed  
 Enrapt; but brightest things are wont to  
 draw  
 Sad opposites out of the inner heart,  
 As even their pensive influence drew from  
 mine.  
 How could it otherwise? for not in vain  
 That very morning had I turned aside  
 To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng  
 of graves,  
 An honoured teacher of my youth was  
 laid,  
 And on the stone were graven by his  
 desire  
 Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray.  
 This faithful guide, speaking from his  
 death-bed,  
 Added no farewell to his parting counsel.  
 But said to me, "My head will soon lie  
 low;"  
 And when I saw the turf that covered  
 him,  
 After the lapse of full eight years, those  
 words,  
 With sound of voice and countenance of  
 the Man,  
 Came back upon me, so that some few  
 tears  
 Fell from me in my own despite. Not  
 now

Most melancholy at that time, O Friend !  
Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were  
miserable ;

Through months, through years, long after  
the last beat

Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep  
To me came rarely charged with natural  
gifts,

Such ghastly visions had I of despair  
And tyranny, and implements of death ;  
And innocent victims sinking under fear,  
And momentary hope, and worn-out  
prayer,

Each in his separate cell, or penned in  
crowds

For sacrifice, and struggling with fond  
mirth

And levity in dungeons, where the dust  
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the  
scene

Changed, and the unbroken dream en-  
tangled me

In long orations, which I strove to plead  
Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice  
Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense,  
Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt  
In the last place of refuge—my own soul.

When I began in youth's delightful  
prime

To yield myself to Nature, when that  
strong

And holy passion overcame me first,  
Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was  
freed

From its oppression. ' But, O Power  
Supreme !

Without Whose call this world would  
cease to breathe,

Who from the Fountain of Thy grace dost  
fill

The veins that branch through every frame  
of life,

Making man what he is, creature divine,  
In single or in social eminence,

Above the rest raised infinite ascents  
When reason that enables him to be

Is not sequestered—what a change is here!  
How different ritual for this after-worship

What countenance to promote this second  
love !

The first was service paid to things which  
lie

Guarded within the bosom of Thy will.

Therefore to serve was high beatitude ;  
Tumult was therefore gladness, and the fear  
Ennobling, venerable ; sleep secure,  
And waking thoughts more rich than  
happiest dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft  
In vision, yet constrained by natural laws  
With them to take a troubled human  
heart,

Wanted not consolations, nor a creed  
Of reconciliation, then when they de-  
nounced,

On towns and cities, wallowing in the  
abyss

Of their offences, punishment to come ;  
Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,  
Before them, in some desolated place,  
The wrath consummate and the threat  
fulfilled ;

So, with devout humility be it said,  
So, did a portion of that spirit fall  
On me uplifted from the vantage-ground  
Of pity and sorrow to a state of being  
That through the time's exceeding fierce-  
ness saw

Glimpses of retribution, terrible,  
And in the order of sublime behests :

But, even if that were not, amid the awe  
Of unintelligible chastisement,

Not only acquiescences of faith  
Survived, but daring sympathies with  
power,

Motions not treacherous or profane, else  
why

Within the folds of no ungentle breast  
Their dread vibration to this hour pro-  
longed ?

Wild blasts of music thus could find their  
way

Into the midst of turbulent events ;  
So that worst tempests might be listened  
to.

Then was the truth received into my  
heart,

That, under heaviest sorrow earth can  
bring,

If from the affliction somewhere do not  
grow

Honour which could not else have been,  
a faith,

An elevation, and a sanctity,  
If new strength be not given nor old  
restored,

Of rational Experience, for the shoots  
 And hopeful blossoms of a second spring :  
 Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired ;  
 The Senate's language, and the public acts  
 And measures of the Government, though  
 both  
 Weak and of heartless omen, had not  
 power  
 To daunt me : in the People was my  
 trust.  
 And in the virtues which mine eyes had  
 seen.  
 I know that wound external could not  
 take  
 Life from the young Republic ; that new  
 foes  
 Would only follow, in the path of shame,  
 Their brethren, and her triumphs be in  
 the end  
 Great, universal, irresistible.  
 This intuition led me to confound  
 One victory with another, higher far, —  
 Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,  
 And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still  
 Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought  
 That what was in degree the same was  
 likewise  
 The same in quality, — that, as the worse  
 Of the two spirits then at strife remained  
 Untired, the better, surely, would pre-  
 serve  
 The heart that first had roused him.  
 Youth maintains,  
 In all conditions of society,  
 Communion more direct and intimate  
 With Nature, — hence, oftentimes, with  
 reason too —  
 Than age or manhood, even. To Nature,  
 then,  
 Power had reverted : habit, custom, law,  
 Had left an interregnum's open space  
 For her to move about in, uncontrolled.  
 Hence could I see how Babe-like their  
 task,  
 Who, by the recent deluge stupefied,  
 With their whole souls went culling from  
 the day  
 Its petty promises, to build a tower  
 For their own safety ; laughed with my  
 compeers  
 At gravest heads, by enmity to France  
 Distempered, till they found, in every blast  
 Swept from the street-disturbing news-  
 man's horn,

For her great cause record or prophecy  
 Of utter ruin. How might we believe  
 That wisdom could, in any shape, come  
 near  
 Men clinging to delusions so insane ?  
 And thus, experience proving that no few  
 Of our opinions had been just, we took  
 Like credit to ourselves where less was  
 due,  
 And thought that other notions were as  
 sound,  
 Yea, could not but be right, because we  
 saw  
 That foolish men opposed them.  
 To a strain  
 More animated I might here give way,  
 And tell, since juvenile errors are my  
 theme,  
 What in those days through Britain was  
 performed  
 To turn *all* judgments out of their right  
 course ;  
 But this is passion over-near ourselves,  
 Reality too close and too intense,  
 And intermixed with something, in my  
 mind,  
 Of scorn and condemnation personal,  
 That would profane the sanctity of verse.  
 Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that  
 time  
 Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men  
 Thirsting to make the guardian crook of  
 law  
 A tool of murder ; they who ruled the  
 State, —  
 Though with such awful proof before  
 their eyes  
 That he, who would sow death, reaps  
 death, or worse,  
 And can reap nothing better, — child-like  
 longed  
 To imitate, not wise enough to avoid ;  
 Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)  
 The plain straight road, for one no better  
 chosen  
 Than if their wish had been to undermine  
 Justice, and make an end of Liberty.  
 But from these bitter truths I must  
 return  
 To my own history. It hath been told  
 That I was led to take an eager part  
 In arguments of civil polity,  
 Abruptly, and indeed before my time :

I thought, still traversing that widespread plain,  
 With tender pleasure of the verses graven  
 Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself;  
 He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,  
 Would have loved me, as one not destitute  
 Of promise, nor belying the kind hope  
 That he had formed, when I, at his command,  
 Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs.

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt  
 Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small  
 And rocky island near, a fragment stood  
 (Itself like a sea rock) the low remains  
 (With shells encrusted, dark with briny  
 weeds)  
 Of a dilapidated structure, once  
 A Romish chapel, where the vested priest  
 Said matins at the hour that suited those  
 Who crossed the sands with ebb of  
 morning tide.  
 Not far from that still ruin all the plain  
 Lay spotted with a variegated crowd  
 Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,  
 Wading beneath the conduct of their  
 guide  
 In loose procession through the shallow  
 stream  
 Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile  
 Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I  
 paused,  
 Longing for skill to paint a scene so  
 bright  
 And cheerful, but the foremost of the  
 band  
 As he approached, no salutation given  
 In the familiar language of the day,  
 Cried, "Robespierre is dead!"—nor was  
 a doubt,  
 After strict question, left within my  
 mind  
 That he and his supporters all were  
 fallen.

Great was my transport, deep my  
 gratitude  
 To everlasting Justice, by this fiat  
 Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden  
 times,"

Said I forth-pouring on those open sands  
 A hymn of triumph: "as the morning  
 comes  
 From out the bosom of the night, come ye:  
 Thus far our trust is verified; behold!  
 They who with clumsy desperation  
 brought  
 A river of Blood, and preached that  
 nothing else  
 Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the  
 might  
 Of their own helper have been swept  
 away;  
 Their madness stands declared and  
 visible;  
 Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and  
 earth  
 March firmly towards righteousness and  
 peace."—  
 Then schemes I framed more calmly,  
 when and how  
 The maddening factions might be tranquillised,  
 And how through hardships manifold and  
 long  
 The glorious renovation would proceed.  
 Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts  
 Of exultation, I pursued my way  
 Along that very shore which I had  
 skimmed  
 In former days, when—spurring from the  
 Vale  
 Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering  
 fane,  
 And the stone abbot, after circuit made  
 In wantonness of heart, a joyous band  
 Of schoolboys hastening to their distant  
 home  
 Along the margin of the moonlight sea—  
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level  
 sand.

## BOOK ELEVENTH.

FRANCE.—(CONCLUDED).

FROM that time forth, Authority in France  
 Put on a milder face; Terror had ceased,  
 Yet everything was wanting that might  
 give  
 Courage to them who looked for good by  
 light

He walks about and looks upon the spot  
 With cordial transport. moulds it and  
 remoulds,  
 And is half pleased with things that are  
 amiss.  
 'Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked  
 From every object pleasant circumstance  
 To suit my ends ; I moved among man-  
 kind

With genial feelings still predominant ;  
 When erring, erring on the better part,  
 And in the kinder spirit ; placable,  
 Indulgent, as not uninformed that men  
 See as they have been taught—Antiquity  
 Gives rights to error ; and aware, no less,  
 That throwing off oppression must be  
 work

As well of License as of Liberty ;  
 And above all—for this was more than  
 all—

Not caring if the wind did now and then  
 Blow keen upon an eminence that gave  
 Prospect so large into futurity :  
 In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,  
 Diffusing only those affections wider  
 That from the cradle had grown up with  
 me,  
 And losing, in no other way than light  
 Is lost in light, the weak in the more  
 strong.

In the main outline, such it might be  
 said

Was my condition, till with open war  
 Britain opposed the liberties of France.  
 This threw me first out of the pale of love ;  
 Soured and corrupted, upwards to the  
 source,

My sentiments ; was not, as hitherto,  
 A swallowing up of lesser things in great  
 But change of them into their contraries :  
 And thus a way was opened for mistakes  
 And false conclusions, in degree as gross,  
 In kind more dangerous. What had been  
 a pride,

Was now a shame ; my likings and my  
 loves

Ran in new channels, leaving old ones  
 dry ;

And hence a blow that, in maturer age,  
 Would but have touched the judgment,  
 struck more deep

Into sensations near the heart : mean-  
 time,  
 As from the first, wild theories were  
 afloat,  
 To whose pretensions, sedulously urged,  
 I had but lent a careless ear, assured  
 That time was ready to set all things  
 right,  
 And that the multitude, so long op-  
 pressed,  
 Would be oppressed no more.

But when events  
 Brought less encouragement, and unto  
 these

The immediate proof of principles no  
 more

Could be entrusted, while the events  
 themselves,

Worn out in greatness, stripped of  
 novelty,

Less occupied the mind, and sentiments  
 Could through my understanding's natural  
 growth

No longer keep their ground, by faith  
 maintained

Of inward consciousness, and hope that  
 laid

Her hand upon her object—evidence  
 Safer, of universal application, such  
 As could not be impeached, was sought  
 elsewhere.

But now, become oppressors in their  
 turn,  
 Frenchmen had changed a war of self-  
 defence

For one of conquest, losing sight of all  
 Which they had struggled for : upmounted  
 now,

Openly in the eye of earth and heaven,  
 The scale of liberty. I read her doom,  
 With anger vexed, with disappointment  
 sore,

But not dismayed, nor taking to the  
 shame

Of a false prophet. While resentment  
 rose

Striving to hide, what nought could heal,  
 the wounds

Of mortified presumption, I adhered  
 More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove  
 Their temper, strained them more ; and  
 thus, in heat

Of contest, did opinions every day

I had approached, like other youths, the  
shield,  
Of human nature from the golden side,  
And would have fought, even to the  
death, to attest

The quality of the metal which I saw.  
What there is best in individual man,  
Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,  
Benevolent in small societies,  
And great in large ones, I had oft re-  
solved,  
Felt deeply, but not thoroughly under-  
stood

By reason : far from it ; they were yet,  
As cause was given me afterwards to  
learn,

Not proof against the injuries of the day ;  
Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,  
Not safe within its bosom. Thus pre-  
pared,

And with such general insight into evil,  
And of the bounds which sever it from  
good,

As books and common intercourse with  
life

Must needs have given—to the inex-  
perienced mind,

When the world travels in a beaten road,  
Guide faithful as is needed—I began

To meditate with ardour on the rule  
And management of nations ; what it is  
And ought to be ; and strove to learn  
how far

Their power or weakness, wealth or  
poverty,

Their happiness or misery, depends  
Upon their laws, and fashion of the State.

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy !  
For mighty were the auxiliars which then  
stood

Upon our side, us who were strong in  
love !

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very Heaven ! O  
times,

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding  
ways

Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
The attraction of a country in romance !

When Reason seemed the most to assert  
her rights

When most intent on making of herself  
A prime enchantress—to assist the work,

Which then was going forward in her  
name !

Not favoured spots alone, but the whole  
Earth,

The beauty wore of promise—that which  
sets

(As at some moments might not be un-  
felt

Among the bowers of Paradise itself)

The budding rose above the rose full  
blown.

What temper at the prospect did not  
wake

To happiness unthought of ? The inert  
Were roused, and lively natures rapt  
away !

They who had fed their childhood upon  
dreams,

The play-fellows of fancy, who had made  
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and  
strength

Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had  
stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
And dealt with whatsoever they found  
there

As if they had within some lurking right  
To wield it ;—they, too, who of gentle  
mood

Had watched all gentle motions, and to  
these

Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers  
more mild,

And in the region of their peaceful  
selves ;—

Now was it that *both* found, the meek  
and lofty

Did both find, helpers to their hearts'  
desire,

And stuff at hand, plastic as they could  
wish,—

Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—

Or some secreted island, Heaven knows  
where !

But in the very world, which is the world  
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end.

We find our happiness, or not at all !

Why should I not confess that Earth  
was then

To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,  
Seems, when the first time visited, to one  
Who thither comes to find in it his home ?

From Nature's way by outward accidents,  
And which was thus confounded, more  
and more

Misguided, and misguiding. So I fared,  
Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims,  
creeds.

Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,  
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day  
Her titles and her honours; now believ-  
ing.

Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed  
With impulse, motive, right and wrong,  
the ground

Of obligation, what the rule and whence  
The sanction; till, demanding formal  
*proof,*

And seeking it in everything. I lost  
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,  
Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,  
Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,  
This the soul's last and lowest ebb; I  
drooped,

Deeming our blessed reason of least use  
Where wanted most: "The lordly attri-  
butes

Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed,  
"What are they but a mockery of a Being  
Who hath in no concerns of his a test  
Of good and evil; knows not what to fear  
Or hope for, what to covet or to shun;  
And who, if those could be discerned,  
would yet


Be little profited, would see, and ask  
Where is the obligation to enforce?  
And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still,  
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss;  
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not  
walk

With scoffers, seeking light and gay re-  
venge.

From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate  
down

In reconciliation with an utter waste  
Of intellect; such sloth I could not brook.  
(Too well I loved, in that my spring of  
life,

Pain-taking thoughts, and  their  
dear reward)

But turned to abstract science, and there  
sought

Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned  
Where the disturbances of space and  
time—

Whether in matters various, properties  
Inherent, or from human will and power  
Derived—find no admission. Then it was—  
Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all  
good!—

That the beloved Sister in whose sight  
Those days were passed, now speaking in  
a voice

Of sudden admonition—like a brook  
That did but *cross* a lonely road, and  
now

Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every  
turn,

Companion never lost through many a  
league—

Maintained for me a saving intercourse  
With my true self; for, though bedimmed  
and changed

Much, as it seemed, I was no further  
changed

Than as a clouded and a waning moon:  
She whispered still that brightness would  
return,

She, in the midst of all, preserved me still  
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,  
And that alone, my office upon earth;

And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown.  
If willing audience fail not, Nature's self,  
By all varieties of human love  
Assisted, led me back through opening  
day

To those sweet counsels between head  
and heart

Whence grew that genuine knowledge,  
fraught with peace,  
Which, through the later sinkings of this  
cause,

Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now  
In the catastrophe (for so they dream.  
And nothing less), when, finally to close  
And seal up all the gains of France, a

Pope  
Is summoned in to crown an Emperor—  
This last opprobrium, when we see a  
people,

That once looked up in faith, as if to  
Heaven

For manna, take a lesson from the dog  
Returning, to his vomit; when the sun  
That rose in splendour, was alive, not  
moved



Grow into consequence, till round my  
mind  
They clung, as if they were its life, nay  
more,  
The very being of the immortal soul.

This was the time, when, all things  
tending fast  
To deprivation, speculative schemes—  
That promised to abstract the hopes of  
Man  
Out of his feelings, to be fixed thence-  
forth

For ever in a purer element—  
Found ready welcome. Tempting region  
*that*

For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,  
Where passions had the privilege to work,  
And never hear the sound of their own  
names.

But, speaking more in charity, the dream  
Flattered the young, pleased with ex-  
tremes, nor least

With that which makes our Reason's  
naked self

The object of its fervour. What delight!  
How glorious! in self-knowledge and  
self-rule,

To look through all the frailties of the  
world,

And, with a resolute mastery shaking off  
Infirmities of nature, time, and place,  
Build social upon personal Liberty,  
Which, to the blind restraints of general  
laws

Superior, magisterially adopts  
One guide, the light of circumstances,  
flashed

Upon an independent intellect.

Thus expectation rose again; thus hope,  
From her first ground expelled, grew  
proud once more.

Of, as my thoughts were turned to hu-  
man kind,

I scorned indifference; but, inflamed with  
thirst

Of a secure intelligence, and sick  
Of other longing, I pursued what seemed  
A more exalted nature; wished that Man  
Should start out of his earthy, worm-like  
state,

And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,  
Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight—  
A noble aspiration! yet I feel

wo.

(Sustained by worthier as by wiser  
thoughts)

The aspiration, nor shall ever cease  
To feel it;—but return we to our course.

Enough, 'tis true—could such a plea  
excuse

Those aberrations—had the clamorous  
friends

Of ancient Institutions said and done  
To bring disgrace upon their very names;  
Disgrace, of which, custom and written  
law,

And sundry moral sentiments as props  
Or emanations of those institutes,  
Too justly bore a part. A veil had been  
Uplifted; why deceive ourselves? in sooth,  
'Twas even so; and sorrow for the man  
Who either had not eyes wherewith to  
see,

Or, seeing, had forgotten! A strong shock  
Was given to old opinions; all men's  
minds

Had felt its power, and mine was both let  
loose,

Let loose and goaded. After what lath  
been

Already said of patriotic love,  
Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat  
stern

In temperament, withal a happy man,  
And therefore bold to look on painful  
things,

Free likewise of the world, and thence  
more bold,

I summoned my best skill, and toiled,  
intent

To anatomise the frame of social life;

Yea, the whole body of society

Searched to its heart. Share with me,  
Friend! the wish

That some dramatic tale, endued with  
shapes

Livelier, and flinging out less guarded  
words

Than suit the work we fashion, might set  
forth

What then I learned, or think I learned,  
of truth,

And the errors into which I felt betrayed  
By present objects, and by reasonings  
false

From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn  
Out of a heart that had been turned aside

21

I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed  
 Divine Comates, by his impious lord  
 Within a chest imprisoned; how they  
     came  
 Laden from blooming grove or flowery  
     field,  
 And fed him there, alive, month after  
     month,  
 Because the goatherd, blessed man! had  
     lips  
 Wet with the Muses' nectar.  
                     Thus I soothe  
 The pensive moments by this calm fire-  
     side,  
 And find a thousand bounteous images  
 To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and  
     mine.  
 Our prayers have been accepted; thou  
     wilt stand  
 On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,  
 Triumphant, winning from the invaded  
     heavens.  
 Thoughts without bound, magnificent de-  
     signs,  
 Worth of poets who attuned their harps  
 In wood or echoing cave, for discipline  
 Of heroes; or, in reverence to the gods,  
 'Mid temples, served by sapient priests,  
     and choirs  
 Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in  
     vain  
 Those temples, where they in their ruins  
     yet  
 Survive for inspiration, shall attract  
 Thy solitary steps: and on the brink  
 Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse;  
 Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,  
 Then, near some other spring—which <sup>is</sup> <sub>the</sub>  
     the name  
 Thou gratest, willingly deceived—  
 I see thee linger a glad votary,  
 And not a captive pining for his home.

## BOOK TWELFTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW  
IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

LONG time have human ignorance and  
 guilt  
 stained us, on what spectacles of woe

Compelled to look, and inwardly op-  
     pressed  
 With sorrow, disappointment, vexing  
     thoughts,  
 Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed,  
 And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself  
 And things to hope for! Not with these  
     began  
 Our song, and not with these our song  
     must end.—  
 Ye motions of delight, that haunt the  
     sides  
 Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft  
     airs,  
 Whose subtle intercourse with breathing  
     flowers,  
 Feelingly watched, might teach Man's  
     haughty race  
 How without injury to take, to give  
 Without offence: ye who, as if to show  
 The wondrous influence of power gently  
     used,  
 Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,  
 And, with a touch, shift the stupendous  
     clouds  
 Through the whole compass of the sky;  
     ye brooks,  
 Muttering along the stones, a busy noise  
 By day, a quiet sound in silent night;  
 Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal  
     forth  
 In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,  
 Not mute, and then retire, fearing no  
     storm;  
 And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is  
 To interpose the covert of your shades,  
 Even as a sleep, between the heart of man  
 And outward troubles, between man him-  
     self,  
 Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart:  
 Oh! that I had a music and a voice  
 Harmonious as your own, that I might tell  
 What ye have done for me. The morning  
     shines,  
 Nor heedeth Man's perverseness; Spring  
     returns,—  
 I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice.  
 In common with the children of her love,  
 Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh  
     fields,  
 Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heaven  
 On wings that navigate cerulean skies.  
 So neither were complacency, nor peace,  
 Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good

In exultation with a living pomp  
Of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—  
Hath dropped all functions by the gods  
bestowed,  
And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,  
Sets like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O Friend!  
Through times of honour and through  
times of shame

Descending, have I faithfully retraced  
The perturbations of a youthful mind  
Under a long-lived storm of great events—  
A story destined for thy ear, who now,  
Among the fallen of nations, dost abide  
Where Etna, over hill and valley, casts  
His shadow stretching towards Syracuse,  
The city of Timoleon! Righteous Heaven!  
How are the mighty prostrated? They first,  
They first of all that breathe should have  
awaked

When the great voice was heard from out  
the tombs

Of ancient heroes. If I suffered grief  
For ill-requited France, by many deemed  
A trifle only in her proudest day;  
Have been distressed to think of what  
she once

Promised, now is; a far more sober cause  
Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a land,  
To the reanimating influence lost  
Of memory, to virtue lost and hope,  
Though with the wreck of loftier years  
bestrewn.

But indignation works where hope is  
not,  
And thou, O Friend! wilt be refreshed.  
There is  
One great society alone on earth: <sup>thee</sup>  
The noble Living and the noble Dead.

There be such converse strong and  
sanative,  
A ladder for thy spirit to reascend  
To health and joy and pure contentedness;  
To me the grief confined, that thou art  
gone  
From this last spot of earth, where Free-  
dom now  
Stands single in her only sanctuary;  
A lonely wanderer art gone, by pain  
Compelled and sickness, at this latter day,  
This sorrowful reverse for all mankind.  
[ Fear for thee, must utter what I feel :

The sympathies erewhile in part dis-  
charged,

Gather afresh, and will have vent again :  
My own delights do scarcely seem to me  
My own delights; the lordly Alps them-  
selves,

Those rosy peaks, from which the Morn-  
ing looks

Abroad on many nations, are no more  
For me that image of pure gladness  
Which they were wont to be. Through  
kindred scenes,

For purpose, at a time, how different !  
Thou tak'st thy way, carrying the heart  
and soul

That Nature gives to Poets, now by thought  
Matured, and in the summer of their  
strength.

Oh! wrap him in your shades, ye giant  
woods,

On Etna's side; and thou, O flowery field  
Of Enna! is there not some nook of thine,  
From the first playtime of the infant world  
Kept sacred to restorative delight,  
When from afar invoked by anxious love?

Child of the mountains, among shep-  
herds reared,

Ere yet familiar with the classic page,  
I learnt to dream of Sicily; and lo,  
The gloom, that, but a moment past, was  
deepened

At thy command, at her command gives  
way;

A pleasant promise, wafted from her  
shores,

Comes o'er my heart: in fancy I behold  
Why <sup>was</sup> yet smiling, her once happy

Nor can my tongue give utterance to a  
name

Of note, belonging to that honoured isle,  
Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles.

Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul!  
That doth not yield a solace to my grief:  
And, O Theocritus, so far have some  
Prevailed among the powers of heaven  
and earth,

By their endowments, good or great, that  
they

Have had, as thou reportest, miracles  
Wrought for them in old time: yea, not  
unmoved,

When thinking on my own beloved friend,

Through these distracted times ; in Nature still  
 Glor'ing, I found a counterpoise in her,  
 Which, when the spirit of evil reached its height,  
 Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend ! hath chiefly told  
 Of intellectual power, fostering love,  
 Dispensing truth, and, over men and things,

Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing  
 Prophetic sympathies of genial faith :  
 So was I favoured—such my happy lot—  
 Until that natural graciousness of mind  
 Gave way to overpressure from the times  
 And their disastrous issues. What availed,  
 When spells forbade the voyager to land,  
 That fragrant notice of a pleasant shore  
 Wafted, at intervals, from many a bower  
 Of blissful gratitude and fearless love ?  
 Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,  
 And hope that future times *would* surely see,

The man to come, parted, as by a gulph,  
 From him who had been ; that I could no more  
 Trust the elevation which had made me one

With the great family that still survives  
 To illuminate the abyss of ages past,  
 Sage, warrior, patriot, hero ; for it seemed  
 That their best virtues were not free from taint

Of something false and weak, that could not stand

The open eye of Reason. Then I said,  
 'Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee  
 More perfectly of purer creatures ;—yet  
 Reason be nobility in man,  
 Can aught be more ignoble than the man  
 Whom they delight in, blinded as he is  
 By prejudice, the miserable slave  
 Of low ambition or distempered love ?'

In such strange passion, if I may once more  
 Review the past, I warred against myself—

A bigot to a new idolatry—  
 Like a cowed monk who hath forsworn  
 the world,  
 Jealously laboured to cut off my heart

From all the sources of her former strength ;

And as, by simple waving of a wand,  
 The wizard instantaneously dissolves  
 Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul  
 As readily by syllogistic words  
 Those mysteries of being which have made,  
 And shall continue evermore to make,  
 Of the whole human race one brotherhood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far  
 Perverted, even the visible Universe  
 Fell under the dominion of a taste  
 Less spiritual, with microscopic view  
 Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral world ?

O Soul of Nature ! excellent and fair !  
 That didst rejoice with me, with whom I, too,

Rejoiced through early youth, before the winds

And roaring waters, and in lights and shades

That marched and countermarched about the hills

In glorious apparition, Powers on whom  
 I daily waited, now all eye and now

All ear ; but never long without the heart  
 Employed, and man's unfolding intellect :

O Soul of Nature ! that, by laws divine  
 Sustained and governed, still dost overflow

With an impassioned life, what feeble ones

Walk on this earth ! how feeble have I been

When thou wert in thy strength ! Nor this through stroke

Of human suffering, such as justifies  
 Remissness and inaptitude of mind,  
 But through presumption ; even in pleasure pleased

Unworthily, disliking here, and there  
 Liking ; by rules of mimic art transferred  
 To things above all art ; but more,—for this,

Although a strong infection of the age,  
 Was never much my habit—giving way  
 To a comparison of scene with scene,  
 Bent overmuch on superficial things.  
 Pampering myself with meagre novelties

Yea, never thought of judging ; with the gift.

Of all this glory filled and satisfied.  
And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps

Roaming, I carried with me the same heart :

In truth, the degradation—howsoever induced, effect, in whatsoever degree, Of custom that prepares a partial scale In which the little oft outweighs the great ;

Or any other cause that hath been named ;

Or lastly, aggravated by the times And their impassioned sounds, which well might make

The milder minstrelsy of rural scenes Inaudible—was transient ; I had known Too forcibly, too early in my life, Visitings of imaginative power For this to last : I shook the habit off Entirely and for ever, and again In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand,  
A sensitive being, a *creative* soul.

There are in our existence spots of time,

That with distinct pre-eminence retain A renovating virtue, whence, depressed By false opinion and contentious thought, Or aught of heavier or more deadly weight,

In trivial occupations, and the round Of ordinary intercourse, our minds Are nourished and invisibly repaired ; A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced, That penetrates, enables us to mount, When high, more high, and lifts us up when fallen.

This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks Among those passages of life that give Profoundest knowledge to what point, and how,

The mind is lord and master—outward sense

The obedient servant of her will. Such moments

Are scattered everywhere, taking their date

From our first childhood. I remember well, That once, while yet my inexperienced hand

Could scarcely hold a bridle, with proud hopes

I mounted, and we journeyed towards the hills :

An ancient servant of my father's house Was with me, my encourager and guide : We had not travelled long, ere some mischance

Disjoined me from my comrade ; and, through fear

Dismounting, down the rough and stony moor

I led my horse, and stumbling on, at length

Came to a bottom, where in former times A murderer had been hung in iron chains. The gibbet-mast had mouldered down, the bones

And iron case were gone ; but on the turf,

Hard by, soon after that fell deed was wrought,

Some unknown hand had carved the murderer's name.

The monumental letters were inscribed In times long past ; but still, from year to year,

By superstition of the neighbourhood, The grass is cleared away, and to this hour

The characters are fresh and visible : A casual glance had shown them, and I, fled,

Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the road :

Then, reascending the bare common, saw A naked pool that lay beneath the hills, The beacon on the summit, and, more near,

A girl, who bore a pitcher on her head, And seemed with difficult steps to force her way

Against the blowing wind. It was, in truth,

An ordinary sight ; but I should need Colours and words that are unknown to man,

To paint the visionary dreariness Which, while I looked all round for my lost guide,

Invested moorland waste, and naked pool. The beacon crowning the lone eminence. The female and her garments vexed and tossed

By the strong wind. When, in the blessed  
hours

Of early love, the loved one at my side  
I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,  
Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,  
And on the melancholy beacon, fell

A spirit of pleasure and youth's golden  
gleam ;

And think ye not with radiance more  
sublime

For these remembrances, and for the  
power

They had left behind? So feeling comes  
in aid

Of feeling, and diversity of strength

Attends us, if but once we have been  
strong.

Oh ! mystery of man, from what a depth  
Proceed thy honours. I am lost, but see  
In simple childhood something of the  
base

On which thy greatness stands ; but this  
I feel,

That from thyself it comes, that thou  
must give,

Else never canst receive. The days gone  
by

Return upon me almost from the dawn  
Of life : the hiding-places of man's power  
Open ; I would approach them, but they  
close.

I see by glimpses now ; when age comes  
on,

May scarcely see at all ; and I would give,  
While yet we may, as far as words can  
give,

Substance and life to what I feel, enshrining,

Such is my hope, the spirit of the Past

For future restoration.—Yet another

Of these memorials :—

One Christmas time

On the glad eve of its dear holidays,  
Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went  
forth

Into the fields, impatient for the sight  
Of those led palfreys that should bear us  
home ;

My brothers and myself. There rose a  
crag,

That from the meeting-point of two  
highways

Ascending, overlooked them both, far  
stretched ;

Thither, uncertain on which road to fix  
My expectation, thither I repaired,  
Scout-like, and gained the summit ; 'twas  
a day

Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the  
grass

I sate half-sheltered by a naked wall ;  
Upon my right hand couched a single

sheep,  
Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood ;

With those companions at my side, I  
watched,

Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist  
Gave intermitting prospect of the copse

And plain beneath. Ere we to school  
returned,—

That dreary time,—ere we had been ten  
days

Sojourners in my father's house, he died,  
And I and my three brothers, orphans

then,  
Followed his body to the grave. The

event,  
With all the sorrow that it brought,

appeared  
A chastisement ; and when I called to

mind  
That day so lately past, when from the

crag  
I looked in such anxiety of hope ;

With tute reflections of morality,  
Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low

To God, Who thus corrected my desires ;  
And, afterwards, the wind and sleety rain,

And all the business of the elements,  
The single sheep, and the one blasted

tree,  
And the bleak music from that old stone

wall,  
The noise of wood and water, and the

mist  
That on the line of each of those two

roads  
Advanced in such indisputable shapes ;

All these were kindred spectacles and  
sounds

To which I oft repaired, and thence  
would drink,

As at a fountain ; and on winter nights,  
Down to this very time, when storm and

rain  
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,

While in a grove I walk, whose lofty  
trees,

With settling judgments now of what  
 would last  
 And what would disappear ; prepared to  
 find  
 Presumption, folly, madness, in the men  
 Who thrust themselves upon the passive  
 world  
 As Rulers of the world ; to see in these,  
 Even when the public welfare is their aim,  
 Plans without thought, or built on theories  
 Vague and unsound ; and having brought  
 the books  
 Of modern statista to their proper test,  
 Life, human life, with all its sacred claims  
 Of sex and age, and heaven-descended  
 rights.  
 Mortal, or those beyond the reach of  
 death ;  
 And having thus discerned how dire a  
 thing  
 Is worshipped in that idol proudly named  
 "The Wealth of Nations," *where* alone  
 that wealth  
 Is lodged, and how increased ; and having  
 gained  
 A more judicious knowledge of the worth  
 And dignity of individual man,  
 No composition of the brain, but man  
 Of whom we read, the man whom we  
 behold  
 With our own eyes—I could not but  
 enquire—  
 Not with less interest than heretofore,  
 But greater, though in spirit more sub-  
 dued—  
 Why is this glorious creature to be found  
 One only in ten thousand ? What one is,  
 Why may not millions be ? What bars  
 are thrown  
 By Nature in the way of such a hope ?  
 Our animal appetites and daily wants,  
 Are these obstructions insurmountable ?  
 If not, then others vanish into air.  
 "Inspect the basis of the social pile:  
 Enquire," said I, "how much of mental  
 power  
 And genuine virtue they possess who live  
 By bodily toil, labour exceeding far  
 Their due proportion, under all the weight  
 Of that injustice which upon ourselves  
 Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame  
 I chiefly looked (what need to look  
 beyond ?)  
 Among the natural abodes of men,

Fields with their rural works ; recalled to  
 mind  
 My earliest notices ; with these compared  
 The observations made in later youth.  
 And to that day continued.—For, the  
 time  
 Had never been when throes of mighty  
 Nations  
 And the world's tumult unto me could  
 yield,  
 How far soe'er transported and possessed,  
 Full measure of content ; but still I  
 craved  
 An intermingling of distinct regards  
 And truths of individual sympathy.  
 Nearer ourselves. Such often might be  
 gleaned  
 From the great City, else it must have  
 proved  
 To me a heart-depressing wilderness ;  
 But much was wanting : therefore did I  
 turn  
 To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads—  
 Sought you enriched with everything I  
 prized,  
 With human kindnesses and simple joys—  
 Oh ! next to one dear state of bliss  
 vouchsafed  
 Alas ! to few in this untoward world,  
 The bliss of walking daily in life's prime  
 Through field or forest with the maid we  
 love,  
 While yet our hearts are young, while yet  
 we breathe  
 Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook,  
 Deep vale, or anywhere, the home of both.  
 From which it would be misery to stir :  
 Oh ! next to such enjoyment of our youth  
 In my esteem, next to such dear delight  
 Was that of wandering on from day to  
 day  
 Where I could meditate in peace, and  
 cull  
 Knowledge that step by step might lead  
 me on  
 To wisdom ; or, as lightsome as a bird  
 Wafted upon the wind from distant lard-  
 Sing notes of greeting to strange fields &  
 groves,  
 Which lacked not voice to welcome me !  
 turn :  
 And, when that pleasant toil had ceased  
 to please,

Laden with summer's thickest foliage,  
 rock  
 In a strong wind, some working of the  
 spirit,  
 Some inward agitations thence are brought,  
 Whate'er their office, whether to beguile  
 Thoughts over busy in the course they  
 took,  
 Or animate an hour of vacant ease.

## BOOK THIRTEENTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW  
 IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.—  
 (CONCLUDED).

FROM Nature doth emotion come, and  
 moods  
 Of calmness equally are Nature's gift :  
 This is her glory ; these two attributes  
 Are sister horns that constitute her  
 strength.  
 Hence Genius, born to thrive by inter-  
 change  
 Of peace and excitation, finds in her  
 His best and purest friend : from her  
 receives  
 That energy by which he seeks the truth,  
 From her that happy stillness of the  
 mind  
 Which fits him to receive it when un-  
 sought.

Such benefit the humblest intellects  
 Partake of, each in their degree ; 'tis mine  
 To speak, what I myself have known and  
 felt ;  
 Smooth task ! for words find easy way,  
 inspired  
 By gratitude, and confidence in truth.  
 Long time in search of knowledge did I  
 range  
 The field of human life, in heart and  
 mind  
 Benighted ; but, the dawn beginning  
 now  
 To re-appear, 'twas proved that not in  
 vain  
 I had been taught to reverence a Power  
 That is the visible quality and shape  
 And image of right reason ; that matures  
 wo.

Her processes by steadfast laws ; gives  
 birth  
 To no impatient or fallacious hopes.  
 No heat of passion or excessive zeal,  
 No vain conceits ; provokes to no quick  
 turns  
 Of self-applauding intellect ; but trains  
 To meekness, and exalts by humble faith ;  
 Holds up before the mind intoxicate  
 With present objects, and the busy dance  
 Of things that pass away, a temperate show  
 Of objects that endure ; and by this course  
 Disposes her, when over-fondly set  
 On throwing off incumbrances ; to seek  
 In man, and in the frame of social life,  
 Whate'er there is desirable and good,  
 Of kindred permanence, unchanged in  
 form  
 And function, or, through strict vicissi-  
 tude  
 Of life and death, revolving. Above all  
 Were re-established now those watchful  
 thoughts  
 Which, seeing little worthy or sublime  
 In what the Historian's pen so much  
 delights  
 To blazon—power and energy detached  
 From moral purpose—early tutored me  
 To look with feelings of fraternal love  
 Upon the unassuming things that hold  
 A silent station in this beautiful world

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found  
 Once more in Man an object of delight,  
 Of pure imagination, and of love ;  
 And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,  
 Again I took the intellectual eye  
 For my instructor, studious more to see  
 Great truths, than touch and handle little  
 ones.  
 Knowledge was given accordingly ; my  
 trust  
 Became more firm in feelings that had  
 stood  
 The test of such a trial ; clearer far  
 My sense of excellence—of right and  
 wrong :  
 The promise of the present time retired  
 Into its true proportion ; sanguine schemes,  
 Ambitious projects, pleased me less ; I  
 sought  
 For present good in life's familiar face,  
 And built thereon my hopes of good to  
 come.



Through want of better knowledge in the  
heads  
That framed them ; flattering self-conceit  
with words.  
That, while they most ambitiously set  
forth  
Extrinsic differences, the outward marks  
Whereby society has parted man  
From man, neglect the universal heart.

Here calling up to mind what then  
I saw,  
A youthful traveller, and see daily now  
In the familiar circuit of my home.  
Here might I pause, and bend in rever-  
ence  
To Nature, and the power of human  
minds.  
To men as they are men within them-  
selves.  
How oft high service is performed within,  
When all the external man is rude in  
show.—  
Not like a temple rich with pomp and  
gold.  
But a mere mountain-chapel, that protects  
Its simple worshippers from sun and  
shower.  
Of these, said I, shall be my song ; of  
these.  
If future years mature me for the task,  
Will I record the praises, making verse  
Deal boldly with substantial things : in  
truth  
And sanctity of passion, speak of these.  
That justice may be done, obeisance paid  
Where it is due : thus haply shall I teach,  
Inspire : through unadulterated ears  
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope.—my  
theme  
No other than the very heart of man,  
As found among the best of those who  
live—  
Not unexalted by religious faith,  
Nor uninformed by books, good books,  
though few—  
In Nature's presence : thence may I  
select  
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight ;  
And miserable love, that is not pain  
To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
therefrom to human kind, and what we  
are.  
Be mine to follow with no timid step

Where knowledge leads me : it shall be  
my pride  
That I have dared to tread this holy  
ground,  
Speaking no dream, but things oracular ;  
Matter not lightly to be heard by those  
Who to the letter of the outward pro-  
mise  
Do read the invisible soul : by men adroit  
In speech, and for communion with the  
world  
Accomplished : minds whose faculties are  
then  
Most active when they are most eloquent,  
And elevated most when most admired.  
Men may be found of other mould than  
these,  
Who are their own upholders, to them-  
selves  
Encouragement, and energy, and will.  
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively  
words  
As native passion dictates. Others, too,  
There are among the walks of homely life  
Still higher, men for contemplation  
framed,  
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of  
phrase :  
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps  
would sink  
Beneath them, summoned to such inter-  
course :  
Theirs is the language of the heavens, the  
power,  
The thought, the image, and the silent joy :  
Words are but under-agents in their  
souls ;  
When they are grasping with their great-  
est strength.  
They do not breathe among them : this  
I speak  
In gratitude to God, Who feeds our  
hearts  
For His own service ; knoweth, loveth us.  
When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time did I receive  
Convictions still more strong than hereto-  
fore.  
Not only that the inner frame is good,  
And graciously composed, but that, no  
less,  
Nature for all conditions wants not  
power

Converse with men, where if we meet a  
face  
We almost meet a friend, on naked heaths  
With long long ways before, by cottage  
bench,  
Or well-spring where the weary traveller  
rests.

Who doth not love to follow with his eye  
The windings of a public way? the sight,  
Familiar object as it is, hath wrought  
On my imagination since the morn  
Of childhood, when a disappearing line,  
One daily present to my eyes, that crossed  
The naked summit of a far-off hill  
Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,  
Was like an invitation into space  
Boundless, or guide into eternity.  
Yes, something of the grandeur which  
invests

The mariner who sails the roaring sea  
Through storm and darkness, early in my  
mind

Surrounded, too, the wanderers of the  
earth;

Grandeur as much, and loveliness far  
more.

Awed have I been by strolling Bedlam-  
ites;

From many other uncouth vagrants  
(passed

In fear) have walked with quicker step;  
but why

Take note of this? When I began to  
enquire,

To watch and question those I met, and  
speak

Without reserve to them, the lonely roads  
Were open schools in which I daily read  
With most delight the passions of man-  
kind,

Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears,  
revealed;

There saw into the depth of human souls,  
Souls that appear to have no depth at all  
To careless eyes. And—now convinced  
at heart

How little those formalities, to which  
With overweening trust alone we give  
The name of Education, have to do  
With real feeling and just sense; how vain  
A correspondence with the talking world  
Proves to the most; and called to make  
good search

If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked  
With toil, be therefore yoked with igno-  
rance;

If virtue be indeed so hard to rear,  
And intellectual strength so rare a boon—  
I prized such walks still more, for there I  
found

Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure  
peace

And steadiness, and healing and repose  
To every angry passion. There I heard,  
From mouths of men obscure and lowly,  
truths

Replete with honour; sounds in unison  
With loftiest promises of good and fair.

There are who think that strong af-  
fection, love

Known by whatever name, is falsely  
deemed

A gift, to use a term which they would use,  
Of vulgar nature; that its growth requires  
Retirement, leisure, language purified  
By manners studied and elaborate;  
That whoso feels such passion in its  
strength

Must live within the very light and air  
Of courteous usages refined by art.  
True is it, where oppression worse than  
death

Salutes the being at his birth, where grace  
Of culture hath been utterly unknown,  
And poverty and labour in excess  
From day to day pre-occupy the ground  
Of the affections, and to Nature's self  
Oppose a deeper nature; there, indeed,  
Love cannot be; nor does it thrive with  
ease

Among the close and overcrowded haunts  
Of cities, where the human heart is sick,  
And the eye feeds it not, and cannot  
feed.

—Yes, in those wanderings deeply did  
I feel

How we mislead each other; above all,  
How books mislead us, seeking their re-  
ward

From judgments of the wealthy Few,  
who see

By artificial lights; how they debase  
The Many for the pleasure of those Few;  
Effeminately level down the truth  
To certain general notions, for the sake  
Of being understood at once, or else

The actual world of our familiar days,  
 Yet higher power ; had caught from them  
 a tone,  
 An image, and a character, by books  
 Not hitherto reflected. Call we this  
 A partial judgment—and yet why? for  
*then*  
 We were as strangers ; and I may not  
 speak  
 Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude.  
 Which on thy young imagination, trained  
 In the great City, broke like light from far.  
 Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself  
 Witness and judge ; and I remember well  
 That in life's every-day appearances  
 I seemed about this time to gain clear sight  
 Of a new world—a world, too, that was fit  
 To be transmitted, and to other eyes  
 Made visible ; as ruled by those fixed laws  
 Whence spiritual dignity originates,  
 Which do both give it being and maintain  
 A balance, an ennobling interchange  
 Of action from without and from within ;  
 The excellence, pure function, and best  
 power  
 Both of the object seen, and eye that sees.

## BOOK FOURTEENTH.

## CONCLUSION.

IN one of those excursions (may they ne'er  
 Fade from remembrance !) through the  
 Northern tracts  
 Of Cămbria ranging with a youthful  
 friend,  
 I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,  
 And westward took my way, to see the  
 sun  
 Rise, from the top of Snowdon. To the  
 door  
 Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base  
 We came, and roused the shepherd who  
 attends  
 The adventurous stranger's steps. a trusty  
 guide :  
 Then, cheered by short refreshment, sal-  
 lied forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer  
 night,

Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping  
 fog  
 Low-hung and thick that covered all the  
 sky ;  
 But, undiscouraged, we began to climb  
 The mountain-side. The mist soon girt  
 us round,  
 And, after ordinary travellers' talk  
 With our conductor, pensively we sank  
 Each into commerce with his private  
 thoughts :  
 Thus did we breast the ascent, and by  
 myself  
 Was nothing either seen or heard that  
 checked  
 Those musings or diverted, save that once  
 The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the  
 crags,  
 Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog,  
 teased  
 His coiled-up prey with barkings turbu-  
 lent.  
 This small adventure, for even such it  
 seemed  
 In that wild place and at the dead of  
 night,  
 Being over and forgotten, on we wound  
 In silence as before. With forehead bent  
 Earthward, as if in opposition set  
 Against an enemy, I panted up  
 With eager pace, and no less eager  
 thoughts.  
 Thus might we wear a midnight hour  
 away,  
 Ascending at loose distance each from  
 each,  
 And I, as chanced, the foremost of the  
 band ;  
 When at my feet, the ground appeared to  
 brighten,  
 And with a step or two seemed brighter  
 still ;  
 Nor was time given to ask or learn the  
 cause,  
 For instantly a light upon the turf  
 Fell like a flash, and lo ! as I looked up  
 The Moon hung naked in a firmament  
 Of azure without cloud, and at my feet  
 Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.  
 A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved  
 All over this still ocean ; and beyond,  
 Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,  
 In headlands, tongues, and promontory  
 shapes,

To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,  
 The outside of her creatures, and to  
 breathe  
 Grandeur upon the very humblest face  
 Of human life. I felt that the array  
 Of act and circumstance, and visible form,  
 Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind  
 What passion makes them; that mean-  
 while the forms  
 Of Nature have a passion in themselves,  
 That intermingles with those works of  
 man  
 To which she summons him; although  
 the works  
 Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own;  
 And that the Genius of the Poet hence  
 May boldly take his way among mankind  
 Wherever Nature leads; that he hath  
 stood  
 By Nature's side among the men of old,  
 And so shall stand for ever. Dearest  
 Friend!  
 If thou partake the animating faith  
 That Poets, even as Prophets, each with  
 each  
 Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,  
 Have each his own peculiar faculty,  
 Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to  
 perceive  
 Objects unseen before, thou wilt not  
 blame  
 The humblest of this band who dares to  
 hope  
 That unto him hath also been vouchsafed  
 An insight that in some sort he possesses,  
 A privilege whereby a work of his,  
 Proceeding from a source of untaught  
 things,  
 Creative and enduring, may become  
 A power like one of Nature's. To a hope  
 Not less ambitious once among the wilds  
 Of Sarum's Plain, my youthful spirit was  
 raised;  
 There, as I ranged at will the pastoral  
 downs  
 Trackless and smooth, or paced the bare  
 white roads  
 Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,  
 Time with his retinue of ages fled  
 Backwards, nor checked his flight until I  
 saw  
 Our dim ancestral Past in vision clear;  
 Saw multitudes of men, and, here and  
 there,

A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,  
 With shield and stone-axe, stride across  
 the world;  
 The voice of spears was heard, the rattling  
 spear  
 Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in  
 strength.  
 Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty.  
 I called on Darkness—but before the word  
 Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed  
 to take  
 All objects from my sight; and so again  
 The Desert visible by dim flames;  
 It is the sacrificial altar, fed  
 With living men—how deep the groans!  
 the voice  
 Of those that crowd the giant wicker  
 thrills  
 The monumental hillocks, and the pomp  
 Is for both worlds, the living and the dead.  
 At other moments—(for through that  
 wide waste  
 Three summer days I roamed) where'er  
 the Plain  
 Was figured o'er with circles, lines, or  
 mounds,  
 That yet survive, a work, as some divine,  
 Shaped by the Druids, so to represent  
 Their knowledge of the heavens, and  
 image forth  
 The constellations—gently was I charmed  
 Into a waking dream, a reverie  
 That, with believing eyes, where'er I  
 turned,  
 Beheld long-bearded teachers, with white  
 wands  
 Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky;  
 Alternately, and plain below, while breath  
 Of music swayed their motions, and the  
 waste  
 Rejoiced with them and me in those  
 sweet sounds.

This for the past, and things that may  
 be viewed  
 Or fancied in the obscurity of years,  
 From monumental hints: and thus, O  
 Friend!  
 Pleased with some unpermeated strains  
 That served those wanderings to beguile,  
 hast said  
 That then and there my mind had exer-  
 cised  
 Upon the vulgar forms of present things,

Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,  
Emotions which best foresight need not  
fear,

Most worthy then of trust when most  
intense.

Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs  
that crush

Our hearts—if here the words of Holy  
Writ

May with fit reverence be applied—that  
peace

Which passeth understanding, that repose  
In moral judgments which from this pure  
source

Must come, or will by man be sought in  
vain.

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life  
long

Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in him-  
self?

For this alone is genuine liberty:

Where is the favoured being who hath  
held

That course unchecked, unerring, and un-  
tired,

In one perpetual progress smooth and  
bright?—

A humbler destiny have we retraced,  
And told of lapse and hesitating choice,  
And backward wanderings along thorny  
ways:

Yet—compassed round by mountain soli-  
tudes,

Within whose solemn temple I received  
My earliest visitations, careless then

Of what was given me; and which now I  
range,

A meditative, oft a suffering, man—

Do I declare—in accents which, from  
truth

Deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend  
Their modulation with these vocal  
streams—

That, whatsoever falls my better mind,  
Revolving with the accidents of life,  
May have sustained, that, howsoever mis-  
led,

Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,  
Tamper with conscience from a private  
aim;

Nor was in any public hope the dupe  
Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield  
Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits,

But shrunk with apprehensive jealousy  
From every combination which might aid  
The tendency, too potent in itself,  
Of use and custom to bow down the soul  
Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,  
And substitute a universe of death  
For that which moves with light and life  
informed,

Actual, divine, and true. To fear and love,  
To love as prime and chief, for there fear  
ends,

Be this ascribed; to early intercourse,  
In presence of sublime or beautiful forms,  
With the adverse principles of pain and  
joy—

Evil as one is rashly named by men  
Who know not what they speak. By love  
subsists

All lasting grandeur, by pervading love;  
That gone, we are as dust.—Behold the  
fields

In balmy spring-time full of rising flowers  
And joyous creatures; see that pair, the  
lamb

And the lamb's mother, and their tender  
ways

Shall touch thee to the heart; thou call-  
est this love,

And not inaptly so, for love it is,  
Far as it carries thee. In some green  
bower

Rest, and be not alone, but have thou there  
The One who is thy choice of all the  
world:

There linger, listening, gazing, with de-  
light

Impassioned, but delight how pitiable!  
Unless this love by a still higher love  
Be hallowed, love that breathes not with-  
out awe;

Love that adores, but on the knees of  
prayer,

By heaven inspired; that frees from  
chains the soul,

Lifted, in union with the purest, best,  
Of earth-born passions, on the wings of  
praise

Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's  
Throne.

This spiritual Love acts not nor can  
exist

Without Imagination, which, in truth,  
Is but another name for absolute power

Into the main Atlantic, that appeared  
 To dwindle, and give up his majesty,  
 Usurped upon far as the sight could  
 reach.  
 Not so the ethereal vault; encroachment  
 none  
 Was there, nor loss; only the inferior  
 stars  
 Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light  
 In the clear presence of the full-orbed  
 Moon,  
 Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed  
 Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay  
 All meek and silent, save that through a  
 rift—  
 Not distant from the shore whereon we  
 stood,  
 A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-  
 place—  
 Mounted the roar of waters, torrents,  
 streams  
 Innumerable, roaring with one voice!  
 Heard over earth and sea, and, in that  
 hour,  
 For, so it seemed, felt by the starry  
 heavens.

When into air had partially dissolved  
 That vision, given to spirits of the night  
 And three chance human wanderers, in  
 calm thought  
 Reflected, it appeared to me the type  
 Of a majestic intellect, its acts  
 And its possessions, what it has and  
 craves,  
 What in itself it is, and would become.  
 There I beheld the emblem of a mind,  
 That feeds upon infinity, that broods  
 Over the dark abyss, intent to hear  
 Its voices issuing forth to silent light  
 In one continuous stream; a mind sus-  
 tained  
 By recognitions of transcendent power,  
 In sense conducting to ideal form,  
 In soul of more than mortal privilege.  
 One function, above all, of such a mind.  
 Had Nature shadowed there, by putting  
 forth,  
 Mid circumstances awful and sublime,  
 That mutual domination which she loves  
 To exert upon the face of outward things,  
 So moulded, joined, abstracted, so en-  
 dowed  
 With interchangeable supremacy,

That men, least sensitive, see, hear, per-  
 ceive,  
 And cannot choose but feel. The power,  
 which all  
 Acknowledge when thus moved, which  
 Nature thus  
 To bodily sense exhibits, is the express  
 Resemblance of that glorious faculty  
 That higher minds bear with them as  
 their own.  
 This is the very spirit in which they deal  
 With the whole compass of the universe!  
 They from their native selves can send  
 abroad  
 Kindred mutations; for themselves create  
 A like existence; and, whenever it dawns  
 Created for them, catch it, or are caught  
 By its inevitable mastery,  
 Like angels stopped upon the wing by  
 sound  
 Of harmony from Heaven's remotest  
 spheres.  
 Them the enduring and the transient  
 both  
 Serve to exalt; they build up greatest  
 things  
 From least suggestions; ever on the  
 watch,  
 Willing to work and to be wrought upon.  
 They need not extraordinary calls  
 To rouse them; in a world of life they  
 live,  
 By sensible impressions not enthralled,  
 And by their quickening impulse made  
 more prompt  
 To hold fit converse with the spiritual  
 world.  
 And with the generations of mankind  
 Spread over time, past, present, and to  
 come,  
 Age after age, till Time shall be no more.  
 Such minds are truly from the Deity,  
 For they are Powers; and hence the  
 highest bliss  
 That flesh can know is theirs—can con-  
 sciousness  
 Of Whom they are, habitually infused.  
 Through every image and through every  
 thought,  
 And all affections by themselves raised  
 From earth to heaven, from human to  
 divine;  
 Hence endless occupation for the Soul,  
 Whether discursive or intuitive;

A moment, but an inmate of the heart,  
 And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined  
 To penetrate the lofty and the low ;  
 Even as one essence of pervading light  
 Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand  
 stars,  
 And, the weak worm that feeds her lonely  
 lamp  
 Couch'd in the dewy grass.

With such a theme,  
 Coleridge! with this my argument, of  
 thee  
 Shall I be silent? O capacious Soul!  
 Placed on this earth to love and under-  
 stand,  
 And from thy presence shed the light of  
 love.

Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of?  
 Thy kindred influence to my heart of  
 hearts  
 Did also find its way. Thus fear relaxed  
 Her overweening grasp; thus thoughts  
 and things

In the self-haunting spirit learned to take  
 More rational proportions; mystery,  
 The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,  
 Of life and death, time and eternity,  
 Admitted more habitually a mild  
 Interposition—a serene delight  
 In closer gathering cares, such as be-  
 come

A human creature, howsoever endowed,  
 Poet, or destined for a humbler name;  
 And so the deep enthusiastic joy,  
 The rapture of the hallelujah sent  
 From all that breathes and is, was chas-  
 tened, stemmed

And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust  
 In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay  
 Of Providence; and in reverence for  
 duty,

Here, if need be, struggling with storms,  
 and there

Strewing in peace life's humblest ground  
 with herbs,

At every season green, sweet at all hours.

And now, O Friend! this history is  
 brought  
 To its appointed close: the discipline  
 And consummation of a Poet's mind,  
 In everything that stood most prominent,  
 Have faithfully been pictured; we have  
 reached

The time (our guiding object from the  
 first)

When we may, not presumptuously, I  
 hope,

Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and  
 such

My knowledge, as to make me capable  
 Of building up a Work that shall endure  
 Yet much hath been omitted, as need  
 was;

Of books how much! and even of the  
 other wealth

That is collected among woods and fields.  
 Far more: for Nature's secondary grace  
 Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,  
 The charm more superficial that attends  
 Her works, as they present to Fancy's  
 choice

Apt illustrations of the moral world,  
 Caught at a glance, or traced with curious  
 pains.

Finally, and above all, O Friend!! (I  
 speak

With due regret) how much is overlooked  
 In human nature and her subtle ways,  
 As studied first in our own hearts; and  
 then

In life among the passions of mankind,  
 Varying their composition and their hue,  
 Where'er we move, under the diverse  
 shapes

That individual character presents  
 To an attentive eye. For progress meet,  
 Along this intricate and difficult path,  
 Whatsoever was wanting, something had I  
 gained,

As one of many schoolfellows compelled,  
 In hardy independence, to stand up  
 Amid conflicting interests, and the shock  
 Of various tempers; to endure and note  
 What was not understood, though known  
 to be;

Among the mysteries of love and hate,  
 Honour and shame, looking to right and  
 left,

Unchecked by innocence too delicate,  
 And moral notions too intolerant,  
 Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when  
 called

To take a station among men, the step  
 Was easier, the transition more secure,  
 More profitable also; for the mind  
 Learns from such timely exercise to keep

And clearest insight, amplitude of soul,  
And Reason in her most exalted mood.  
This faculty hath been the feeding, 'cause  
Of our long labour: we have traced the  
stream

From the blind cavern whence is faintly  
heard

Its natal murmur; followed it to light  
And open day; accompanied its course  
Among the ways of Nature, for a time  
Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed;  
Then given it greeting as it rose once  
more

In strength, reflecting from its placid  
breast

The works of man and face of human life;  
And lastly, from its progress have we  
drawn

Faith in life endless, the sustaining  
thought

Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

Imagination having been our theme,  
So also hath that intellectual Love,  
For they are each in each, and cannot  
stand

Dividually.—Here must thou be, O man!  
Power to thyself; no Helper hast thou  
here;

Here keepest thou in singleness thy state:  
No other can divide with thee this work:

No secondary hand can intervene  
To fashion this ability; 'tis thine,

The prime and vital principle 'is thine  
In the recesses of thy nature, far

From any reach of outward fellowship;  
Else is not thine at all. But joy to him,

Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath  
laid

Here, the foundation of his future years!  
For all that friendship, all that love can

do,  
All that a darling countenance can look

Or dear voice utter, to complete the man,  
Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,

All shall be his: and he whose soul hath  
risen

Up to the height of feeling intellect  
Shall want no humbler tenderness; his

heart  
Be tender as a nursing mother's heart;

Of female softness shall his life be full,  
Of humble cares and delicate desires,

Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents! Sister of my soul!  
Thanks in sincerest verse have been else  
where

Poured out for all the early tenderness  
Which I from thee imbibed: and 'tis most  
true

That later seasons owed to thee no less;  
For, spite of thy sweet influence and the  
touch

Of kindred hands that opened out the  
springs

Of genial thought in childhood, and in  
spite

Of all that unassisted I had marked  
In life or nature of those charms minute

That win their way into the heart by  
stealth,

(Still to the very going-out of youth)  
I too exclusively esteemed *that* love.

And sought *that* beauty, which, as Milton  
sings,

Hath terror in it. Thou didst soften down  
This over-sternness; but for thee, dear

Friend!

My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had  
stood

In her original self too confident,  
Retained too long a countenance severe;

A rock with torrents roaring, with the  
clouds

Familiar, and a favourite of the stars:  
But thou didst plant its crevices with

flowers,  
Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the

breeze,  
And teach the little birds to build their

nests  
And warble in its chambers. At a time

When Nature, destined to remain so long  
Foremost in my affections, had fallen back

Into a second place, pleased to become  
A handmaid to a nobler than herself,

When every day brought with it some  
"new sense"

Of exquisite regard for common things,  
And all the earth was budding with these

gifts  
Of more refined humanity, thy breath,

Dear Sister! was a kind of gentler spring  
That went before my steps. Thereafter

came  
One whom with thee friendship had early

paired;  
She came, no more a phantom to adorn



Together wanted in wild Poesy,  
 But, under pressure of a private grief,  
 Keen and enduring, which the mind and  
   heart,  
 That in this meditative history  
 Have been laid open, needs must make  
   me feel  
 More deeply, yet enable me to bear  
 More firmly: and a comfort now hath  
   risen  
 From hope that thou art near, and wilt be  
   soon  
 Restored to us in renovated health;  
 When, after the first mingling of our  
   tears  
 'Mong other consolations, we may draw  
 Some pleasure from this offering of my  
   love.

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,  
 And all will be complete, thy race be  
   run,  
 Thy monument of glory will be raised;  
 Then, though (too weak to tread the ways  
   of truth)  
 This age fall back to old idolatry,  
 Though men return to servitude as fast  
 As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame

By nations sink together, we shall still  
 Find solace—knowing what we have  
   learnt to know,  
 Rich in true happiness if allowed to be  
 Faithful alike in forwarding a day  
 Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the  
   work  
 (Should Providence such grace to us  
   vouchsafe)  
 Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.  
 Prophets of Nature, we to them will  
   speak  
 A lasting inspiration, sanctified  
 By reason, blest by faith: what we have  
   loved.  
 Others will love, and we will teach them  
   how;  
 Instruct them how the mind of man  
   becomes  
 A thousand times more beautiful than  
   the earth  
 On which he dwells, above this frame of  
   things  
 (Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes  
 And fears of men, doth still remain un-  
   changed)  
 In beauty exalted, as it is itself  
 Of quality and fabric more divine.

In wholesome separation the two natures,  
The one that fed the other that of it dies.

Yet one word more of personal concern ;—

Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,  
I led an undomestic wanderer's life,  
In London chiefly harboured, whence I  
roamed,

Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot  
Of rural England's cultivated vales  
Or Cambrian solitudes. A youth—(he  
bore

The name of Calvert—it shall live, if  
words

Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief  
That by endowments not from me with-  
held

Good might be furthered—in his last  
decay

By a bequest sufficient for my needs  
Enabled me to pause for choice, and  
walk

At large and unrestrained, nor damped  
too soon

By mortal cares. Himself no Poet, yet  
Far less a common follower of the world,  
He deemed that my pursuits and labours  
lay

Apart from all that leads to wealth, or  
even

A necessary maintenance insures,  
Without some hazard to the finer sense ;  
He cleared a passage for me, and the  
stream

Flowed in the bent of Nature.

Having now

Told what best merits mention, further  
pains

Our present purpose seems not to require,  
And I have other tasks. Recall to mind  
The mood in which this labour was begun,  
O Friend ! The termination of my course  
Is nearer now, much nearer ; yet even  
then,

In that distraction and intense desire,  
I said unto the life which I had lived,  
Where art thou ? Hear I not a voice from  
thee

Which 'tis reproach to hear ? Anon I rose  
As if on wings, and saw beneath me  
stretched

Vast prospect of the world which I had  
been

And was ; and hence this Song, which like  
a lark

I have protracted, in the unwearied  
heavens

Singing, and often with more plaintive  
voice

To earth attuned and her deep-drawn  
sighs,

Yet centring all in love, and in the end  
All gratulant, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,  
And, with life, power to accomplish aught  
of worth,

That will be deemed no insufficient plea.

For having given the story of my life,

Is all uncertain : but, beloved Friend !

When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer  
view

Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,  
That summer, under whose indulgent  
skies,

Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we  
roved

Unchecked, or loitered 'mid heath's sylvan  
combs,

Thou in bewitching words, with happy  
heart,

Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient  
Man,

The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes

Didst utter of the Lady Christabel ;

And I, associate with such labour, steeped  
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,  
Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was  
found,

After the perils of his moonlight ride,  
Near the loud waterfall ; or her who sate  
In misery near the miserable Thorn :—

When thou dost to that summer turn thy  
thoughts,

And hast before thee all which then we  
were,

To thee, in memory of that happiness,  
It will be known, by thee at least, my  
Friend !

Felt, that the history of a Poet's mind

Is labour not unworthy of regard :

To thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift  
Have been prepared, not with the buoy-  
ant spirits

That were our daily portion when we first

deeply indebted, has been long finished ; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society ; and to be entitled, "The Recluse;" as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.—The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two Works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor Pieces, which have been long before the Public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive Reader to have such connection with the main Work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.

The Author would not have deemed himself justified in saying, upon this occasion, so much of performances either unfinished, or unpublished, if he had not thought that the labour bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore and now laid before the Public, entitled him to candid attention for such a statement as he thinks necessary to throw light upon his endeavours to please and, he would hope, to benefit his countrymen.—Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts of "The Recluse" will consist chiefly of meditations in the Author's own person; and that in the intermediate part ("The Excursion") the intervention of characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce a system: it was more animating to him to proceed in a different course; and if he shall succeed in conveying to the mind clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feelings, the Reader will have no difficulty in extracting the

system for himself. And in the meantime the following passage, taken from the conclusion of the first book of "The Recluse," may be acceptable as a kind of *Prospectus* of the design and scope of the whole Poem.

"On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,  
Musing in solitude. I oft perceive  
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,  
Accompanied by feelings of delight  
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;  
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts  
And dear remembrances, whose presence  
soothes

Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh  
The good and evil of our mortal state.  
—To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come,  
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,  
Or from the Soul—an impulse to herself—  
I would give utterance in numerous verse.  
Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and  
Hope,

And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;  
Of blessed consolations in distress;  
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;  
Of joy in widest commonality spread;  
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own  
Inviolate retirement, subject there  
To Conscience only, and the law supreme  
Of that Intelligence which governs all—  
I sing:—'fit audience let me find though few!

- "So prayed, more gaining than he asked,  
the Bard—  
In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need  
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such  
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven!  
For I must tread on shadowy ground, must  
sink

Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds  
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil—  
All strength—all terror, single or in bands,  
That ever was put forth in personal form—  
Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir  
Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones—  
I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not  
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,  
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out  
By help of dreams—can breed such fear and  
awe

As fall upon us often when we look  
Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man—  
My haunt, and the main region of my song.  
—Beauty—a living Presence of the earth,  
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms  
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed  
From earth's materials—waits upon my steps;

Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling  
casts  
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,  
Where the wren warbles, while the dream-  
ing man,  
Half conscious of the soothing melody,  
With side long eye looks out upon the  
scene,  
By power of that impending covert,  
thrown  
To finer distance. Mine was at that hour  
Far other lot, yet with good hope that  
soon  
Under a shade as grateful I should find  
Rest, and be welcomed there to livelier  
joy.  
Across a bare wide Common I was toiling  
With languid steps that by the slippery  
turf  
Were baffled; nor could my weak arm  
disperse  
The host of insects gathering round my  
face,  
And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open moorland stood a grove,  
The wished-for port to which my course  
was bound.  
Thither I came, and there, amid the  
gloom  
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,  
Appeared a roofless Hut; four naked  
walls  
That stared upon each other!—I looked  
round,  
And to my wish and to my hope espied  
The Friend I sought; a Man of reverend  
age,  
But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired.  
There was he seen upon the cottage-  
bench,  
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep;  
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side.

Him had I marked the day before—  
alone  
And stationed in the public way, with  
face  
Turned toward the sun then setting, while  
that staff  
Afforded, to the figure of the man  
Detained for contemplation or repose,  
Graceful support; his countenance as he  
stood

Was hidden from my view, and he re-  
mained  
Unrecognised; but, stricken by the sight,  
With slackened footsteps I advanced, and  
soon  
A glad congratulation we exchanged  
At such unthought-of meeting.—For the  
night  
We parted, nothing willingly; and now  
He by appointment waited for me here,  
Under the covert of these clustering elms.

We were tried Friends: amid a plea-  
sant vale,  
In the antique market-village where was  
passed  
My school-time, an apartment he had  
owned,  
To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,  
And found a kind of home or harbour  
there.  
He loved me; from a swarm of rosy boys  
Singled out me, as he in sport would say,  
For my grave looks, too thoughtful for my  
years.

As I grew up, it was my best delight  
To be his chosen comrade. Many a time,  
On holidays, we rambled through the  
woods:  
We sate—we walked; he pleased me with  
report  
Of things which he had seen; and often  
touched  
Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind  
Turned inward; or at my request would  
sing  
Old songs, the product of his native hills;  
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds.  
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed  
As cool refreshing water, by the care  
Of the industrious husbandman, diffused  
Through a parched meadow-ground, in  
time of drought.  
Still deeper welcome found his pure dis-  
course:  
How precious when in riper days I  
learned  
To weigh with care his words, and to  
rejoice  
In the plain presence of his dignity!

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown  
By Nature; men endowed with highest  
gifts,

Pitches her tents before me as I roam  
An hourly neighbour, Paradise, and grove;  
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old  
Sought in the Atlantic deep—why should they  
be

A history only of departed things,  
Or a mere fiction of what never was?  
For the discerning intellect of Man,  
When wedded to this goodly universe  
In love and holy passion, shall find these  
A simple produce of the common day.  
—I, long before the blissful hour arrives,  
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse  
Of this great consummation:—and, by words  
Which speak of nothing more than what we  
are,

Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep  
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain  
To noble raptures: while my voice proclaims  
How exquisitely the individual Mind  
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less  
Of the whole species) to the external World  
Is fitted:—and how exquisitely, too—  
Theme this but little heard of among men—  
The external World is fitted to the Mind;  
And the creation (by no lower name  
Can it be called) which they with blended  
might

Accomplish:—this is our high argument.  
—Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft  
Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes  
And fellowships of men, and see ill sights  
Of maddening passions mutually inflamed;  
Must hear Humanity in fields and groves  
Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang

gazing above the fierce confederate storm  
Of sorrow, barricaded evermore  
Within the walls of cities—may these haunts  
Have their authentic comment; that even, these  
Hearings, I be not downcast or forlorn!—  
Decease, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'd  
The human Soul of universal earth,  
Dreaming on things to come; and dost possess  
A metropolitan temple in the hearts  
Of mighty Poets: upon me bestow  
A gift of genuine insight; that my Song  
With star-like virtue in its place may shine,  
Shedding benignant influence, and secure,  
Itself, from all malevolent effect  
Of those mutations that extend their sway  
Throughout the ether sphere!—And I with  
this

Imix more lowly matter: with the title  
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man  
Contemplating; and who, and what he was—  
The transitory Being that beheld  
This Vision; when and where, and how he  
lived;—  
Be not this labour useless. If such theme  
May sort with highest objects, then—dread  
Power!

Whose gracious favour is the primal source  
Of all illumination,—may my Life  
Express the image of a better time,  
More wise desires, and simpler manners;—  
nurse  
My Heart in genuine freedom:—all pure  
thoughts  
Be with me;—so shall thy unfailing love  
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!"

## BOOK FIRST.

### THE WANDERER.

#### ARGUMENT.

A summer forenoon.—The Author reaches a ruined Cottage upon a Common, and there meets with a revered Friend, the Wanderer, of whose education and course of life he gives an account.—The Wanderer, while resting under the shade of the Trees that surround the Cottage, relates the History of its last Inhabitant.

'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high:  
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared  
Through a pale stream; but all the northern downs,  
In clearest air ascending, showed far off  
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung

From brooding clouds; shadows that lay  
in spots  
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams  
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed;  
To him most pleasant who on soft cool moss  
Extends his careless limbs along the front

The hiveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,  
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness

Incessantly to turn his ear and eye  
On all things which the moving seasons brought  
To feed such appetite—nor this alone  
Appeared his yearning :—in the after-day  
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,

And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags  
He sat, and even in their fixed lineaments

Or from the power of a peculiar eye,  
Or by creative feeling overborne,  
Or by predominance of thought oppressed,  
Even in their fixed and steady lineaments

He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,  
Expression ever varying!

Thus informed,  
He had small need of books ; for many a tale

Traditionary round the mountains hung.  
And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,

Nourished Imagination in her growth,  
And gave the Mind that apprehensive power

By which she is made quick to recognise  
The moral properties and scope of things.  
But eagerly he read, and read again,  
Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied ;

The life and death of martyrs, who sustained,

With will inflexible, those fearful pangs  
Triumphantly displayed in records left  
Of persecution, and the Covenant—times  
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour !

And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved

A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,

That left half-told the preternatural tale,  
Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,  
Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts  
Strange and uncouth ; dire faces, figures dire,

Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,

With long and ghostly shanks—forms which once seen  
Could never be forgotten !

In his heart,  
Where Fear sat thus, a cherished visitant,  
Was wanting yet the pure delight of love  
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,  
Or by the silent looks of happy things,  
Or flowing from the universal face  
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power

Of Nature, and already was prepared,  
By his intense conceptions, to receive  
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,  
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught  
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing Youth

What soul was his, when, from the naked top

Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun  
Rise up, and bathe the world in light !

He looked—

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth  
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay  
Beneath him :—Far and wide the clouds  
were touched,

And in their silent faces could he read  
Unutterable love. Sound needed none.

Nor any voice of joy : his spirit drank  
The spectacle : sensation, soul, and form.  
All melted into him ; they swallowed up  
His animal being ; in them did he live,  
And by them did he live ; they were his life.  
In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.

No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;

Rapt into still communion that transcends  
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,  
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power  
That made him ; it was blessedness and love !

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain-tops,

Such intercourse was his, and in this sort  
Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.  
O then how beautiful, how bright, appeared

The vision and the faculty divine;  
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,  
 (Which, in the docile season of their  
 youth,  
 It was denied them to acquire, through  
 lack  
 Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,  
 Or haply by a temper too severe,  
 Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)  
 Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led  
 By circumstance to take unto the height  
 The measure of themselves, these favoured  
 Beings,  
 All but a scattered few, live out their  
 time,  
 Husbanding that which they possess  
 within,  
 And go to the grave, unthought of.  
 Strongest minds  
 Are often those of whom the noisy world  
 Hears least; else surely this Man had not  
 left  
 His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.  
 But, as the mind was filled with inward  
 light,  
 So not without distinction had he lived,  
 Beloved and honoured—far as he was  
 known.  
 And some small portion of his eloquent  
 speech,  
 And something that may serve to set in  
 view  
 The feeling pleasures of his loneliness.  
 His observations, and the thoughts his  
 mind  
 Had dealt with—I will here record in  
 verse;  
 Which, if with truth it correspond, and  
 sink  
 Or rise as venerable Nature leads,  
 The high and tender Muses shall accept  
 With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,  
 And listening Time reward with sacred  
 praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born;  
 Where, on a small hereditary farm,  
 An unproductive slip of rugged ground,  
 His Parents, with their numerous off-  
 spring, dwelt;  
 A virtuous household, though exceeding  
 poor!  
 Pure livers were they all, austere and  
 grave,

And fearing God; the very children  
 taught  
 Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's  
 word,  
 And an habitual piety, maintained  
 With strictness scarcely known on  
 English ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I  
 speak,  
 In summer, tended cattle on the hills;  
 But, through the inclement and the peril-  
 ous days  
 Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,  
 Equipped with satchel, to a school, that  
 stood  
 Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,  
 Remote from view of city spire, or sound  
 Of minster clock! From that bleak tene-  
 ment  
 He, many an evening, to his distant home  
 In solitude returning, saw the hills  
 Grow larger in the darkness; all alone  
 Beheld the stars come out above his head,  
 And travelled through the wood, with no  
 one near  
 To whom he might confess the things he  
 saw.

So the foundations of his mind were  
 laid.  
 In such communion, not from terror free,  
 While yet a child, and long before his  
 time,  
 Had he perceived the presence and the  
 power  
 Of greatness; and deep feelings had im-  
 pressed  
 So vividly great objects that they lay  
 Upon his mind like substances, whose  
 presence  
 Perplexed the bodily sense. He had  
 received  
 A precious gift; for, as he grew in years,  
 With these impressions would he still  
 compare  
 All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes,  
 and forms;  
 And, being still unsatisfied with aught  
 Of dimmer character, he thence attained  
 An active power to fasten images  
 Upon his brain; and on them pictured  
 lines  
 Intensely brooded, even till they acquired

Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,  
And vainly by all other means, he strove  
To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dicams, in study, and in ardent  
thought,  
Thus was he reared; much wanting to  
assist

The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,  
And every moral feeling of his soul  
Strengthened and braced, by breathing in  
content

The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,  
And drinking from the well of homely life.  
—But, from past liberty, and tried re-  
straints,

He now was summoned to select the  
course

Of humble industry that promised best  
To yield him no unworthy maintenance.  
Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach  
A village-school—but wandering thoughts  
were then

A misery to him; and the Youth resigned  
A task he was unable to perform.

That stern yet kindly Spirit, who con-  
strains

The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,  
The freeborn Swiss to leave his narrow  
vales,

(Spirit attached to regions mountainous  
Like their own steadfast clouds) did now  
impel

His restless mind to look abroad with  
hope.

—An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,  
Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting  
storm,

A vagrant Merchant under a heavy load  
Bent as he moves, and needing frequent  
rest;

Yet do such travellers find their own  
delight;

And their hard service, deemed debasing  
now,

Gained merited respect in simpler times;  
When squire, and priest, and they who  
round them dwelt

In rustic sequestration—all dependent  
Upon the PEDLAR'S toil—supplied their  
wants,

Or pleased their fancies, with the wares  
he brought.

Not ignorant was the Youth that still no  
few

Of his adventurous countrymen were led  
By perseverance in this track of life  
To competence and ease:—to himit offered  
Attractions manifold—and this he chose.  
—His Parents on the enterprise bestoved  
Their farewell benediction, but with hearts  
Foreboding evil. From his native hills  
He wandered far; much did he see of  
men,

Their manners, their enjoyments, and  
pursuits,

Their passions and their feelings; chiefly  
those

Essential and eternal in the heart,  
That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,  
Exist more simple in their elements,  
And speak a plainer language. In the  
woods,

A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,  
Itinerant in this labour, he had passed  
The better portion of his time; and there

Spontaneously had his affections thriven  
Amid the bounties of the year, the peace  
And liberty of nature; there he kept

In solitude and solitary thought  
His mind in a just equipoise of love.

Serene it was, unclouded by the cares  
Of ordinary life; unvexed, unwarped  
By partial bondage. In his steady course,

No piteous revolutions had he felt,  
No wild varieties of joy and grief.

Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,  
His heart lay open; and, by nature tuned  
And constant disposition of his thoughts

To sympathy with man, he was alive  
To all that was enjoyed where'er he  
went,

And all that was endured; for, in himself  
Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,  
He had no painful pressure from without

That made him turn aside from wretched-  
ness

With coward fears. He could afford to  
suffer

With those whom he saw suffer. Hence  
it came

That in our best experience he was rich,  
And in the wisdom of our daily life.  
For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,  
He had observed the progress and decay  
Of many minds, of minds and bodies too;  
The history of many families;



The written promise! Early had he  
learned

To reverence the volume that displays  
The mystery, the life which cannot die:  
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.  
All things, responsive to the writing, there  
Breathed immortality, revolving life,  
And greatness still revolving; infinite:

There littleness was not; the least of  
things

Seemed infinite; and there his spirit  
shaped

Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he  
*saw*.

What wonder if his being thus became  
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,  
Low thoughts had there no place; yet  
was his heart

Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,  
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,  
And whence they flowed; and from them  
he acquired

Wisdom, which works thro' patience;  
thence he learned

In oft-recurring hours of sober thought  
To look on Nature with a humble heart,  
Self-questioned where it did not under-  
stand,

And with a superstitious eye of love.

So passed the time; yet to the nearest  
town

He duly went with what small overplus  
His earnings might supply, and brought  
away

The book that most had tempted his  
desires

While at the stall he read. Among the  
hills

He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,  
The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,  
The annual savings of a toilsome life,  
His Schoolmaster supplied; books that  
explain

The purer elements of truth involved  
In lines and numbers, and, by charm  
severe,

(Especially perceived where nature droops  
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the  
mind

Busy in solitude and poverty,  
These occupations oftentimes deceived  
The listless hours, while in the hollow  
vale,

He'low and green, he lay on the green  
turf

In pensive idleness. What could he do,  
Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,  
With bliall endeavours? Yet, still upper-  
most,

Nature was at his heart as if he felt,  
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting  
power

In all things that from her sweet influence  
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with  
her hues,

Her forms, and with the spirit of her  
clothes,

He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.  
While yet he lingered in the rudiments  
Of science, and among her simplest laws,  
His triangles—they were the stars of  
heaven,

The silent stars! Oft did he take delight  
To measure the altitude of some tall crag  
That is the eagle's birthplace, or some  
peak

Familiar with forgotten years, that shows  
Inscribed upon its visionary sides,  
The history of many a winter storm,  
Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus, before his eighteenth year  
was told,

Accumulated feelings pressed his heart  
With still increasing weight; he was o'er-  
powered

By Nature; by the turbulence subdued  
Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,  
And the first virgin passion of a soul  
Communing with the glorious universe.

Full often wished he that the winds might  
rage

When they were silent; far more fondly  
now

Than in his earlier season did he love.  
Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the  
sounds

That live in darkness. From his intellect  
And from the stillness of abstracted  
thought

He asked repose; and, failing oft to win  
The peace required, he scanned the laws  
of light

Amid the roar of torrents, where they  
send

From hollow clefts up to the clearer air.  
A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun

Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,  
And vainly by all other means, he strove  
To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent  
thought,  
Thus was he reared ; much wanting to  
assist

The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,  
And every moral feeling of his soul  
Strengthened and braced, by breathing in  
content

The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,  
And drinking from the well of homely life.  
—But, from past liberty, and tried re-  
straints,

He now was summoned to select the  
course

Of humble industry that promised best  
To yield him no unworthy maintenance.  
Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach  
A village-school—but wandering thoughts  
were then

A misery to him : and the Youth resigned  
A task he was unable to perform.

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Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting  
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Bent as he moves, and needing frequent  
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And their hard service, deemed debasing  
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Or pleased their fancies, with the wares  
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Their passions and their feelings ; chiefly  
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Exist more simple in their elements,

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Itinerant in this labour, he had passed  
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And liberty of nature ; there he kept

In solitude and solitary thought  
His mind in a just equipoise of love.

Serene it was, unclouded by the cares  
Of ordinary life ; unvexed, unwarped  
By partial bondage. In his steady course,

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Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,  
His heart lay open ; and, by nature tuned  
And constant disposition of his thoughts

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To all that was enjoyed where'er he  
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And all that was endured ; for, in himself  
Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,  
He had no painful pressure from without

That made him turn aside from wretched-  
ness

With coward fears. He could *afford* to  
suffer

With those whom he saw suffer. Hence  
it came

That in our best experience he was rich,  
And in the wisdom of our daily life.

For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,  
He had observed the progress and decay  
Of many minds, of minds and bodies too ;

The history of many families ;

How they had prospered ; how they were  
o'erthrown

By passion or mischance, or such misrule  
Among the unthinking masters of the  
earth

As makes the nations groan.

This active course  
He followed till provision for his wants  
Had been obtained ;—the Wanderer then  
resolved

To pass the remnant of his days, untasked  
With needless services, from hardship  
free.

His calling laid aside, he lived at ease :  
But still he loved to pace the public roads  
And the wild paths ; and, by-the sum-  
mer's warmth

Invited, often would he leave his home  
And journey far, revisiting the scenes  
That to his memory were most endeared.  
—Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits,  
undamped

By worldly-mindedness or anxious care ;  
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and re-  
freshed

By knowledge gathered up from day to  
day ;

Thus had he lived a long and innocent life.

The Scottish Church, both on himself,  
and those

With whom from childhood he grew up,  
had held

The strong hand of her purity ; and still  
Had watched him with an unrelenting eye.  
This he remembered in his riper age  
With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.  
But by the native vigour of his mind,  
By his habitual wanderings out of doors,  
By loneliness, and goodness, and kind  
works,

Whatever, in docile childhood or in youth,  
He had imbibed of fear or darker thought  
Was melted all away ; so true was this,  
That sometimes his religion seemed to me  
Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods ;  
Who to the model of his own pure heart  
Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,  
And human reason dictated with awe.

—And surely never did there live on earth  
A man of kindlier nature. The rough  
sports

And teasing ways of children vexed not  
him ;

Indulgent listener was he to the tongue  
Of garrulous age ; nor did the sick man's  
tale,

To his fraternal sympathy addressed,  
Obtain reluctant hearing.

Plain his garb ;  
Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared  
For sabbath duties ; yet he was a man  
Whom no one could have passed without  
remark.

Active and nervous was his gait ; his  
limbs

And his whole figure breathed intelli-  
gence.

Time had compressed the freshness of his  
cheek

Into a narrower circle of deep red,  
But had not tamed his eye ; that, under  
brows

Shaggy and grey, had meanings which it  
brought

From years of youth ; which, like a Being  
made

Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill  
To blend with knowledge of the years to  
come,

Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

So was He framed ; and such his course  
of life

Who now, with no appendage but a staff,  
The prized memorial of relinquished toils,  
Upon that cottage-bench reposed his  
limbs,

Screened from the sun. Supine the Wan-  
derer lay,

His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,  
The shadows of the beechy elms above  
Dappling his face. He had not heard the  
sound

Of my approaching steps, and in the  
shade

Unnoticed did I stand some minutes'  
space.

At length I hailed him, seeing that his  
hat

Was moist with water-drops, as if the  
brim

Had newly scooped a running stream. He  
rose,

And ere our lively greeting into peace  
Had settled, " 'Tis," said I, " a burning  
day :

How they had prospered ; how they were  
o'erthrown

By passion or mischance, or such misrule  
Among the unthinking masters of the  
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And teasing ways of children vexed not  
him ;

Indulgent listener was he to the tongue  
Of garrulous age ; nor did the sick man's  
tale,

To his fraternal sympathy addressed,  
Obtain reluctant hearing.

Plain his garb ;  
Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared  
For sabbath duties ; yet he was a man  
Whom no one could have passed without  
remark.

Active and nervous was his gait ; his  
limbs

And his whole figure breathed intelli-  
gence.

Time had compressed the freshness of his  
cheek

Into a narrower circle of deep red,  
But had not tamed his eye ; that, under  
brows

Shaggy and grey, had meanings which it  
brought

From years of youth ; which, like a Being  
made

Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill  
To blend with knowledge of the years to  
come,

Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

So was He framed ; and such his course  
of life

Who now, with no appendage but a staff,  
The prized memorial of relinquished toils,

Upon that cottage-bench reposed his  
limbs,

Screened from the sun. Supine the Wan-  
derer lay,

His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,  
The shadows of the breezy elms above

Dappling his face. He had not heard the  
sound

Of my approaching steps, and in the  
shade

Unnoticed did I stand some minutes'  
space.

At length I hailed him, seeing that his  
hat

Was moist with water-drops, as if the  
brim

Had newly scooped a running stream. He  
rose,

And ere our lively greeting into peace  
Had settled, " 'Tis," said I, " a burning  
day :

Or wander here and there among the fields.

One while he would speak lightly of his babes.

And with a cruel tongue : at other times He tossed them with a false unnatural joy :

And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks Of the poor innocent children. 'Every smile,'

Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,

'Made my heart bleed.'"

At this the Wanderer paused ; And, looking up to those enormous elms, He said, "'Tis now the hour of deepest noon.

At this still season of repose and peace, This hour when all things which are not at rest

Are cheerful ; while this multitude of flies With tuneful hum is filling all the air ; Why should a tear be on an old Man's cheek ?

Why should we thus, with an untoward mind,

And in the weakness of humanity, From natural wisdom turn our hearts away ;

To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears ;

And, feeding on disquiet thus disturb The calm of nature with our restless thoughts ?"

---

HE spake with somewhat of a solemn tone ;

But, when he ended, there was in his face Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild, That for a little time it stole away All recollection ; and that simple tale Passed from my mind like a forgotten sound.

A while on trivial things we held discourse,

To me soon tasteless. In my own despite, I thought of that poor Woman as of one Whom I had known and loved. He had rehearsed

Her homely tale with such familiar power, With such an active countenance, an eye So busy, that the things of which he spake

Seemed present ; and, attention now relaxed,

A heart-felt chilliness crept along my veins.

I rose ; and, having left the breezy shade, Stood drinking comfort from the warmer sun,

That had not cheered me long—ere, looking round

Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned, And begged of the old Man that, for my sake,

He would resume his story.

He replied,

"It were a wantonness, and would demand

Severe reproof, if we were men whose hearts

Could hold vain dalliance with the misery Even of the dead ; contented thence to draw

A momentary pleasure, never marked By reason, barren of all future good.

But we have known that there is often found

In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,

A power to virtue friendly ; were't not so, I am a dreamer among men, indeed An idle dreamer ! 'Tis a common tale, An ordinary sorrow of man's life, A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed In bodily form.—But without further bidding

I will proceed.

While thus it fared with them, To whom this cottage, till those hapless years,

Had been a blessed home, it was my chance

To travel in a country far remote ;

And when these lofty elms once more appeared

What pleasant expectations lured me on O'er the flat Common !—With quick step I reached

The threshold, lifted with light hand the latch ;

But, when I entered, Margaret looked at me

A little while ; then turned her head away Speechless,—and, sitting down upon a chair,

Not speaking much, pleased rather with  
the joy  
Of her own thoughts : by some especial  
care

Her temper had been framed, as it to  
make

A Being, who by adding love to peace  
Might live on earth a life of happiness.

Her added Partner lacked, not on his  
side

The humble worth that satisfied her  
heart :

Fragrant, affectionate, sober, and withal  
Keenly industrious. She with pride would  
tell

That he was often seated at his loom,  
In summer, ere the mower was abroad  
Among the dewy grass,—in early spring,  
Ere the last star had vanished.—They  
who passed

At evening, from behind the garden fence  
Might hear his busy spade, which he  
would ply,

After his daily work, until the light  
Had failed, and every leaf and flower  
were lost

In the dark hedges. So their days were  
spent

In peace and comfort ; and a pretty boy  
Was their best hope, next to the God in  
heaven.

“Not twenty years ago, but you I think  
Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there  
came

Two blighting seasons, when the fields  
were left

With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven  
to add

A worse affliction in the plague of war :  
This happy Land was stricken to the  
heart !

A Wanderer then among the cottages,  
I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw.  
The hardships of that season : many rich  
Sank down, as in a dream, among the  
poor :

And of the poor did many cease to be,  
And their place knew them not. Mean-  
while, abridged

Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled  
To numerous self-denials, Margaret  
Went struggling on through those cala-  
mitous years

With cheerful hope, until the second  
autumn,

When her life's Helpmate on a sick bed  
lay,

Smitten with perilous fever. In disease  
He lingered long ; and, when his strength  
returned,

He found the little he had stored, to meet  
The hour of accident or crippling age,

Was all consumed. A second infant now  
Was added to the troubles of a time

Laden, for them and all of their degree,  
With care and sorrow : shoals of artisans

From ill-requited labour turned adrift—  
Sought daily bread from public charity,

They, and their wives and children—hap-  
pier far

—Could they have lived as do the little  
birds

That peck along the hedge-rows, or the  
kite

That makes her dwelling on the moun-  
tain rocks !

“A sad reverse it was for him who long  
Had filled with plenty, and possessed in  
peace,

This lonely Cottage. At the door he stood,  
And whistled many a snatch of merry  
tunes

That had no mirth in them ; or with his  
knife

Carved uncouth figures on the heads of  
sticks—

Then, not less idly, sought, through every  
nook

In house or garden, any casual work—

Of use or ornament ; and with a strange,  
Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty ;

He mingled, where he might, the various  
tasks

Of summer, autumn, winter, and of  
spring.

But this endured not ; his good humour  
soon

Became a weight in which no pleasure  
was :

And poverty brought on a petted mood  
And a sore temper : day by day he

drooped,  
And he would leave his work—and to the  
town

Would turn without an errand his slack  
steps ;

Hung down in heavier tufts ; and that  
 bright weed,  
 The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take  
 root  
 Along the window's edge, profusely grew  
 Blinding the lower panes. I turned  
 aside,  
 And stoiled into her garden. It ap-  
 peared  
 To lag behind the season, and had lost  
 its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and  
 thrift  
 Had broken their trim border-lines, and  
 straggled  
 O'er paths they used to deck : carnations,  
 once  
 Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less  
 For the peculiar pains they had required,  
 Declined their languid heads, wanting  
 support.  
 The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths  
 and bells,  
 Had twined about her two small rows of  
 peas,  
 And dragged them to the earth.  
 Ere this an hour  
 Was wasted.—Back I turned my restless  
 steps :  
 A stranger passed ; and, guessing whom  
 I sought,  
 He said that she was used to ramble far.—  
 The sun was sinking in the west ; and now  
 I sate with sad impatience. From within  
 Her solitary infant cried aloud ;  
 Then, like a blast that dies away self-  
 stilled,  
 The voice was silent. From the bench I  
 rose ;  
 But neither could divert nor soothe my  
 thoughts.  
 The spot, though fair, was very desolate—  
 The longer I remained, more desolate :  
 And, looking round me, now I first  
 observed  
 The corner stones, on either side the  
 porch,  
 With dull red stains discoloured, and  
 stuck o'er  
 With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the  
 sheep,  
 That fed upon the Common, thither came  
 Familiarly, and found a couching-place  
 Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows  
 fell

From these tall elms ; the cottage-clock  
 struck eight ;—  
 I turned, and saw her distant a few steps.  
 Her face was pale and thin—her figure,  
 too,  
 Was changed. As she unlocked the door,  
 she said,  
 'It grieves me you have waited here so  
 long,  
 But, in good truth, I've wandered much  
 of late ;  
 And, sometimes—to my shame I speak—  
 have need  
 Of my best prayers to bring me back  
 again.'  
 While on the board she spread our evening  
 meal,  
 She told me—interrupting not the work  
 Which gave employment to her listless  
 hands—  
 That she had parted with her elder child ;  
 To a kind master on a distant farm  
 Now happily apprenticed.—'I perceive  
 You look at me, and you have cause ;  
 to-day  
 I have been travelling far ; and many  
 days  
 About the fields I wander, knowing this  
 Only, that what I seek I cannot find ;  
 And so I waste my time ; for I am  
 changed ;  
 And to myself,' said she, 'have done  
 much wrong  
 And to this helpless infant. I have slept  
 Weeping, and weeping have I waked ; my  
 tears  
 Have flowed as if my body were not such  
 As others are ; and I could never die.  
 But I am now in mind and in my heart  
 More easy ; and I hope,' said she, 'that  
 God  
 Will give me patience to endure the  
 things -  
 Which I behold at home.'  
 It would have grieved  
 Your very soul to see her. Sir, I feel  
 The story linger in my heart ; I fear  
 'Tis long and tedious ; but my spirit  
 clings  
 To that poor Woman :—so familiarly  
 Do I perceive her manner, and her look,  
 And presence ; and so deeply do I feel  
 Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my  
 walks

Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,  
 Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch!  
 at last  
 She rose from off her seat, and then,—  
 O Sir!  
 I cannot tell how she pronounced my  
 name:—  
 With fervent love, and with a face of grief  
 Unutterably helpless, and a look  
 That seemed to cling upon me, she  
 enquired  
 If I had seen her husband. As she spake  
 A strange surprise and fear came to my  
 heart,  
 Nor had I power to answer ere she told  
 That he had disappeared—not two months  
 gone.  
 He left his house: two wretched days  
 had past,  
 And on the third, as wistfully she raised  
 Her head from off her pillow, to look  
 forth,  
 Like one in trouble, for returning light,  
 Within her chamber-casement she espied  
 A folded paper, lying as if placed  
 To meet her waking eyes. This trem-  
 bly  
 She opened—found no writing, but be-  
 held  
 Pieces of money carefully enclosed,  
 Silver and gold. ‘I shuddered at the  
 sight,’  
 Said Margaret, ‘for I knew it was his  
 hand  
 That must have placed it there; and ere  
 that day  
 Was ended, that long anxious day, I  
 learned,  
 From one who by my husband had been  
 sent  
 With the sad news, that he had joined  
 a troop  
 Of soldiers, going to a distant land.  
 —He left me thus—he could not gather  
 heart  
 To take a farewell of me; for he feared  
 That I should follow with my babes, and  
 sink  
 Beneath the misery of that wandering  
 life.’

“This tale did Margaret tell with many  
 tears;  
 And, when she ended, I had little power  
 wo.

To give her comfort, and was glad to  
 take  
 Such words of hope from her own mouth  
 as served  
 To cheer us both. But long we had not  
 talked  
 Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,  
 And with a brighter eye she looked around  
 As if she had been shedding tears of joy.  
 We parted.—‘I was the time of early  
 spring;  
 I left her busy with her garden tools;  
 And well remember, o’er that fence she  
 looked,  
 And, while I paced along the foot-way,  
 path,  
 Called out, and sent a blessing after me,  
 With tender cheerfulness, and with a  
 voice  
 That seemed the very sound of happy  
 thoughts.

“I roved o’er many a hill and many a  
 dale,  
 With my accustomed load; in heat and  
 cold,  
 Through many a wood and many an open  
 ground,  
 In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,  
 Drooping or blithe of heart, as might  
 befall;  
 My best companions now the driving  
 winds,  
 And now the ‘trotting brooks’ and whis-  
 pering trees,  
 And now the music of my own sad steps,  
 With many a short-lived thought that  
 passed between,  
 And disappeared.

I journeyed back this way,  
 When, in the warmth of midsummer, the  
 wheat  
 Was yellow; and the soft and bladed  
 grass,  
 Springing afresh, had o’er the hay-field  
 spread  
 Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,  
 I found that she was absent. In the  
 shade,  
 Where now we sit, I waited her return.  
 Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore  
 Its customary look,—only, it seemed,  
 The honeysuckle, crowding round the  
 porch,



In bleak December, I retraced this way,  
 She told me that her little babe was dead.  
 And she was left alone. She now, released  
 From her maternal cares, had taken up  
 The employment common through these  
 wilds, and gained,  
 By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself;  
 And for this end had hired a neighbour's  
 boy  
 To give her needful help. That very time  
 Most willingly she put her work aside,  
 And walked with me along the miry road,  
 Heedless how far; and, in such piteous  
 sort  
 That any heart had ached to hear her,  
 begged  
 That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask  
 For him whom she had lost. We parted  
 then—  
 Our final parting; for from that time  
 forth  
 Did many seasons pass ere I returned  
 Into this tract again.

Nine tedious years;  
 From their first separation, nine long  
 years,  
 She lingered in unquiet widowhood;  
 A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have  
 been  
 A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my  
 Friend,  
 That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate  
 Alone, through had the vacant Sabbath  
 day;  
 And, if a dog passed by, she still would  
 quit  
 The shade, and look abroad. On this old  
 bench  
 For hours she sate; and evermore her eye  
 Was busy in the distance, shaping things  
 That made her heart beat quick. You  
 see that path,  
 Now faint,—the grass has crept o'er its  
 grey line;  
 There, to and fro, she paced through  
 many a day  
 Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp  
 That girt her waist, spinning the long-  
 drawn thread  
 With backward steps. Yet ever as there  
 passed  
 A man whose garments showed the sol-  
 dier's red,

Or crippled mendicant in soldier's garb,  
 The little child who sate to turn the wheel  
 Ceased from his task; and she with fal-  
 tering voice  
 Made many a fond enquiry; and when  
 they,  
 Whose presence gave no comfort, were  
 gone by,  
 Her heart was still more sad. And by  
 yon gate,  
 That bars the traveller's road, she often  
 stood,  
 And when a stranger horseman came, the  
 latch  
 Would lift, and in his face look wistfully:  
 Most happy, if, from aught discovered  
 there  
 Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat  
 The same sad question. Meanwhile her  
 poor Hut  
 Sank to decay; for he was gone whose  
 hand,  
 At the first nipping of October frost,  
 Closed up each chink, and with fresh  
 bands of straw  
 Chequered the green-grown thatch. And  
 so she lived  
 Through the long winter, reckless and  
 alone;  
 Until her house by frost, and thaw, and  
 rain,  
 Was sapped; and while she slept, the  
 nightly damps  
 Did chill her breast; and in the stormy  
 day  
 Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the  
 wind,  
 Even at the side of her own fire. Yet  
 still  
 She loved this wretched spot, nor would  
 for worlds  
 Have parted hence; and still that length  
 of road,  
 And this rude bench, one torturing hope  
 endeared,  
 Fast rooted' at her heart; and here, my  
 Friend,—  
 In sickness she remained; and here she  
 died;  
 Last human tenant of these ruined walls."

The old Man ceased: he 'saw that I was  
 moved;  
 From that low bench, rising instinctively

A momentary trance comes over me :  
 And to myself I seem to muse on One  
 By sorrow laid asleep ; or borne away,  
 A human being destined to awake  
 To human life, or something very near  
 To human life, when he shall come again  
 For whom she suffered. Yes, it would  
 have grieved

Your very soul to see 'er : evermore  
 Her eyelids drooped, her eyes downward  
 were cast ;

And, when she at her table gave me food,  
 She did not look at me. Her voice was  
 low,

Her body was subdued. In every act  
 Pertaining to her house affairs, appeared  
 The careless stillness of a thinking mind  
 Self-occupied ; to which all outward  
 things

Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,  
 But yet no motion of the breast was seen,  
 No heaving of the heart. While by the  
 fire

We sate together, sighs came on my ear,  
 I knew not how, and hardly whence they  
 came.

" Ere my departure, to her care I gave,  
 For her son's use, some tokens of regard,  
 Which with a look of welcome she re-  
 ceived ;

And I exhorted her to place her trust  
 In God's good love, and seek his help by  
 prayer.

I took my staff, and, when I kissed her  
 babe,  
 The tears stood in her eyes. I left her  
 then

With the best hope and comfort I could  
 give :

She thanked me for my wish ;—but for my  
 hope

It seemed she did not thank me.

I returned,  
 And took my rounds along this road again  
 When on its sunny bank the primrose  
 flower

Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the  
 Spring.

I found her sad and drooping : she had  
 learned

No tidings of her husband ; if he lived,  
 She knew not that he lived ; if he were  
 dead,

She knew not he was dead. She seemed  
 the same

In person and appearance ; but her house  
 Bespoke a sleepy hand of negligence :

The floor was neither dry nor neat, the  
 hearth

Was comfortless, and her small lot of  
 books,

Which, in the cottage-window, heretofore  
 Had been piled up against the corner  
 panes

In seemly order, now, with straggling  
 leaves

Layscattered here and there, open or shut,  
 As they had chanced to fall. Her infant  
 Babe

Had from its mother caught the trick of  
 grief,

And sighed among its playthings. I  
 withdrew,

And once again entering the garden saw,  
 More plainly still, that poverty and grief  
 Were now come nearer to her : weeds  
 defaced

The hardened soil, and knots of withered  
 grass :

No ridges there appeared of clear black  
 mould,

No winter greenness ; of her herbs and  
 flowers,

It seemed the better part were gnawed  
 away

Or trampled into earth ; a chain of straw,  
 Which had been twined about the slender  
 stem

Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root ;

The bark was nibbled round by truant  
 sheep.

—Margaret stood near, her infant in her  
 arms,

And, noting that my eye was on the tree,  
 She said, ' I fear it will be dead and gone  
 Ere Robert come again.' When to the  
 House

We had returned together, she enquired  
 If I had any hope :—but for her Lile

And for her little orphan boy, she said  
 She had no wish to live, that she must  
 die

Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom  
 Still in its place ; his Sunday garments  
 hung

Upon the self-same nail ; his very staff  
 Stood undisturbed behind the door.

## BOOK SECOND.

## THE SOLITARY.

## ARGUMENT.

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated.—Morning scene, and view of a Village Wake.—Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit.—View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat.—Sound of singing from below.—A funeral procession.—Descent into the Valley.—Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley.—Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary.—Wanderer's description of the mode of burial in this mountainous district.—Solitary contrasts with this, that of the individual carried a few minutes before from the cottage.—The cottage entered.—Description of the Solitary's apartment.—Repast there.—View, from the window, of two mountain summits; and the Solitary's description of the companionship they afford him.—Account of the departed inmate of the cottage.—Description of a grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind.—Leave the house.

In days of yore how fortunately fared  
The Minstrel! wandering on from hall to  
hall,  
Baronial court or royal; cheered with gifts  
Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise;  
Now meeting on his road an armed  
knight,  
Now resting with a pilgrim by the side  
Of a clear brook;—beneath an abbey's  
roof  
One evening sumptuously lodged: the  
next,  
Humbly in a religious hospital;  
Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;  
Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.  
Him, sleeping or awake, the robber  
spared;  
He walked—protected from the sword of  
war  
By virtue of that sacred instrument  
His harp, suspended at the traveller's  
side;  
His dear companion wheresoe'er he went  
Opening from land to land an easy way  
By melody, and by the charm of verse.  
Yet not the noblest of that honoured Race  
Drew happier, loftier, more impassioned,  
thoughts  
From his long journeyings and eventful  
life,  
Than this obscure Itinerant had skill  
To gather, ranging through the tamer  
ground  
Of these our unimagined days;  
Both while he trod the earth in humblest  
guise

Accoutred with his burthen and his staff;  
And now, when free to move with lighter  
pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite  
school  
Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural  
lanes,  
Looked on this guide with reverential  
love?  
Each with the other pleased, we now  
pursued  
Our journey, under favourable skies.  
Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a  
light  
Unfailing: not a hamlet could we pass,  
Rarely a house that did not yield to him  
Remembrances; or from his tongue call  
forth  
Some way-beguiling tale. Nor less regard  
Accompanied those strains of apt dis-  
course,  
Which nature's various objects might  
inspire;  
And in the silence of his face I read  
His overflowing spirit. Birds and beasts,  
And the mute fish that glances in the  
stream,  
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,  
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,  
The fowl domestic, and the household  
dog—  
In his capacious mind, he loved them all:  
Their rights acknowledging he felt for  
all.  
Oft was occasion given me to perceive

I turned aside in weakness, nor had  
 power  
 To thank him for the tale which he had  
 told.  
 I stood, and leaning o'er the garden wall  
 Reviewed that Woman's sufferings; and  
 it seemed  
 To comfort me while with a brother's  
 love  
 I blessed her in the impotence of grief.  
 Then towards the cottage I returned; and  
 traced  
 Fondly, though with an interest more  
 mild,  
 That secret spirit of humanity  
 Which, 'mid the calm oblivious tenden-  
 cies  
 Of nature, 'mid her plants, and weeds,  
 and flowers,  
 And silent overgrowings, still survived.  
 The old Man, noting this, resumed, and  
 said,  
 "My Friend! enough to sorrow you have  
 given,  
 The purposes of wisdom ask no more:  
 Not more would she have craved as due  
 to One  
 Who, in her worst distress, had oftentimes  
 felt  
 The unbounded might of prayer; and  
 learned, with soul  
 Fixed on the Cross, that consolation  
 springs,  
 From sources deeper far than deepest  
 pain,  
 For the meek Sufferer. Why then should  
 we read  
 The forms of things with an unworthy  
 eye?  
 She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is  
 here.  
 I well remember that those very plumes,

Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on  
 that wall,  
 By mist and silent rain-drops sivered  
 o'er,  
 As once I passed, into my heart conveyed  
 So still an image of tranquillity,  
 So calm and still, and looked so beautiful  
 Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled  
 my mind.  
 That what we feel of sorrow and despair  
 From ruin and from change, and all the  
 grief  
 That passing shows of Being leave be-  
 hind,  
 Appeared an idle dream, that could main-  
 tain.  
 Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlivened  
 spirit  
 Whose meditative sympathies repose  
 Upon the breast of Faith. I turned  
 away,  
 And walked along my road in happiness."

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining  
 shot  
 A slant and mellow radiance, which began  
 To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,  
 We sate on that low bench: and now we  
 felt,  
 Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming  
 on.  
 A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,  
 A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,  
 At distance heard, peopled the milder air.  
 The old Man rose, and, with a sprightly  
 mien  
 Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff;  
 Together casting then a farewell look  
 Upon those silent walls, we left the shade;  
 And, ere the stars were visible, had  
 reached  
 A village-inn,—our evening resting place.

Prompt answer : they proclaim the annual

Wake,  
Which the bright season favours.—Tabor  
and pipe

In purpose join to hasten or reprove  
The laggard Rustic ; and repay with  
boons

Of merriment a party-coloured knot,  
Already formed upon the village-green.  
—Beyond the limits of the shadow cast  
By the broad hill, glistened upon our  
sight

That gay assemblage. Round them and  
above,

Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,  
Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of  
trees

Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver  
steam

Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs  
By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like  
a mast

Of gold, the Maypole shines ; as if the  
rays

Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,  
With gladsome influence could re-animate  
The faded garlands dangling from its  
sides.

Said I, "The music and the sprightly  
scene

Invite us ; shall we quit our road, and  
join

These festive matins?"—He replied,  
"Not loth

To linger I would here with you partake,  
Not one hour merely, but till evening's  
close,

The simple pastimes of the day and place.  
By the fleet Racers, ere the sun be set,  
The turf of yon large pasture will be  
skimmed ;

There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall con-  
tend :

But know we not that he, who intermits  
The appointed tasks and duties of the day,  
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day :  
Checking the finer spirits that refuse  
To flow, when purposes are lightly  
changed ?

A length of journey yet remains un-  
traced :

Let us proceed." Then, pointing with his  
staff

Raised toward those craggy summits, his  
intent

He thus iniparted :— "In a spot that lies

Among yon mountain fastnesses con-  
cealed,

You will receive, before the hour of noon,  
Good recompense, I hope, for this day's  
toil,

From sight of One who lives secluded  
there,

Lonesome and lost : of whom, and whose  
past life,

(Not to forestall such knowledge as may be  
More faithfully collected from himself)  
This brief communication shall suffice.

"Though now sojourning there, he, like  
myself,

Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage  
Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract  
Where many a sheltered and well-tended  
plant

Bears, on the humblest ground of social life,  
Blossoms of piety and innocence.

Such grateful promises his youth dis-  
played :

And, having shown in study forward  
zeal,

He to the Ministry was duly called ;  
And straight, incited by a curious mind  
Filled with vague hopes, he undertook  
the charge

Of Chaplain to a military troop  
Cheered by the Highland bagpipe, as they  
marched

In plaided vest,—his fellow-countrymen.  
This office filling, yet by native power  
And force of native inclination made  
An intellectual ruler in the haunts  
Of social vanity, he walked the world,  
Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety :  
Lax, buoyant—less a pastor with his flock  
Than a soldier among soldiers—lived and  
roamed

Where Fortune led :—and Fortune, who  
oft proves

The careless wanderer's friend, to him  
made known

A blooming Lady—a conspicuous flower,  
Admired for beauty, for her sweetness  
praised ;

Whom he had sensibility to love,  
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win.

How the calm pleasures of the pasturing  
 herd  
 To happy contemplation soothed his  
 walk;  
 How the poor brute's condition, forced to  
 run  
 His course of suffering in the public road,  
 And contrast! all too often smote his  
 heart  
 With unavailing pity. Rich in love  
 And sweet humanity, he was, himself,  
 To the degree that he desired, beloved.  
 Smiles of good-will from faces that he  
 knew  
 Greeted us all day long; we took our  
 seats  
 By many a cottage-hearth, where he re-  
 ceived  
 The welcome of an Inmate from afar,  
 And I at once forgot I was a Stranger.  
 --Nor was he loth to enter ragged huts,  
 Huts where his charity was blest; his  
 voice  
 Heard as the voice of an experienced  
 friend.  
 And, sometimes—where the poor man  
 held dispute  
 With his own mind, unable to subdue  
 Impatience through inaptness to perceive  
 General distress in his particular lot;  
 Or cherishing resentment, or in vain  
 Struggling against it; with a soul per-  
 plexed,  
 And finding in herself no steady power  
 To draw the line of comfort that divides  
 Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,  
 From the injustice of our brother men—  
 To him appeal was made as to a judge;  
 Who, with an understanding heart, allayed  
 The perturbation; listened to the plea;  
 Resolved the dubious point; and sentence  
 gave  
 So grounded, so applied, that it was  
 heard  
 With softened spirit, even when it con-  
 demned.

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we  
 roved,  
 Now as his choice directed, now as mine;  
 Or both, with equal readiness of will,  
 Our course submitting to the changeful  
 breeze  
 Of accident. But when the rising sun

Had three times called us to renew our  
 walk,  
 My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,  
 As if the thought were but a moment old,  
 Claimed absolute dominion for the day.  
 We started—and he led me toward the  
 hills,  
 Up through an ample vale, with higher  
 hills  
 Before us, mountains stern and desolate;  
 But, in the majesty of distance, now  
 Set off, and to our ken appearing fair  
 Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,  
 And beautified with morning's purple  
 beams.

The wealthy, the luxurious, by the stress  
 Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their  
 time,  
 May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs  
 Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise  
 From earth the dust of morning, slow to  
 rise;  
 And they, if blest with health and hearts  
 at ease,  
 Shall lack not their enjoyment:—but how  
 faint  
 Compared with ours! who, pacing side  
 by side,  
 Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all  
 That we beheld; and lend the listening  
 sense  
 To every grateful sound of earth and air;  
 Pausing at will—our spirits braced, our  
 thoughts  
 Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,  
 And pure as dew bathing their crimson  
 leaves.

Mount slowly, sun! that we may journey  
 long,  
 By this dark hill protected from thy  
 beams!  
 Such is the summer pilgrim's frequent  
 wish;  
 But quickly from among our morning  
 thoughts  
 'Twas chased away: for, toward the  
 western side  
 Of the broad vale, casting a casual glance,  
 We saw a throng of people;—wherefore  
 met?  
 Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose  
 On the thrilled car, and flags uprising, yield

"His sacred function was at length  
renounced ;  
And every day and every place enjoyed  
The unshackled layman's natural liberty ;  
Speech, manners, morals, all without disguise.

I do not wish to wrong him ; though the  
course

Of private life licentiously displayed  
Unhallowed actions—planted like a crown  
Upon the insolent aspiring brow  
Of spurious notions—worn as open signs  
Of prejudice subdued—still he retained  
Mid much abasement, what he had  
received

From nature, an intense and glowing  
mind.

Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew  
weak.

And mortal sickness on her face appeared,  
He coloured objects to his own desire  
As with a lover's passion. Yet his moods  
Of pain were keen as those of better  
men.

Nay keener, as his fortitude was less :

And he continued, when worse days were  
come.

To deal about his sparkling eloquence,  
Struggling against the strange reverse  
with zeal

That showed like happiness. But, in  
despite

Of all this outside bravery, within,  
He neither felt encouragement nor hope :  
For moral dignity, and strength of mind,  
Were wanting ; and simplicity of life ;  
And reverence for himself ; and, last and  
best,

Confiding thoughts, through love and fear  
of Him

Before whose sight the troubles of this  
world

Are vain, as billows in a tossing sea.

"The glory of the times fading away—  
The splendour, which had given a festal  
air

To self-importance, hallowed it, and  
veiled

From his own sight—this gone, he forfeited

All joy in human nature ; was consumed,  
And vexed, and chafed, by levity and  
scorn,

And fruitless indignation ; galled by  
pride ;

Made desperate by contempt of men who  
throve

Before his sight in power or fame, and  
won,

Without desert, what he desired ; weak  
men.

Too weak even for his envy or his hate !

Tormented thus, after a wandering course

Of discontent, and inwardly oppress

With malady—in part, I fear, provoked

By weariness of life—he fixed his home,

Or, rather say, sate down by very chance,

Among these rugged hills ; where now he  
dwells,

And wastes the sad remainder of his hours,

Steeped in a self-indulging spleen, that  
wants not

Its own voluptuousness ;—on this re-  
solved,

With this content, that he will live and  
die

Forgotten,—at safe distance from 'a  
world

Not moving to his mind."

These serious words

Closed the preparatory notices

That served my Fellow-traveller to be-  
guile

The way, while we advanced up that  
wide vale.

Diverging now (as if his quest had been

Some secret of the mountains, cavern,  
fall)

Of water, or some lofty eminence,

Renowned for splendid prospect far and  
wide)

We scaled, without a track to ease our  
steps,

A steep ascent ; and reached a dreary  
plain,

With a tumultuous waste of huge hill  
tops

Before us ; savage region ! which I paced

Dispirited : when, all at once, behold !

Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,

A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high

Among the mountains ; even as if the  
spot

Had been from eldest time by wish of  
theirs

So placed, to be shut out from all the  
world !

"For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts  
 of mind,  
 Not sparingly endowed with worldly  
 wealth,  
 His office he relinquished; and retired  
 From the world's notice to a rural home.  
 Youth's season yet with him was scarcely  
 past,  
 And she was in youth's prime. How free  
 their love,  
 How full their joy! Till, pitiable doom!  
 In the short course of one undreaded year,  
 Death blasted all. Death suddenly o'er-  
 threw  
 Two lovely Children—all that they  
 possessed!  
 The Mother followed:—miserably bare  
 The one Survivor stood; he wept, he  
 prayed  
 For his dismissal, day and night, com-  
 pelled  
 To hold communion with the grave, and  
 face  
 With pain the regions of eternity.  
 An uncomplaining apathy displaced  
 This anguish; and, indifferent to delight,  
 To aim and purpose, he consumed his  
 days,  
 To private interest dead, and public care.  
 So lived he; so he might have died.  
 But now,  
 To the wide world's astonishment, ap-  
 peared  
 A glorious opening, the unlooked-for  
 dawn,  
 That promised everlasting joy to France!  
 Her voice of social transport reached even  
 him!  
 He broke from his contracted bounds,  
 repaired  
 To the great City, an emporium then  
 Of golden expectations, and receiving  
 Freights every day from a new world of  
 hope.  
 Thither his popular talents he trans-  
 ferred:  
 And, from the pulpit, zealously maintained  
 The cause of Christ and civil liberty,  
 As one, and moving to one glorious end.  
 Intoxicating service! I might say  
 A happy service; for he was sincere  
 As vanity and fondness for applause,  
 And new and shapeless wishes, would  
 allow.  
 wo.

"That righteous cause (such power  
 hath freedom) bound,  
 For one hostility, in friendly league,  
 Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves;  
 Was served by rival advocates that came  
 From regions opposite as heaven and  
 hell.  
 One courage seemed to animate them  
 all:  
 And, from the dazzling conquests daily  
 gained  
 By their united efforts, there arose  
 A proud and most presumptuous con-  
 fidence  
 In the transcendent wisdom of the age,  
 And her discernment; not alone in rights,  
 And in the origin and bounds of power  
 Social and temporal; but in laws divine,  
 Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.  
 An overweening trust was raised; and  
 fear  
 Cast out, alike of person and of thing.  
 Plague from this union spread, whose  
 subtle bane  
 The strongest did not easily escape;  
 And He, what wonder! took a mortal  
 taint.  
 How shall I trace the change, how bear  
 to tell  
 That he broke faith with them whom he  
 had laid  
 In earth's dark chambers, with a Chris-  
 tian's hope!  
 An infidel contempt of holy writ  
 Stole by degrees upon his mind; and  
 hence  
 Life, like that Roman Janus, double-  
 faced;  
 Vilest hypocrisy—the laughing, gay  
 Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but  
 pride.  
 Smooth words he had to wheedle simple  
 souls;  
 But, for disciples of the inner school.  
 Old freedom was old servitude, and they  
 The wisest whose opinions stooped the  
 least  
 To known restraints; and who most  
 boldly drew  
 Hopeful prognostications from a creed.  
 That, in the light of false philosophy,  
 Spread like a halo round a misty moon,  
 Widening its circle as the storms ad-  
 vance.



Perhaps is shedding orphan's tears; you  
also  
Must have sustained a loss."—"The hand  
of Death."  
He answered, "has been here; but could  
not well  
Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen  
Upon myself."—The other left these  
words  
Unnoticed, thus continuing:—  
"From yon crag  
Down whose steep sides we dropped into  
the vale,  
We heard the hymn they sang—a solemn  
sound  
Heard anywhere; but in a place like this  
'Tis more than human! Many precious  
rites  
And customs of our rural ancestry  
Are gone, or stealing from us; this, I  
hope,  
Will last for ever. Oft on my way have I  
Stood still, though but a casual passenger,  
So much I felt the awfulness of life.  
In that one moment when the corse is  
lifted  
In silence, with a hush of decency;  
Then from the threshold moves with song  
of peace,  
And confidential yearnings, towards its  
home,  
Its final home on earth. What traveller—  
who—  
(How far so'er a stranger) does not own  
The bond of brotherhood, when he sees  
them go,  
A mute procession on the houseless road;  
Or passing by some single tenement  
Or clustered dwellings, where again they  
raise  
The monitory voice? But most of all  
It touches, it confirms, and elevates,  
Then, when the body, soon to be con-  
signed  
Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,  
Is raised from the church-aisle, and for-  
ward borne  
Upon the shoulders of the next in love,  
The nearest in affection or in blood:  
Yea, by the very mourners who had knelt  
Beside the coffin, resting on its lid  
In silent grief their unuplifted heads,  
And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's  
mournful plaint,

And that most awful scripture which  
declares  
We shall not sleep, but we shall all be  
changed!  
—Have I not seen—ye likewise may have  
seen—  
Son, husband, brothers—brothers side by  
side,  
And son and father also side by side,  
Rise from that posture:—and in concert  
more  
On the green turf following the vested  
Priest,  
Four dear supporters of one senseless  
weight,  
From which they do not shrink, and  
under which  
They faint not, but advance towards the  
open grave  
Step after step—together, with their firm  
Unhidden faces: he that suffers most,  
He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,  
The most serene, with most undaunted  
eye!—  
Oh! blest are they who live and die like  
these,  
Loved with such love, and with such  
sorrow mourned!"  
"That poor Man taken hence to-day?"  
replied  
The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile  
Which did not please me, "must be  
deemed, I fear,  
Of the unblest: for he will surely sink  
Into his mother earth without such pomp  
Of grief, depart without occasion given  
By him for such array of fortitude.  
Full seventy winters hath he lived, and  
mark!  
This simple Child will mourn his one  
short hour.  
And I shall miss him; scanty tribute!  
yet,  
This wanting, he would leave the sight of  
men.  
If love were his sole claim upon their  
care,  
Like a ripe date which in the desert falls  
Without a hand to gather it." At this  
I interposed, though loth to speak, and  
said,  
"Can it be thus among so small a band

An eye of scorn :—"The lover," said he,  
"doomed

To love when hope hath failed him—  
whom no depth

Of privacy is deep enough to hide,  
Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,  
And that is joy to him. When change of  
times

Hath summoned kings to scaffolds, do  
but give

The faithful servant, who must hide his  
head

Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,  
A kerchief sprinkled with his master's  
blood,

And he too hath his comforter. How  
poor,

Beyond all poverty how destitute,  
Must that Man have been left, who,  
hither driven,

Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him  
No dearer relique, and no better stay,

Than this dull product of a scoffer's pen,  
Impure conceits discharging from a heart  
Hardened by impious pride!—I did not  
fear

To tax you with this journey ;"—mildly  
said

My venerable Friend, as forth we stepped  
Into the presence of the cheerful light—

"For I have knowledge that you do not  
shrink

From moving spectacles ;—but let us on."

So speaking, on he went, and at the word  
I followed, till he made a sudden stand :

For full in view, approaching through a  
gate

That opened from the enclosure of green  
fields

Into the rough uncultivated ground,  
Behold the Man whom he had fancied  
dead !

I knew from his deportment, mien, and  
dress,

That it could be no other ; a pale face,  
A meagre person, tall, and in a garb

Not rustic—dull and faded like himself !  
He saw us not, though distant but few  
steps ;

For he was busy, dealing, from a store  
Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings  
Of red ripe currants ; gift by which he

strove,

With intermixture of endearing words,  
To soothe a Child, who walked beside  
him, weeping

As if disconsolate.—"They to the grave  
Are bearing him, my Little-one," he said,  
"To the dark pit ; but he will feel no  
pain ;

His body is at rest, his soul in heaven."

More might have followed—but my  
honoured Friend

Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank  
And cordial greeting.—Vivid was the  
light

That flashed and sparkled from the other's  
eyes ;

He was all fire : no shadow on his brow  
Remained, nor sign of sickness on his face.

Hands joined he with his Visitant,—a  
grasp,

An eager grasp ; and many moments'  
space—

When the first glow of pleasure was no  
more,

And, of the sad appearance which at  
once

Had vanished, much was come and com-  
ing back—

An amicable smile retained the life  
Which it had unexpectedly received,

Upon his hollow cheek. "How kind,"  
he said,

"Nor could your coming have been better  
timed ;

For this, you see, is in our narrow world  
A day of sorrow. I have here a charge"—

And, speaking thus, he patted tenderly  
The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping  
child—

"A little mourner, whom it is my task  
To comfort ;—but how came ye?—if yon  
track

(Which doth at once befriend us and  
betray)

Conducted hither your most welcome feet,  
Ye could not miss the funeral train—  
they yet

Have scarcely disappeared."—"This  
blooming Child,"

Said the old Man, "is of an age to weep  
At any grave or solemn spectacle,

Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,  
He knows not wherefore ;—but the boy

to-day.

And cakes of butter curiously embossed.  
Butter that had imbibed from meadow-  
flowers

A golden hue, delicate as their own  
Flourily reflected in a lingering stream.

Nor lacked, for more delight on that  
warm day,

Our table, small parade of garden fruits,  
And whortle-berries from the mountain  
side.

The Child, who long ere this had stilled  
his sobs,

Was now a help to his late comforter,  
And moved, a willing Page, as he was  
bid,

Ministering to our need.

In genial mood,  
While at our pastoral banquet thus we  
sate

Fronting the window of that little cell,  
I could not, ever and anon, forbear

To glance an upward look on two huge  
Peaks,

That from some other vale peered into  
this.

“Those lusty twins,” exclaimed our host,  
“if here

It were your lot to dwell, would soon  
become

Your prized companions.—Many are the  
notes

Which, in his tuneful course, the wind  
draws forth

From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and  
dashing shores;

And well those lofty brethren bear their  
part

In the wild concert—chiefly when the  
storm

Rides high; then all the upper air they  
fill

With roaring sound, that ceases not to  
now.

Like smoke, along the level of the blast,  
In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song

Of stream and headlong flood that seldom  
fails;

And, in the grim and breathless hour of  
noon,

Methinks that I have heard them echo  
back:

The thunder's greeting. Nor have nature's  
laws

Left them ungifted with a power to yield

Music of finer tone; a harmony,  
So do I call it, though it be the hand  
Of silence, though there be no voice;—  
the clouds,

The mist, the shadows, light of golden  
suns,

Motions of moonlight, all come thither—  
touch,

And have an answer—thither come, and  
shape

A language not unwelcome to sick hearts  
And idle spirits:—there the sun himself,  
At the calm close of summer's longest day,  
Rests his substantial orb;—between those  
heights

And on the top of either pinnacle,  
More keenly than elsewhere in night's  
blue vault,

Sparkle the stars, as of their station  
proud.

Thoughts are not busier in the mind of  
man

Than the mute agents stirring there:—  
alone

Here do I sit and watch.—”

A fall of voice.  
Regretted like the nightingale's last note,  
Had scarcely closed this high-wrought  
strain of rapture

Ere with inviting smile the Wanderer  
said:

“Now for the tale with which you threat-  
ened us!”

“In truth the threat escaped me un-  
awares:

Should the tale tire you, let this challenge  
stand

For my excuse. Dissevered from man-  
kind,

As to your eyes and thoughts we must  
have seemed

When ye looked down upon us from the  
crag.

Islanders 'mid a stormy mountain sea.  
We are not so;—perpetually we touch

Upon the vulgar ordinances of the world;  
And he, whom this our cottage hath to-  
day

Relinquished, lived dependant for his  
bread

Upon the laws of public charity.  
The Housewife, tempted by such slender

gains

As might from that occasion be distilled.

As ye must needs be here? in such a place  
 Would not willingly, methinks, lose sight  
 Of a departing cloud."—"Twas not for love"—  
 Answered the sick Man with a careless voice—  
 "That I came hither; neither have I found  
 Among associates who have power of speech,  
 Nor in such other converse as is here,  
 Temptation so prevailing as to change  
 That mood, or undermine my first resolve."

Then, speaking in like careless sort, he said

To my benign Companion,—"Pity 'tis  
 That fortune did not guide you to this house

A few days earlier; then would you have seen

What stuff the Dwellers in a solitude,  
 That seems by Nature hollowed out to be  
 The seat and bosom of pure innocence,  
 Are made of; an ungracious matter this!  
 Which, for truth's sake, yet in remembrance too

Of past discussions with this zealous friend

And advocate of humble life, I now  
 Will force upon his notice; undeterred  
 By the example of his own pure course,  
 And that respect and deference which a soul

May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched  
 In what she most doth value, love of God  
 And his frail creature Man;—but ye shall hear.

I talk—and ye are standing in the sun  
 Without refreshment!"

Quickly had he spoken,  
 And, with light steps still quicker than his words,

Led toward the Cottage. Homely was the spot;

And, to my feeling, ere we reached the door,

Had almost a forbidding nakedness;  
 Less fair, I grant, even painfully less fair,  
 Than it appeared when from the beetling rock

We had looked down upon it. All within,

As left by the departed company,  
 Was silent; save the solitary clock  
 That on mine ear ticked with a mournful sound.—

Following our Guide, we clomb the cottage-stairs

And reached a small apartment dark and low,

Which was no sooner entered than our Host

Said gaily, "This is my domain, my cell,  
 My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—  
 I love it better than a snail his house.

But now ye shall be feasted with our best."

So, with more ardour than an unripe girl  
 Left one day mistress of her mother's stores,

He went about his hospitable task.

My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no less,

And pleased I looked upon my grey-haired Friend,

As if to thank him; he returned that look,  
 Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What a wreck

Had we about us! scattered was the floor,  
 And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and shelf,

With books, maps, fossils, withered plants and flowers,

And tufts of mountain moss. Mechanic tools

Lay intermixed with scraps of paper, some

Scribbled with verse: a broken angling-rod

And shattered telescope, together linked  
 By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook;

And instruments of music, some half-made,

Some in disgrace, hung dangling from the walls.

But speedily the promise was fulfilled:

A feast before us, and a courteous Host

Inviting us in glee to sit and eat.

A napkin, white as foam of that rough brook

By which it had been bleached, o'erspread the board;

And was itself half-covered with a store  
 Of dainties,—oaten bread, curd, cheese,  
 and cream;

And wholly without roof (the bleached  
remains

Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,  
The peasants of these lonely valleys used  
To meet for worship on that central  
height)—

We there espied the object of our search,  
Lying full three parts buried among tufts  
Of heath-plant, under and above him  
strewn,

To baffle, as he might, the watery storm :  
And there we found him breathing peace-  
ably,

Snug as a child that hides itself in sport  
Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.  
We spake—he made reply, but would not  
stir

At our entreaty ; less from want of power  
Than apprehension and bewildering  
thoughts

“So was he lifted gently from the  
ground,

And with their freight homeward the  
shepherds moved

Through the dull mist, I following—when  
a step,

A single step, that freed me from the  
skirts

Of the blind vapour, opened to my view  
Glory beyond all glory ever seen

By waking sense or by the dreaming soul !  
The appearance, instantaneously dis-  
closed,

Was of a mighty city—boldly say  
A wilderness of building, sinking far  
And self-withdrawn into a boundless  
depth,

Far sinking into splendour—without end !  
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of  
gold,

With alabaster domes, and silver spires,  
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high  
Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright,  
In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt  
With battlements that on their restless  
fronts

Bore stars—illumination of all gems !  
By earthly nature had the effect been  
wrought

Upon the dark materials of the storm  
Now pacified ; on them, and on the coves  
And mountain-steeps and summits, where-  
unto

The vapours had receded, taking there  
Their station under a cerulean sky.

Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight !

Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and  
emerald turf,

Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire  
sky,

Confused, commingled, mutually in-  
flamed,

Molten together, and composing thus,  
Each lost in each, that marvellous array

Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge  
Fantastic pomp of structure without  
name,

In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.

Right in the midst, where interspace  
appeared

Of open court, an object like a throne  
Under a shining canopy of state

Stood fixed ; and fixed resemblances were  
seen

To implements of ordinary use,

But vast in size, in substance glorified ;

Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld  
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest  
power

For admiration and mysterious awe.

This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,  
Lay low beneath my feet ; 'twas visible—  
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.

That which I saw was the revealed  
abode

Of Spirits in beatitude : my heart  
Swelled in my breast.—‘I have been  
dead,’ I cried,

‘And now I live ! Oh ! wherefore *do I*  
live?’

And with that pang I prayed to be no  
more !—

—But I forget our Charge, as utterly  
I then forgot him :—there I stood and  
gazed :

The apparition faded not away,  
And I descended,

Having reached the house,  
I found its rescued inmate safely lodged,  
And in serene possession of himself,  
Beside a fire whose genial warmth seemed  
met

By a faint shining from the heart, a  
gleam

Of comfort, spread over his pallid face.  
Great show of joy the housewife made,  
and truly

Opened, as she before had done for me,  
 Her doors to admit this homeless Pen-  
 sioner ;  
 The portion gave of coarse but whole-  
 some fare  
 Which appetite required—a blind dull  
 nook,  
 Such as she had, the *kennel* of his rest !  
 This, in itself not ill, would yet have  
 been  
 Ill borne in earlier life ; but his was now  
 The still contentedness of seventy years.  
 Calm did he sit under the wide-spread  
 tree  
 Of his old age ; and yet less calm and  
 meek,  
 Winningly meek or venerably calm,  
 Than slow and torpid ; paying in this  
 wise  
 A penalty, if penalty it were,  
 For spendthrift feats, excesses of his  
 prime.  
 I loved the old Man, for I pitied him !  
 A task it was, I own, to hold discourse  
 With one so slow in gathering up his  
 thoughts,  
 But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes ;  
 Mild, inoffensive, ready in *his* way,  
 And helpful to his utmost power : and  
 there  
 Our housewife knew full well what she  
 possessed !  
 He was her vassal of all labour, tilled  
 Her garden, from the pasture fetched her  
 kine ;  
 And, one among the orderly array  
 Of hay-makers, beneath the burning sun  
 Maintained his place ; or heedfully pur-  
 sued  
 His course, on errands bound, to other  
 vales,  
 Leading sometimes an inexperienced child  
 Too young for any profitable task.  
 So moved he like a shadow that per-  
 formed  
 Substantial service. Mark me now, and  
 learn  
 For what reward !—The moon her monthly  
 round  
 Hath not completed since our dame, the  
 queen  
 Of this one cottage and this lone *isle*,  
 Into my little sanctuary rushed—  
 Voice to a rueful treble humanised,

And features in deplorable dismay.  
 I treat the matter lightly, but, alas !  
 It is most serious : persevering rain  
 Had fallen in torrents ; all the mountain-  
 tops  
 Were hidden, and black vapours coursed  
 their sides ;  
 This had I seen, and saw ; but, till she  
 spake,  
 Was wholly ignorant that my ancient  
 Friend—  
 Who at her bidding early and alone,  
 Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland  
 turf  
 For winter fuel—to his noontide meal  
 Returned not, and now, haply, on the  
 heights  
 Lay at the mercy of this raging storm.  
 ‘Inhuman!’—said I, ‘was an old Man’s  
 life  
 Not worth the trouble of a thought?—  
 alas !  
 This notice comes too late.’ With joy I  
 saw  
 Her husband enter—from a distant vale.  
 We saluted forth together ; found the  
 tools  
 Which the neglected veteran had dropped,  
 But through all quarters looked for him  
 in vain.  
 We shouted—but no answer ! Darkness  
 fell  
 Without remission of the blast or shower,  
 And fears for our own safety drove us  
 home.  
 “I, who weep little, did, I will confess,  
 The moment I was seated here alone,  
 Honour my little cell with some few  
 tears  
 Which anger and resentment could not  
 dry.  
 All night the storm endured : and, soon  
 as help  
 Had been collected from the neighbour-  
 ing vale,  
 With morning we renewed our quest :  
 the wind  
 Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills  
 Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist ;  
 And long and hopelessly we sought in  
 vain :  
 Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass  
 A heap of ruin—almost without walls

And a few steps may bring us to the spot  
Where, haply, crowned with flowerets and  
green herbs,

The mountain infant to the sun comes  
forth.

Like human life from darkness.—A quick  
turn

Through a strait passage of encumbered  
ground.

Proved that such hope was vain:—for  
now we stood

Shut out from prospect of the open vale,  
And saw the water, that composed this  
rill.

Descending, disembodied, and diffused  
O'er the smooth surface of an ample crag,  
Lofly, and steep, and naked as a tower.

All further progress here was barred;—  
And who,

Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,  
Here would not linger, willingly de-  
tained?

Whether to such wild objects he were led  
When copious rains have magnified the  
stream

Into a loud and white-robed waterfall.  
Or introduced at this more quiet time.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,  
The hidden nook discovered to our view  
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay  
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,  
A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that  
rests

Fearless of winds and waves. Three  
several stones

Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike  
To monumental pillars: and, from these  
Some little space disjoined, a pair were  
seen.

That with united shoulders bore aloft  
A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth:  
Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared  
A tall and shining holly, that had found  
A hospitable chink, and stood upright,  
As if inserted by some human hand  
In mockery, to wither in the sun,  
Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,  
The first that entered. But no breeze did  
now

Find entrance;—high or low appeared no  
trace

Of motion, save the water that descended,  
Diffused adown that barrier of steep rock,

And softly creeping, like a breath of air,  
Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly  
seen.

To brush the still breast of a crystal lake.

“Behold a cabinet for sages built,  
Which kings might envy!”—Praise to  
this effect

Broke from the happy old Man's reverend  
lip;

Who to the Solitary turned, and said,  
“In sooth, with love's familiar privilege,  
You have decied the wealth which is  
your own.

Among these rocks and stones, methinks,  
I see

More than the heedless impress that  
belongs

To lonely nature's casual work: they bear  
A semblance strange of power intelligent,  
And of design not wholly worn away.

Boldest of plants that ever faced the  
wind.

How gracefully that slender shrub, looks  
forth

From its fantastic birthplace! And I  
own.

Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,  
That in these shows a chronicle survives  
Of purposes akin to those of Man.

But wrought with mightier arm than now  
prevails.

—Voiceless the stream descends into the  
gulf

With timid lapse;—and lo! while in this  
strait

I stand—the chasm of sky above my head  
Is heaven's profoundest azure; no domain  
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy.

Or to pass through; but rather an abyss  
In which the everlasting stars abide:

And whose soft gloom, and boundless  
depth, might tempt

The curious eye to look for them by day.  
—Hail Contemplation! from the stately  
towers,

Reared by the industrious hand of human  
art

To lift thee high above the misty air  
And turbulence of murmuring cities vast:

From academic groves, that have for  
thee

Been planted, hither come and find a  
lodge

Was glad to find her conscience at ease;  
 And not less glad, for sake of her good name,  
 That the poor Solitary had escaped with life.  
 But, though he seemed at first to have received  
 No harm, and uncomplaining as before,  
 Went through his usual tasks, a silent change  
 Soon showed itself: he lingered three short weeks;  
 And from the cottage hath been borne to-day.

"So ends my dolorous tale, and glad I am  
 That it is ended." At these words he  
 turned—  
 And, with blithe air of open fellowship,  
 Brought from the cupboard wine and  
 stouter cheer,  
 Like one who would be merry. Seeing  
 this,  
 My grey-haired Friend said courteously—  
 "Nay, nay,  
 You have regaled us as a hermit ought;  
 Now let us forth into the sun!"—Our Host  
 Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we  
 went.

## BOOK THIRD.

## DESPONDENCY.

## ARGUMENT.

Images in the Valley.—Another Recess in it entered and described.—Wanderer's sensations.—Solitary's excited by the same objects.—Contrast between these.—Despondency of the Solitary, gently reproved.—Conversation exhibiting the Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length.—His domestic felicity.—Afflictions.—Dejection.—Roused by the French Revolution.—Disappointment and disgust.—Voyage to America.—Disappointment and disgust pursue him.—His return.—His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind.

A HUMMING BEE—a little tinkling rill—  
 A pair of falcons wheeling on the wing,  
 In clamorous agitation, round the crest  
 Of a tall rock, their airy citadel—  
 By each and all of these the pensive ear  
 Was greeted, in the silence that ensued,  
 When through the cottage-threshold we  
 had passed,  
 And, deep within that lonesome valley,  
 stood  
 Once more beneath the concave of a blue  
 And cloudless sky.—Anon exclaimed our  
 Host,  
 Triumphantly dispersing with the taunt  
 The shade of discontent which on his  
 brow  
 Had gathered,—“Ye have left my cell,—  
 but see  
 How Nature hems you in with friendly  
 arms!  
 And by her help ye are my prisoners  
 still.  
 But which way shall I lead you?—how  
 contrive,

In spot so parsimoniously endowed,  
 That the brief hours, which yet remain,  
 may reap  
 Some recompense of knowledge or de-  
 light?”  
 So saying, round he looked, as if per-  
 plexed;  
 And, to remove those doubts, my grey-  
 haired Friend  
 Said—“Shall we take this pathway for  
 our guide?—  
 Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats,  
 Its line had first been fashioned by the  
 flock  
 Seeking a place of refuge at the root  
 Of yon black Yew-tree, whose protruded  
 boughs  
 Darken the silver bosom of the crag,  
 From which she draws her meagre sus-  
 tenance.  
 There in commodious shelter may we rest.  
 Or let us trace this streamlet to its  
 source;  
 Feebly it tinkles with an earthy sound,



With her first growths, detaching by the  
stroke

A chip or splinter—to resolve his doubts;  
And, with that ready answer satisfied,  
The substance classes by some barbarous  
name.

And hurries on; or from the fragments  
picks

his specimen, if but haply-intervained  
With sparkling mineral, or should crystal  
cube

Lurk in its cells—and thinks himself  
enriched,  
Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than  
before!

Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,  
Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill  
Range; if it please them, speed from  
clime to clime;

The mind is full—and free from pain  
their pastime."

"Then," said I, interposing. "One is  
near,

Who cannot but possess in your esteem  
Place worthier still of envy. May I  
name,

Without offence, that fair-faced cottage-  
boy?

Dame Nature's pupil of the lowest form,  
Youngest apprentice in the school of  
art!

Him, as we entered from the open glen,  
You might have noticed, busily engaged,  
Heart, soul, and hands,—in mending the  
defects

Left in the fabric of a leaky dam  
Raised for enabling this penurious stream  
To turn a slender mill (that new-made  
plaything)

For his delight—the happiest he of all!"

"Far happiest," answered the despond-  
ing Man,

"If, such as now he is, he might remain!  
Ah! what avails imagination high

Or question deep? what profits all that  
earth,

Or heaven's blue vault,—is suffered to put  
forth

Of impulse or allurements, for the Soul  
To quit the beaten track of life, and soar  
Far as she finds a yielding element  
In past or future; far as she can go

Through time or space—if neither in the  
one,

Nor in the other region, nor in aught  
That Fancy, dreaming o'er the map of  
things,

Hath placed beyond these penetrable  
bounds,

Words of assurance can be heard; if  
nowhere

A habitation, for consummate good,  
Or for progressive virtue, by the search  
Can be attained,—a better sanctuary—  
From doubt and sorrow, than the sense-  
less grave?"

"Is this," the grey-haired Wanderer  
mildly said,

"The voice, which we so lately overheard,  
To that same child, addressing tenderly  
The consolations of a hopeful mind?

*His body is at rest, his soul in heaven;*  
These were your words; and, verily,  
methinks

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop  
Than when we soar."

The Other, not displeased,  
Promptly replied—"My notion is the  
same.

And I, without reluctance, could decline  
All act of inquisition whence we rise,  
And what, when breath hath ceased, we  
may become.

Here are we, in 'a bright and breathing  
world.

Our origin, what matters it? In lack  
Of worthier explanation, say at once  
With the American (a thought which  
suits

The place where now we stand) that  
certain men

Leapt out together from a rocky cave;  
And these were the first parents of man-  
kind:

Or, if a different image be recalled  
By the warm sunshine, and the jocund  
voice

Of insects chirping out their careless lives  
On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled  
turf,

Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit  
As sound—blithe race! whose mantles  
were bedecked

With golden grasshoppers, in sign that  
they

To which thou may'st resort for holier  
 peace,—  
 From whose calm centre thou, through  
 height or depth,  
 May'st penetrate, wherever truth shall  
 lead;  
 Measuring through all degrees, until the  
 scale  
 Of time and conscious nature disappear,  
 Lost in unsearchable eternity!"

A pause ensued: and with minutest care  
 We scanned the various features of the  
 scene:

And soon the Tenant of that lonely vale  
 With courteous voice thus spake—

"I should have grieved  
 Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,  
 If from my poor retirement ye had gone  
 Leaving this nook unvisited: but, in sooth,  
 Your unexpected presence had so roused  
 My spirits, that they were bent on enter-  
 prise;

And, like an ardent hunter, I forgot,  
 Or, shall I say?—disdained, the game that  
 lurks

At my own door. The shapes before our  
 eyes

And their arrangement, doubtless must be  
 deemed

The sport of Nature, aided by blind  
 Chance

Rudely to mock the works of toiling Man.

And hence, this upright shaft of unhewn  
 stone,

From Fancy, willing to set off her stores  
 By sounding titles, hath acquired the  
 name

Of Pompey's pillar; that I gravely style  
 My Theban obelisk; and, there, behold  
 A Druid cromlech!—thus I entertain

The antiquarian humour, and am pleased

To skim along the surfaces of things,

Beguiling harmlessly the listless hours.

But if the spirit be oppressed by sense

Of instability, revolt, decay,

And change, and emptiness, these freaks

of Nature

And her blind helper Chance, do *then*

suffice

To quicken, and to aggravate—to feed

Pity and scorn, and melancholy pride,

Not less than that huge Pile (from some  
 abyss

Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)  
 Whose hoary diadem of pendent rocks  
 Confines the shrill-voiced whirlwind,  
 round and round

Eddying within its vast circumference,  
 On Sarum's naked plain—than pyramid  
 Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved—  
 Or Syria's maible ruins towering high  
 Above the sandy desert, in the light  
 Of sun or moon.—Forgive me, if I say  
 That an appearance which hath raised  
 your minds

To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause  
 Different effect producing) is for me  
 Fraught rather with depression than  
 delight,

Though shame it were, could I not look  
 around,

By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased.

Yet happier in my judgment, even than  
 you

With your bright transports fairly may be  
 deemed,

The wandering Herbalist,—who clear  
 alike

From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing  
 thoughts,

Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,  
 Upon these uncouth Forms a slight  
 regard

Of transitory interest, and peeps round  
 For some rare floweret of the hills, or

plant

Of craggy fountain; what he hopes for  
 wins,

Or learns, at least, that 'tis not to be won:  
 Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed  
 hound

By soul-engrossing instinct driven along  
 Through wood or open field, the harmless  
 Man

Departs, intent upon his onward quest!—

Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,

Less to be envied, (you may trace him oft

By scars which his activity has left

Beside our roads and pathways, though,

thank Heaven!

This covert nook reports not of his hand)  
 He who with pocket-hammer smites the  
 edge

Of luckless rock or prominent stone,  
 disguised

In weather-stains or crusted o'er by  
 Nature

Loth to forsake the spot, and still more  
 loth  
 To be diverted from our present theme,  
 I said, "My thoughts, agreeing, Sir, with  
 yours.  
 Would push this censure farther ;—for, if  
 smiles

Of scornful pity be the just reward  
 Of Poesy thus courteously employed  
 In framing models to improve the scheme  
 Of Man's existence, and recast the world,  
 Why should not grave Philosophy be  
 styled,

Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock,  
 A dreamer yet more spiritless and dull?  
 Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts  
 Establish sounder titles of esteem  
 For her, who (all too timid and reserved  
 For onset, for resistance too inert,  
 Too weak for suffering, and for hope too  
 tame)

Placed, among flowery gardens curtained  
 round  
 With world-excluding groves, the brother-  
 hood

Of soft Epicureans, taught—if they  
 The ends of being would secure, and win  
 The crown of wisdom—to yield up their  
 souls

To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring  
 Tranquillity to all things. Or is she,  
 I cried, "more worthy of regard, the  
 Power,

Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closed  
 The Stoic's heart against the vain ap-  
 proach  
 Of admiration, and all sense of joy?"

His countenance gave notice that my  
 zeal

Accorded little with his present mind ;  
 I ceased, and he resumed.—"Ah ! gentle  
 Sir,

Slight, if you will, the *means* ; but spare  
 to slight

The *end* of those, who did, by system,  
 rank,

As the prime object of a wise man's aim,  
 Security from shock of accident,  
 Release from fear ; and cherished peace-  
 ful days

For their own sakes, as mortal life's chief  
 good,

And only reasonable felicity.

What motive drew, what impulse, I would  
 ask,

Through a long course of later ages, drove,  
 The hermit to his cell in forest wide ;  
 Or what detained him, till his closing eyes  
 Took their last farewell of the sun and  
 stars,

Fast anchored in the desert ?—Not alone  
 Dread of the persecuting sword, remorse,  
 Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged  
 And unavengeable, defeated pride,  
 Prosperity subverted, maddening want,  
 Friendship betrayed, affection unreturned,  
 Love with despair, or grief in agony ;—  
 Not always from intolerable pangs  
 He fled ; but, compassed round by plea-  
 sure, sighed

For independent happiness ; craving  
 peace,

The central feeling of all happiness,  
 Not as a refuge from distress or pain,  
 A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,  
 But for its absolute self ; a life of peace,  
 Stability without regret or fear ;  
 That hath been, is, and shall be ever-  
 more !—

Such the reward he sought ; and wore  
 out life,

There, where on few external things his  
 heart

Was set, and those his own ; or, if not  
 his,

Subsisting under nature's steadfast law.

"What other yearning was the master  
 tie

Of the monastic brotherhood, upon rock  
 Aerial, or in green secluded vale,  
 One after one, collected from afar.  
 An undissolving fellowship ?—What but  
 this,

The universal instinct of repose,  
 The longing for confirmed tranquillity,  
 Inward and outward ; humble, yet sub-  
 lime :

The life where hope and memory are as  
 one ;

Where earth is quiet and her face un-  
 changed

Save by the simplest toil of human hands  
 Or season's difference ; the immortal Soul  
 Consistent in self-rule ; and heaven re-  
 vealed

To meditation in that quietness !—

Had sprung like those bright creatures,  
from the soul

Whereon their endless generations dwell.  
But stop! these theoretic fancies jar  
On serious minds: then, as the Hindoos  
draw

Their holy Ganges from a skycy fount,  
Even so deduce the stream of human life  
From seats of power divine; and hope,  
or trust,

That our 'existence winds her stately  
course

Beneath the sun, like Ganges, to make part  
Of a living ocean; or, to sink engulfed,  
Like Niger, in impenetrable sands:  
And utter darkness: thought which may  
be faced,

Though comfortless!—

Not of myself I speak;  
Such acquiescence neither doth imply,  
In me, a meekly-bending spirit soothed  
By natural piety; nor a lofty mind,  
By philosophic discipline prepared  
For calm subjection to acknowledged law;  
Pleased to have been, contented not to be.  
Such palms I boast not;—no! to me, who  
find,

Reviewing my past way, much to condemn,  
Little to praise, and nothing to regret,  
(Save some remembrances of dream-like  
joys

That scarcely seem to have belonged to  
me)

If I must take my choice between the  
pair

That rule alternately the weary hours,  
Night is than day more acceptable; sleep  
Doth, in my estimate of good, appear  
A better state than waking; death than  
sleep:

Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,  
Though under covert of the wormy  
ground!

“Yet be it said, in justice to myself,  
That in more genial times, when I was  
free

To explore the destiny of human kind  
(Not as an intellectual game pursued  
With curious subtilty, from wish to cheat  
Irk some sensations; but by love of truth  
Urged on, or haply by intense delight  
In feeding thought, wherever thought  
could feed)

I did not rank with those (too dull or  
nice,

For to my judgment such they then  
appeared,

Or too aspiring, thankless at the best)  
Who, in this frame of human life, perceive  
An object whereunto their souls are tied  
In discontented wedlock; nor did e'er,  
From me, those dark impervious shades,  
that hang

Upon the region whither we are bound,  
Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams  
Of present sunshine.—Deities that float  
On wings, angelic Spirits! I could muse  
O'er what from eldest time we have been  
told

Of your bright forms and glorious facul-  
ties,

And with the imagination rest content,  
Not wishing more; repining not to tread  
The little sinuous path of earthly care,  
By flowers embellished, and by springs  
refreshed.

—‘Blow winds of autumn!—let your  
chilling breath

Take the live herbage from the mead  
and strip

The shady forest of its green attire,—  
And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse  
The gentle brooks!—Your desolating  
sway,

Sheds, I exclaimed, ‘no sadness upon me,  
And no disorder in your rage I find.

What dignity, what beauty, in this change  
From mild to angry, and from sad to  
gay,

Alternate and revolving! How benign,  
How rich in animation and delight.  
How bountiful these elements—compared  
With aught, as more desirable and fair,  
Devised by fancy for the golden age;  
Or the perpetual warbling that prevails  
In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,  
Through the long year in constant quiet  
bound.

Night hushed as night, and day serene as  
day!’

—But why this tedious record?—Age, we  
know.

Is garrulous; and solitude is apt  
To anticipate the privilege of Age.  
From far ye come: and surely with a  
hope  
Of better entertainment:—let us hence!”

"You never saw: your eyes did never  
 look  
 On the bright form of Her whom once I  
 loved :—  
 Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,  
 A sound unknown to you ; else, honoured  
 Friend !  
 Your heart had borne a pitiable share  
 Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,  
 And suffer now, not seldom, from the  
 thought  
 That I remember, and can weep no more.—  
 Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit  
 Of self esteem ; and by the cutting blasts  
 Of self-reproach familiarly assailed ;  
 Yet would I not be of such wintry bare-  
 ness  
 But that some leaf of your regard should  
 hang  
 Upon my naked branches :—lively  
 thoughts  
 Give birth, full often, to unguarded words ;  
 I grieve that, in your presence, from my  
 tongue  
 Too much of frailty hath already dropped ;  
 But that too much demands still more.  
 You know,  
 Revered Compatriot—and to you, kind  
 Sir,  
 (Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come  
 Following the guidance of these welcome  
 feet  
 To our secluded vale) it may be told—  
 That my demerits did not sue in vain  
 To One on whose mild radiance many  
 gazed  
 With hope, and all with pleasure. This  
 fair Bride—  
 In the devotedness of youthful love,  
 Preferring me to parents, and the choir  
 Of gay companions, to the natal roof,  
 And all known places and familiar sights  
 (Resigned with sadness gently weighing  
 down  
 Her trembling expectations, but no more  
 Than did to her due honour, and to me  
 Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime  
 In what I had to build upon)—this Bride,  
 Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led  
 To a low cottage in a sunny bay,  
 Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,  
 And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,  
 On Devon's leafy shores ;—a sheltered  
 hold,

In a soft clime encouraging the soil  
 To a luxuriant bounty !—As our steps  
 Approach the embowered abode—our  
 chosen seat—  
 See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,  
 The unendangered myrtle, decked with  
 flowers,  
 Before the threshold stands to welcome us !  
 While, in the flowering myrtle's neigh-  
 bourhood,  
 Not overlooked but courting no regard,  
 Those native plants, the holly and the  
 yew,  
 Gave modest intimation to the mind  
 How willingly their aid they would unite  
 With the green myrtle, to endear the  
 hours  
 Of winter, and protect that pleasant place.  
 —Wild were the walks upon those lonely  
 Downs,  
 Track leading into track ; how marked,  
 how worn  
 Into bright verdure, between fern and  
 gorse,  
 Winding away its never-ending line  
 On their smooth surface, evidence was  
 none :  
 But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,  
 A range of unappropriated earth,  
 Where youth's ambitious feet might move  
 at large ;  
 Whence, unmolested wanderers, we beheld  
 The shining giver of the day diffuse  
 His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land  
 Gay as our spirits, free as our desires :  
 As our enjoyments, boundless.—From  
 those heights  
 We, dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan  
 combs ;  
 Where arbours of impenetrable shade,  
 And mossy seats, detained us side by side.  
 With hearts at ease, and knowledge in  
 our hearts  
 'That all the grove and all the day was  
 ours.'  
 "O happy time ! still happier was  
 hand ;  
 For Nature called my Partner to resign  
 Her share in the pure freedom of that  
 life,  
 Enjoyed by us in common.—To my hope,  
 To my heart's wish, my tender Mate be-  
 came

Such was their scheme: and though the  
wished-for end  
By multitudes was missed, perhaps attained  
By none, they for the attempt, and pains  
employed,  
Do, in my present censure, stand redeemed  
From the unqualified disdain, that once  
Would have been cast upon them by my  
voice  
Delivering her decisions from the seat  
Of forward youth—that scruples not to  
solve  
Doubts, and determine questions, by the  
rules  
Of inexperienced judgment, ever prone  
To overweening faith; and is inflamed,  
By courage, to demand from real life  
The test of act and suffering, to provoke  
Hostility—how dreadful when it comes,  
Whether affliction be the foe, or guilt!

“A child of earth, I rested, in that  
stage  
Of my past course to which these thoughts  
adveit,  
Upon earth's native energies; forgetting  
That mine was a condition which required  
Nor energy, nor fortitude—a calm  
Without vicissitude; which, if the like  
Had been presented to my view else-  
where,  
I might have even been tempted to de-  
spise.  
But no—for the serene was also bright;  
Enlivened happiness with joy o'erflowing,  
With joy, and—oh! that memory should  
survive  
To speak the word—with rapture! Na-  
ture's boon,  
Life's genuine inspiration, happiness  
Above what rules can teach, or fancy  
feign;  
Abused, as all possessions *are* abused  
That are not prized according to their  
worth.  
And yet, what worth? what good is given  
to men,  
More solid than the gilded clouds of  
heaven?  
What joy more lasting than a vernal  
flower?—  
None! 'tis the general plaint of human  
kind

In solitude: and mutually addressed  
From each to all, for wisdom's sake:—

This truth

The priest announces from his holy seat:  
And, crowned with garlands in the sum-  
mer grove,

The poet fits it to his pensive lyre.  
Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,  
Sharp contradictions may arise, by doom  
Of this same life, compelling us to grieve  
That the prosperities of love and joy  
Should be permitted, oftentimes to endure  
So long, and be at once cast down for  
ever.

Oh! tremble, ye, to whom hath been as-  
signed

A course of days composing happy  
months,

And they as happy years; the present  
still

So like the past, and both so firm a pledge  
Of a congenial future, that the wheels  
Of pleasure move without the aid of hope:  
For Mutability is Nature's bane;  
And slighted Hope *will* be avenged; and,  
when

Ye need her favours, ye shall find her not;  
But in her stead—fear—doubt—and  
agony!”

This was the bitter language of the  
heart:

But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone  
of voice,

Though discomposed and vehement, were  
such

As skill and graceful nature might suggest  
To a proficient of the tragic scene  
Standing before the multitude, beset  
With dark events. Desirous to divert  
Or stem the current of the speaker's  
thoughts,

We signified a wish to leave that place  
Of stillness and close privacy, a nook  
That seemed for self-examination made;  
Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,  
Hidden from all men's view. To our  
attempt

He yielded not; but, pointing to a slope  
Of mossy turf defended from the sun,  
And on that couch inviting us to rest,  
Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned  
A serious-eye, and his speech thus re-  
newed.

I lived and breathed; most grateful—if  
to enjoy

Without repining or desire for more,  
For different lot, or change to higher  
sphere.

(Only except some impulses of pride  
With no determined object, though upheld  
By theories with suitable support)—  
Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy  
Be proof of gratitude for what we have;  
Else, I allow, most thankless.—But, at  
once,

From some dark seat of fatal power was  
urged

A claim that shattered all.—Our blooming  
girl,

Caught in the gripe of death, with such  
brief time

To struggle in as scarcely would allow  
Her cheek to change its colour, was  
conveyed

From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions  
Whose height, or depth, admits not the  
approach

Of living man, though longing to pursue.  
—With even as brief a warning—and how  
soon,

With what short interval of time between,  
I tremble yet to think of—our last prop,  
Our happy life's only remaining stay—  
The brother followed; and was seen no  
more!

“Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless  
winds

Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,  
The Mother now remained; as if in her,  
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,  
Had been erewhile unsettled and dis-  
turbed,

This second visitation had no power  
To shake; but only to bind up and seal;  
And to establish thankfulness of heart  
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.  
The eminence whereon her spirit stood,  
Mine was unable to attain. Immense  
The space that severed us! But, as the  
sight

Communicates with heaven's ethereal orbs  
Incalculably distant; so, I felt  
That consolation may descend from far  
(And that is intercourse, and union, too),  
While, overcome with speechless grati-  
tude,

And, with a holier love inspired, I looked  
On her—at once superior to my woes  
And partner of my loss.—O heavy change!  
Dimness o'er this clear luminary crept  
Insensibly;—the immortal and divine  
Yielded to mortal reflux; her pure glory,  
As from the pinnacle of worldly state  
Wretched ambition drops astounded, fell  
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,  
And keen heart-anguish—of itself a-  
shamed.

Yet obstinately cherishing itself:  
And, so consumed, she melted from my  
arms;

And left me, on this earth, disconsolate!

“What followed cannot be reviewed in  
thought;

Much less, retraced in words. If she  
of life

Blameless, so intimate with love and joy  
And all the tender motions of the soul,  
Had been supplanted, could I hope to  
stand—

Infirm, dependent, and now destitute?  
I called on dreams and visions, to disclose  
That which is veiled from waking thought;  
conjured

Eternity, as men constrain a ghost  
To appear and answer; to the grave I  
spake

Imploringly;—looked up, and asked the  
Heavens

If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,  
If fixed or wandering star could tidings  
yield

Of the departed spirit—what abode  
It occupies—what consciousness retains  
Of former loves and interests. Then my  
soul

Turned inward,—to examine of what stuff  
Time's fetters are composed; and life was  
put

To inquisition long and profitless!  
By pain of heart—now checked—and now  
impelled—

The intellectual power, through words  
and things,

Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!  
And from those transports, and these to-  
abstruse,

Some trace am I enabled to retain  
Of time, else lost;—existing unto me  
Only by records in myself not found.

The thankful captive of maternal bonds ;  
And those wild paths were left to me  
alone.

There could I meditate on follies past :  
And, like a weary voyager escaped  
From risk and hardship, inwardly retrace  
A course of vain delights and thoughtless  
guilt,

And self-indulgence—without shame pur-  
sued.

There, undisturbed, could think of and  
could thank

Her whose submissive spirit was to me  
Rule and restraint—my guardian—shall  
I say

That earthly Providence, whose guiding  
love

Within a port of rest had lodged me safe ;  
Safe from temptation, and from danger  
far?

Strains followed of acknowledgment ad-  
dressed

To an Authority enthroned above  
The reach of sight ; from whom, as from  
their source,

Proceed all visible ministers of good  
That walk the earth—Father of heaven  
and earth,

Father, and king, and judge, adored and  
feared !

These acts of mind, and memory, and  
heart,

And spirit—interrupted and relieved  
By observations transient as the glance  
Of flying sunbeams, or to the outward  
form

Cleaving with power inherent and intense,  
As the mute insect fixed upon the plant  
On whose soft leaves it hangs, and from  
whose cup

It draws its nourishment imperceptibly—  
Endeared my wanderings ; and the  
mother's kiss

And infant's smile awaited my return.

"In privacy we dwelt, a wedded pair,  
Companions daily, often all day long ;  
Not placed by fortune within easy reach  
Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught  
Beyond the allowance of our own fireside,  
The twain within our happy cottage born,  
Inmates, and heirs of our united love ;  
Graced mutually by difference of sex,  
And with no wider interval of time

Between their several births than served  
for one

To establish something of a leader's sway ;  
Yet left them joined by sympathy in age ;  
Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.  
On these two pillars rested as in air  
Our solitude.

It soothes me to perceive,  
Your courtesy withholds not from my  
words

Attentive audience. But, oh ! gentle  
Friends,

As times of quiet and unbroken peace,  
Though, for a nation, times of blessed-  
ness,

Give back faint echoes from the historian's  
page ;

So, in the imperfect sounds of this dis-  
course,

Depressed I hear, how faithless is the  
voice

Which those most blissful days rever-  
berate.

What special record can, or need, be given  
To rules and habits, whereby much was  
done,

But all within the sphere of little things ;  
Of humble, though, to us, important  
cares,

And precious interests? Smoothly did  
our life

Advance, swerving not from the path  
prescribed ;

Her annual, her diurnal, round abke  
Maintained with faithful care. And you  
divine

The worst effects that our condition saw  
If you imagine changes slowly wrought,  
And in their process unperceivable ;  
Not wished for ; sometimes noticed with  
a sigh,

(Whatever of good or lovely they might  
bring)

Sighs of regret, for the familiar good  
And loveliness endeared which they re-  
moved.

"Seven years of occupation undisturbed  
Established seemingly a right to hold  
That happiness ; and use and habit gave  
To what an alien spirit had acquired  
A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,  
With thoughts and wishes bounded to  
this world,



At aught, however fair, that bore the mien  
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.  
Why then conceal, that, when the simply  
good

In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought  
Other support, not scrupulous whence it  
came;

And, by what compromise it stood, not  
nice;

Enough if notions seemed to be high-  
pitched,

And qualities determined.—Among men  
So character'd did I maintain a strife  
Hopeless, and still more hopeless every  
hour;

But, in the process, I began to feel  
That, if the emancipation of the world  
Were missed, I should at least secure my  
own,

And be in part compensated. For rights,  
Widely—inveterately usurped upon,  
I spake with vehemence; and promptly  
seized

All that Abstraction furnished for my  
needs

Or purposes; nor scrupled to proclaim,  
And propagate, by liberty of life,  
Those new persuasions. Not that I re-  
joiced,

Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant  
course,

For its own sake; but farthest from the  
walk

Which I had trod in happiness and  
peace,

Was most inviting to a troubled mind;  
That, in a struggling and distempered  
world,

Saw a seductive image of herself.  
Yet, mark the contradictions of which  
Man

Is still the sport! Here Nature was my  
guide,

The Nature of the dissolute; but thee,  
O fostering Nature! I rejected—smiled  
At others' tears in pity; and in scorn  
At those, which thy soft influence some-  
times drew

From my unguarded heart.—The tran-  
quil shores

Of Britain circumscribed me; else, per-  
haps

I might have been entangled among  
deeds,

Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor—  
Despise, as senseless: for my spirit  
relished

Strangely the exasperation of that Land,  
Which turned an angry beak against the  
down

Of her own breast; confounded into hope  
Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings.

“But all was quieted by iron bonds  
Of military sway. The shifting aims.  
The moral interests, the creative might,  
The varied functions and high attributes  
Of civil action, yielded to a power  
Formal, and odious, and contemptible.  
—In Britain, ruled a panic dread of  
change;

The weak were praised, rewarded, and  
advanced;

And, from the impulse of a just disdain.  
Once more did I retire into myself.  
There feeling no contentment, I resolved  
To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign  
shore,

Remote from Europe; from her blasted  
hopes;  
Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

“Fresh blew the wind, when o'er the  
Atlantic Main

The ship went gliding with her thought-  
less crew;

And who among them but an Exile, freed  
From discontent, indifferent, pleased to  
sit

Among the busily-employed, not more  
With obligation charged, with service  
taxed,

Than the loose pendant—to the idle wind  
Upon the tall mast streaming. But, ye  
Powers

Of soul and sense mysteriously allied,  
O, never let the Wretched, if a choice  
Be left him, trust the freight of his  
distress

To a long voyage on the silent deep!  
For, like a plague, will memory break out:

And, in the blank and solitude of things,  
Upon his spirit, with a fever's strength,

Will conscience prey.—Feebly must they  
have felt

Who, in old time, attired with snakes and  
whips

The vengeful Furies. *Beautiful regards*

"From that abstraction I was roused,—  
 and how?  
 Even as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash  
 Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave  
 Of these wild hills. For, lo! the dread  
 Bastille,  
 With all the chambers in its horrid  
 towers,  
 Fell to the ground:—by violence over-  
 thrown  
 Of indignation; and with shouts that  
 drowned  
 The crash it made in falling! From the  
 wreck  
 A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,  
 The appointed seat of equitable law  
 And mild paternal sway. The potent  
 shock  
 I felt: the transformation I perceived,  
 As marvellously seized as in that moment  
 When, from the blind mist issuing, I  
 beheld  
 Glory—beyond all glory ever seen,  
 Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,  
 Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic  
 harps  
 In every grove were ringing, 'War shall  
 cease;  
 Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?  
 Bring garlands, bring forth choicest  
 flowers, to deck  
 The tree of Liberty.'—My heart re-  
 bounded;  
 My melancholy voice the chorus joined;  
 —'Be joyful all ye nations; in all lands,  
 Ye that are capable of joy be glad!  
 Henceforth, whate'er is wanting to your-  
 selves  
 In others ye shall promptly find;—and  
 all,  
 Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,  
 Shall with one heart honour their common  
 kind.'

"Thus was I reconverted to the world;  
 Society became my glittering bride,  
 And airy hopes my children.—From the  
 depths  
 Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,  
 My soul diffused herself in wide embrace  
 Of institutions, and the forms of things;  
 As they exist, in mutable array,  
 Upon life's surface. What, though in my  
 veins

There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I  
 breathed  
 The air of France, not less than Gallic  
 zeal  
 Kindled and burnt among the sapless  
 twigs  
 Of my exhausted heart. If busy men  
 In sober conclave met, to weave a web  
 Of amity, whose living threads should  
 stretch  
 Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,  
 There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise  
 And acclamation, crowds in open air  
 Expressed the tumult of their minds, my  
 voice  
 There mingled, heard or not. The powers  
 of song  
 I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,  
 Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive  
 lay  
 Of thanks and expectation, in accord  
 With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule  
 Returned,—a progeny of golden years  
 Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.  
 —With promises the Hebrew Scriptures  
 teem:  
 I felt their invitation; and resumed  
 A long-suspended office in the House  
 Of public worship, where, the glowing  
 phrase  
 Of ancient inspiration serving me,  
 I promised also,—with undaunted trust  
 Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;  
 The admiration winning of the crowd;  
 The help desiring of the pure devout.

"Scorn and contempt forbid me to  
 proceed!  
 But History, time's slavish scribe, will tell  
 How rapidly the zealots of the cause  
 Disbanded—or in hostile ranks appeared;  
 Some, tired of honest service; these, out-  
 done,  
 Disgusted therefore, or appalled, by aims  
 Of fiercer zealots—so confusion reigned.  
 And the more faithful were compelled to  
 exclaim,  
 As Brutus did to Virtue, 'Liberty,  
 I worshipped thee, and find thee but a  
 Shade!'

"Such recantation had for me no charm.  
 Nor would I bend to it; who should have  
 grieved

Hath overpowered his forefathers, and soon  
 Will sweep the remnant of his line away ;  
 But contemplations, worthier, nobler far  
 Than her destructive energies, attend  
 His independence, when along the side  
 Of Mississippi, or that northern stream  
 That spreads into successive seas, he  
 walks ;  
 Pleased to perceive his own unshackled  
 life,  
 And his innate capacities of soul,  
 There imaged : or when, having gained  
 the top  
 Of some commanding eminence, which yet  
 Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys  
 Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast  
 Expanse of unappropriated earth,  
 With mind that sheds a light on what he  
 sees ;  
 Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,  
 Pouring above his head its radiance down  
 Upon a living and rejoicing world !

"So, westward, tow'rd the unviolated  
 woods  
 I bent my way ; and, roaming far and  
 wide,  
 Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-  
 bird ;  
 And, while the melancholy Muccawiss  
 (The sportive bird's companion in the  
 grove)  
 Repeated o'er and o'er his plaintive cry,  
 I sympathised at leisure with the sound ;  
 But that pure archetype of human great-  
 ness,  
 I found him not. There, in his stead,  
 appeared  
 A creature, squalid, vengeful, and impure ;  
 Remorseless, and submissive to no law  
 But superstitious fear, and abject sloth.

"Enough is told ! Here am I—ye have  
 heard  
 What evidence I seek, and vainly seek ;  
 What from my fellow-beings I require,

And either they have not to give, or I  
 Lack virtue to receive ; what I myself,  
 To oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost  
 Nor can regain. How languidly I look  
 Upon this visible fabric of the world,  
 May be divined—perhaps it hath been  
 said :—  
 But spare your pity, if there be in me  
 Aught that deserves respect : for I exist,  
 Within myself, not comfortless.—The  
 tenour  
 Which my life holds, he readily may con-  
 ceive  
 Whoever hath stood to watch a mountain  
 brook  
 In some still passage of its course, and  
 seen,  
 Within the depths of its capacious breast  
 Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and azure  
 sky ;  
 And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam  
 And conglobated bubbles undissolved,  
 Numerous as stars ; that, by their onward  
 lapse,  
 Betray to sight the motion of the stream  
 Else imperceptible. Meanwhile, is heard  
 A softened roar, or murmur ; and the  
 sound  
 Though soothing, and the little floating  
 isles  
 Though beautiful, are both by Nature  
 charged  
 With the same pensive office ; and make  
 known  
 Through what perplexing labyrinth  
 abrupt  
 Precipitations, and untoward straits,  
 The earth-born wanderer hath passed ;  
 and quickly,  
 That respite o'er, like traverses and toils  
 Must be again encounter.—Such a stream  
 Is human Life ; and so the Spirit fares  
 In the best quiet to her course allowed ;  
 And such is mine,—save only for a hope  
 That my particular current soon will reach  
 The unfathomable gulf, where all is  
 still !"

Were turned on me—the face of her I  
 loved ;  
 The Wife and Mother pitifully fixing  
 Tender reproaches, insupportable !  
 Where now that boasted liberty? No  
 welcome  
 From unknown objects I received ; and  
 those,  
 Known and familiar, which the vaulted  
 sky  
 Did, in the placid clearness of the night,  
 Disclose, had accusations to prefer  
 Against my peace. Within the cabin  
 stood  
 That volume—as a compass for the soul—  
 Revered among the nations. I implored  
 Its guidance ; but the infallible support  
 Of faith was wanting. Tell me, why  
 refused .  
 To One by storms annoyed and adverse  
 winds ;  
 Perplexed with currents ; of his weakness  
 sick ;  
 Of vain endeavours tired ; and by his own,  
 And by his nature's, ignorance, dismayed !

“ Long wished-for sight, the Western  
 World appeared ;  
 And, when the ship was moored, I leaped  
 ashore  
 Indignantly—resolved to be a man,  
 Who, having o'er the past no power,  
 would live  
 No longer in subjection to the past,  
 With abject mind—from a tyrannic lord  
 Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured :  
 So, like a fugitive, whose feet have cleared  
 Some boundary, which his followers may  
 not cross  
 In prosecution of their deadly chase,  
 Respiring I looked round.—How bright  
 the sun,  
 The breeze how soft ! Can any thing  
 produced  
 In the old World compare, thought I, for  
 power  
 And majesty with this gigantic stream,  
 Sprung from the desert? And behold  
 a city  
 Fresh, youthful, and aspiring ! What are  
 these  
 To me, or I to them? As much, at least  
 As he desires that they should be, whom  
 winds

And waves have wafted to this distant  
 shore,  
 In the condition of a damaged seed,  
 Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take  
 root.  
 Here may I roam at large ;—my business  
 is,  
 Roaming at large, to observe, and not to  
 feel  
 And, therefore, not to act—convinced  
 that all  
 Which bears the name of action, how-  
 soe'er  
 Beginning, ends in servitude—still pain-  
 ful,  
 And mostly profitless. And, sooth to  
 say,  
 On nearer view, a motley spectacle  
 Appeared, of high pretensions—unre-  
 proved  
 But by the obstreperous voice of higher  
 still ;  
 Big passions strutting on a petty stage ;  
 Which a detached spectator may regard  
 Not unamused.—But ridicule demands  
 Quick change of objects ; and, to laugh  
 alone,  
 At a composing distance from the haunts  
 Of strife and folly, though it be a treat  
 As choice as musing Leisure can bestow ;  
 Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,  
 To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,  
 Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,  
 Of all unsocial courses, is least fit  
 For the gross spirit of mankind,—the  
 one  
 That soonest fails to please, and quickest  
 turns  
 Into vexation.

Let us, then, I said,  
 Leave this unknit Republic to the scourge  
 Of her own passions ; and to regions haste,  
 Whose shades have never felt the en-  
 croaching axe,  
 Or soil endured a transfer in the mart  
 Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,  
 Primeval Nature's child. A creature weak  
 In combination, (wherefore else driven  
 back  
 So far, and of his old inheritance  
 So easily deprived?) but, for that cause,  
 More dignified, and stronger in himself ;  
 Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.  
 True, the intelligence of social art

Cannot forget thee here ; where thou hast  
 built,  
 For thy own glory, in the wilderness !  
 Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,  
 In such a temple as we now behold  
 Reared for thy presence ; therefore am I  
 bound  
 To worship, here, and everywhere—as one  
 Not doomed to ignorance, though forced  
 to tread,  
 From childhood up, the ways of poverty ;  
 From unreflecting ignorance preserved,  
 And from debasement rescued.—By thy  
 grace  
 The particle divine remained unquenched ;  
 And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,  
 Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless  
 flowers,  
 From paradise transplanted : wintry age  
 Impends ; the frost will gather round my  
 heart ;  
 If the flowers wither, I am worse than  
 dead !  
 —Come, labour, when the worn-out frame  
 requires  
 Perpetual sabbath ; come, disease and  
 want ;  
 And sad exclusion through decay of  
 sense ;  
 But leave me unabated trust in thee—  
 And let thy favour, to the end of life,  
 Inspire me with ability to seek  
 Repose and hope among eternal things—  
 Father of heaven and earth ! and I am  
 rich,  
 And will possess my portion in content !

“And what are things eternal?—powers  
 depart,”  
 The grey-haired Wanderer steadfastly  
 replied,  
 Answering the question which himself  
 had asked,  
 “Possessions vanish, and opinions change,  
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat :  
 But, by the storms of circumstance un-  
 shaken,  
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
 Duty exists ;—immutably survive,  
 For our support, the measures and the  
 forms,  
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies ;  
 Whose kingdom is, where time and space  
 are not

Of other converse which mind, soul, and  
 heart,  
 Do, with united urgency, require,  
 What more that may not perish?—Thou,  
 dread source,  
 Prime, self-existing cause and end of all  
 That in the scale of being fill their place ;  
 Above our human region, or below,  
 Set and sustained ;—thou, who didst wrap  
 the cloud  
 Of infancy around us, that thyself,  
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile  
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion un-  
 disturbed ;  
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,  
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual  
 care,  
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,  
 Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense  
 And reason's steadfast rule—thou, thou  
 alone  
 Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,  
 Which thou includest, as the sea her  
 waves :  
 For adoration thou endur'st ; endure  
 For consciousness the motions of thy  
 will :  
 For apprehension those transcendent  
 truths  
 Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws  
 (Submission constituting strength and  
 power)  
 Even to thy Being's infinite majesty !  
 This universe shall pass away—a work  
 Glorious ! because the shadow of thy  
 might,  
 A step, or link, for intercourse with thee  
 Ah ! if the time must come, in which my  
 feet  
 No more shall stray where meditation  
 leads,  
 By flowing stream, through wood, &  
 craggy wild,  
 Loved haunts like these ; the un-  
 prisoned Mind  
 May yet have scope to range among thine  
 own,  
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires  
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,  
 Still, it may be allowed me to remember  
 What visionary powers of eye and soul  
 In youth were mine ; when, stationed on  
 the top  
 Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld

## BOOK FOURTH.

## DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

## ARGUMENT.

State of feeling produced by the foregoing Narrative.—A belief in a superintending Providence the only adequate support under affliction.—Wanderer's ejaculation.—Acknowledges the difficulty of a lively faith.—Hence immoderate sorrow.—Exhortations.—How received.—Wanderer applies his discourse to that other cause of dejection in the Solitary's mind.—Disappointment from the French Revolution.—States grounds of hope, and insists on the necessity of patience and fortitude with respect to the course of great revolutions.—Knowledge the source of tranquillity.—Rural Solitude favourable to knowledge of the inferior Creatures; Study of their habits and ways recommended; exhortation to bodily exertion and communion with Nature.—Morbid Solitude pitiable.—Superstition better than apathy.—Apathy and destitution unknown in the infancy of society.—The various moles of Religion prevented it.—Illustrated in the Jewish, Persian, Babylonian, Chaldean, and Grecian modes of belief.—Solitary interposes.—Wanderer points out the influence of religious and imaginative feeling in the humble ranks of society, illustrated from present and past times.—These principles tend to recall exploded superstitions and Popery.—Wanderer rebuts this charge, and contrasts the dignities of the Imagination with the presumptuous littleness of certain modern Philosophers.—Recommends other lights and guides.—Asserts the power of the Soul to regenerate herself; Solitary asks how.—Reply.—Personal appeal.—Exhortation to activity of body renewed.—How to commune with Nature.—Wanderer concludes with a legitimate union of the imagination, affections, understanding, and reason.—Effect of his discourse.—Evening; Return to the Cottage.

HERE closed the Tenant of that lonely  
vale

His mournful narrative—commenced in  
pain,

In pain commenced, and ended without  
peace:

Yet tempered, not unfrequently, with  
strains

Of native feeling, grateful to our minds;  
And yielding surely some relief to his,

While we sat listening with compassion  
due.

A pause of silence followed; then, with  
voice

That did not falter though the heart was  
moved,

The Wanderer said:—

“One adequate support

For the calamities of mortal life

Exists—one only; an assured belief

That the procession of our fate, howe'er

Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being

Of infinite benevolence and power;

Whose everlasting purposes embrace

All accidents, converting them to good.

—The darts of anguish *fix* not where the  
seat

Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified

By acquiescence in the Will supreme

For time and for eternity; by faith,

Faith absolute in God, including hope,  
And the defence that lies in boundless  
love

Of his perfections; with habitual dread

Of aught unworthily conceived, endured

Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,

To the dishonour of his holy name.

Soul of our Souls, and safeguard of the  
world!

Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of  
heart;

Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
Their lost affections unto thee and  
thine!”

Then, as we issued from that covert  
nook,

He thus continued, lifting up his eyes

To heaven:—“How beautiful this dome  
of sky;

And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed

At thy command, how awful! Shall the  
Soul,

Human and rational, report of thee

Even less than these!—Be mute who will,  
who can,

Yet I will praise thee with impassioned  
voice:

My lips, that may forget thee in the  
crowd,

Are glorified ; or, if they sleep, shall  
wake  
From sleep, and dwell with God in end-  
less love.  
Hope, below this, consists not with be-  
lief  
In mercy, carried infinite degrees  
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts :  
Hope, below this, consists not with belief  
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest  
power,  
That finds no limits but her own pure will.

“ Here then we rest ; not fearing for  
our creed  
The worst that human reasoning can  
achieve,  
To unsettle or perplex it : yet with pain  
Acknowledging, and grievous self-re-  
proach,  
That, though immovably convinced, we  
want  
Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith  
As soldiers live by courage ; as, by  
strength  
Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.  
Alas ! the endowment of immortal power  
Is matched unequally with custom, time,  
And domineering faculties of sense  
In all ; in most with superadded foes,  
Idle temptations ; open vanities,  
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing  
world ;  
And, in the private regions of the mind,  
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,  
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,  
Distress and care. What then remains !—  
To seek  
Those helps for his occasions ever near  
Who lacks not will to use them ; vows  
renewed  
On the first motion of a holy thought ;  
Vigils of contemplation ; praise ; and  
prayer—  
A stream, which, from the fountain of  
the heart  
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows  
Without access of unexpected strength.  
But, above all, the victory is most sure  
For him, who, seeking faith by virtue,  
strives  
To yield entire submission to the law  
Of conscience—conscience revered and  
obeyed.

As God's most intimate presence in the  
soul,  
And his most perfect image in the world.  
—Endeavour thus to live ; these rules  
regard ;  
These helps solicit ; and a steadfast seat  
Shall then be yours among the happy few  
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empy-  
real air,  
Sons of the morning. For your nobler part,  
Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,  
Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased  
away ;  
With only such degree of sadness left  
As may support longings of pure desire ;  
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly  
In the sublime attractions of the grave.”

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage  
Poured forth his aspirations, and an-  
nounced  
His judgments, near that lonely house re-  
paced  
A plot of green-sward, seemingly pre-  
served  
By nature's care from wreck of scattered  
stones,  
And from encroachment of encircling  
heath :  
Small space ! but, for reiterated steps,  
Smooth and commodious ; as a stately  
deck  
Which to and fro the mariner is used  
To tread for pastime, talking with his  
mates,  
Or haply thinking of far-distant friends,  
While the ship glides before a steady  
breeze.  
Stillness prevailed around us : and the  
voice  
That spake was capable to lift the soul  
Toward regions yet more tranquil. But  
methought,  
That he, whose fixed despondency had  
given  
Impulse and motive to that strong de-  
course,  
Was less upraised in spirit than a boatman,  
Shrinking from admonition, like a man  
Who feels that to exhort is to reproach  
Yet not to be diverted from his aim.  
The Sage continued :—  
“ For that other loss  
The loss of confidence in social man.

The sun rise up, from distant climes  
returned  
Darkness to chase, and sleep ; and bring  
the day  
His bounteous gift ! or saw him toward  
the deep  
Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds  
Attended ; then, my spirit was entranced  
With joy exalted to beatitude ;  
The measure of my soul was filled with  
bliss,  
And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with  
light,  
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

“Those fervent raptures are for ever  
flown ;  
And, since their date, my soul hath under-  
gone  
Change manifold, for better or for worse :  
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire  
Heavenward ; and chide the part of me  
that flags,  
Through sinful choice ; or dread necessity  
On human nature from above imposed.  
’Tis, by comparison, an easy task  
Earth to despise ; but, to converse with  
heaven—  
This is not easy :—to relinquish all  
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,  
And stand in freedom loosened from this  
world,  
I deem not arduous ; but must needs  
confess  
That ’tis a thing impossible to frame  
Conceptions equal to the soul’s desires ;  
And the most difficult of tasks to keep  
Heights which the soul is competent to  
gain.  
—Man is of dust : ethereal hopes are his,  
Which, when they should sustain them-  
selves aloft,  
Want due consistence ; like a pillar of  
smoke,  
That with majestic energy from earth  
Rises ; but, having reached the thinner  
air,  
Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen.  
From this infirmity of mortal kind  
Sorrow proceeds, which else were not ;  
at least,  
If grief be something hallowed and or-  
dained,  
If, in proportion, it be just and meet,

Yet, through this weakness of the general  
heart,  
It is enabled to maintain its hold  
In that excess which conscience dis-  
approves.  
For who could sink and settle to that  
point  
Of selfishness ; so senseless who could be  
As long and perseveringly to mourn  
For any object of his love, removed  
From this unstable world, if he could fix  
A satisfying view upon that state  
Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,  
Which reason promises, and holy writ  
Ensures to all believers?—Yet mistrust  
Is of such incapacity, methinks,  
No natural branch ; despondency far less ;  
And, least of all, is absolute despair.  
—And, if there be whose tender frames  
have drooped  
Even to the dust ; apparently, through  
weight  
Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power  
An agonizing sorrow to transmute ;  
Deem not that proof is here of hope with-  
held  
When wanted most ; a confidence im-  
paired  
So pitifully, that, having ceased to see  
With bodily eyes, they are borne down  
by love  
Of what is lost, and perish through regret.  
Oh ! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees  
Too clearly ; feels too vividly ; and longs  
To realize the vision, with intense  
And over-constant yearning ;—there—  
there lies  
The excess, by which the balance is  
destroyed.  
Too, too contracted are these walls of  
flesh,  
This vital warmth too cold, these visual  
oids,  
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim  
For any passion of the soul that leads  
To ecstasy ; and all the crooked paths  
Of time and change disdaining, takes its  
course  
Along the line of limitless desires.  
I, speaking now from such disorder free,  
Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled  
peace,  
I cannot doubt that they whom you  
deplore



here; and everywhere—as one  
 to ignorance, though forced  
 food up, the ways of poverty;  
 ecting ignorance preserved,  
 lebasement rescued.—By thy  
 divine remained unquenched;  
 he wild weeds of a rugged soil,  
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Above our human region, on the  
 Set and sustained;—thou, who didst wrap  
 the cloud  
 Of infancy around us, that thyself,  
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile  
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion un-  
 disturbed;  
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,  
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual  
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 And touch as gentle as the morning light,  
 Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense  
 And reason's steadfast rule—thou, thou  
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 Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirit,  
 Which thou includest, as the sea her  
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 Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws  
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 A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.  
 Ah! if the time must come, in which my  
 feet  
 No more shall stray where meditation  
 leads,  
 By flowing stream, through wood, or  
 craggy wild,  
 Loved haunts like these; the unim-  
 prisoned Mind  
 May yet have scope to range among her  
 own,  
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.  
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,  
 Still, it may be allowed me to remember  
 What visionary powers of eye and soul  
 In youth were mine; when, stationed on  
 the top  
 Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld

By the unexpected transports of our age  
 Carried so high, that every thought, which  
 looked  
 Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind,  
 To many seemed superfluous—as, no  
 cause  
 Could e'er for such exalted confidence  
 Exist ; so, none is now for fixed despair :  
 The two extremes are equally disowned  
 By reason : if, with sharp recoil, from one  
 You have been driven far as its opposite,  
 Between them seek the point whereon to  
 build  
 Sound expectations. So doth he advise  
 Who shared at first the illusion ; but was  
 soon  
 Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks  
 Which Nature gently gave, in woods and  
 fields ;  
 Nor unproved by Providence, thus  
 speaking  
 To the inattentive children of the world :  
 ' Vain-glorious ' Generation ! what new  
 powers  
 On you have been conferred ? what gifts,  
 withheld  
 From your progenitors, have ye received,  
 Fit recompense of new desert ? what claim  
 Are ye prepared to urge, that my decrees  
 For you should undergo a sudden change ;  
 And the weak functions of one busy day,  
 Reclaiming and extirpating, perform  
 What all the slowly-moving years of time,  
 With their united force, have left undone ?  
 By nature's gradual processes be taught ;  
 By story be confounded ! Ye aspire  
 Rashly, to fall once more ; and that false  
 fruit,  
 Which, to your overweening spirits, yields  
 Hope of a flight celestial, will produce  
 Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her  
 sons  
 Shall not the less, though late, be justifi-  
 fied'

" Such timely warning," said the Wan-  
 derer, " gave  
 That visionary voice ; and, at this day,  
 When a Tartarean darkness overspreads  
 The groaning nations ; when the iniquitous  
 rule,  
 By will or by established ordinance,  
 Their own dire agents, and constrain the  
 good

To acts which they abhor ; though I  
 bewail  
 This triumph, yet the pity of my heart  
 Prevents me not from owning, that the  
 law,  
 By which mankind now suffers, is most  
 just.  
 For by superior energies ; more strict  
 Affiance in each other ; faith more firm  
 In their unhallowed principles ; the bad  
 Have fairly earned a victory o'er the  
 weak,  
 The vacillating, inconsistent good.  
 Therefore, not unconsolated, I wait—in  
 hope  
 To see the moment, when the righteous  
 cause  
 Shall gain defenders zealous and devout  
 As they who have opposed her ; in which  
 Virtue  
 Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds  
 That are not lofty as her rights ; aspiring  
 By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.  
 That spirit only can redeem mankind ;  
 And when that sacred spirit shall appear,  
 Then shall *our* triumph be complete as  
 theirs.  
 Yet, should this confidence prove vain,  
 the wise  
 Have still the keeping of their proper  
 peace ;  
 Are guardians of their own tranquillity.  
 They act, or they recede, observe, and  
 feel ;  
 ' Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
 The centre of this world, about the which  
 Those revolutions of disturbances  
 Still roll ; where all the aspects of misery  
 Predominate ; whose strong effects are  
 such  
 As he must bear, being powerless to  
 redress ;  
*And that unless above himself he can  
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !*

" Happy is he who lives to understand,  
 Not human nature only, but explores  
 All natures,—to the end that he may find  
 The law that governs each ; and where  
 begins  
 The union, the partition where, that  
 makes  
 Kind and degree, among all visible Beings ;  
 The constitutions, powers, and faculties,

Are glorified ; or, if they sleep, shall  
 wake  
 From sleep, and dwell with God in end-  
 less love.  
 Hope, below this, consists not with be-  
 lief  
 In mercy, carried infinite degrees  
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 As soldiers live by courage ; as, by  
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 In *all* ; in most with superadded foes,  
 Idle temptations ; open vanities,  
 Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing  
 world ;  
 And, in the private regions of the mind,  
 Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,  
 Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,  
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 To yield entire submission to the law  
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As God's most intimate presence in the  
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 And his most perfect image in the world.  
 —Endeavour thus to live ; these rules  
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 By nature's care from wreck of scattered  
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 Toward regions yet more tranquil. But,  
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 That he, whose fixed despondency had  
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 An agonizing sorrow to transmute;  
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 This vital warmth too cold, these visual  
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 Though inconceivably endowed, too dim  
 For any passion of the soul that leads  
 To ecstasy; and all the crooked paths  
 Of time and change disdaining, takes its  
 course  
 Along the line of limitless desires.  
 I, speaking now from such disorder free,  
 Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled  
 peace,  
 I cannot doubt that they whom you  
 deplore

Which they inherit,—cannot step beyond,—

And cannot fall beneath ; that do assign  
To every class its station and its office,  
Through all the mighty commonwealth of  
things ;

Up from the creeping plant to sovereign  
Man.

Such converse, if directed by a meek,  
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love :  
For knowledge is delight ; and such delight

Breeds love : yet, suited as it rather is  
To thought and to the climbing intellect,  
It teaches less to love, than to adore ;  
If that be not indeed the highest love !”

“ Yet,” said I, tempted here to inter-  
pose,

“ The dignity of life is not impaired  
By aught that innocently satisfies  
The humbler cravings of the heart ; and  
he

Is still a happier man, who, for those  
heights

Of speculation not unfit, descends ;  
And such benign affections cultivates  
Among the inferior kinds ; not merely  
those

That he may call his own, and which  
depend,

As individual objects of regard,  
Upon his care, from whom he also looks  
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond ;  
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,  
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.  
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life  
And solitude, that they do favour most,  
Most frequently call forth, and best sus-  
tain,

These pure sensations ; that can pene-  
trate

The obstreperous city ; on the barren seas  
Are not unfelt ; and much might recom-  
mend,

How much they might inspirit and en-  
dear,

The loneliness of this sublime retreat !”

“ Yes,” said the Sage, resuming the dis-  
course

Again directed to his downcast Friend,  
“ If with the froward will and grovelling  
soul

Of man, offended, liberty is here,  
And invitation every hour renewed,  
To mark *their* placid state, who never  
heard

Of a command which they have power to  
break,

Or rule which they are tempted to trans-  
gress :

These with a soothed or elevated heart,  
May we behold ; their knowledge register ;  
Observe their ways ; and, free from envy,  
find

Complacence there :—but wherefore this  
to you ?

I guess that, welcome to your lonely  
hearth,

The redbreast, ruffled up by winter's cold  
Into a ‘ feathery bunch,’ feeds at your  
hand :

A box, perchance, is from your casement  
hung

For the small wren to build in ;—not in  
vain,

The barriers disregarding that surround  
This deep abiding place, before your sight  
Mounts on the breeze the butterfly ; and  
soars,

Small creature as she is, from earth's  
bright flowers,

Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns  
In the waste wilderness : the Soul ascends  
Drawn towards her native firmament of  
heaven,

When the fresh eagle, in the month of May,  
Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,  
This shaded valley leaves ; and leaves the  
dark

Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewing  
A proud communication with the sun  
Low sunk beneath the horizon !—List !—  
I heard,

From yon huge breast of rock, a voice  
sent forth

As if the visible mountain made the cry.  
Again :—“ The effect upon the soul was  
such

As he expressed : from out the mountain's  
heart

The solemn voice appeared to issue,  
startling

The blank air—for the region all around  
Stood empty of all shape of life, and silent  
Save for that single cry, the unanswer'd  
bleat

By the unexpected transports of our age  
 Carried so high, that every thought, which  
     looked  
 Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind,  
 To many seemed superfluous—as, no  
     cause  
 Could e'er for such exalted confidence  
 Exist ; so, none is now for fixed despair :  
 The two extremes are equally disowned  
 By reason : if, with sharp recoil, from one  
 You have been driven far as its opposite,  
 Between them seek the point whereon to  
     build  
 Sound expectations. So doth he advise  
 Who shared at first the illusion ; but was  
     soon  
 Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks  
 Which Nature gently gave, in woods and  
     fields ;  
 Nor unreprieved by Providence, thus  
     speaking  
 To the inattentive children of the world :  
 ' Vain-glorious Generation ! what new  
     powers  
 On you have been conferred ? what gifts,  
     withheld  
 From your progenitors, have ye received,  
 Fit recompense of new desert ? what claim  
 Are ye prepared to urge, that my decrees  
 For you should undergo a sudden change ;  
 And the weak functions of one busy day,  
 Reclaiming and extirpating, perform  
 What all the slowly-moving years of time,  
 With their united force, have left undone ?  
 By nature's gradual processes be taught ;  
 By story be confounded ! Ye aspire  
 Rashly, to fall once more ; and that false  
     fruit,  
 Which, to your overweening spirits, yields  
 Hope of a flight celestial, will produce  
 Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her  
     sons  
 Shall not the less, though late, be just-  
     fied'

"Such timely warning," said the Wan-  
 derer, "gave  
 That visionary voice ; and, at this day,  
 When a Tartarean darkness overspreads  
 The groaning nations ; when the impious  
     rule,  
 By will or by established ordinance,  
 Their own dire agents, and constrain the  
     good

To acts which they abhor ; though I  
     bewail  
 This triumph, yet the pity of my heart  
 Prevents me not from owning, that the  
     law,  
 By which mankind now suffers, is most  
     just.  
 For by superior energies ; more strict  
 Affiance in each other ; faith more firm  
 In their unhallowed principles ; the bad  
 Have fairly earned a victory o'er the  
     weak,  
 The vacillating, inconsistent good.  
 Therefore, not unconsoled, I wait—in  
     hope  
 To see the moment, when the righteous  
     cause  
 Shall gain defenders zealous and devout  
 As they who have opposed her ; in which  
     Virtue  
 Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds  
 That are not lofty as her rights ; aspiring  
 By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.  
 That spirit only can redeem mankind ;  
 And when that sacred spirit shall appear,  
 Then shall *our* triumph be complete as  
     theirs.  
 Yet, should this confidence prove vain,  
     the wise  
 Have still the keeping of their proper  
     peace ;  
 Are guardians of their own tranquillity.  
 They act, or they recede, observe, and  
     feel ;  
 'Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
 The centre of this world, about the which  
 Those revolutions of disturbances  
 Still roll ; where all the aspects of misery  
 Predominate ; whose strong effects are  
     such  
 As he must bear, being powerless to  
     redress ;  
*And that unless above himself he can  
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !'*

"Happy is he who lives to understand,  
 Not human nature only, but explores  
 All natures,—to the end that he may find  
 The law that governs each ; and where  
     begins  
 The union, the partition where, that  
     makes  
 Kind and degree, among all visible Beings ;  
 The constitutions, powers, and faculties,

Look down upon your taper, through a  
 watch  
 Of midnight hours, unseasonably twink-  
 ling  
 In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star  
 Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.  
 Take courage, and withdraw yourself  
 from ways  
 That run not parallel to nature's course.  
 Rise with the lark! your matins shall  
 obtain  
 Grace, be their composition what it may,  
 If but with hers performed; climb once  
 again,  
 Climb every day, those ramparts; meet  
 the breeze  
 Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee  
 That from your garden thither soars, to  
 feed  
 On new-blown heath; let yon command-  
 ing rock  
 Be your frequented watch-tower; roll the  
 stone  
 In thunder down the mountains; with all  
 your might  
 Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red  
 deer  
 Fly to those harbours, driven by hound  
 and horn  
 Loud echoing, add your speed to the  
 pursuit:  
 So, wearied to your hut shall you return,  
 And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills  
 A kindling eye:—accordant feelings  
 rushed  
 Into my bosom, whence these words  
 broke forth:  
 "Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous  
 health,  
 To have a body (this our vital frame  
 With shrinking sensibility endued.  
 And all the nice regards of flesh and  
 blood)  
 And to the elements surrender it  
 As if it were a spirit!—How divine,  
 The liberty, for frail, for mortal, man  
 To roam at large among unpeopled glens  
 And mountainous retirements, only trod  
 By devious footsteps; regions consecrate  
 To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm  
 That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,  
 Be as a presence or a motion—one

Among the many there; and while the  
 mists  
 Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes  
 And phantoms from the crags and solid  
 earth  
 As fast as a musician scatters sounds  
 Out of an instrument; and while the  
 streams  
 (As at a first creation and in haste  
 To exercise their untried faculties)  
 Descending from the region of the clouds.  
 And starting from the hollows of the  
 earth  
 More multitudinous every moment, rend  
 Their way before them—what a joy to  
 roam  
 An equal among mightiest energies;  
 And haply sometimes with articulate  
 voice,  
 Amid the deafening tumult, scarce'y  
 heard  
 By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,  
 'Rage on, ye elements! let moon and stars  
 Their aspects lend, and mingle in their  
 turn  
 With this commotion (ruinous though it  
 be)  
 From day to night, from night to day,  
 prolonged!'"

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from  
 my lips  
 The strain of transport, "whoso'er in  
 youth  
 Has, through ambition of his soul, given  
 way  
 To such desires, and grasped at such  
 delight,  
 Shall feel congenial stirrings late and  
 long,  
 In spite of all the weakness that life  
 brings,  
 Its cares and sorrows: he, though taught  
 to own  
 The tranquillizing power of time, shall  
 wake,  
 Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness—  
 Loving the sports which once he gloried  
 in.

"Compatriot, Friend, remote are Gar-  
 ry's hills,  
 The streams far distant of your native  
 glen;

Of a poor lamb—left somewhere to itself,  
 The plaintive spirit of the solitude !  
 He paused, as if unwilling to proceed,  
 Through consciousness that silence in  
 such place  
 Was best, the most affecting eloquence.  
 But soon his thoughts returned upon  
 themselves,  
 And, in soft tone of speech, thus he re-  
 sumed.

"Ah ! if the heart, too confidently  
 raised,  
 Perchance too lightly occupied, or lulled  
 Too easily, despise or overlook  
 The vassalage that binds her to the earth,  
 Her sad dependence upon time, and all  
 The trepidations of mortality,  
 What place so destitute and void—but  
 there  
 The little flower her vanity shall check ;  
 The trailing worm reprove her thought-  
 less pride ?

"These craggy regions, these chaotic  
 wilds,  
 Does that benignity pervade, that warms  
 The mole contented with her darksome  
 walk  
 In the cold ground ; and to the emmet  
 gives  
 Her foresight, and intelligence that makes  
 The tiny creatures strong by social league ;  
 Supports the generations, multiplies  
 Their tribes, till we behold a spacious plain  
 Or grassy bottom, all, with little hills—  
 Their labour, covered, as a lake with  
 waves ;  
 Thousands of cities, in the desert place  
 Built up of life, and food, and means of  
 life !  
 Nor wanting here, to entertain the thought,  
 Creatures that in communities exist  
 Less, as might seem, for general guardian-  
 ship  
 Or through dependence upon mutual aid,  
 Than by participation of delight  
 And a strict love of fellowship, combined.  
 What other spirit can it be that prompts  
 The gilded summer flies to mix and weave  
 Their spots together in the solar beam,  
 Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy ?  
 More obviously the self-same influence  
 rules

The feathered kinds ; the fieldfare's pen-  
 sive flock,  
 The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from  
 afar,  
 Hovering above these inland solitudes,  
 By the rough wind unscattered, at whose  
 call  
 Up through the trenches of the long-  
 drawn vales  
 Their voyage was begun : nor is its power  
 Unfelt among the sedentary fowl  
 That seek yon pool, and there prolong  
 their stay  
 In silent congress ; or together roused  
 Take flight ; while with their clang the  
 air resounds.  
 And, over all, in that ethereal vault,  
 Is the mute company of changeeful clouds ;  
 Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,  
 The rainbow smiling on the faded storm ;  
 The mild assemblage of the starry hea-  
 vens ;  
 And the great sun, earth's universal lord !

"How bountiful is Nature ! he shall find  
 Who seeks not ; and to him, who hath not  
 asked,  
 Large measures shall be dealt. Three  
 sabbath-days  
 Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent  
 Of mere humanity, you clomb those  
 heights ;  
 And what a marvellous and heavenly  
 show  
 Was suddenly revealed !—the swains  
 moved on,  
 And heeded not : you lingered, you per-  
 ceived  
 And felt, deeply as living man could feel.  
 There is a luxury in self-dispraise ;  
 And inward self-disparagement affords  
 To meditative spleen a grateful feast.  
 Trust me, pronouncing on your own  
 desert,  
 You judge unthankfully : distempered  
 nerves  
 Infect the thoughts ; the languor of the  
 frame  
 Depresses the soul's vigour. Quit your  
 couch—  
 Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell ;  
 Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed  
 from heaven  
 Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye



Yet is their form and image here expressed  
 With brotherly resemblance. Turn your steps  
 Wherever fancy leads ; by day, by night,  
 Are various engines working, not the same  
 As those with which your soul in youth  
 was moved,  
 But by the great Artificer endowed  
 With no inferior power. You dwell alone ;  
 You walk, you live, you speculate alone ;  
 Yet doth remembrance, like a sovereign prince,  
 For you a stately gallery maintain  
 Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,  
 Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed  
 With no inquisitive eye ; and books are yours,  
 Within whose silent chambers treasure lies  
 Preserved from age to age ; more precious far  
 Than that accumulated store of gold  
 And orient gems, which, for a day of need,  
 The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.  
 These hoards of truth you can unlock at will ;  
 And music waits upon your skilful touch,  
 Sounds which the wandering shepherd  
 from these heights  
 Hears, and forgets his purpose ;—furnished thus,  
 How can you droop, if willing to be up-  
 raised ?

“A piteous lot it were to flee from  
 Man—  
 Yet not rejoice in Nature. He, whose  
 hours  
 Are by domestic pleasure uncaressed  
 And unenlivened ; who exists whole years  
 Apart from benefits received or done  
 Mid the transactions of the bustling  
 crowd ;  
 Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,  
 Of the world's interests—such a one hath  
 need  
 Of a quick fancy and an active heart,  
 WO.

That, for the day's consumption, books  
 may yield  
 Food not unwholesome ; earth and air  
 correct  
 His morbid humour, with delight sup-  
 plied  
 Or solace, varying as the seasons change.  
 —Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her  
 haunts of ease  
 And easy contemplation ; gay parterres.  
 And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades  
 And shady groves in studied contrast—  
 each,  
 For recreation, leading into each :  
 These may he range ; if willing to partake  
 Their soft indulgences, and in due time  
 May issue thence, recruited for the tasks  
 And course of service Truth requires  
 from those  
 Who tend her altars, wait upon her  
 throne,  
 And guard her fortresses. Who thinks,  
 and feels,  
 And recognises ever and anon  
 The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,  
 Why need such man go desperately  
 astray,  
 And nurse ‘the dreadful appetite of  
 death ?’  
 If tired with systems, each in its degree  
 Substantial, and all crumbling in their  
 turn,  
 Let him build systems of his own, and  
 smile  
 At the fond work, demolished with a  
 touch ;  
 If unreligious, let him be at once,  
 Among ten thousand innocents, enrolled  
 A pupil in the many-chambered school,  
 Where superstition weaves her airy  
 dreams.

“Life's autumn past, I stand on winter's  
 verge ;  
 And daily lose what I desire to keep :  
 Yet rather would I instantly decline  
 To the traditional sympathies  
 Of a most rustic ignorance, and take  
 A fearful apprehension from the owl  
 Or death-watch : and as readily rejoice,  
 If two auspicious magpies crossed my  
 way ;—  
 To this would rather bend than see and  
 hear

With grove and field and garden interspersed ;

Their town, and foodful region for support  
Against the pressure of beleaguering war.

"Chaldean Shepherds, ranging trackless fields,

Beneath the concave of unclouded skies  
Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,  
Looked on the polar star, as on a guide  
And guardian of their course, that never closed

His steadfast eye. The planetary Five  
With a submissive reverence they beheld ;  
Watched, from the centre of their sleeping flocks,

Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move

Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,

Decrees and resolutions of the Gods ;

And, by their aspects, signifying works

Of dim futurity, to Man revealed.

—The imaginative faculty was lord

Of observations natural ; and, thus  
Led on, those shepherds made report of stars

In set rotation passing to and fro,  
Between the orbs of our apparent sphere

And its invisible counterpart, adorned

With answering constellations, under earth,

Removed from all approach of living sight

But present to the dead ; who, so they deemed,

Like those celestial messengers beheld

All accidents, and judges were of all.

"The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,  
Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding shores,—

Under a cope of sky more variable,  
Could find commodious place for every God,

Promptly received, as prodigally brought,  
From the surrounding countries at the choice

Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,  
As nicest observation furnished hints  
For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed

On fluent operations a fixed shape ;

Metal or stone, idolatrously served

And yet—triumphant o'er this pompous show

Of art, this palpable array of sense,  
On every side encountered ; in despite  
Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets

By wandering Rhapsodists ; and in contempt

Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged  
Amid the wrangling schools—a SPIRIT hung,

Beautiful region ! o'er thy towns and farms,

Statues and temples, and memorial tombs ;

And emanations were perceived ; and acts  
Of immortality, in Nature's course,

Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt

As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed

And armed warrior ; and in every grove

A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,

When piety more awful had relaxed.

—'Take, running river, take these locks  
of mine'—

Thus would the Votary say—'this severed hair,

My vow fulfilling, do I here present,

Thankful for my beloved child's return.

Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,

Thy murmurs heard ; and drunk the crystal lymph

With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,

And, all day long, moisten these flowery fields !'

And, doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed

Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose  
Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired ;

That hath been, is, and where it was and is

There shall endure,—existence unexposed  
To the blind walk of mortal accident ;

From diminution safe and weakening age ;  
While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays ;

And countless generations of mankind  
Depart ; and leave no vestige where they trod.

"We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love ;

And, even as these are well and widely fixed,

In dignity of being we ascend.

The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain  
 Uprooted ; would re-consecrate our wells  
 To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint  
 Anne ;  
 And from long banishment recall Saint  
 Giles,  
 To watch again with tutelary love  
 O'er stately Edinburgh throned on  
 crags ?  
 A blessed restoration, to behold  
 The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,  
 Once more parading through her crowded  
 streets  
 Now simply guarded by the sober powers  
 Of science, and philosophy, and sense !"

This answer followed.—"You have  
 turned my thoughts

Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose  
 Against idolatry with warlike mind,  
 And shrunk from vain observances, to  
 lurk

In woods, and dwell under impending  
 rocks

Ill-sheltered, and oft wanting fire and  
 food ;

Why ?—For this very reason that they felt,  
 And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they  
 moved,

A spiritual presence, oft-times miscon-  
 ceived,

But still a high dependence, a divine  
 Bounty and government, that filled their  
 hearts

With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love ;  
 And from their fervent lips drew hymns  
 of praise,

That through the desert rang. Though  
 favoured less,

Far less, than these,—yet such, in their  
 degree,

Were those bewildered Pagans of old  
 time.

Beyond their own poor natures and  
 above

They looked ; were humbly thankful for  
 the good

Which the warm sun solicited, and earth  
 bestowed ; were glad some,—and their  
 moral sense

They fortified with reverence for the  
 Gods ;

And they had hopes that overstepped the  
 Grave.

"Now, shall our great Discoverers," he  
 exclaimed,

Raising his voice triumphantly, "obtain  
 From sense and reason less than these  
 obtained,

Though far misled ? Shall men for whom  
 our age

Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,  
 To explore the world without and world  
 within,

Be joyless as the blind ? Ambitious  
 spirits—

Whom earth, at this late season, hath  
 produced

To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh  
 The planets in the hollow of their hand ;

And they who rather dive than soar,  
 whose pains

Have solved the elements, or analysed  
 The thinking principle—shall they in fact  
 Prove a degraded Race ? and what avails  
 Renown, if their presumption make them  
 such ?

Oh ! there is laughter at their work in  
 heaven !

Enquire of ancient Wisdom ; go, demand  
 Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant

That we should pry far off yet be un-  
 raised ;

That we should pore, and dwindle as we  
 pore,

Viewing all objects unremittingly  
 In disconnection dead and spiritless ;

And still dividing, and dividing still,  
 Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied

With the perverse attempt, while little-  
 ness

May yet become more little ; waging thus  
 An impious warfare with the very life

Of our own souls !

And if indeed there be  
 An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom  
 Our dark foundations rest, could he de-  
 sign

That this magnificent effect of power,  
 The earth we tread, the sky that we  
 behold

By day, and all the pomp which night  
 reveals ;

That these—and that superior mystery  
 Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,

And the dread soul within it—should  
 exist

Only to be examined, pondered, searched,

Who would forbid them, if their presence  
serve,  
On thinly-peopled mountains and wild  
heaths,  
Filling a space, else vacant, to exalt  
The forms of Nature, and enlarge her  
powers?

"Once more to distant ages of the world  
Let us revert, and place before our  
thoughts  
The face which rural solitude might wear  
To the unenlightened swains of pagan  
Greece.  
—In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman,  
stretched  
On the soft grass through half a summer's  
day,  
With music lulled his indolent repose :  
And, in some fit of weariness, if he,  
When his own breath was silent, chanced  
to hear  
A distant strain, far sweeter than the  
sounds  
Which his poor skill could make, his  
fancy fetched,  
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,  
A beardless Youth, who touched a golden  
lute,  
And filled the illumined groves with  
rapture.  
The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye  
Up towards the crescent moon, with  
grateful heart  
Called on the lovely wanderer who be-  
stowed  
That timely light, to share his joyous  
sport :  
And hence, a beaming Goddess with her  
Nymphs,  
Across the lawn and through the dark-  
some grove,  
Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes  
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,  
Swept in the storm of chase ; as moon and  
stars  
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,  
When winds are blowing strong. The  
traveller slaked  
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and  
thanked  
The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills  
Gliding apace, with shadows in their  
train,

Might, with small help from fancy, be  
transformed  
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.  
The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed,  
their wings,  
Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom  
they wooed  
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs  
grotesque,  
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by  
hoary age.  
From depth of shaggy covert peeping  
forth  
In the low vale, or on steep mountain-side ;  
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring  
horns  
Of the live deer, or goat's depending  
beard,—  
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild  
brood  
Of gamesome Deities ; or Pan himself,  
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring  
God !"

The strain was aptly chosen ; and I  
could mark  
Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow  
Of our Companion ; gradually diffused ;  
While, listening, he had paced the noise-  
less turf,  
Like one whose untired ear a murmuring  
stream  
Detains ; but tempted now to interpose,  
He with a smile exclaimed :—  
" 'Tis well you speak  
At a safe distance from our native land,  
And from the mansions where our youth  
was taught.  
The true descendants of those godly men  
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of  
zeal,  
Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles  
That harboured them,—the souls retaining  
yet  
The churlish features of that after-race  
Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting  
rocks,  
In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,  
Or what their scruples construed to be  
such—  
How, think you, would they tolerate this  
scheme  
Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged  
Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh

Stuffed with the thorny substance of the  
past  
For fixed annoyance ; and full oft beset  
With floating dreams, black and dis-  
consolate,  
The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

“ Within the soul a faculty abides,  
That with interpositions, which would  
bide  
And darken, so can deal that they become  
Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to  
exalt

Her native brightness. As the ample  
moon,  
In the deep stillness of a summer even  
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,  
In the green trees ; and, kindling on all  
sides

Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
Into a substance glorious as her own,  
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power  
Capacious and serene. Like power abides  
In man's celestial spirit ; virtue thus  
Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus  
feeds

A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,  
From the encumbrances of mortal life,  
From error, disappointment—nay, from  
guilt :

And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,  
From palpable oppressions of despair.”

The Solitary by these words was  
touched

With manifest emotion, and exclaimed ;  
“ But how begin ? and whence ?—‘ The  
Mind is free—

Resolve ; the haughty Moralist would say,  
‘ This single act is all that we demand.’

Alas ! such wisdom bids a creature fly  
Whose very sorrow is, that time hath  
shorn

His natural wings !—To friendship let  
him turn

For succour ; but perhaps he sits alone  
On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat  
That holds but him, and can contain no  
more !

Religion tells of amity sublime

Which no condition can preclude ; of One  
Who sees all suffering, comprehends all  
wants,

All weakness fathoms, can supply all  
needs :

But is that bounty absolute ?—His gifts,  
Are they not, still, in some degree, re-  
wards

For acts of service ? Can his love extend  
To hearts that own not him ? Will showers  
of grace,

When in the sky no promise may be seen,  
Fall to refresh a parched and withered  
land ?

Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load  
At the Redeemer's feet ?”

In rueful tone,  
With some impatience in his mien, he  
spake :

Back to my mind rushed all that had  
been urged

To calm the Sufferer when his story  
closed ;

I looked for counsel as unbending now ;  
But a discriminating sympathy  
Stooped to this apt reply :—

“ As men from men  
Do, in the constitution of their souls,  
Differ, by mystery not to be explained ;  
And as we fall by various ways, and sink  
One deeper than another, self-condemned  
Through manifold degrees of guilt and  
shame ;

So manifold and various are the ways  
Of restoration, fashioned to the steps  
Of all infirmity, and tending all  
To the same point, attainable by all—  
Peace in ourselves, and union with our  
God.

For you, assuredly, a hopeful road  
Lies open : we have heard from you a  
voice

At every moment softened in its course  
By tenderness of heart ; have seen your  
eye,

Even like an altar lit by fire from heaven.  
Kindle before us.—Your discourse this  
day,

That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to  
flow

In creeping sadness, through oblivious  
shades

Of death and night, has caught at every  
turn

The colours of the sun. Access for you  
Is yet preserved to principles of truth.  
Which the imaginative Will upholds

Probed, vexed, and criticised?—Accuse  
me not

Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,  
If, having walked with Nature threescore  
years,

And offered, far as frailty would allow,  
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,  
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,  
Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY  
Revolts, offended at the ways of men  
Swayed by such motives, to such ends  
employed ;

Philosophers, who, though the human soul  
Be of a thousand faculties composed,  
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet  
prize

This soul, and the transcendant universe,  
No more than as a mirror that reflects  
To proud Self-love her own intelligence ;  
That one, poor, finite object, in the abyss  
Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly !

“No higher place can be assigned to  
him

And his compeers—the laughing Sage of  
France.—

Crowned was he, if my memory do not  
err,

With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,  
In sign of conquest by his wit achieved  
And benefits his wisdom had conferred ;  
His stooping body tottered with wreaths  
of flowers

Opprest, far less becoming ornaments ;  
Than Spring oft twines about a moulder-  
ing tree ;

Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man ;  
And a most frivolous people. Him I mean  
Who panned, to ridicule confiding faith,  
This sorry Legend ; which by chance we  
found

Piled in a nook, through malice, as might  
seem,

Among more innocent rubbish.”—Speak-  
ing thus,

With a brief notice when, and how, and  
where,

We had espied the book, he drew it forth ;  
And courteously, as if the act removed,  
At once, all traces from the good Man’s  
heart

Of unbenign aversion or contempt,  
Restored it to its owner. “Gentle  
Friend,”

Herewith he grasped the Solitary’s hand,  
“You have known lights and guides  
better than these.”

Ah ! let not aught amiss within dispose  
A noble mind to practise on herself,  
And tempt opinion to support the wrongs  
Of passion ; whatsoe’er be felt or feared,  
From higher judgment-seats make no ap-  
peal

To lower : can you question that the soul  
Inherits an allegiance, not by choice  
To be cast off, upon an oath proposed  
By each new upstart notion ? In the  
ports

Of levity no refuge can be found,  
No shelter, for a spirit in distress.  
He, who by wilful disesteem of life  
And proud insensibility to hope,  
Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn  
That her mild nature can be terrible ;  
That, neither she nor Silence, lack the  
power

To avenge their own insulted majesty.

“O blest seclusion ! when the mind  
admits

The law of duty ; and can therefore move  
Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,  
Linked in entire complacence with her  
choice ;

When youth’s presumptuousness is mel-  
lowed down,  
And manhood’s vain anxiety dismissed ;  
When wisdom shows her seasonable  
fruit,

Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure  
hung

In sober plenty ; when the spirit stoops  
To drink with gratitude the crystal stream  
Of unproved enjoyment ; and is pleased  
To muse, and be saluted by the air  
Of meek repentance, wafting wallflower  
scents

From out the crumbling ruins of fallen  
pride

And chambers of transgression, now for-  
lorn.

O, calm contented days, and peaceful  
nights !

Who, when such good can be obtained,  
would strive

To reconcile his manhood to a couch  
Soft, as may seem, but, under that dis-  
guise,

While, free as air, o'er printless sands we  
 march,  
 Or pierce the gloom of her majestic  
 woods ;  
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade  
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness ;  
 Where living things, and things in-  
 animate,  
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye  
 and ear,  
 And speak, to social reason's inner  
 sense,  
 With inarticulate language.

For, the Man—

Who, in this spirit, communes with the  
 Forms

Of nature, who with understanding heart  
 Both knows and loves such objects as  
 excite

No morbid passions, no disquietude,  
 No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must  
 feel

The joy of that pure principle of love  
 So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught  
 Less pure and exquisite, he cannot  
 choose

But seek for objects of a kindred love  
 In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.  
 Accordingly he by degrees perceives  
 His feelings of aversion softened down ;  
 A holy tenderness pervade his frame.  
 His sanity of reason not impaired,  
 Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing  
 clear,

From a clear fountain flowing, he looks  
 round

And seeks for good : and finds the good  
 he seeks :

Until abhorrence and contempt are  
 things

He only knows by name ; and, if he  
 hear,

From other mouths, the language which  
 they speak

He is compassionate ; and has no thought,  
 No feeling, which can overcome his love.

“ And further ; by contemplating these  
 Forms

In the relations which they bear to  
 man,

He shall discern, how, through the various  
 means

Which silently they yield, are multiplied

The spiritual presences of absent things.  
 Trust me, that for the instructed, time  
 will come

When they shall meet no object but may  
 teach

Some acceptable lesson to their minds  
 Of human suffering, or of human joy.

So shall they learn, while all things speak  
 of man,

Their duties from all forms ; and general  
 laws,

And local accidents, shall tend alike  
 To rouse, to urge ; and, with the will,  
 confer

The ability to spread the blessings wide  
 Of true philanthropy. The light of love  
 Not failing, perseverance, from their  
 steps

Departing not, for them shall be con-  
 firmed

The glorious habit by which sense is  
 made

Subservient still to moral purposes,  
 Auxiliar to divine. That change shall  
 clothe

The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore  
 The burthen of existence. Science then  
 Shall be a precious visitant ; and then,  
 And only then, be worthy of her name :  
 For then her heart shall kindle ; her dull  
 eye,

Dull and inanimate, no more shall  
 hang

Chained to its object in brute slavery ;  
 But taught with patient interest to watch  
 The processes of things, and serve the  
 cause

Of order and distinctness, not for this  
 Shall it forget that its most noble use,  
 Its most illustrious province, must be  
 found

In furnishing clear guidance, a support  
 Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive*  
 power.

—So build we up the Being that we are ;  
 Thus deeply drinking in the soul of  
 things.

We shall be wise perforce ; and, while  
 inspired

By choice, and conscious that the Will is  
 free,

Shall move unswerving, even as if im-  
 pelled

By strict necessity, along the path

In seats of wisdom, not to be approached  
By the inferior Faculty that moulds,  
With her minute and speculative pains,  
Opinion, ever changing!

I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped  
shell;

To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely; and his countenance  
soon

Brightened with joy: for from within  
were heard

Murmurings, whereby the monitor ex-  
pressed

Mysterious union with its native sea.

Even such a shell the universe itself

Is to the ear of Faith; and there are  
times,

I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things;

Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;  
And central peace, subsisting at the heart

Of endless agitation. Here you stand,  
Adore, and worship, when you know it  
not;

Pions beyond the intention of your  
thought;

Devout above the meaning of your will.

—Yes, you have felt, and may not cease  
to feel.

The estate of man would be indeed for-  
lorn

If false conclusions of the reasoning  
power

Made the eye blind, and closed the pas-  
sages

Through which the ear converses with  
the heart.

Has not the soul, the being of your life.

Received a shock of awful consciousness,  
In some calm season, when these lofty  
rocks

At night's approach bring down the un-  
clouded sky,

To rest upon their circumambient walls;

A temple framing of dimensions vast,  
And yet not too enormous for the sound  
Of human anthems,—choral song, or  
burst

Sublime of instrumental harmony,  
To glorify the Eternal! What if these  
Did never break the stillness that prevails

Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,  
And the soft woodlark here did never  
chant

Her vespers,—Nature fails not to provide  
Impulse and utterance. The whispering  
air

Sends inspiration from the shadowy  
heights.

And blind recesses of the caverned rocks;  
The little rills, and waters numberless,  
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes  
With the loud streams; and often, at the  
hour

When issue forth the first pale stars, is  
heard,

Within the circuit of this fabric huge,

One voice—the solitary raven, flying

Athwart the concave of the dark blue  
dome,

Unseen, perchance above all power of  
sight—

An iron knell! with echoes from afar

Faint—and still fainter—as the cry, with  
which

The wanderer accompanies her flight

Through the calm region, fades upon the  
ear,

Diminishing by distance till it seemed

To expire; yet from the abyss is caught  
again,

And yet again recovered!

But descending  
From these imaginative heights, that  
yield

Far-stretching views into eternity;

Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler  
power

Your cherished sullenness is forced to  
bend

Even here, where her amenities are  
sown

With sparing hand. Then trust yourself  
abroad

To range her blooming bowers, and  
spacious fields,

Where on the labours of the happy  
throng

She smiles, including in her wide em-  
brace

City, and town, and tower,—and sea with  
ships

Sprinkled;—be our Companion while we  
track

Her rivers populous with gliding life;



## BOOK FIFTH.

## THE PASTOR.

## -- ARGUMENT.

Farewell to the Valley.—Reflections.—A large and populous Vale described.—The Pastor's Dwelling, and some account of him.—Church and Monuments.—The Solitary musing, and where.—Roused.—In the Churchyard the Solitary communicates the thoughts which had recently passed through his mind.—Lofty tone of the Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to.—Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompanying it, contrasted with the real state of human life.—Apology for the Rite.—Inconsistency of the best men.—Acknowledgment that practice falls far below the injunctions of duty as existing in the mind.—General complaint of a falling-off in the value of life after the time of youth.—Outward appearances of content and happiness in degree illusive.—Pastor approaches.—Appeal made to him.—His answer.—Wanderer in sympathy with him.—Suggestion that the least ambitious enquirers may be most free from error.—The Pastor is desired to give some portraits of the living or dead from his own observation of life among these Mountains—and for what purpose.—Pastor consents.—Mountain cottage.—Excellent qualities of its Inhabitants.—Solitary expresses his pleasure; but denies the praise of virtue to worth of this kind.—Feelings of the Priest before he enters upon his account of persons interred in the Churchyard.—Graves of unbaptized Infants.—Funeral and sepulchral observances, whence.—Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived.—Profession of belief in the doctrine of Immortality.

"FAREWELL, deep Valley, with thy one  
rude House,  
And its small lot of life-supporting fields,  
And guardian rocks!—Farewell, attractive  
seat!  
To the still influx of the morning light  
Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but  
veiled  
From human observation, as if yet  
Primeval forests wrapped thee round with  
dark  
Impenetrable shade; once more fare-  
well,  
Majestic circuit, beautiful abyss,  
By Nature destined from the birth of  
things  
For quietness profound!"

Upon the side  
Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale  
Which foot of holdest stranger would at-  
tempt,  
Lingering behind my comrades, thus I  
breathed  
A parting tribute to a spot that seemed  
Like the fixed centre of a troubled  
world.  
Again I halted with reverted eyes:  
The chain that would not slacken, was at  
length  
Snapt, and, pursuing leisurely my way,  
How vain, thought I, is it by change of  
place

To seek that comfort which the mind  
denies;  
Yet trial and temptation oft are shun-  
ned  
Wisely; and by such tenure do we hold  
Frail life's possessions, that even they  
whose fate  
Yields no peculiar reason of complaint  
Might, by the promise that is here, be  
won  
To steal from active duties, and embrace  
Obscurity, and undisturbed repose.  
—Knowledge, methinks, in these disor-  
dered times,  
Should be allowed a privilege to have  
Her anchorites, like piety of old;  
Men, who, from faction sacred, and un-  
stained  
By war, might, if so minded, turn aside  
Uncensured, and subsist, a scattered few  
Living to God and nature, and content  
With that communion. Consecrated be  
The spots where such abide! But happier  
still  
The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope  
attends  
That meditation and research may guide  
His privacy to principles and powers  
Discovered or invented; or set forth,  
Through his acquaintance with the ways  
of truth,  
In lucid order: so that, when his course

Of order and of good. Whate'er we  
 see,  
 Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine ;  
 Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,  
 Earthly desires ; and raise, to loftier  
 heights  
 Of divine love, our intellectual soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent  
 harangue,  
 Poured forth with fervour in continuous  
 stream,  
 Such as, remote, 'mid savage wilderness,  
 An Indian Chief discharges from his  
 breast  
 Into the hearing of assembled tribes,  
 In open circle seated round, and hushed  
 As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf  
 Stirs in the mighty woods.—So did he  
 speak ;  
 The words he uttered shall not pass  
 away  
 Dispersed, like music that the wind  
 takes up  
 By snatches, and lets fall, to be for-  
 gotten ;  
 No—they sank into me, the bounteous gift  
 Of one whom time and nature had made  
 wise.  
 Gracing his doctrine with authority  
 Which hostile spirits silently allow ;  
 Of one accustomed to desires that feed  
 On fruitage gathered from the tree of  
 life ;  
 To hopes on knowledge and experience  
 built ;  
 Of one in whom persuasion and belief  
 Had ripened into faith, and faith become  
 A passionate intuition ; whence the  
 Soul,  
 Though bound to earth by ties of pity  
 and love,  
 From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were  
 reached,  
 Had yet to travel far, but unto us,  
 To us who stood low in that hollow  
 dell,  
 He had become invisible—a pomp  
 Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread  
 Over the mountain-sides, in contrast  
 bold  
 With ample shadows, seemingly, no less  
 Than those resplendent lights, his rich  
 bequest ;  
 A dispensation of his evening power.  
 —Adown the path that from the glen  
 had led  
 The funeral train, the Shepherd and his  
 Mate  
 Were seen descending :—forth to greet  
 them ran  
 Our little Page : the rustic pair ap-  
 proach ;  
 And in the Matron's countenance may be  
 read  
 Plain indication that the words, which  
 told  
 How that neglected Pensioner was sent  
 Before his time into a quiet grave,  
 Had done to her humanity no wrong :  
 But we are kindly welcomed—promptly  
 served  
 With ostentatious zeal.—Along the floor  
 Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell  
 A grateful couch was spread for our  
 repose ;  
 Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we  
 lay,  
 Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled  
 by sound  
 Of far-off torrents charming the still  
 night,  
 And, to tired limbs and over-busy  
 thoughts,  
 Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew  
 From academic bowers. He loved the spot—  
 Who does not love his native soil?—he prized  
 The ancient rural character, composed  
 Of simple manners, feelings unsuppressed  
 And undisguised, and strong and serious thought ;  
 A character reflected in himself,  
 With such embellishment as well becometh  
 His rank and sacred function. This deep vale  
 Winds far in reaches hidden from our sight,  
 And one a turreted manorial hall  
 Adorns, in which the good Man's ancestors  
 Have dwelt through ages—Patrons of this Cure.  
 To them, and to his own judicious pains,  
 The Vicar's dwelling, and the whole domain,  
 Owes that presiding aspect which might well  
 Attract your notice ; statelier than could else  
 Have been bestowed, through course of common chance,  
 On an unwealthy mountain Benefice."

This said, oft pausing, we pursued our way ;  
 Nor reached the village-churchyard till the sun  
 Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen  
 Above the summits of the highest hills,  
 And round our path darted oppressive beams.

As chanced, the portals of the sacred Pile  
 Stood open ; and we entered. On my frame,  
 At such transition from the fervid air,  
 A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike  
 The heart, in concert with that temperate awe  
 And natural reverence which the place inspired.  
 Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,

But large and massy ; for duration built ;  
 With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld  
 By naked rafters intricately crossed,  
 Like leafless underboughs, in some thick wood,  
 All withered by the depth of shade above.  
 Admonitory texts inscribed the walls,  
 Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed ;  
 Each also crowned with winged heads—a pair  
 Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor  
 Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,  
 Was occupied by oaken benches ranged  
 In seemly rows ; the chancel only showed  
 Some vain distinctions, marks of earthly state  
 By immemorial privilege allowed ;  
 Though with the Encincture's special sanctity  
 But ill according. An heraldic shield,  
 Varying its tincture with the changeable light,  
 Imbued the altar-window ; fixed aloft  
 A faded hatchment hung, and one by time  
 Yet undiscoloured. A capacious pew  
 Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined ;  
 And marble monuments were here displayed  
 Thronging the walls ; and on the floor beneath  
 Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems graven  
 And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small  
 And shining effigies of brass inlaid.  
 The tribute by these various records claimed,  
 Duly we paid, each after each, and read  
 The ordinary chronicle of birth, Office, alliance, and promotion—all  
 Ending in dust ; of upright magistrates,  
 Grave doctors strenuous for the mother-church,  
 And uncorrupted senators, alike  
 To king and people true. A brazen plate,  
 Not easily deciphered, told of one  
 Whose course of earthly honour was begun  
 In quality of page among the train  
 Of the eighth Henry, when he crossed the seas

Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,  
He sought not praise, and praise did over-  
look

His unobtrusive merit ; but his life,  
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good  
That shall survive his name and memory.

Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere  
Accompanied these musings ; fervent  
thanks

For my own peaceful lot and happy  
choice ;

A choice that from the passions of the  
world

Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat ;  
Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,  
Secluded, but not buried ; and with song  
Cheering my days, and with industrious  
thought ;

With the ever-welcome company of books ;  
With virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining  
aid,

And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,  
Following the rugged road, by sledge or  
wheel

Worn in the moorland, till I overtook  
My two Associates, in the morning sun-  
shine

Halting together on a rocky knoll,  
Whence the bare road descended rapidly  
To the green meadows of another vale.

Here did our pensive Host put forth his  
hand

In sign of farewell. "Nay," the old Man  
said,

"The fragrant air its coolness still retains ;  
The herds and flocks are yet abroad to  
crop

The dewy grass ; you cannot leave us  
now,

We must not part at this inviting hour."  
He yielded, though reluctant ; for his  
mind

Instinctively disposed him to retire  
To his own covert ; as a billow, heaved  
Upon the beach, rolls back into the sea.

—So we descend ; and winding round  
a rock

Attain a point that showed the valley—  
stretched

In length before us ; and, not distant far,

Upon a rising ground a grey church-  
tower,  
Whose battlements were screened by  
tufted trees.

And towards a crystal Mere, that lay  
beyond

Among steep hills and woods embosomed,  
flowed

A copious stream with boldly-winding  
course ;

Here traceable, there hidden—there again  
To sight restored, and glittering in the  
sun.

On the stream's bank, and everywhere,  
appeared

Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots ;  
Some scattered o'er the level, others  
perched

On the hill-sides, a cheerful quiet scene,  
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

"As 'mid some happy valley of the  
Alps,"

Said I, "once happy, ere tyrannic power,  
Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,  
Destroyed their unoffending common-  
wealth,

A popular equality reigns here,  
Save for yon stately House beneath whose  
roof

A rural lord might dwell."—"No feudal  
pomp,

Or power," replied the Wanderer, "to  
that House

Belongs, but there in his allotted Home  
Abides, from year to year, a genuine

Priest,  
The shepherd of his flock ; or, as a king  
Is styled, when most affectionately praised,

The father of his people. Such is he ;  
And rich and poor, and young and old,

rejoice  
Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouch-  
safed

To me some portion of a kind regard ;  
And something also of his inner mind

Hath he imparted—but I speak of him  
As he is known to all.

The calm delights  
Of unambitious piety he chose,

And 'learning's solid dignity ; though  
born

Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful  
friends.

We should recoil, stricken with sorrow  
and shame,  
To see disclosed, by such dread proof,  
how ill  
That which is done accords with what  
is known

To reason, and by conscience is enjoined;  
How idly, how perversely, life's whole  
course,  
To this conclusion, deviates from the line,  
Or of the end stops short, proposed to all  
At her aspiring outset.

Mark the babe  
Not long accustomed to this breathing  
world;  
One that hath barely learned to shape  
a smile,  
Though yet irrational of soul, to grasp  
With tiny finger—to let fall a tear;  
And, as the heavy cloud of sleep dis-  
solves,  
To stretch his limbs, bemocking, as might  
seem,  
The outward functions of intelligent  
man;  
A grave proficient in amusive feats  
Of puppetry, that from the lap declare  
His expectations, and announce his  
claims

To that inheritance which millions rue  
That they were ever born to! In due  
time

A day of solemn ceremonial comes;  
When they, who for this Minor hold in  
trust

Rights that transcend the loftiest herit-  
age

Of mere humanity, present their Charge,  
For this occasion daintily adorned,  
At the baptismal font. And when the  
pure

And consecrating element hath cleansed  
The original stain, the child is there  
received

Into the second ark, Christ's church,  
with trust

That he, from wrath redeemed, therein  
shall float

Over the billows of this troublesome  
world

To the fair land of everlasting life.

Corrupt affections, covetous desires,  
Are all renounced; high as the thought  
of man

Can carry virtue, virtue is professed;  
A dedication made, a promise given  
For due provision to control and guide,  
And unremitting progress to ensure  
In holiness and truth."

"You cannot blame,"

Here interposing fervently I said,  
"Rites which attest that Man by nature  
lies

Bedded for good and evil in a gulf  
Fearfully low; nor will your judgment  
scorn

Those services, whereby attempt is made  
To lift the creature toward that eminence  
On which, now fallen, erewhile in ma-  
jesty

He stood; or if not so, whose top serene  
At least he feels 'tis given him to descry;  
Not without aspirations, evermore  
Returning, and injunctions from within  
Doubt to cast off and weariness; in trust  
That what the Soul perceives, if glory  
lost,

May be, through pains and persevering  
hope,

Recovered; or, if hitherto unknown,  
Lies within reach, and one day shall be  
gained."

"I blame them not," he calmly an-  
swered—"no;

The outward ritual and established forms  
With which communities of men invest  
These inward feelings, and the aspiring  
vows

To which the lips give public utterance'  
Are both a natural process; and by me  
Shall pass uncensured; though the issue  
prove,

Bringing from age to age its own re-  
proach,

Incongruous, impotent, and blank.—But,  
oh!

If to be weak is to be wretched—miser-  
able,

As the lost Angel by a human voice  
Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my  
mind,

Far better not to move at all than move  
By impulse sent from such illusive  
power,—

That finds and cannot fasten down; that  
grasps  
And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps;

His royal state to show, and prove his strength

In tournament, upon the fields of France.  
Another tablet registered the death,  
And praised the gallant bearing, of a Knight

Tried in the sea-fights of the second Charles.

Near this brave Knight his Father lay entombed ;

And, to the silent language giving voice.  
I read,—how in his manhood's earlier day

He, 'mid the afflictions of intestine war  
And rightful government subverted, found  
One only solace—that he had espoused  
A virtuous Lady tenderly beloved

For her benign perfections ; and yet more

Endeared to him, for this, that, in her state

Of wedlock richly crowned with Heaven's regard,

She with a numerous issue filled his house,

Who throve, like plants, uninjured by the storm

That laid their country waste. No need to speak

Of less particular notices assigned  
To Youth or Maiden gone before their time,

And Matrons and unwedded Sisters old ;  
Whose charity and goodness were rehearsed

In modest panegyric.

“These dim lines,  
What would they tell?” said I,—but

from the task

Of puzzling out that faded narrative,  
With whisper soft my venerable Friend,

Called me ; and, looking down the dark-  
some aisle,

I saw the Tenant of the lonely vale  
Standing apart ; with curved arm reclined

On the baptismal font ; his pallid face  
Upraised, as if his mind were rapt, or

lost

In some abstraction ;—gracefully he stood,  
The semblance bearing of a sculptured

form

That leans upon a monumental urn  
In peace, from morn to night ; from year  
to year.

Him from that posture did the Sexton rouse ;

Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,  
Continuation haply of the notes

That had beguiled the work from which  
he came,

With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder hung ;

To be deposited, for future need,  
In their appointed place. The pale Re-

cluse

Withdrew ; and straight we followed,—  
to a spot

Where sun and shade were intermixed ;  
for there

A broad oak, stretching forth its leafy arms  
From an adjoining pasture, overhung

Small space of that green churchyard  
with a light

And pleasant awning. On the moss-  
grown wall

My ancient Friend and I together took  
Our seats ; and thus the Solitary spake,

Standing before us :—

“Did you note the mien  
Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,

Death's hireling, who scoops out his  
neighbour's grave,

Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,  
All unconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,

Or plant a tree? And did you hear his  
voice?

I was abruptly summoned by the sound  
From some affecting images and thoughts,

Which then were silent ; but crave utter-  
ance now.

“Much,” he continued, with dejected  
look,

“Much, yesterday, was said in glowing  
phrase

Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes  
For future states of being ; and the wings

Of speculation, joyfully outspread,  
Hovered above our destiny on earth :

But stoop, and place the prospect of the  
soul

In sober contrast with reality,  
And man's substantial life. If this mute

earth

Of what it holds could speak, and every  
grave

Were as a volume, shut, yet capable  
Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,

That tempts, emboldens—for a time  
sustains,  
And then betrays ; accuses and inflicts  
Remorseless punishment ; and so re-  
treads  
The inevitable circle : better far  
Than this, to graze the herb in thought-  
less peace,  
By foresight, or remembrance, undis-  
turbed !

“Philosophy ! and thou more vaunted  
name  
Religion ! with thy statelier retinue,  
Faith, Hope, and Charity—from the  
visible world  
Choose for your emblems whatsoe’er ye  
find  
Of safest guidance or of firmest trust—  
The torch, the star, the anchor ; nor  
except  
The cross itself, at whose unconscious  
feet  
The generations of mankind have knelt  
Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears,  
And through that conflict seeking rest—  
of you,  
High-titled Powers, am I constrained to  
ask,  
Here standing, with the unvoyageable sky  
In faint reflection of infinitude  
Stretched overhead, and at my pensive  
feet  
A subterraneous magazines of bones,  
In whose dark vaults my own shall soon  
be laid,  
Where are your triumphs ? your dominion  
where ?  
And in what age admitted and con-  
firmed ?  
—Not for a happy land do I enquire,  
Island or grove, that hides a blessed few  
Who, with obedience willing and sincere,  
To your serene authorities conform ;  
But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,  
Have ye withdrawn from passion’s crook-  
ed ways,  
Inspired, and thoroughly fortified ?—If  
the heart  
Could be inspected to its inmost folds  
By sight undazzled with the glare of  
praise,  
Who shall be named—in the resplendent  
line

Of sages, martyrs, confessors—the man  
Whom the best might of faith, wherever  
fixed,  
For one day’s little compass, has pre-  
served  
From painful and discreditable shocks  
Of contradiction, from some vague desire  
Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse  
To some unsanctioned fear ?”

“If this be so,  
And Man,” said I, “be in his noblest  
shape  
Thus pitifully infirm ; then, he who made,  
And who shall judge the creature, will  
forgive.  
—Yet, in its general tenor, your com-  
plaint  
Is all too true ; and surely not misplaced :  
For, from this pregnant spot of ground,  
such thoughts  
Rise to the notice of a serious mind  
By natural exhalation. With the dead  
In their repose, the living in their mirth,  
Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the  
round  
Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,  
By which, on Christian lands, from age to  
age  
Profession mocks performance. Earth is  
sick,  
And Heaven is weary, of the hollow  
words  
Which States and Kingdoms utter when  
they talk  
Of truth and justice. Turn to private  
life  
And social neighbourhood ; look we to  
ourselves ;  
A light of duty shines on every day  
For all ; and yet how few are warmed or  
cheered !  
How few who mingle with their fellow-  
men  
And still remain self-governed, and apart,  
Like this our honoured Friend ; and  
thence acquire  
Right to expect his vigorous decline,  
That promises to the end a blest old  
age !”

“Yet,” with a smile of triumph thus  
exclaimed  
The Solitary, “in the life of man,  
If to the poetry of common speech

Grave, and in truth too often sad.—“Is  
Man

A child of hope? Do generations press  
On generations, without progress made?  
Halts the individual, ere his hairs be grey,  
Perforce? Are we a creature in whom  
good

Preponderates, or evil? Doth the will  
Acknowledge reason's law? A living  
power

Is virtue, or no better than a name,  
Fleeting as health or beauty, and un-  
sound?

So that the only substance which remains,  
(For thus the tenour of complaint hath  
run)

Among so many shadows, are the pains  
And penalties of miserable life,  
Doomed to decay, and then expire in  
dust!

—Our cogitations this way have been  
drawn,

These are the points,” the Wanderer said,  
“on which

Our inquest turns.—Accord, good Sir!  
the light

Of your experience to dispel this gloom:  
By your persuasive wisdom shall the  
heart

That frets, or languishes, be stilled and  
cheered.”

“Our nature,” said the Priest, in mild  
reply,

“Angels may weigh and fathom: they  
perceive,

With undistempred and unclouded spirit  
The object as it is; but, for ourselves,  
That speculative height *we* may not reach.  
The good and evil are our own; and we  
Are that which we would contemplate  
from far.

Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain—  
Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep—  
As virtue's self; like virtue is beset  
With snares; tried, tempted, subject to  
decay.

Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,  
Blind were we without these: through  
these alone

Are capable to notice or discern  
Or to record; we judge, but cannot be  
Indifferent judges. ‘Spite of proudest  
boast,

Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man  
An effort only, and a noble aim;  
A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,  
Still to be courted—never to be won.

—Look forth, or each man dive into  
himself;

What sees he but a creature too per-  
turbed;

That is transported to excess; that  
yearns,

Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too  
much;

Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils;  
Battens on spleen, or moulders in de-  
spair?

Thus comprehension fails, and truth is  
missed;

Thus darkness and delusion round our  
path

Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury  
lurks

Within the very faculty of sight.

“Yet for the general purposes of faith  
In Providence, for solace and support,  
We may not doubt that who can best  
subject

The will to reason's law, can strictest  
live

And act in that obedience, he shall gain  
The clearest apprehension of those truths,  
Which unassisted reason's utmost power  
Is too infirm to reach. But, waiving this,  
And our regards confining within bounds  
Of less exalted consciousness, through  
which

The very multitude are free to range,  
We safely may affirm that human life  
Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene  
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,  
Or a forbidden tract of cheerless view;  
Even as the same is looked at, or ap-  
proached.

Thus, when in changeful April fields are  
white

With new-fallen snow, if from the sullen  
north

Your walk conduct you hither, ere the  
sun

Hath gained his noontide height, this  
churchyard, filled

With mounds transversely lying side by  
side

From east to west, before you will appear



Body and mind in one captivity ;  
And let the light mechanic tool be hailed  
With honour ; which, encasing by the  
power

Of long companionship, the artist's hand,  
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of  
nerves,

From a too busy commerce with the  
heart !

—Inglorious implements of craft and toil,  
Both ye that shape and build, and ye  
that force,

By slow solicitation, earth to yield  
Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth  
With wise reluctance ; you would I  
extol,

Not for gross good alone which ye pro-  
duce,

But for the impertinent and ceaseless strife  
Of proofs and reasons ye preclude—in  
those

Who to your dull society are born,  
And with their humble birthright rest  
content.

—Would I had ne'er renounced it !”

A slight flush  
Of moral anger previously had tinged  
The old Man's cheek ; but, at this closing  
turn

Of self-reproach, it passed away. Said he,  
“That which we feel we utter ; as we  
think

So have we argued ; reaping for our pains  
No visible recompense. For our relief  
You,” to the Pastor turning thus he  
spoke,

“Have kindly interposed. May I entreat  
Your further help ? The mine of real  
life

Dig for us ; and present us, in the shape  
Of virgin ore, that gold which we, by  
pains

Fruitless as those of aery alchemists,  
Seek from the torturing crucible. There  
lies

Around us a domain where you have long  
Watched both the outward course and  
inner heart :

Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts ;  
For our disputes, plain pictures. Say  
what man

He is who cultivates yon hanging field ;  
What qualities of mind she bears, who  
comes,

For morn and evening service, with her  
pail,

To that green pasture ; place before our  
sight

The family who dwell within yon house  
Fenced round with glittering laurel ; or  
in that

Below, from which the curling smoke  
ascends,

Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,  
And have the dead around us, take from  
them

Your instances ; for they are both best  
known,

And by frail man most equitably judged.  
Epitomise the life ; pronounce, you can,  
Authentic epitaphs on some of these

Who, from their lowly mansions hither  
brought,

Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our  
feet :

So, by your records, may our doubts be  
solved ;

And so, not searching higher, we may  
learn

*To prize the breath we share with human  
kind ;*

*And look upon the dust of man with awe.”*

The Priest replied—“An office you  
impose

For which peculiar requisites are mine ;  
Yet much, I feel, is wanting—else the  
task

Would be most grateful. True indeed it is  
That they whom death has hidden from  
our sight

Are worthiest of the mind's regard ; with  
these

The future cannot contradict the past :  
Mortality's last exercise and proof

Is undergone ; the transit made that  
shows

The very Soul, revealed as she departs.

Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,  
Ere we descend into these silent vaults,  
One picture from the living.

You behold,  
High on the breast of yon dark mountain,  
dark

With stony barrenness, a shining speck  
Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a  
shower

Brush it away, or cloud pass over it ;

And if the blustering wind that drives the clouds  
 Care not for me, he lingers round my door,  
 And makes me pastime when our tempers  
 suit ;—  
 But, above all, my thoughts are my  
 support,  
 My comfort :—would that they were  
 oftener fixed  
 On what, for guidance in the way that  
 leads  
 To heaven, I know, by my Redeemer  
 taught ?  
 The Matron ended—nor could I forbear  
 To exclaim—'O happy ! yielding to the  
 law  
 Of these privations, richer in the main !—  
 While thankless thousands are oppress  
 and clogged  
 By ease and leisure ; by the very wealth  
 And pride of opportunity made poor ;  
 While tens of thousands falter in their path,  
 And sink, through utter want of cheering  
 light ;  
 For you the hours of labour do not flag ;  
 For you each evening hath its shining star,  
 And every sabbath-day its golden sun."

"Yes !" said the Solitary with a smile  
 That seemed to break from an expanding  
 heart,  
 "The untutored bird may found, and so  
 construct,  
 And with such soft materials line, her nest  
 Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,  
 That the thorns wound her not ; they  
 only guard.  
 Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts  
 Of happy instinct which the woodland bird  
 Shares with her species, nature's grace  
 sometimes  
 Upon the individual doth confer,  
 Among her higher creatures born and  
 trained  
 To use of reason. And, I own that, tired  
 Of the ostentatious world—a swelling  
 stage  
 With empty actions and vain passions  
 stuffed,  
 And from the private struggles of man-  
 kind  
 Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,  
 Far less than once I trusted and be-  
 lieved—

I love to hear of those, who, not contend-  
 ing  
 Nor summoned to contend for virtue's  
 prize,  
 Miss not the humbler good at which they  
 aim,  
 Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt  
 The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn  
 Into their contraries the petty plagues  
 And hindrances with which they stand  
 beset.  
 In early youth, among my native hills,  
 I knew a Scottish Pensant who possessed  
 A few small crofts of stone-encumbered  
 ground ;  
 Masses of every shape and size, that lay  
 Scattered about under the mouldering  
 walls  
 Of a rough precipice ; and some, apart,  
 In quarters unobnoxious to such chance.  
 As if the moon had showered them down  
 in spite.  
 But he repined not. Though the plough  
 was scared  
 By these obstructions, 'round the shady  
 stones  
 A fertilising moisture,' said the Swain,  
 'Gathers, and is preserved ; and feeding  
 dews  
 And damps,' through all the droughty  
 summer day  
 From out their substance issuing, main-  
 tain  
 Herbage that never fails : no grass springs  
 up  
 So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine ?  
 But thinly sown these natures ; rare, at  
 least,  
 The mutual aptitude of seed and soil  
 That yields such kindly product. He,  
 whose bed  
 Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the poor  
 Pensioner  
 Brought yesterday from our sequestered  
 dell  
 Here to lie down in lasting quiet, he,  
 If living now, could otherwise report  
 Of rustic loneliness : that grey-haired  
 Orphan—  
 So call him, for humanity to him  
 No parent was—feelingly could have told.  
 In life, in death, what solitude can breed  
 Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice ;  
 Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.

And saw the light—now fixed—and  
shifting now—

Not like a dancing meteor, but in line  
Of never-varying motion, to and fro.  
It is no night-fire of the naked hills,  
Thought I—some friendly covert must be  
near.

With this persuasion thitherward my  
steps

I turn, and reach at last the guiding light ;  
Joy to myself ! but to the heart of her  
Who there was standing on the open hill,  
(The same kind Matron whom your  
tongue hath praised)

Alarm and disappointment ! The alarm  
Ceased, when she learned through what  
mishap I came,  
And by what help had gained those distant  
fields.

Drawn from her cottage, on that airy  
height,

Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,  
Or paced the ground—to guide her Husband  
home,

By that unwearied signal, kenne'd afar ;  
An anxious duty ! which the lofty site,  
Traversed but by a few irregular paths,  
Imposes, whensoever untoward chance  
Detains him after his accustomed hour  
Till night lies black upon the ground.

'But come,  
Come,' said the Matron, 'to our poor  
abode ;

Those dark rocks hide it !' Entering, I  
beheld

A blazing fire—beside a cleanly hearth  
Sate down ; and to her office, with leave  
asked,

The Dame returned.

Or ere that glowing pile  
Of mountain turf required the builder's  
hand

Its wasted splendour to repair, the door  
Opened, and she re-entered with glad  
looks,

Her Helpmate following. Hospitable fare,  
Frank conversation, made the evening's  
treat :

Need a bewildered traveller wish for  
more ?

But more was given ; I studied as we sate  
By the bright fire, the good Man's form,  
and face

Not less than beautiful ; an open brow

Of undisturbed humanity ; a cheek  
Suffused with something of a feminine hue ;  
Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard ;  
But, in the quicker turns of the discourse,  
Expression slowly varying, that evinced  
A tardy apprehension. From a fount  
Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,  
But honoured once, those features and  
that mien

May have descended, though I see them  
here.

In such a man, so gentle and subdued, :  
Withal so graceful in his gentleness,  
A race illustrious for heroic deeds,  
Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.  
This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld  
By sundry recollections of such fall  
From high to low, ascent from low to high,  
As books record, and even the careless  
mind

Cannot but notice among men and things)  
Went with me to the place of my repose.

"Roused by the crowing cock at dawn  
of day,

I yet had risen too late to interchange  
A morning salutation with my Host,  
Gone forth already to the far-off seat  
Of his day's work. 'Three dark mid-  
winter months

Pass,' said the Matron, 'and I never see,  
Save when the sabbath brings its kind  
release,

My helpmate's face by light of day. He  
quits

His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.  
And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we  
gain the bread

For which we pray ; and for the wants  
provide

Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.  
Companions have I many ; many friends,  
Dependants, comforters—my wheel, my  
fire,

All day the house-clock ticking in mine ear,  
The cackling hen, the tender chicken  
brood,

And the wild birds that gather round my  
porch.

This honest sheep-dog's countenance I  
read ;

With him can talk ; nor blush to waste a  
word

On creatures less intelligent and shrewd.

And more secure, by very weight of all  
That, for support, rests on them; the  
decayed  
And burthensome; and lastly, that poor  
few

Whose light of reason is with age extinct;  
The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,  
The earliest summoned and the longest  
spared—

Are here deposited, with tribute paid  
Various, but unto each some tribute paid;  
As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,  
Society were touched with kind concern,  
And gentle 'Nature grieved, that one  
should die;'

Or, if the change demanded no regret,  
Observed the liberating stroke—and  
blessed.

"And whence that tribute? wherefore  
these regards?

Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man  
(Though claiming high distinction upon  
earth

As the sole spring and fountain-head of  
tears,

His own peculiar utterance for distress  
Or gladness)—No." the philosophic Priest  
Continued, "'tis not in the vital seat  
Of feeling to produce them, without aid  
From the pure soul, the soul sublime and  
pure;

With her two faculties of eye and ear,  
The one by which a creature, whom his sins  
Have rendered prone, can upward look to  
heaven;

The other that empowers him to perceive

The voice of Deity, on height and plain,  
Whispering those truths in stillness, which  
the WORD,

To the four quarters of the winds, pro-  
claims.

Not without such assistance could the  
use

Of these benign observances prevail:  
Thus are they born, thus fostered, thus  
maintained;

And by the care prospective of our wise  
Forefathers, who, to guard against the  
shocks,

The fluctuation and decay of things,  
Embodied and established these high  
truths

In solemn institutions:—men convinced  
That life is love and immortality,  
The being one, and one the element.  
There lies the channel, and original bed,  
From the beginning, hollowed out and  
scooped

For Man's affections—else betrayed and  
lost,

And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite!  
This is the genuine course, the aim, and  
end

Of prescient reason; all conclusions else  
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and per-  
verse.

The faith partaking of those holy times,  
Life, I repeat, is energy of love  
Divine or human; exercised in pain,  
In strife, in tribulation; and ordained,  
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,  
Through shades and silent rest, to endless  
joy."

—But your compliance, Sir ! with our  
request  
My words too long have hindered.”  
Undeterred,  
Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,  
In no ungracious opposition given  
To the confiding spirit of his own  
Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor  
said,  
Around him looking ; “Where shall I  
begin ?  
Who shall be first selected from my flock  
Gathered together in their peaceful fold ?”  
He paused—and having lifted up his  
eyes  
To the pure heaven, he cast them down  
again  
Upon the earth beneath his feet ; and  
spake :—

“To a mysteriously-united pair  
This place is consecrate ; to Death and  
Life,  
And to the best affections that proceed  
From their conjunction ; consecrate to  
faith  
In him who bled for man upon the cross ;  
Hallowed to revelation ; and no less  
To reason’s mandates ; and the hopes  
divine  
Of pure imagination ;—above all,  
To charity, and love, that have provided,  
Within these precincts, a capacious bed  
And receptacle, open to the good  
And evil, to the just and the unjust ;  
In which they find an equal resting-place:  
Even as the multitude of kindred brooks  
And streams, whose murmur fills this  
hollow vale,  
Whether their course be turbulent or  
smooth,  
Their waters clear or sullied, all are lost  
Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,  
And end their journey in the same repose !

“And blest are they who sleep ; and  
we that know,  
While in a spot like this we breathe and  
walk,  
That all beneath us by the wings are  
covered  
Of motherly humanity, outspread  
And gathering all within their tender  
shade,  
wo.

Though loth and slow to come ! A battle-  
field,  
In stillness left when slaughter is no more,  
With this compared, makes a strange  
spectacle !  
A dismal prospect yields the wild shore  
strewn  
With wrecks, and trod by feet of young  
and old  
Wandering about in miserable search  
Of friends or kindred, whom the angry sea  
Restores not to their prayer ! Ah ! who  
would think  
That all the scattered subjects which  
compose  
Earth’s melancholy vision through the  
space  
Of all her climes—these wretched, these  
depraved,  
To virtue lost, insensible of peace,  
From the delights of charity cut off,  
To pity dead, the oppressor and the oppressed ;  
Tyrants who utter the destroying word,  
And slaves who will consent to be de-  
stroyed—  
Were of one species with the sheltered few,  
Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,  
Lodged, in a dear appropriated spot,  
This file of infants ; some that never  
breathed  
The vital air ; others, which, though allowed  
That privilege, did yet expire too soon,  
Or with too brief a warning, to admit  
Administration of the holy rite  
That lovingly consigns the babe to the  
arms  
Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.  
These that in trembling hope are laid apart ;  
And the besprinkled nursling, unrequired  
Till he begins to smile upon the breast  
That feeds him ; and the tottering little-  
one  
Taken from air and sunshine when the rose  
Of infancy first blooms upon his cheek ;  
The thinking, thoughtless, school-boy ;  
the bold youth  
Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid  
Smitten while all the promises of life  
Are opening round her ; those of middle  
age,  
Cast down while confident in strength  
they stand,  
Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might  
seem.

And by ambitious longings undisturbed ;  
 Men, whose delight is where their duty  
 leads  
 Or fixes them ; whose least distinguished  
 day  
 Shines with some portion of that heavenly  
 lustre  
 Which makes the sabbath lovely in the  
 sight  
 Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.  
 —And, as on earth it is the doom of truth  
 To be perpetually attacked by foes  
 Open or covert, be that priesthood still,  
 For her defence, replenished with a band  
 Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts  
 Thoroughly disciplined ; nor (if in course  
 Of the revolving world's disturbances  
 Cause should recur, which righteous  
 Heaven avert !  
 To meet such trial) from their spiritual  
 sires  
 Degenerate ; who, constrained to wield  
 the sword  
 Of disputation, shrunk not, though as-  
 sailed  
 With hostile din, and combating in sight  
 Of angry umpires, partial and unjust ;  
 And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in  
 fire,  
 So to declare the conscience satisfied :  
 Nor for their bodies would accept release ;  
 But, blessing God and praising him, be-  
 queathed  
 With their last breath, from out the  
 smouldering flame,  
 The faith which they by diligence had  
 earned,  
 Or, through illuminating grace, received.  
 For their dear countrymen, and all man-  
 kind.  
 O high exampel, constancy divine !

Even such a Man (inheriting the zeal  
 And from the sanctity of elder times  
 Not deviating,—a priest, the like of  
 whom,  
 If multiplied, and in their stations set,  
 Would o'er the bosom of a joyful land  
 Spread true religion and her genuine  
 fruits)  
 Before me stood that day ; on holy  
 ground  
 Fraught with the relics of mortality,  
 Exalting tender themes, by just degrees

To lofty raised ; and to the highest, last ;  
 The head and mighty paramount of  
 truths,—  
 Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,  
 For mortal creatures, conquered and se-  
 cured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith  
 Announced, as a preparatory act  
 Of reverence done to the spirit of the  
 place,  
 The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground ;  
 Not, as before, like one oppressed with awe,  
 But with a mild and social cheerfulness ;  
 Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

"At morn or eve, in your retired  
 domain,  
 Perchance you not unfrequently have  
 marked  
 A Visitor—in quest of herbs and flowers ;  
 Too delicate employ, as would appear,  
 For one, who, though of drooping mien,  
 had yet  
 From Nature's kindness received a frame  
 Robust as ever rural labour bred."

The Solitary answered : "Such a Form  
 Full well I recollect. We often crossed  
 Each other's path ; but, as the Intruder  
 seemed  
 Fondly to prize the silence which he  
 kept,  
 And I as willingly did cherish mine,  
 We met, and passed, like shadows. I  
 have heard,  
 From my good Host, that being crazed in  
 brain  
 By unrequited love, he scaled the rocks,  
 Dived into caves, and pierced the matted  
 woods,  
 In hope to find some virtuous herb of  
 power  
 To cure his malady !"

The Vicar smiled,—  
 "Alas ! before to-morrow's sun goes down  
 His habitation will be here : for him  
 That open grave is destined."

"Died he then  
 Of pain and grief ?" the Solitary asked,  
 "Do not believe it ; never could that be !"

"He loved," the Vicar answered,  
 "deeply loved,

## BOOK SIXTH.

## THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

## ARGUMENT.

Poet's Address to the State and Church of England.—The Pastor not inferior to the ancient Worthies of the Church.—He begins his Narratives with an instance of unrequited Love.—Anguish of mind subdued, and how.—The lonely Miner.—An instance of perseverance.—Which leads by contrast to an example of abused talents, irresolution, and weakness.—Solitary, applying this covertly to his own case, asks for an instance of some Stranger, whose dispositions may have led him to end his days here.—Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonising influence of Solitude upon two men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life.—The rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed, and where.—Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality.—Answer of the Pastor.—What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives.—Conversation upon this.—Instance of an unamiable character, a Female, and why given.—Contrasted with this, a meek sufferer, from unguarded and betrayed love.—Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the Offender.—With this instance of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one of a Widower, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of their female Children.

HAIL to the crown by Freedom shaped—  
to gird  
An English Sovereign's brow ! and to the  
throne  
Whereon he sits ! Whose deep foundations  
lie  
In veneration and the people's love ;  
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is  
law.  
—Hail to the State of England ! And  
conjoin  
With this a salutation as devout,  
Made to the spiritual fabric of her  
Church !  
Founded in truth ; by blood of Martyrdom  
Cemented ; by the hands of Wisdom  
reared  
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,  
Decent and unproved. The voice, that  
greets  
The majesty of both, shall pray for  
both ;  
That, mutually protected and sustained,  
They may endure long as the sea sur-  
rounds  
This favoured Land, or sunshine warms  
her soil.

And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious  
plains !  
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-  
towers,  
And spires whose "silent finger points to  
heaven ;"

Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk  
Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud  
Of the dense air, which town or city  
breeds  
To intercept the sun's glad beams—may  
ne'er  
That true succession fail of English  
hearts,  
Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive  
What in those holy structures ye possess  
Of ornamental interest, and the charm  
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,  
And human charity, and social love.  
—Thus never shall the indignities of time  
Approach their reverend graces, un-  
opposed ;  
Nor shall the elements be free to hurt  
Their fair proportions ; nor the blinder rage  
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn ;  
And, if the desolating hand of war  
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow,  
Upon the thronged abodes of busy men  
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill the mind  
Exclusively with transitory things)  
An air and mien of dignified pursuit ;  
Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds.

The Poet, fostering for his native land  
Such hope, entreats that servants may  
abound  
Of those pure altars worthy ; ministers  
Detached from pleasure, to the love of  
gain  
Superior, insusceptible of pride,

The Wanderer, "I infer that he was  
healed  
By perseverance in the course prescribed."

"You do not err: the powers, that had  
been lost  
By slow degrees, were gradually regained;  
The fluttering nerves composed; the beating  
heart  
In rest established; and the jarring  
thoughts  
To harmony restored.—But yon dark  
mould  
Will cover him, in the fulness of his  
strength,  
Hastily smitten by a fever's force;  
Yet not with stroke so sudden as refused  
Time to look back with tenderness on her  
Whom he had loved in passion; and to send  
Some farewell words—with one, but one,  
request;  
That, from his dying hand, she would  
accept  
Of his possessions that which most he  
prized;  
A book, upon whose leaves some chosen  
plants,  
By his own hand disposed with nicest care,  
In undecaying beauty were preserved;  
Mute register, to him, of time and place,  
And various fluctuations in the breast;  
To her, a monument of faithful love  
Conquered, and in tranquillity retained!

"Close to his destined habitation, lies  
One who achieved a humbler victory,  
Though marvellous in its kind. A place  
there is  
High in these mountains, that allured a  
band  
Of keen adventurers to unite their pains  
In search of precious ore: they tried, were  
foiled—  
And all desisted, all, save him alone.  
He, taking counsel of his own clear  
thoughts,  
And trusting only to his own weak  
hands,  
Urged unremittingly the stubborn work,  
Unseconded, uncoun tenanced; then, as  
time  
Passed on, while still his lonely efforts  
found

No recompense, derided; and at length,  
By many pitied, as insane of mind;  
By others dreaded as the luckless thrall  
Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope  
By various mockery of sight and sound;  
Hope after hope, encouraged and de-  
stroyed.  
—But when the lord of seasons had  
matured  
The fruits of earth through space of twice  
ten years,  
The mountain's entrails offered to his  
view  
And trembling grasp the long-deferred  
reward.  
Not with more transport did Columbus  
greet  
A world, his rich discovery! But our  
Swain,  
A very hero till his point was gained,  
Proved all unable to support the weight  
Of prosperous fortune. On the fields he  
looked  
With an unsettled liberty of thought,  
Wishes and endless schemes; by daylight  
walked  
Giddy and restless; ever and anon  
Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate  
cups;  
And truly might be said to die of joy!  
He vanished; but conspicuous to this  
day  
The path remains that linked his cottage-  
door  
To the mine's mouth; a long and slanting  
track,  
Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,  
Worn by his daily visits to and from  
The darksome centre of a constant hope.  
This vestige, neither force of beating  
rain,  
Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw  
Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away:  
And it is named, in memory of the event,  
The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."  
"Thou from whom  
Man has his strength," exclaimed the  
Wanderer, "oh!  
Do thou direct it! To the virtuous grant  
The penetrative eye which can perceive  
In this blind world the guiding vein of  
hope;  
That, like this Labourer, such may dig  
their way,



Loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared  
At length to tell his love, but sued in  
vain;

Rejected, yea repelled; and, if with scorn  
Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but  
A high-prized plume which female Beauty  
wears

In wantonness of conquest, or puts on  
To cheat the world, or from herself to  
hide

Humiliation, when no longer free,  
*That* he could brook, and glory in;—but  
when

The tidings came that she whom he had  
wooed

Was wedded to another, and his heart  
Was forced to rend away its only hope;  
Then, Pity could have scarcely found on  
earth

An object worthier of regard than he,  
In the transition of that bitter hour!  
Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer  
say

That in the act of preference he had  
been

Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was  
gone!

Had vanished from his prospects and  
desires;

Not by translation to the heavenly choir  
Who have put off their mortal spoils—  
ah no!

She lives another's wishes to complete,—  
'Joy be their lot, and happiness,' he cried,  
'His lot and hers, as misery must be  
mine!'

"Such was that strong concussion; but  
the Man,  
Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like some  
huge oak

By a fierce tempest shaken, soon re-  
sumed

The steadfast quiet natural to a mind  
Of composition gentle and sedate,  
And, in its movements, circumspect and  
slow.

To books, and to the long-forsaken desk,  
O'er which enchained by science he had  
loved

To bend, he stoutly re-addressed him-  
self,

Resolved to quell his pain, and search for  
truth

With keener appetite (if that might be)  
And closer industry. Of what ensued  
Within the heart no outward sign ap-  
peared

Till a betraying sickliness was seen  
To tinge his cheek; and through his  
frame it crept

With slow mutation unconcealable;  
Such universal change as autumn makes  
In the fair body of a leafy grove  
Discoloured, then divested.

'Tis affirmed  
By poets skilled in nature's secret ways  
That Love will not submit to be controlled  
By mastery:—and the good Man lacked  
not friends

Who strove to instil this truth into his mind,  
A mind in all heart-mysteries unversed.  
'Go to the hills,' said one, 'remit a while  
This baneful diligence:—at early morn  
Count the fresh air, explore the heaths  
and woods;

And, leaving it to others to foretell,  
By calculations sage, the ebb and flow  
Of tides, and when the moon will be  
eclipsed,

Do you, for your own benefit, construct  
A calendar of flowers, plucked as they  
blossom

Where health abides, and cheerfulness,  
and peace.'

The attempt was made;—'tis needless to  
report

How hopelessly; but innocence is strong,  
And an entire simplicity of mind  
A thing most sacred in the eye of  
Heaven;

That opens, for such sufferers, relief  
Within the soul, fountains of grace  
divine;

And doth commend their weakness and  
disease

To Nature's care, assisted in her office  
By all the elements that round her wait  
To generate, to preserve, and to re-  
store;

And by her beautiful array of forms  
Shedding sweet influence from above; or  
pure

Delight exhaling from the ground they  
tread."

"Impute it not to impatience, if,"  
exclaimed

wreck of gaiety ! But soon revived strength, in power refitted, he renewed suit to Fortune ; and she smiled again on a fickle Ingrate. Thrice he rose, rice sank as willingly. For lie—whose nerves  
 are used to thrill with pleasure, while his voice  
 fitly accompanied the tuneful harp, the nice finger of fair ladies touched glittering halls—was able to derive no less enjoyment from an abject choice. No happier for the moment—who more blithe  
 than this fallen Spirit ? in those dreary holds  
 his talents lending to exalt the freaks of merry-making beggars,—now, provoked  
 to laughter multiplied in louder peals by his malicious wit ; then, all enchained With mute astonishment, themselves to see  
 in their own arts outdone, their fame eclipsed.  
 As by the very presence of the Fiend Who dictates and inspires illusive feats, For knavish purposes ! The city, too, (With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers  
 Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect As there to linger, there to eat his bread, Hired minstrel of voluptuous blandishment ;  
 Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,  
 Listen who would, be wrought upon who might,  
 Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay. —Such the too frequent tenour of his boast  
 In ears that relished the report ;—but all Was from his Parents happily concealed ; Who saw enough for blame and pitying love.  
 They also were permitted to receive His last, repentant breath ; and closed his eyes,  
 No more to open on that irksome world Where he had long existed in the state Of a young fowl beneath one mother hatched,  
 Though from another sprung, different in kind :

Where he had lived, and could not cease to live,  
 Distracted in propensity ; content With neither element of good or ill ; And yet in both rejoicing ; man unblest ; Of contradictions infinite the slave,  
 Till his deliverance, when Mercy made him  
 One with himself, and one with them that sleep."

" 'Tis strange," observed the Solitary.  
 " strange  
 It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful, That in a land where charity provides For all that can no longer feed themselves. A man like this should choose to bring his shame  
 To the parental door ; and with his sighs Infect the air which he had freely breathed In happy infancy. He could not pine Through lack of converse ; no—he must have found  
 Abundant exercise for thought and speech, In his dividual being, self-reviewed, Self-catechised, self-punished. — Some there are  
 Who, drawing near their final home, and much  
 And daily longing that the same were reached,  
 Would rather shun than seek the fellowship  
 Of kindred mould.—Such haply here are laid ?"

" Yes," said the Priest, " the Genius of our hills—  
 Who seems, by these stupendous barriers cast  
 Round his domain, desirous not alone To keep his own, but also to exclude All other progeny—doth sometimes lure, Even by his studied depth of privacy, The unhappy alien hoping to obtain Concealment, or seduced by wish to find, In place from outward molestation free, Helps to internal ease. Of many such Could I discourse ; but as their stay was brief,  
 So their departure only left behind Fancies, and loose conjectures. Other trace  
 Survives, for worthy mention. of a pair

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified ;  
Grant to the wise *his* firmness of re-  
solve ! ”

“That prayer were not superfluous,”  
said the Priest,

“Amid the noblest relics, proudest dust,  
That Westminster, for Britain's glory,  
holds

Within the bosom of her awful pile,  
Ambitiously collected. Yet the sigh,  
Which wafts that prayer to heaven, is  
due to all,

Wherever laid, who living fell below  
Their virtue's humbler mark ; a sigh of  
*pain*

If to the opposite extreme they sank.  
How would you pity her who yonder rests ;  
Him, farther off ; the pair, who here are  
laid ;

But, above all, that mixture of earth's  
mould

Whom sight of this green hillock to my  
mind

Recalls !

*He* lived not till his locks were  
nipped

By seasonable frost of age ; nor died  
Before his temples, prematurely forced  
To mix the manly brown with silver grey,  
Gave obvious instance of the sad effect  
Produced, when thoughtless Folly hath  
usurped

The natural crown that sage Experience  
wears.

Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,  
And prompt to exhibit all that he pos-  
sessed

Or could perform ; a zealous actor, hired  
Into the troop of mirth, a soldier, sworn  
Into the lists of giddy enterprise—

Such was he ; yet, as if within his frame  
Two several souls alternately had lodged,  
Two sets of manners could the Youth  
put on ;

And, laughed with antics as the Indian  
bird

That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage,  
Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth  
and still

As the mute swan that floats adown the  
stream,

Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,

Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,  
That flutters on the bough, lighter than  
he ;

And not a flower, that droops in the  
green shade,

More winningly reserved ! — If ye enquire  
How such consummate elegance was bred  
Amid these wilds, this answer may suf-  
fice ;

'Twas Nature's will ; who sometimes un-  
dertakes,

For the reproof of human vanity,  
Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.

Hence, for this Favourite—lavishly en-  
dowed

With personal gifts, and bright instinctive  
wit,

While both, embellishing each other,  
stood

Yet farther recommended by the charm  
Of fine demeanour, and by dance and song,  
And skill in letters—every fancy shaped  
Fair expectations ; nor, when to the  
world's

Capacious field forth went the Adven-  
turer, there

Were he and his attainments overlooked,  
Or scantily rewarded ; but all hopes,  
Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,  
Like blighted buds ; or clouds that mi-  
micked land

Before the sailor's eye ; or diamond drops  
That sparkling decked the morning grass ;  
or aught

That *was* attractive, and hath ceased to  
be !

“ Yet, when this Prodigal returned, the  
rites

Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,  
Who, by humiliation undeterred,  
Sought for his weariness a place of rest  
Within his Father's gates.—Whence came  
he?—clothed

In tattered garb, from hovels where abides  
Necessity, the stationary host  
Of vagrant poverty ; from rifted barns  
Where no one dwells but the wide-staring  
owl

And the owl's prey ; from these bare  
haunts, to which

He had descended from the proud saloon,  
He came, the ghost of beauty and of  
health,

And if, at times, they fretted with the  
yoke,  
Those very bickerings made them love it  
more.

"A favourite boundary to their length-  
ened walks  
This Churchyard was. And, whether they  
had come

Treading their path in sympathy and  
linked

In social converse, or by some short space  
Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,  
One spirit seldom failed to extend its  
sway

Over both minds, when they awhile had  
marked

The visible quiet of this holy ground,  
And breathed its soothing air ;—the spirit  
of hope

And saintly magnanimity ; that—spurn-  
ing

The field of selfish difference and dispute,  
And every care which transitory things,  
Earth and the kingdoms of the earth,  
create—

Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,  
Perclude forgiveness, from the praise de-  
barred,

Which else the Christian virtue might  
have claimed.

"There live who yet remember here to  
have seen

Their courtly figures, seated on the stump  
Of an old yew, their favourite resting-  
place.

But as the remnant of the long-lived tree—  
Was disappearing by a swift decay,  
They, with joint care, determined to erect,  
Upon its site, a dial, that might stand  
For public use preserved, and thus sur-  
vive

As their own private monument : for this  
Was the particular spot, in which they  
wished

(And Heaven was pleased to accomplish  
the desire)

That, undivided, their remains should lie.  
So, where the mouldered tree had stood,  
was raised

Yon structure, framing, with the ascent  
of steps

That to the decorated pillar lead,

A work of art more sumptuous than  
might seem

To suit this place ; yet built in no proud  
scorn

Of rustic homeliness ; they only aimed  
To ensure for it respectful guardianship.  
Around the margin of the plate, whereon  
The shadow falls to note the stealthy  
hours,

Winds an inscriptive legend."—At these  
words

Thither we turned ; and gathered, as we  
read,

The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers  
couched :

*"Time flies ; it is his melancholy task  
To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,  
And reproduce the troubles he destroys.  
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,  
Discerning Mortal ! do thou serve the will  
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,  
Which the world wants, shall be for thee  
confirmed !"*

"Smooth verse, inspired by no un-  
lettered Muse,"

Exclaimed the Sceptic, "and the strain  
of thought

Accords with nature's language ;—the soft  
voice

Of yon white torrent falling down the  
rocks

Speaks, less distinctly, to the same ef-  
fect.

If, then, their blended influence be not  
lost

Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant,  
Even upon mine, the more are we re-  
quired

To feel for those among our fellow-men,  
Who, offering no obeisance to the world,  
Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a  
sense

Of constant infelicity, cut off  
From peace like exiles on some barren  
rock,

Their life's appointed prison ; not more  
free

Than sentinels, between two armies, set,  
With nothing better, in the chill night  
air,

Than their own thoughts to comfort them.  
Say why

That ancient story of Prometheus chained

Who, from the pressure of their several fates,  
 Meeting as strangers, in a petty town  
 Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach  
 Of this far-winding vale, remained as friends  
 True to their choice; and gave their bones in trust  
 To this loved cemetery, here to lodge  
 With unescutcheoned privacy interred  
 Far from the family vault.—A Chieftain one  
 By right of birth; within whose spotless breast  
 The fire of ancient Caledonia burned:  
 He, with the foremost whose impatience hailed  
 The Stuart, landing to resume, by force  
 Of arms, the crown which bigotry had lost,  
 Aroused his clan; and, fighting at their head,  
 With his brave sword endeavoured to prevent  
 Culloden's fatal overthrow. Escaped  
 From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores  
 He fled; and when the lenient hand of time  
 Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gained,  
 For his obscured condition, an obscure  
 Retreat, within this nook of English ground.

“The other, born in Britain's southern tract,  
 Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed  
 His gentler sentiments of love and hate,  
 There, where *they* placed them who in conscience prized  
 The new succession, as a line of kings  
 Whose oath had virtue to protect the land  
 Against the dire assaults of papacy  
 And arbitrary rule. But launch thy bark  
 On the distempered flood of public life,  
 And cause for most rare triumph will be thine  
 If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,  
 The stream, that bears thee forward,  
 prove not, soon  
 Or late, a perilous master. He—who oft,  
 Beneath the battlements and stately trees  
 wo.

That round his mansion cast a sober gloom,  
 Had moralised on this, and other truths  
 Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied—  
 Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh  
 Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitterness,  
 When he had crushed a plentiful estate  
 By ruinous contest, to obtain a seat  
 In Britain's senate. Fruitless was the attempt:  
 And while the uproar of that desperate strife  
 Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,  
 The vanquished Whig, under a borrowed name,  
 (For the mere sound and echo of his own  
 Haunted him with sensations of disgust  
 That he was glad to lose) slunk from the world  
 To the deep shade of those untravelled Wilds;  
 In which the Scottish Laird had long possessed  
 An undisturbed abode. Here, then, they met,  
 Two doughty champions; flaming Jacobite  
 And sullen Hanoverian! You might think  
 That losses and vexations, less severe  
 Than those which they had severally sustained,  
 Would have inclined each to abate his zeal  
 For his ungrateful cause; no,—I have heard  
 My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the calm  
 Of that small town encountering thus,  
 they filled,  
 Daily, its bowling-green with harmless strife;  
 Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the church;  
 And vexed the market-place. But in the breasts  
 Of these opponents gradually was wrought,  
 With little change of general sentiment,  
 Such leaning towards each other, that their days  
 By choice were spent in constant fellowship;

The lingering gleam of their departed  
lives

To oral record, and the silent heart ;  
Depositories faithful and more kind  
Than fondest epitaph : for, if those fail,  
What boots the sculptured tomb ? And

who can blame,  
Who rather would not envy, men that feel  
This mutual confidence ; if, from such  
source,

The practice flow,—if thence, or from a  
deep

And general humility in death ?  
Nor should I much condemn it, if it  
spring

From disregard of time's destructive  
power,

As only capable to prey on things  
Of earth, and human nature's mortal part.

"Yet—in less simple districts, where  
we see

Stone lift its forehead emulous of stone  
In courting notice ; and the ground all  
paved

With commendations of departed worth ;  
Reading, where'er we turn, of innocent  
lives,

Of each domestic charity fulfilled,  
And sufferings meekly borne—I, for my  
part,

Though with the silence pleased that here  
prevails,

Among those fair recitals also range,  
Soothed by the natural spirit which they  
breathe.

And, in the centre of a world whose soil  
Is rank with all unkindness, compassed  
round

With such memorials, I have sometimes  
felt,

It was no momentary happiness  
To have *one* Enclosure where the voice  
that speaks

In envy or detraction is not heard ;  
Which malice may not enter ; where the  
traces

Of evil inclinations are unknown ;  
Where love and pity tenderly unite  
With resignation ; and no jarring tone  
Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb  
Of amity and gratitude."

"Thus sanctioned,"  
The Pastor said, "I willingly confine

My narratives to subjects that excite  
Feelings with these accordant ; love, es-  
teem,

And admiration ; lifting up a veil,  
A sunbeam introducing among hearts  
Retired and covert ; so that ye shall have  
Clear images before your gladdened eyes  
Of nature's unambitious underwood,  
And flowers that prosper in the shade.

And when

I speak of such among my flock as  
swerved

Or fell, those only shall be singled out  
Upon whose lapse, or error, something  
more

Than brotherly forgiveness may attend ;  
To such will we restrict our notice, else  
Better my tongue were mute.

And yet there are,  
I feel, good reasons why we should not  
leave

Wholly untraced a more forbidding way.  
For, strength to persevere and to support,  
And energy to conquer and repel—

These elements of virtue, that declare  
The native grandeur of the human soul—  
Are oftentimes not unprofitably shown  
In the perverseness of a selfish course :  
Truth every day exemplified, no less  
In the grey cottage by the murmuring  
stream

Than in fantastic conqueror's roving  
camp,

Or 'mid the factious senate unappalled  
Whoe'er may sink, or rise—to sink again,  
As merciless proscription ebbs and flows.

"There," said the Vicar, pointing as he  
spoke,

"A woman rests in peace ; surpassed by  
few

In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.  
Tall was her stature ; her complexion  
dark

And saturnine ; her head not raised to  
hold

Converse with heaven, nor yet deprest  
towards earth,

But in projection carried, as she walked  
For ever musing. Sunken were her eyes ;  
Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual  
thought

Was her broad forehead ; like the brow  
of one

To the bare rock, on frozen Caucasus ;  
 The vulture, the inexhaustible repast  
 Drawn from his vitals? Say what meant  
 the woes  
 By Tantalus entailed upon his race,  
 And the dark sorrows of the line of  
 Thebes?  
 Fictions in form, but in their substance  
 truths,  
 Tremendous truths ! familiar to the men  
 Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours.  
 Exchange the shepherd's frock of native  
 grey  
 For robes with regal purple tinged ; con-  
 vert  
 The crook into a sceptre ; give the pomp  
 Of circumstance ; and here the tragic  
 Muse  
 Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.  
 Amid the groves, under the shadowy  
 hills,  
 The generations are prepared ; the pangs,  
 The internal pangs, are ready ; the dread  
 strife  
 Of poor humanity's afflicted will  
 Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

"Though," said the Priest in answer,  
 "these be terms  
 Which a divine philosophy rejects,  
 We, whose established and unailing  
 trust  
 Is in trusting Providence, admit  
 That, through all stations, human life  
 abounds  
 With mysteries ;—for, if Faith were left  
 untried,  
 How could the might, that lurks within  
 her, then  
 Be shown? her glorious excellence—that  
 ranks  
 Among the first of Powers and Virtues—  
 proved?  
 Our system is not fashioned to preclude  
 That sympathy which you for others ask ;  
 And I could tell, not travelling for my  
 theme  
 Beyond these humble graves, of grievous  
 crimes  
 And strange disasters ; but I pass them  
 by,  
 Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed  
 in peace.  
 —Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat

Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight  
 By the deformities of brutish vice :  
 For, in such portraits, though a vulgar  
 face  
 And a coarse outside of repulsive life  
 And unassuming manners might at once  
 Be recognised by all—"Ah! do not  
 think,"  
 The Wanderer somewhat eagerly ex-  
 claimed,  
 "Wish could be ours that you, for such  
 poor gain,  
 (Gain shall I call it?—gain of what?—for  
 whom?)  
 Should breathe a word tending to violate  
 Your own pure spirit. Not a step we  
 look for  
 In slight of that forbearance and reserve  
 Which common human-heartedness in-  
 spires,  
 And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,  
 Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else."

"True," said the Solitary, "be it far  
 From us to infringe the laws of charity.  
 Let judgment here in mercy be pro-  
 nounced ;  
 This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and  
 this  
 Wisdom enjoins ; but if the thing we seek  
 Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in  
 mind  
 How, from his lofty throne, the sun can  
 fling  
 Colours as bright on exhalations bred  
 By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,  
 As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,  
 Or the pellucid lake."  
 "Small risk," said I,  
 "Of such illusion do we here incur ;  
 Temptation here is none to exceed the  
 truth ;  
 No evidence appears that they who rest  
 Within this ground, were covetous of  
 praise,  
 Or of remembrance even, deserved or not.  
 Green is the Churchyard, beautiful and  
 green,  
 Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,  
 A heaving surface, almost wholly free  
 From interruption of sepulchral stones,  
 And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf  
 And everlasting flowers. These Dalesmen  
 trust

This was the death-doomed Woman heard  
 to say  
 In bitterness, 'and must she rule and  
 reign,  
 Sole Mistress of this house, when I am  
 gone?  
 Tend what I tended, calling it her own !'  
 Enough ;—I fear, too much.—One vernal  
 evening,  
 While she was yet in prime of health and  
 strength,  
 I well remember, while I passed her door  
 Alone, with loitering step, and upward  
 eye  
 Turned towards the planet Jupiter that  
 hung  
 Above the centre of the Vale, a voice  
 Roused me, her voice ; it said, 'That  
 glorious star  
 In its untroubled element will shine  
 As now it shines, when we are laid in  
 earth  
 And safe from all our sorrows.' With a  
 sigh  
 She spake, yet I believe, not unsustained  
 By faith in glory that shall far transcend  
 Aught by these perishable heavens dis-  
 closed  
 To sight or mind. Nor less than care  
 divine  
 Is divine mercy. She, who had rebelled,  
 Was into meekness softened and sub-  
 dued :  
 Did, after trials not in vain prolonged,  
 With resignation sink into the grave ;  
 And her uncharitable acts, I trust,  
 And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven.  
 Tho', in this Vale, remembered with deep  
 awe.

THE Vicar paused : and toward a seat  
 advanced.  
 A long stone-seat, fixed in the Church-  
 yard wall ;  
 Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part  
 Offering a sunny resting-place to them  
 Who seek the House of worship, while  
 the bells  
 Yet ring with all their voices, or before  
 The last hath ceased its solitary knoll.  
 Beneath the shade we all sat down ; and  
 there  
 He, first, uninvited, he resumed.

"As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb  
 Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of  
 March,  
 Screened by its parent, so that little  
 mound  
 Lies guarded by its neighbour ; the small  
 heap  
 Speaks for itself ; an Infant there doth  
 rest ;  
 The sheltering hillock is the Mother's  
 grave.  
 If mild discourse, and manners that con-  
 ferred  
 A natural dignity on humblest rank ;  
 If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,  
 That for a face not beautiful did more  
 Than beauty for the fairest face can do ;  
 And if religious tenderness of heart,  
 Grieving for sin, and penitential tears  
 Shed when the clouds had gathered and  
 distained  
 The spotless ether of a maiden life ;  
 If these may make a hallowed spot of  
 earth  
 More holy in the sight of God or Man :  
 Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall  
 brood  
 Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

"Ah ! what a warning for a thoughtless  
 man.  
 Could field or grove, could any spot of  
 earth,  
 Show to his eye an image of the pangs  
 Which it hath witnessed ; render back  
 an echo  
 Of the sad steps by which it hath been  
 trod !  
 There, by her innocent Baby's precious  
 grave,  
 And on the very turf that roofs her own.  
 The Mother oft was seen to stand, or  
 kneel  
 In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.  
 Now she is not : the swelling turf reports  
 Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's  
 tears  
 Is silent ; nor is any vestige left  
 Of the path worn by mournful tread of her  
 Who, at her heart's light bidding, once  
 had moved  
 In virgin fearlessness, with step that  
 seemed  
 Caught from the pressure of elastic turf



Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare  
 Of overpowering light.—While yet a child,  
 She, 'mid the humble flowerets of the vale,  
 Towered like the imperial thistle, not unfurnished  
 With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking  
 To be admired, than coveted and loved.  
 Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign queen,  
 Over her comrades; else their simple sports,  
 Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,  
 Had crossed her only to be shunned with scorn.  
 —Oh! pang of sorrowful regret for those  
 Whom, in their youth, sweet study has enthralled,  
 That they have lived for harsher servitude,  
 Whether in soul, in body, or estate!  
 Such doom was hers; yet nothing could subdue  
 Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface  
 Those brighter images by books imprest  
 Upon her memory, faithfully as stars  
 That occupy their places, and, though oft  
 Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by haze,  
 Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired.

“Two passions, both degenerate, for they both  
 Began in honour, gradually obtained  
 Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;  
 An unremitting, avaricious thrift;  
 And a strange thralldom of maternal love,  
 That held her spirit, in its own despite,  
 Bound—by vexation, and regret, and scorn,  
 Constrained forgiveness, and relenting vows,  
 And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame concealed—  
 To a poor dissolute Son, her only child.  
 —Her wedded days had opened with mishap,  
 Whence dire dependence. What could she perform  
 To shake the burthen off? Ah! there was felt,

Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.  
 She mused, resolved, adhered to her resolve;  
 The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the heart  
 Closed by degrees to charity; heaven's blessing  
 Not seeking from that source, she placed her trust  
 In ceaseless pains—and strictest parsimony  
 Which sternly hoarded all that could be spared,  
 From each day's need, out of each day's least gain.

“Thus all was re-established, and a pile  
 Constructed, that sufficed for every end,  
 Save the contentment of the builder's mind;  
 A mind by nature indisposed to aught  
 So placid, so inactive, as content;  
 A mind intolerant of lasting peace,  
 And cheirishing the pang her heart deplored.  
 Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared  
 To the agitation of a brook that runs  
 Down a rocky mountain, buried now and lost  
 In silent pools, now in strong eddies chained;  
 But never to be charmed to gentleness:  
 Its best attainment fits of such repose  
 As timid eyes might shrink from fathom-  
 ing.

“A sudden illness seized her in the strength  
 Of life's autumnal season.—Shall I tell  
 How on her bed of death the Matron lay,  
 To Providence submissive, so she thought;  
 But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon,  
 almost  
 To anger, by the malady that griped  
 Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing power,  
 As the fierce eagle fastens on the lamb?  
 She prayed, she moaned;—her husband's sister watched  
 Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;  
 And yet the very sound of that kind foot  
 Was anguish to her ears! ‘And must she rule,’

"Such was the tender passage, not by  
me  
Repeated without loss of simple phrase,  
Which I perused, even as the words had  
been  
Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand  
To the blank margin of a Valentine,  
Bedropped with tears. 'Twill please you  
to be told  
That, studiously withdrawing from the eye  
Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet  
In lonely reading found a meek resource :  
How thankful for the warmth of summer  
days,  
When she could slip into the cottage-  
barn,  
And find a secret oratory there ;  
Or, in the garden, under friendly veil  
Of their long twilight, pore upon her  
book  
By the last lingering help of the open  
sky  
Until dark night dismissed her to her  
bed !  
Thus did a waking fancy sometimes lose  
The unconquerable pang of despised love.

"A kindlier passion opened on her soul  
When that poor Child was born. Upon  
its face  
She gazed as on a pure and spotless gift  
Of unexpected promise, where a grief  
Or dread was all that had been thought  
of,—joy  
Far livelier than bewildered traveller  
feels,  
Amid a perilous waste that all night long  
Hath harassed him toiling through fearful  
storm,  
When he beholds the first pale speck  
scene  
Of day-spring, in the gloomy east, re-  
vealed,  
And greets it with thanksgiving. 'Till  
this hour,'  
Thus, in her Mother's hearing Ellen  
spake,  
'There was a stony region in my heart ;  
But He, at whose command the parched  
rock  
Was smitten, and poured forth a quench-  
ing stream,  
Hath softened that obduracy, and made  
Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,

To save the perishing ; and, henceforth, I  
breathe  
The air with cheerful spirit, for thy sake,  
My Infant ! and for that good Mother  
dear,  
Who bore me ; and hath prayed for me  
in vain ;—  
Yet not in vain ; it shall not be in vain.'  
She spake, nor was the assurance unful-  
filled ;  
And if heart-rending thoughts would oft  
return ;  
They stayed not long.—The blameless  
Infant grew ;  
The Child whom Ellen and her Mother  
loved  
They soon were proud of ; tended it and  
nursed ;  
A soothing comforter, although forlorn ;  
Like a poor singing-bird from distant  
lands ;  
Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes  
by  
With vacant mind, not seldom may ob-  
serve  
Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house.  
Whose window, somewhat sadly, it  
adorns.

"Through four months' space the Infant  
drew its food  
From the maternal breast ; then scruples  
rose ;  
Thoughts, which the rich are free from,  
came and crossed  
The fond affection. She no more could  
bear  
By her offence to lay a twofold weight  
On a kind parent willing to forget  
Their slender means : so, to that parent's  
care  
Trusting her child, she left their common  
home,  
And undertook with dutiful content  
A Foster-mother's office.

'Tis, perchance,  
Unknown to you that in these simple  
vales  
The natural feeling of equality  
Is by domestic service unimpaired ;  
Yet, though such service be, with us,  
removed  
From sense of degradation, not the less  
The ungentle mind can easily find means

Upon the mountains gemmed with morn-  
ing dew,  
In the prime hour of sweetest scents and  
airs.

—Serious and thoughtful was her mind ;  
and yet,

By reconciliation exquisite and rare,  
The form, port, motions, of this Cottage-  
girl

Were such as might have quickened and  
*inspired*

A Titian's hand, addrest to picture forth  
Oread or Dryad glancing through the  
shade

What time the hunter's earliest horn is  
heard

Startling the golden hills.

A wide-spread elm  
Stands in our valley, named *THE JOYFUL*  
*TREE* ;

From dateless usage which our peasants  
hold

Of giving welcome to the first of May  
By dances round its trunk.—And if the  
sky

Permit, like honours, dance and song, are  
paid

To the Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty  
stars

Or the clear moon. The queen of these  
gay sports,

If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,  
Was hapless Ellen.—No one touched the  
ground

So deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks

•Less gracefully were braided ;—but this  
praise

Methinks, would better suit another place.

“She loved, and fondly deemed her-  
self beloved.

—The road is dim, the current unper-  
ceived,

The weakness painful and most pitiful,  
By which a virtuous woman, in pure  
youth,

May be delivered to distress and shame.

Such fate was hers.—The last time Ellen  
danced,

Among her equals, round *THE JOYFUL*  
*TREE*,

She bore a secret burthen ; and full soon

Was left to tremble for a breaking vow,—

Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,

Alone, within her widowed Mother's  
house.

It was the season of unfolding leaves,  
Of days advancing toward their utmost  
length,

And small birds singing happily to mates  
Happy as they. With spirit-saddening  
power

Winds pipe through fading woods ; but  
those blithe notes

*Strike the deserted to the heart ; I speak*  
Of what I know, and what we feel within.

—Beside the cottage in which Ellen  
dwelt

Stands a tall ash-tree ; to whose topmost  
twig

A thrush resorts, and annually chants,  
At morn and evening from that naked  
perch,

While all the undergrove is thick with  
leaves,

A time-beguiling ditty, for delight

Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.

—‘Ah why,’ said Ellen, sighing to her-  
self,

‘Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn  
pledge,

And nature that is kind in woman's  
breast,

And reason that in man is wise and  
good,

And fear of him who is a righteous judge ;

Why do not these prevail for human life,

To keep two hearts together, that began.

Their spring-time with one love, and that  
have need

Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet

To grant, or be received ; while that poor  
bird—

O come and hear him ! Thou who hast to  
me

Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly  
creature,

One of God's simple children that yet  
know not

The universal Parent, how he sings

As if he wished the firmament of heaven

Should listen, and give back to him the  
voice

Of his triumphant constancy and love ;

The proclamation that he makes, how  
far

His darkness doth transcend our fickle  
light !’

Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,  
 Her mind she strictly tutored to find  
 peace  
 And pleasure in endurance. Much she  
 thought,  
 And much she read; and brooded feel-  
 ingly  
 Upon her own unworthiness. To me,  
 As to a spiritual comforter and friend,  
 Her heart she opened; and no pains were  
 spared  
 To mitigate, as gently as I could,  
 The sting of self-reproach, with healing  
 words.  
 Meek Saint! through patience glorified  
 on earth!  
 In whom, as by her lonely hearth she  
 sat,  
 The ghastly face of cold decay put on  
 A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!  
 May I not mention—that, within those  
 walls,  
 In due observance of her pious wish,  
 The congregation joined with me in  
 prayer  
 For her soul's good? Nor was that office  
 vain.  
 —Much did she suffer: but, if any friend,  
 Beholding her condition, at the sight  
 Give way to words of pity or complaint,  
 She stilled them with a prompt reproof,  
 and said.  
 'He who afflicts me knows what I can  
 bear;  
 And, when I fail, and can endure no  
 more,  
 Will mercifully take me to himself.'  
 So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit  
 passed  
 Into that pure and unknown world of love  
 Where injury cannot come:—and here is  
 laid  
 The mortal Body by her Infant's side."

The Vicar ceased; and downcast looks  
 made known  
 That each had listened with his inmost  
 heart.  
 For me, the emotion scarcely was less  
 strong  
 Or less benign than that which I had felt  
 When seated near my venerable Friend,  
 Under those shady elms, from him I  
 heard

The story that retraced the slow decline  
 Of Margaret, sinking on the lonely hearth  
 With the neglected house to which she  
 clung.

—I noted that the Solitary's cheek  
 Confessed the power of nature.—Pleased  
 though sad,

More pleased than sad, the grey-haired  
 Wanderer sat;

Thanks to his pure imaginative soul  
 Capacious and serene; his blameless life,  
 His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth,  
 and love

Of human kind! He was it who first  
 broke

The pensive silence, saying:—

"Blest are they

Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong  
 Than to do wrong, albeit themselves have  
 erred.

This tale gives proof that Heaven most  
 gently deals

With such, in their affliction.—Ellen's  
 fate,

Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart.  
 Call to my mind dark hints which I have  
 heard

Of one who died within this vale, by doom  
 Heavier, as his offence was heavier far.

Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the  
 bones

Of Wilfred Armathwaite?"

The Vicar answered.

"In that green nook, close by the Church-  
 yard wall,

Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself  
 In memory and for warning, and in sign  
 Of sweetness where dire anguish had been  
 known,

Of reconciliation after deep offence—

There doth he rest. No theme his fate  
 supplies

For the smooth glozings of the indulgent  
 world;

Nor need the windings of his devious  
 course

Be here retraced;—enough that, by mishap  
 And venial error, robbed of competence,  
 And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind.  
 He craved a substitute in troubled joy;  
 Against his conscience rose in arms, and,  
 braving

Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-  
 vow.

To impose severe restraints and laws  
 unjust,  
 Which hapless Ellen now was doomed to  
 feel :  
 For (blinded by an over-anxious dread  
 Of such excitement and divided thought  
 As with her office would but ill accord)  
 The pair, whose infant she was bound to  
 nurse,  
 Forbad her all communion with her own :  
 Week after week, the mandate they en-  
 forced.  
 —So near! yet not allowed upon that  
 sight  
 To fix her eyes—alas! 'twas hard to bear!  
 But wore affliction must be borne—far  
 worse ;  
 For 'tis Heaven's will—that, after a disease  
 Begun and ended within three days' space,  
 Her child should die ; as Ellen now ex-  
 claimed,  
 Her own—deserted child!—Once, only  
 once,  
 She saw it in that mortal malady ;  
 And, on the burial-day, could scarcely gain  
 Permission to attend its obsequies.  
 She reached the house, last of the funeral  
 train ;  
 And some one, as she entered, having  
 chanced  
 To urge unthinkingly their prompt de-  
 parture,  
 'Nay,' said she, with commanding look,  
 a spirit  
 Of anger never seen in her before,  
 'Nay, ye must wait my time!' and down  
 she sat,  
 And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat  
 Weeping and looking, looking on and  
 weeping,  
 Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,  
 Until at length her soul was satisfied.

"You see the Infant's Grave ; and to  
 this spot,  
 The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,  
 On whatsoever errand, urged her steps :  
 Hither she came ; here stood, and some-  
 times knelt  
 In the broad day, a rueful Magdalene !  
 So call her ; for not only she bewailed  
 A mother's loss, but mourned in bitter-  
 ness  
 Her own transgression ; penitent sincere

As ever raised to heaven a streaming eye!  
 —At length the parents of the foster-  
 child,  
 Noting that in despite of their commands  
 She still renewed and could not but renew  
 Those visitations, ceased to send her  
 forth ;  
 Or, to the garden's narrow bounds, con-  
 fined.  
 I failed not to remind them that they  
 erred ;  
 For holy Nature might not thus be  
 crossed,  
 Thus wronged in woman's breast : in vain  
 I pleaded—  
 But the green stalk of Ellen's life was  
 snapped,  
 And the flower drooped ; as every eye  
 could see,  
 It hung its head in mortal languishment.  
 Aided by this appearance, I at length  
 Prevailed ; and, from those bonds released,  
 she went  
 Home to her mother's house.

The Youth was fled ;  
 The rash betrayer could not face the  
 shame  
 Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had  
 caused ;  
 And little would his presence, or proof  
 given  
 Of a relenting soul, have now availed ;  
 For, like a shadow, he was passed away  
 From Ellen's thoughts ; had perished to  
 her mind  
 For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,  
 Save only those which to their common  
 shame,  
 And to his moral being appertained :  
 Hope from that quarter would, I know,  
 have brought  
 A heavenly comfort ; there she recognised  
 An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need ;  
 There, and, as seemed, there only.

She had built,  
 Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest  
 In blindness all too near the river's edge ;  
 That work a summer flood with hasty  
 swell  
 Had swept away ; and now her Spirit  
 longed  
 For its last flight to heaven's security.  
 —The bodily frame wasted from day to  
 day ;

That which he had been weak enough to do  
Was misery in remembrance ; he was  
stung.

Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the  
smiles

Of wife and children stung to agony.

Wretched at home, he gained no peace  
abroad ;

Ranged through the mountains, slept  
upon the earth,

Asked comfort of the open air, and found

No quiet in the darkness of the night,

No pleasure in the beauty of the day.

His flock he slighted : his paternal fields

Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished

To fly—but whither ! And this gracious  
Church,

That wears a look so full of peace and  
hope

And love, benignant mother of the vale,

How fair amid her brood of cottages !

She was to him a sickness and reproach.

Much to the last remained unknown : but  
this

Is sure, that through remorse and grief  
he died ;

Though pitied among men, absolved by  
God,

He could not find forgiveness in himself ;

Nor could endure the weight of his own  
shame.

“ Here rests a Mother. But from her  
I turn

And from her grave.—Behold—upon that  
ridge,

That, stretching boldly from the moun-  
tain side,

Carries into the centre of the vale

Its rocks and woods—the Cottage where  
she dwelt ;

And where yet dwells her faithful Partner,  
left

(Full eight years past) the solitary prop

Of many helpless Children. I begin

With words that might be prelude to  
a tale

Of sorrow and dejection ; but I feel

No sadness, when I think of what mine  
eyes

See daily in that happy family.

—Bright garland form they for the pen-  
sive brow

Of their undrooping Father's widowhood,

Those six fair Daughters, budding yet—  
not one,

Not one of 'all the band, a full-blown  
flower.

Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once

That Father was, and filled with anxious  
fear,

Now, by experience taught, he stands  
assured,

That God, who takes away, yet takes not  
half

Of what he seems to take ; or gives it  
back,

Not to our prayer, but far beyond our  
prayer ;

He gives it—the boon produce of a soil  
Which our endeavours have refused to till,

And hope hath never watered. The Abode,  
Whose grateful owner can attest these

truths,

Even were the object nearer to our sight,

Would seem in no distinction to surpass

The rudest habitations. Ye might think

That it had sprung self-raised from earth,  
or grown

Out of the living rock, to be adorned

By nature only ; but, if thither led,

Ye would discover, then, a studious work

Of many fancies, prompting many hands.

“ Brought from the woods the honey-  
suckle twines

Around the porch, and seems, in that  
trim place,

A plant no longer wild ; the cultured rose

There blossoms, strong in health, and will  
be soon

Roof-high ; the wild pink crowns the  
garden-wall,

And with the flowers are intermingled  
stones

Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of  
the hills.

These ornaments, that fade not with the  
year,

A hardy Girl continues to provide ;

Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky  
heights,

Her Father's prompt attendant, does for  
him

All that a boy could do, but with delight  
More keen and prouder daring ; yet hath

she,

Within the garden, like the rest, a bed

Even from Northumbrian hills ; yet theirs  
had been

A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered  
By music, plunk, and laughter-stirring  
jest ;

And freak put on, and arch word dropped  
—to swell

The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise  
That gathered round the slowly-moving  
train.

—‘Whence do they come? and with what  
errand charged?

Belong they to the fortune-telling tribe  
Who pitch their tents under the green-  
wood tree?

Or Strollers are they, furnished to enact  
Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the  
Wood,

And, by that whiskered tabby’s aid, set  
forth

The lucky venture of sage Whittington  
When the next village hears the show  
announced

By blast of trumpet?’ Plenteous was the  
growth

Of such conjectures, overheard, or seen  
On many a staring countenance portrayed  
Of boor or burgher, as they marched  
along.

And more than once their steadiness or  
face

Was put to proof, and exercise supplied  
To their inventive humour, by stern looks,  
And questions in authoritative tone,  
From some staid guardian of the public  
peace,

Checking the sober steed on which he  
rode,

In his suspicious wisdom ; oftener still,  
By notice indirect, or blunt demand  
From traveller halting in his own despite,  
A simple curiosity to ease :

Of which adventures, that beguiled and  
cheered

Their grave migration, the good pair  
would tell,

With undiminished glee, in hoary age.

“A Priest he was by function ; but his  
course

From his youth up, and high as man-  
hood’s noon,

(The hour of life to which he then was  
brought)

Had been irregular, I might say, wild ;  
By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care  
Too little checked. An active, ardent  
mind ;

A fancy pregnant with resource and  
scheme

To cheat the sadness of a rainy day ;  
Hands apt for all ingenious arts and  
games ;

A generous spirit, and a body strong  
To cope with stoutest champions of the  
bowl ;

Had earned for him sure welcome, and  
the rights

Of a prized visitant, in the jolly hall  
Of country ’squire ; or at the statelier  
board

Of duke or earl, from scents of courtly  
pomp

Withdrawn,—to while away the summer  
hours

In condescension among rural guests.

“With these high comrades he had  
revelled long,

Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk  
By hopes of coming patronage beguiled  
Till the heart sickened. So, each loftier  
aim

Abandoning and all his showy friends,  
For a life’s stay (slender it was, but sure)  
He turned to this secluded chapelry ;  
That had been offered to his doubtful  
choice

By an unthought-of patron. Bleak and  
bare

They found the cottage, their allotted  
home ;

Naked without, and rude within ; a spot  
With which the Cure not long had been  
endowed :

And far remote the chapel stood,—re-  
mote,

And, from his Dwelling, unapproachable,  
Save through a gap high in the hills, an  
opening

Shadeless and shelterless, by driving  
showers

Frequented, and beset with howling  
winds.

Yet cause was none, whate’er regret might  
hang

On his own mind, to quarrel with the  
choice

Amid the quiet of the green recess,  
 And there did inexhaustibly dispense  
 An interchange of soft or solemn tunes,  
 Tender or blithe ; now, as the varying  
 mood  
 Of his own spirit urged,—now, as a  
 voice  
 From youth or maiden, or some honoured  
 chief  
 Of his compatriot villagers (that hung  
 Around him, drinking in the impassioned  
 notes  
 Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required  
 For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains  
 of power  
 Were they, to seize and occupy the  
 sense ;  
 But to a higher mark than song can reach  
 Rose this pure eloquence. And, when the  
 stream  
 Which overflowed the soul was passed  
 away,  
 A consciousness remained that it had left,  
 Deposited upon the silent shore  
 Of memory, images and precious thoughts,  
 That shall not die, and cannot be de-  
 stroyed.

"These grassy heaps lie amicably  
 close,"  
 Said I, "like surges heaving in the wind  
 Along the surface of a mountain pool :  
 Whence comes it, then, that yonder we  
 behold  
 Five graves, and only five, that rise to-  
 gether  
 Unsociably sequestered, and encroaching  
 On the smooth playground of the village-  
 school ?"

The Vicar answered,—“No disdainful  
 pride  
 In them who rest beneath, nor any course  
 Of strange or tragic accident, hath  
 helped  
 To place those hillocks in that lonely  
 guise.  
 —Once more look forth, and follow with  
 your sight  
 The length of road that from yon moun-  
 tain's base  
 Through bare enclosures stretches, 'till  
 its line  
 Is lost within a little tuft of trees ;

Then, reappearing in a moment, quits  
 The cultured fields ; and up the heathy  
 waste,  
 Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,  
 Led towards an easy outlet of the vale.  
 That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,  
 By which the road is hidden, also hides  
 A cottage from our view ; though I dis-  
 cern  
 (Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering  
 trees  
 The smokeless chimney-top.—  
 All unembowered  
 And naked stood that lowly Parsonage  
 (For such in truth it is, and appertains  
 To a small Chapel in the vale beyond)  
 When hither came its last Inhabitant.  
 Rough and forbidding were the choicest  
 roads  
 By which our northern wilds could then  
 be crossed ;  
 And into most of these secluded vales  
 Was no access for wain, heavy or light.  
 So, at his dwelling-place the Priest ar-  
 rived  
 With store of household goods, in pan-  
 niers slung  
 On sturdy horses graced with jingling  
 bells,  
 And on the back of more ignoble beast ;  
 That, with like burthen of effects most  
 prized  
 Or easiest carried, closed the motley  
 train.  
 Young was I then, a schoolboy of eight  
 years ;  
 But still, methinks, I see them as they  
 passed  
 In order, drawing toward their wished-  
 for home.  
 —Rocked by the motion of a trusty ass  
 Two ruddy children hung, a well-poised  
 freight,  
 Each in his basket nodding drowsily ;  
 Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed  
 with flowers,  
 Which told it was the pleasant month of  
 June ;  
 And, close behind, the comely Matron  
 rode,  
 A woman of soft speech and gracious  
 smile,  
 And with a lady's mien.—From far they  
 came,



And still his harsher passions kept their hold—

Anger and indignation. Still he loved  
The sound of titled names, and talked in  
glee

Of long-past banquetings with high-born  
friends:

Then, from those lulling fits of vain de-  
light

Uproused by recollected injury, tailed  
At their false ways disdainfully,—and oft  
In bitterness, and with a threatening eye  
Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow.  
—Those transports, with staid looks of  
pure good-will.

And with soft smile, his consort would  
reprove.

She, far behind him in the race of years,  
Yet keeping her first mildness, was ad-  
vanced

Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,  
To that still region whither all are bound.  
Him might we liken to the setting sun  
As seen not seldom on some gusty day,  
Struggling and bold, and shining from  
the west

With an inconstant and unmel-  
lowed  
light;

She was a soft attendant cloud, that  
hung

As if with wish to veil the restless orb;  
From which it did itself imbibe a ray  
Of pleasing lustre.—But no more of this;  
I better love to sprinkle on the sod  
That now divides the pair, or rather say,  
That still unites them, praises, like hea-  
ven's dew,

Without reserve descending upon both.

“Our very first in eminence of years  
The old Man stood, the patriarch of the  
Vale!

And, to his unmolested mansion, death  
Had never come, through space of forty  
years;

Sparing both old and young in that  
abode.

Suddenly then they disappeared: not  
twice

Had summer scorched the fields; not  
twice had fallen,

On those high peaks, the first autumnal  
snow,

Before the greedy visiting was closed,

And the long-privileged house left empty  
—sweet

As by a plague. Yet no rapacious phoebe  
Had been among them; all was gentle  
death,

One after one, with intervals of peace.

A happy consummation! an accord

Sweet, perfect, to be wished for! save  
that here

Was something which to mortal sense  
might sound

Like harshness,—that the old grey-headed  
Sire,

The oldest, he was taken last, survived  
When the meek Partner of his age, his Son,  
His Daughter, and that late and high-  
prized gift,

His little smiling Grandchild, were no  
more.

“All gone, all vanished! he deprived  
and bare,

How will he face the remnant of his life?  
What will become of him?” we said, and  
mused

In sad conjectures—“Shall we meet him  
now

Haunting with rod and line the craggy  
brooks?

Or shall we overhear him, as we pass,

Striving to entertain the lonely hours  
With music? (for he had not ceased to  
touch

The harp or viol which himself had  
framed,

For their sweet purposes, with perfect  
skill.)

“What titles will he keep? will he remain  
Musician, gardener, builder, mechanist,  
A planter, and a rearer from the seed?  
A man of hope and forward-looking mind  
Even to the last!”—Such was he, un-  
subdued.

But Heaven was gracious; yet a little  
while,

And this Survivor, with his cheerful  
throng

Of open projects, and his inward hoard  
Of unspoken griefs, too many and too  
keen,

Was overcome by unexpected sleep,  
In one blest moment. Like a shadow  
thrown

Softly and lightly from a passing cloud.

Or the necessity that fixed him here ;  
 Apart from old temptations, and constrained

To punctual labour in his sacred charge.  
 See him a constant preacher to the poor !  
 And visiting, though not with saintly zeal,  
 Yet, when need was, with no reluctant will,

The sick in body, or distress in mind ;  
 And, by a salutary change, compelled  
 To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day

With no engagement, in his thoughts,  
 more proud

On splendid than his garden could afford,  
 His fields, on mountains by the heath-  
 cock ranged,

Or the wild brooks ; from which he now  
 returned

Contented to partake the quiet meal  
 Of his own board, where sat his gentle  
 Mate

And three fair Children, plentifully fed  
 Though simply, from their little house-  
 hold farm ;

Nor wanted timely treat of fish or fowl  
 By nature yielded to his practised hand ;—  
 To help the small but certain comings-in  
 Of that sparse benefice. Yet not the less  
 Theirs was a hospitable board, and theirs  
 A charitable door.

So days and years  
 Passed on ;—the inside of that rugged  
 house

Was trimmed and brightened by the  
 Matron's care,

And gradually enriched with things of  
 price.

Which might be lacked for use or orna-  
 ment.

What, though no soft and costly sofa  
 there

Insidiously stretched out its lazy length,  
 And no vain mirror glittered upon the  
 walls,

Yet were the windows of the low abode  
 By shutters weather-fenced, which at  
 once

Repelled the storm and deadened its loud  
 roar.

Their snow-white curtains hung in decent  
 folds ;

Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain-  
 plants,

That creep along the ground with sinuous  
 trail,

Were nicely braided ; and composed a  
 work

Like Indian mats, that with appropriate  
 grace

Lay at the threshold and the inner doors ;  
 And a fair carpet, woven of homespun  
 wool

But tintured daintily with florid hues,  
 For seenliness and warmth, on festal  
 days,

Covered the smooth blue slabs of moun-  
 tain-stone

With which the parlour-floor, in simplest  
 guise

Of pastoral homesteads, had been long  
 inlaid.

“Those pleasing works *the Housewife's*  
 skill produced :

Meanwhile the unsedentary Master's hand  
 Was busier with his task—to rid, to plant,

To rear for food, for shelter, and delight ;  
 A thriving covert ! And when wishes,  
 formed

In youth, and sanctioned by the riper  
 mind,

Restored me to my native valley, here  
 To end my days ; well pleased was I to  
 see

The once-bare cottage, on the mountain-  
 side,

Screen'd from assault of every bitter blast ;  
 While the dark shadows of the summer  
 leaves

Danced in the breeze, chequering its  
 mossy roof.

Time, which had thus afforded willing  
 help

To beautify with nature's fairest growths  
 This rustic tenement, had gently shed,

Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace ;  
 The comeliness of unenfeebled age.

“But how could I say, gently ? for he  
 still

Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,  
 A stirring foot, a head which beat at  
 nights

Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.  
 Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures  
 lost ;

Generous and charitable, prompt to serve ;

Then, shall the slowly-gathering twilight  
 close  
 In utter night ; and of his course remain  
 No cognizable vestiges, no more  
 Than of this breath, which shapes itself  
 in words  
 To speak of him, and instantly dissolves."

The Pastor pressed by thoughts which  
 round his theme  
 Still linger'd, after a brief pause, resumed ;  
 "Noise is there not enough in doleful  
 war,  
 But that the heaven-born poet must stand  
 forth.

And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,  
 To multiply and aggravate the din ?  
 Pangs are there not enough in hopeless  
 love—

And, in requited passion, all too much  
 Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear—  
 But that the minstrel of the rural shade  
 Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse  
 The perturbation in the suffering breast,  
 And propagate its kind, far as he may ?  
 —Ah who (and with such rapture as befits  
 The hallowed theme) will rise and cele-  
 brate

The good man's purposes and deeds ;  
 retrace

His struggles, his discomfitures deplore,  
 His triumphs hail, and glorify his end ;  
 That virtue, like the fumes and vapoury  
 clouds

Through fancy's heat redounding in the  
 brain,

And like the soft infections of the heart,  
 By charm of measured words may spread  
 o'er field,

Hamlet, and town ; and piety survive  
 Upon the lips of men in hall or bower ;  
 Not for reproof, but high and warm  
 delight,

And grave encouragement, by song in-  
 spired ?

—Vain thought ! but wherefore murmur  
 or repine ?

The memory of the just survives in  
 heaven :

And, without sorrow, will the ground  
 receive

That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best  
 Of what lies here confines us to degrees  
 In excellence less difficult to reach.

And milder worth : nor need we travel far  
 From those to whom our last regards  
 were paid,  
 For such example.

Almost at the root  
 Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose  
 bare

And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,  
 Oft stretches toward me, like a long  
 straight path

Traced faintly in the greensward ; there,  
 beneath

A plain blue stone, a gentle Dalesman  
 lies,

From whom, in early childhood, was  
 withdrawn

The precious gift of hearing. He grew up  
 From year to year in loneliness of soul ;  
 And this deep mountain-valley was to him  
 Soundless, with all its streams. The bird  
 of dawn

Did never rouse this Cottager from sleep  
 With startling summons ; not for his  
 delight

The vernal cuckoo shouted ; not for him  
 Murmured the labouring bee. When  
 stormy winds

Were working the broad bosom of the  
 lake

Into a thousand thousand sparkling  
 waves,

Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on  
 cloud

Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags.

The agitated scene before his eye

Was silent as a picture : evermore

Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he  
 moved.

Yet, by the solace of his own pure  
 thoughts

Upheld, he duteously pursued the round  
 Of rural labours ; the steep mountain-side  
 Ascended, with his staff and faithful dog :  
 The plough he guided, and the scythe he  
 swayed ;

And the ripe corn before his sickle fell  
 Among the jocund reapers. For himself,  
 All watchful and industrious as he was.  
 He wrought not : neither field nor flock  
 he owned :

No wish for wealth had place within his  
 mind ;

For husband's love, nor father's hope or  
 care.

Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay

For noontide solace on the summer grass,  
The warm lap of his mother earth : and so,  
Their lenient term of separation past,  
That family (whose graves you there behold)

By yet a higher privilege once more  
Were gathered to each other."

Calm of mind  
And silence waited on these closing words ;

Until the Wanderer (whether moved by fear

Lest in those passages of life were some  
That might have touched the sick heart  
of his Friend

Too nearly, or intent to reinforce  
His own firm spirit in degree deprest  
By tender sorrow for our mortal state)  
Thus silence broke :—"Behold a thought-  
less Man

From vice and premature decay pre-  
served

By useful habits, to a fitter soil  
Transplanted ere too late.—The hermit,  
lodged

Amid the untrodden desert, tells his  
heads,

With each repeating its allotted prayer,  
And thus divides and thus relieves the  
time ;

Smooth task, with *his* compared, whose  
mind could string,

Not scantily, bright minutes on the  
thread

Of keen domestic anguish ; and beguile  
A solitude, unchosen, unprofessed ;  
Till gentlest death released him.

Far from us  
Be the desire—too curiously to ask  
How much of this is but the blind  
result

Of cordial spirits and vital temperament,  
And what to higher powers is justly  
due,

But you, Sir, know that in a neighbouring  
vale

A Priest abides before whose life such  
doubts

Fall to the ground ; whose gifts of nature  
lie

Retired from notice, lost in attributes  
Of reason, honourably effaced by debts

Which her poor treasure-house is content  
to owe,

And conquests over her dominion gained,  
To which her frowardness must needs  
submit.

In this one Man is shown a temperance—  
proof

Against all trials ; industry severe  
And constant as the motion of the day ;  
Stern self-denial round him spread, with  
shade

That might be deemed forbidding, did  
not there

• All generous feelings flourish and rejoice ;  
Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,  
And resolution competent to take  
Out of the bosom of simplicity

All that her holy customs recommend,  
And the best ages of the world prescribe.  
—Preaching, administering, in every work  
Of his sublime vocation, in the walks  
Of worldly intercourse between man and  
man,

And in his humble dwelling, he appears  
A labourer, with moral virtue girt,  
With spiritual graces, like a glory,  
crowned."

"Doubt can be none," the Pastor said,  
"for whom

This portraiture is sketched. The great,  
the good,

The well-beloved, the fortunate, the  
wise,—

These titles emperors and chiefs have  
borne,

Honour assumed or given : and him, the  
WONDERFUL,

Our simple shepherds, speaking from the  
heart,

Deservedly have styled.—From his abode  
In a dependent chapelry that lies  
Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,  
Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,  
And, having once espoused, would never  
quit ;

Into its graveyard will ere long be borne  
That lowly, great, good Man. A simple  
stone

May cover him ; and by its help, per-  
chance,

A century shall hear his name pro-  
nounced,

With images attendant on the sound ;

Its birthplace; none whose figure did  
 not live  
 Upon his touch. The bowels of the  
 earth  
 Enriched with knowledge his industrious  
 mind;  
 The ocean paid him tribute from the  
 stores  
 Lodged in her bosom; and, by science  
 led,  
 His genius mounted to the plains of  
 heaven.  
 —Methinks I see him—how his eyeballs  
 rolled,  
 Beneath his ample brow, in darkness  
 paired,—  
 But each instinct with spirit; and the  
 frame  
 Of the whole countenance alive with  
 thought,  
 Fancy, and understanding; while the  
 voice  
 Discoursed of natural or moral truth  
 With eloquence, and such authentic  
 power,  
 That, in his presence, humbler knowledge  
 stood  
 Abashed, and tender pity overawed."

"A noble—and, to unreflecting minds,  
 A marvellous spectacle," the Wanderer  
 said,  
 "Beings like these present! But proof  
 abounds  
 Upon the earth that faculties, which seem  
 Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease to  
 be.  
 And to the mind among her powers of  
 sense  
 This transfer is permitted,—not alone  
 That the bereft their recompense may  
 win;  
 But for remoter purposes of love  
 And charity; nor last nor least for  
 this,  
 That to the imagination may be given  
 A type and shadow of an awful truth;  
 How, likewise, under sufferance divine,  
 Darkness is banished from the realms of  
 death,  
 By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.  
 Unto the men who see not as we see  
 Futurity was thought, in ancient times,  
 To be laid open, and they prophesied.

And know we not that from the blir  
 have flowed  
 The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre;  
 And wisdom married to immortal verse?"

Among the humbler Worthies, at our  
 feet  
 Lying insensible to human praise,  
 Love, or regret—*whose* lineaments would  
 next  
 Have been portrayed, I guess not; but it  
 chanced  
 That, near the quiet churchyard where we  
 sate,  
 A team of horses, with a ponderous freight  
 Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,  
 Whose sharp descent confounded their  
 array,  
 Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

"Here," said the Pastor, "do we must  
 and mourn  
 The waste of death; and lo! the giant oak  
 Stretched on his bier—that massy timber  
 wain;  
 Nor fail to note the Man who guides the  
 team."

He was a peasant of the lowest class:  
 Grey locks profusely round his temples  
 hung  
 In clustering curls, like ivy, which the  
 bite  
 Of winter cannot thin; the fresh air  
 lodged  
 Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;  
 And he returned our greeting with a  
 smile.  
 When he had passed, the Solitary spake:  
 "A Man he seems of cheerful yesterday;  
 And confident to-morrows; with a face  
 Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much  
 Of Nature's impress,—gaiety and health,  
 Freedom and hope; but keen, withal, and  
 shrewd.  
 His gestures note,—and hark! his tones  
 of voice  
 Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

The Pastor answered, "You have read  
 him well.  
 Year after year is added to his store  
 With *silent* increase; summers, winters—  
 past,

"Though born a younger brother, need  
 was none  
 That from the floor of his paternal home  
 He should depart, to plant himself anew.  
 And when, mature in manhood, he beheld  
 His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued  
 Of rights to him ; but he remained well  
 pleased,  
 By the pure bond of independent love,  
 An inmate of a second family ;  
 The fellow-labourer and friend of him  
 To whom the small inheritance had fallen.  
 —Nor deem that his mild presence was  
 a weight  
 That pressed upon his brother's house ;  
 for books  
 Were ready comrades whom he could not  
 tire ;  
 Of whose society the blameless Man  
 Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,  
 Even to old age, with unabated charm  
 Beguiled his leisure hours ; refreshed his  
 thoughts ;  
 Beyond its natural elevation raised  
 His introverted spirit ; and bestowed  
 Upon his life an outward dignity  
 Which all acknowledged. The dark  
 winter night,  
 The stormy day, each had its own re-  
 source ;  
 Song of the muses, sage historic tale,  
 Science severe, or word of holy Wit  
 Announcing immortality and joy  
 To the assembled spirits of just men  
 Made perfect, and from injury secure.  
 —Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the  
 field,  
 To no perverse suspicion he gave way,  
 No languor, peevishness, nor vain com-  
 plaint :  
 And they, who were about him, did not fail  
 In reverence, or in courtesy ; they prized  
 His gentle manners : and his peaceful  
 smiles,  
 The gleams of his slow-varying counte-  
 nance,  
 Were met with answering sympathy and  
 love.

"At length, when sixty years and five  
 were told,  
 A slow disease insensibly consumed  
 The powers of nature : and a few short  
 steps

Of friends and kindred bore him from  
 his home  
 (Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)  
 To the profounder stillness of the grave.  
 —Nor was his funeral denied the grace  
 Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful  
 grief ;  
 Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.  
 And now that monumental stone pre-  
 serves  
 His name, and unambitiously relates  
 How long, and by what kindly outward  
 aids,  
 And in what pure contentedness of mind,  
 The sad privation was by him endured.  
 —And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing  
 sound  
 Was wasted on the good Man's living ear,  
 Hath now its own peculiar sanctity ;  
 And, at the touch of every wandering  
 breeze,  
 Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful  
 grave.

"Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful  
 of things !  
 Guide of our way, mysterious comforter !  
 Whose sacred influence, spread through  
 earth and heaven,  
 We all too thanklessly participate,  
 Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him  
 Whose place of rest is near yon ivied  
 porch.  
 Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he com-  
 plained ;  
 Ask of the channelled rivers if they held  
 A safer, easier, more determined, course.  
 What terror doth it strike into the mind  
 To think of one, blind and alone, ad-  
 vancing  
 Straight toward some precipice's airy  
 brink !  
 But, timely warned, *He* would have stayed  
 his steps,  
 Protected, say, enlightened, by his ear ;  
 And on the very edge of vacancy  
 Not more endangered than a man whose  
 eye  
 Beholds the gulf beneath.—No floweret  
 blooms  
 Throughout the lofty range of these rough  
 hills,  
 Nor in the woods, that could from him  
 conceal



Of other progeny, a Daughter then  
 Was given, the crowning bounty of the  
 whole ;  
 And so acknowledged with a tremulous  
 joy  
 Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm  
 With which by nature every mother's soul  
 Is stricken in the moment when her throes  
 Are ended, and her ears have heard the  
 cry  
 Which tells her that a living child is  
 born ;  
 And she lies conscious, in a blissful rest,  
 That the dread storm is weathered by  
 them both.

"The Father—him at this unlooked-  
 for gift  
 A bolder transport seizes. From the side  
 Of his bright hearth, and from his open  
 door,  
 Day after day the gladness is diffused  
 To all that come, almost to all that pass ;  
 Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer  
 Spread on the never-empty board, and  
 drink  
 Health and good wishes to his new-born  
 girl,  
 From cups replenished by his joyous  
 hand.  
 —Those seven fair brothers variously were  
 moved  
 Each by the thoughts best suited to his  
 years :  
 But most of all and with most thankful  
 mind  
 The hoary grandsire felt himself enriched ;  
 A happiness that ebb'd not, but remained  
 To fill the total measure of his soul !  
 —From the low tenement, his own abode,  
 Whither, as to a little private cell,  
 He had withdrawn from bustle, care, and  
 noise,  
 To spend the sabbath of old age in peace,  
 Once every day he dutiously repaired  
 To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe :  
 For in that female infant's name he heard  
 The silent name of his departed wife ;  
 Heart-stirring music ! hourly heard that  
 name ;  
 Full blest he was, 'Another Margaret  
 Green ;'  
 Oft did he say, 'was come to Gold-rill  
 side.'

"Oh ! pang unthought of, as the pre-  
 cious boon  
 Itself had been unlooked-for ; oh ! dire  
 stroke  
 Of desolating anguish for them all !  
 —Just as the Child could totter on the  
 floor,  
 And, by some friendly finger's help up-  
 stayed  
 Ranged round the garden walk, while she  
 perchance  
 Was catching at some novelty of spring,  
 Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its  
 cell  
 Drawn by the sunshine—at that hopeful  
 season  
 The winds of March, smiting insidiously,  
 Raised in the tender passage of the throat  
 Viewless obstruction ; whence, all unfore-  
 warned,  
 The household lost their pride and soul's  
 delight.  
 —But time hath power to soften all re-  
 grets,  
 And prayer and thought can bring to  
 worst distress  
 Due resignation. Therefore, though some  
 tears  
 Fail not to spring from either Parent's eye  
 Oft as they hear of sorrow like their own,  
 Yet this departed Little-one, too long  
 The innocent troubler of their quiet, sleeps  
 In what may now be called a peaceful  
 bed.

"On a bright day—so calm and bright,  
 it seemed  
 To us, with our sad spirits, heavenly-  
 fair—  
 These mountains echoed to an unknown  
 sound ;  
 A volley, thrice repeated o'er the Corse  
 Let down into the hollow of that grave.  
 Whose shelving sides are red with naked  
 mould.  
 Ye rains of April, duly wet this earth !  
 Spare, burning sun of midsummer, these  
 sods,  
 That they may knit together, and there-  
 with  
 Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness !  
 Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.  
 Dear Youth, by young and old alike be-  
 loved,



Past or to come ; yea, boldly might I say,  
 Ten summers and ten winters of a space  
 That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,  
 Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix  
 The obligation of an anxious mind,  
 A pride in having, or a fear to lose ;  
 Possessed like outskirts of some large  
 domain,

By any one more thought of than by him  
 Who holds the land in fee, its careless  
 lord !

Yet is the creature rational, endowed  
 With foresight ; hears, too, every sabbath  
 day,

The Christian promise with attentive ear ;  
 Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven  
 Reject the incense offered up by him,  
 Though of the kind which beasts and  
 birds present

In grove or pasture ; cheerfulness of soul,  
 From trepidation and repining free.  
 How many scrupulous worshippers fall  
 down

Upon their knees, and daily homage pay  
 Less worthy, less religious even, than his !

"This qualified respect, the old Man's  
 due,  
 Is paid without reluctance ; but in truth,"  
 (Said the good Vicar with a fond half-  
 smile)

"I feel at times a motion of despite  
 Towards one, whose bold contrivances and  
 skill,

As you have seen, bear such conspicuous  
 part

In works of havoc ; taking from these  
 vales,

One after one, their proudest ornaments.  
 Full oft his doings leave me to deplore  
 Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapours  
 nursed,

In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks ;  
 Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge,  
 A veil of glory for the ascending moon ;  
 And oak whose roots by noontide dew  
 were damped,

And on whose forehead inaccessible  
 The raven lodged in safety.—Many a  
 ship

Launched into Morecambe-bay, to *him*  
 hath owed

Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast  
 that bears

The loftiest of her pendants ; He, from  
 park

Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree  
 That whirls (how slow itself!) ten thou-  
 sand spindles ;

And the vast engine labouring in the mine  
 Content with meaner prowess, must have  
 lacked

The trunk and body of its marvellous  
 strength,

If his undaunted enterprise had failed  
 Among the mountain coves.

Yon household fir,  
 A guardian planted to fence off the blast,  
 But towering high the roof above, as if  
 Its humble destination were forgot—

That sycamore, which annually holds  
 Within its shade, as in a stately tent  
 On all sides open to the fanning breeze,  
 A grave assemblage, seated while they  
 shear

The fleece-encumbered flock—the JOYFUL  
 ELM,

Around whose trunk the maidens dance  
 in May—

And the LORD'S OAK—would plead their  
 several rights

In vain, if he were master of their fate ;  
 His sentence to the axe would doom  
 them all.

But, green in age and lusty as he is,  
 And promising to keep his hold on earth  
 Less, as might seem, in rivalry with  
 men

Than with the forest's more enduring  
 growth,

His own appointed hour will come at  
 last ;

And, like the haughty Spoilers of the  
 world,

This keen Destroyer, in his turn, must  
 fall.

"Now from the living pass we once  
 again :

From Age," the Priest continued, "turn  
 your thoughts ;

From Age, that often unlamented drops,  
 And mark that daisied hillock, three  
 spans long !

—Seven lusty Sons sate daily round the  
 board

Of Gold-rill side ; and, when the hope  
 had ceased

To me as precious as my own!—Green  
 herbs  
 May creep (I wish that they would softly  
 creep)  
 Over thy last abode, and we may pass  
 Reminded less imperiously of thee;—  
 The ridge itself may sink into the breast  
 Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more;  
 Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our  
 hearts,  
 Thy image disappear!

The Mountain-ash  
 No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove  
 Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head  
 Decked with autumnal berries, that out-  
 shine  
 Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may  
 have marked,  
 By a brook-side or solitary tarn,  
 How she her station doth adorn: the  
 pool  
 Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy  
 rocks  
 Are brightened round her. In his native  
 vale

Such and so glorious did this Youth  
 appear;

A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts  
 By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam  
 Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,  
 By all the graces with which nature's hand  
 Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards  
 Tell in their idle songs of wandering  
 gods,

Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form;  
 Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the  
 shade,

Discovered in their own despite to sense  
 Of mortals (if such fables without blame  
 May find chance-mention on this sacred  
 ground)—

So, through a simple rustic garb's dis-  
 guise,  
 And through the impediment of rural  
 cares

In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;  
 And so, not wholly hidden from men's  
 sight,

In him the spirit of a hero walked  
 Our unpretending valley.—How the quoit  
 Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If  
 touched by him,

The inglorious football mounted to the  
 pitch

Of the lark's flight,—or shaped a rainbow  
 curve,  
 Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!  
 The indefatigable fox had learned  
 To dread his perseverance in the chase.  
 With admiration would he lift his eyes  
 To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand  
 Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:  
 Else had the strongest fastnesses proved  
 weak

To guard the royal brood. The sailing  
 glead,  
 The wheeling swallow, and the darting  
 snipe;  
 \*The sportive sea-gull dancing with the  
 waves,  
 And cautious water-fowl, from distant  
 climes,  
 Fixed at their seat, the centre of the  
 Mele,  
 Were subject to young Oswald's steady  
 aim,  
 And lived by his forbearance.

From the coast  
 Of Fiance a boastful Tyrant hurled his  
 threats;

Our Country marked the preparation vast  
 Of hostile forces; and she called—with  
 voice

That filled her plains, that reached her  
 utmost shores,  
 And in remotest vales was heard—to  
 arms!

—Then, for the first time, here you might  
 have seen

The shepherd's grey to martial scarlet  
 changed,

That flashed uncouthly through the woods  
 and fields.

Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,  
 And graced with shining weapons, weekly  
 marched,

From this lone valley, to a central spot  
 Where, in assemblage with the flower and  
 choice

Of the surrounding district, they might  
 learn

The rudiments of war; ten—hardy,  
 strong,  
 And valiant; but young Oswald, like a  
 chief

And yet a modest comrade, led them forth  
 From their shy solitude, to face the  
 world,

Europe, through all her habitable bounds,  
Is thirsting for *their* overthrow, who yet  
Survive, as pagan temples stood of yore,  
By horror of their impious rites, pre-  
served ;  
Are still permitted to extend their pride,  
Like cedars on the top of Lebanon  
Darkening the sun.

But less impatient thoughts,  
And love 'all hoping and expecting all,'  
This hallowed grave demands, where rests  
in peace  
A humble champion of the better cause ;  
A Peasant-youth, so call him, for he  
asked  
No higher name ; in whom our country  
showed,  
As in a favourite son, most beautiful.  
In spite of vice, and misery, and disease,  
Spread with the spreading of her wealthy  
arts,  
England, the ancient and the free, ap-  
peared  
In him to stand before my swimming  
eyes,  
Unconquerably virtuous and secure.  
—No more of this, lest I offend his dust :  
Short was his life, and a brief tale re-  
mains.

"One day—a summer's day of annual  
pomp  
And solemn chase—from morn to sultry  
noon  
His steps had followed, fleetest of the  
fleet,  
The red-deer driven along its native  
heights  
With cry of hound and horn ; and, from  
that toil  
Returned with sinews weakened and re-  
laxed,  
This generous Youth, too negligent of self,  
Plunged—'mid a gay and busy throng  
convened  
To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock—  
Into the chilling flood. Convulsions dire  
Seized him, that self-same night ; and  
through the space  
Of twelve ensuing days his frame was  
wrenched,  
Till nature rested from her work in death.  
To him, thus snatched away, his com-  
rades paid  
wO.

A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour  
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless  
blue—

A golden lustre slept upon the hills ;  
And if by chance a stranger, wandering  
there,

From some commanding eminence had  
looked

Down on this spot, well pleased would  
he have seen

A glittering spectacle ; but every face  
Was pallid : seldom hath that eye been  
moist

With tears, that wept not then ; nor were  
the few,

Who from their dwellings came not forth  
to join

In this sad service, less disturbed than  
we.

They started at the tributary peal  
Of instantaneous thunder, which an-  
nounced,

Through the still air, the closing of the  
Grave ;

And distant mountains echoed with a  
sound

Of lamentation, never heard before !"

The Pastor ceased.—My venerable  
Friend

Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye ;  
And, when that eulogy was ended, stood  
Enrapt, as if his inward sense perceived  
The prolongation of some still response,  
Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide  
land,

The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,  
Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,  
Its rights and virtues—by that Deity  
Descending, and supporting his pure  
heart

With patriotic confidence and joy.  
And, at the last of those memorial words,  
The pining Solitary turned aside ;  
Whether through manly instinct to con-  
ceal

Tender emotions spreading from the  
heart

To his worn cheek ; or with uneasy shame  
For those cold humours of habitual spleen  
That, fondly seeking in dispraise of man  
Solace and self-excuse, had sometimes  
urged

To self-abuse a not ineloquent tongue.

To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher thanks  
 For the pathetic records which his voice  
 Hath here delivered; words of heartfelt  
 truth,

Tending to patience when affliction  
 strikes;  
 To hope and love; to confident repose  
 In God; and reverence for the dust of  
 Man."

## BOOK EIGHTH.

### THE PARSONAGE.

#### ARGUMENT.

Pastor's apology and apprehensions that he might have detained his Auditors too long, with the Pastor's invitation to his house.—Solitary disinclined to comply—rallies the Wanderer—and playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of the Knight-errant—which leads to Wanderer's giving an account of changes in the Country from the manufacturing spirit.—Favourable effects.—The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes.—Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur if unsupported by moral worth.—Physical science unable to support itself.—Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing industry among the humbler Classes of Society.—Picture of a Child employed in a Cotton mill.—Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population reviewed.—Conversation broken off by a renewed invitation from the Pastor.—Path leading to his House.—Its appearance described.—His daughter.—His Wife.—His Son (a Boy) enters with his Companion.—Their happy appearance.—The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

THE pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale  
 To those acknowledgments subscribed his  
 own,  
 With a sedate compliance, which the  
 Priest  
 Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and  
 said :—  
 "If ye, by whom invited I began  
 These narratives of calm and humble life,  
 Be satisfied, 'tis well,—the end is gained;  
 And in return for sympathy bestowed  
 And patient listening, thanks accept from  
 me.  
 —Life, death, eternity! momentous  
 themes  
 Are they—and might demand a scraph's  
 tongue.  
 Were they not equal to their own support :  
 And therefore no incompetence of mine  
 Could do them wrong. The universal  
 forms  
 Of human nature, in a spot like this,  
 Present themselves at once to all men's  
 view :  
 Ye wished for act and circumstance, that  
 make  
 The individual known and understood ;  
 And such as my best judgment could  
 select

From what the place afforded, have been  
 given :  
 Though apprehensions crossed me that  
 my zeal  
 To his might well be likened, who unlocks  
 A cabinet stored with gems and pictures—  
 draws  
 His treasures forth, soliciting regard  
 To this, and this, as worthier than the  
 last,  
 Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased  
 More than the exhibitor himself, becomes  
 Weary and faint, and longs to be released.  
 —But let us hence! my dwelling is in  
 sight,  
 And there—"

At this the Solitary shrunk  
 With backward will; but, wanting not  
 address  
 That inward motion to disguise, he said  
 To his Compatriot, smiling as he spake :  
 —"The peaceable remains of this good  
 Knight  
 Would be disturbed, I fear, with wrathful  
 scorn.  
 If consciousness could reach him where  
 he lies  
 That one, albeit of these degenerate  
 times,

The stars of human glory are cast down ;  
Perish the roses and the flowers of  
kings,

Princes, and emperors, and the crowns  
and palms—

Of all the mighty, withered and consumed !

Nor is power given to lowliest innocence  
Long to protect her own. The man himself

Departs ; and soon is spent the line of  
those

Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,  
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,  
Did most resemble him. Degrees and  
ranks,

Fraternities and orders—heaping high  
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,  
And placing trust in privilege confirmed  
And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a  
smile

Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand  
Of Desolation, aimed : to slow decline  
These yield, and these to sudden overthrow :

Their virtue, service, happiness, and state  
Expire ; and nature's pleasant robe of  
green,

Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps  
Their monuments and their memory. The  
vast Frame

Of social nature changes evermore  
Her organs and her members, with decay  
Restless, and restless generation, powers  
And functions dying and produced at  
need,—

And by this law the mighty whole subsists :

With an ascent and progress in the  
main ;

Yet, oh ! how disproportioned to the  
hopes

And expectations of self-flattering minds !

“The courteous Knight, whose bones  
are here interred,

Lived in an age conspicuous as our own  
For strife and ferment in the minds of  
men ;

Whence alteration in the forms of things,  
Various and vast. A memorable age !

Which did to him assign a pensive lot—  
To linger 'mid the last of those bright  
clouds

That, on the steady breeze of honour,  
sailed

In long procession calm and beautiful.  
He who had seen his own bright order  
fade,

And its devotion gradually decline,  
(While war, relinquishing the lance and  
shield,

Her temper changed, and bowed to other  
laws)

Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,  
That violent commotion, which o'erthrew,  
In town and city and sequestered glen,  
Altar, and cross, and church of solemn  
roof,

And old religious house—pile after pile ;  
And shook their tenants out into the  
fields,

Like wild beasts without home ! Their  
hour was come ;

But why no softening thought of grati-  
tude,

No just remembrance, scruple, or wise  
doubt ?

Benevolence is mild ; nor borrows help,  
Save at worst need, from bold impetuous  
force,

Fittest allied to anger and revenge.  
But Human-kind rejoices in the might

Of mutability ; and airy hopes,  
Dancing around her, hinder and disturb

Those meditations of the soul that feed  
The retrospective virtues. Festive songs  
Break from the maddened nations at the  
sight

Of sudden overthrow ; and cold neglect  
Is the sure consequence of slow decay.

“Even,” said the Wanderer, “as that  
courteous Knight,

Bound by his vow to labour for redress  
Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact

By sword and lance the law of gentle-  
ness,

(If I may venture of myself to speak,  
Trusting that not incongruously I blend  
Low things with lofty) I too shall be  
doomed

To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem  
Of the poor calling which my youth  
embraced

With no unworthy prospect. But enough ;  
—Thoughts crowd upon me—and 'twere  
seemlier now

(Prized avenues ere others had been  
 shaped  
 Or easier links connecting place with  
 place)  
 Have vanished—swallowed up by stately  
 roads  
 Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom  
 Of Britain's farthest glens. The Earth  
 has lent  
 Her waters, Air her breezes; and the  
 sail  
 Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse.  
 Glistening along the low and woody dale;  
 Or, in its progress, on the lofty side  
 Of some bare hill, with wonder kenned  
 from far.

"Meanwhile, at social Industry's com-  
 mand,  
 How quick, how vast an increase! From  
 the germ  
 Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced  
 Here a huge town, continuous and com-  
 pact,  
 Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and  
 there,  
 Where not a habitation stood before,  
 Abodes of men irregularly massed  
 Like trees in forests,—spread through  
 spacious tracts,  
 O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires  
 Hangs permanent, and plentiful as  
 wreaths  
 Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.  
 And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his  
 steps,  
 He sees the barren wilderness erased,  
 Or disappearing: triumph that proclaims  
 How much the mild Directress of the  
 plough  
 Owes to alliance with these new-born  
 arts!  
 —Hence is the wide sea peopled,—hence  
 the shores  
 Of Britain are resorted to by ships  
 Freight from every climate of the world  
 With the world's choicest produce.  
 Hence that sum  
 Of keels that rest within her crowded  
 ports.  
 Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;  
 That animating spectacle of sails  
 That, through her inland regions, to and  
 fro

Pass with the respirations of the tide,  
 Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,  
 Hence a dread arm of floating power, a  
 voice

Of thunder daunting those who would  
 approach

With hostile purposes the blessed Isle,  
 Truth's consecrated residence, the seat  
 Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

"And yet, O happy Pastor of a flock  
 Faithfully watched, and, by that loving  
 care  
 And Heaven's good providence, preserved  
 from taint!

With you I grieve, when on the darker  
 side

Of this great change I look; and there  
 behold

Such outrage done to nature as compels  
 The indignant power to justify herself:  
 Yea, to avenge her violated rights,  
 For England's bane.—When soothing  
 darkness spreads

O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus  
 expressed

His recollections, "and the punctual  
 stars,

While all things else are gathering to their  
 homes.

Advance, and in the firmament of heaven  
 Glitter—but undisturbed, undisturbed;  
 As if their silent company were charged  
 With peaceful admonitions for the heart  
 Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful  
 lord;

Then, in full many a region, once like  
 this

The assured domain of calm simplicity.  
 And pensive quiet, an unnatural light  
 Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes  
 Breaks from a many-windowed fabric  
 huge;

And at the appointed hour a bell is  
 heard,

Of harsher import than the curfew-knoll  
 That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern  
 behest—

A local summons to unceasing toil!  
 Disgorged are now the ministers of day;  
 And, as they issue from the illumined  
 pile.

A fresh band meets them, at the crowded  
 door—

Deploring changes past, or dreading  
change  
Foreseen, had dared to couple, even in  
thought,  
The fine vocation of the sword and lance  
With the gross aims and body-bending  
toil  
Of a poor brotherhood who walk the  
earth  
Pitied, and, where they are not known,  
despised.

"Yet, by the good Knight's leave, the  
two estates  
Are graced with some resemblance.  
Errant those,  
Exiles and wanderers—and the like are  
these ;  
Who, with their burthen, traverse hill and  
dale,  
Carrying relief for nature's simple wants.  
—What though no higher recompense be  
sought  
Than honest maintenance, by irksome  
toil  
Full oft procured, yet may they claim  
respect,  
Among the intelligent, for what this  
course  
Enables them to be and to perform.  
Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,  
While solitude permits the mind to feel ;  
Instructs, and prompts her to supply  
defects  
By the division of her inward self  
For grateful converse : and to these poor  
men  
Nature (I but repeat your favourite  
boast)  
Is bountiful—go wheresoe'er they may ;  
Kind nature's various wealth is all their  
own.  
Versed in the characters of men ; and  
bound,  
By ties of daily interest, to maintain  
Conciliatory manners and smooth speech ;  
Such have been, and still are in their  
degree,  
Examples efficacious to refine  
Rude intercourse ; apt agents to expel,  
By importation of unlooked-for arts,  
Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice ;  
Raising, through just gradation, savage  
life

To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.  
—Within their moving magazines is  
lodged  
Power that comes forth to quicken and  
exalt  
Affections seated in the mother's breast,  
And in the lover's fancy ; and to feed  
The sober sympathies of long-tried  
friends.  
—By these Itinerants, as experienced  
men,  
Counsel is given ; contention they appease  
With gentle language ; in remotest wilds,  
Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings  
bring ;  
Could the proud quest of chivalry do  
more?"

"Happy," rejoined the Wanderer,  
"they who gain  
A pangyric from your generous tongue !  
But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained  
Aught of romantic interest, it is gone.  
Their purer service in this realm at least,  
Is past for ever.—An inventive Age  
Has wrought, if not with speed of magic,  
yet  
To most strange issues. I have lived to  
mark  
A new and unforeseen creation rise  
From out the labours of a peaceful Land  
Wielding her potent enginery to frame  
And to produce, with appetite as keen  
As that of war, which rests not night or  
day,  
Industrious to destroy ! With fruitless  
pains  
Might one like me *now* visit many a tract  
Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod  
again,  
A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,  
Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he  
came—  
Among the tenantry of thorpe and vill ;  
Or straggling burgh, of ancient charter  
proud,  
And dignified by battlements and towers  
Of some stern castle, mouldering on the  
brow  
Of a green hill or bank of rugged  
stream.  
The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-  
track wild,  
And formidable length of plashy lane,

Which I behold with trembling, when I think  
 What lamentable change, a year—a month—  
 May bring; that brook converting as it runs  
 Into an instrument of deadly bane  
 For those, who, yet untempted to forsake  
 The simple occupations of their sires,  
 Drink the pure water of its innocent stream  
 With lip almost as pure.—Domestic bliss  
 (Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)  
 How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart!  
 Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,  
 The habitations empty! or perchance  
 The Mother left alone,—no helping hand  
 To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;  
 No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,  
 Or in dispatch of each day's little growth  
 Of household occupation; no nice arts  
 Of needle-work; no bustle at the fire,  
 Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;  
 Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind;  
 Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command!

"The Father, if perchance he still retain  
 His old employments, goes to field or wood,  
 No longer led or followed by the Sons;  
 Idlers perchance they were,—but in *his* sight;  
 Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth;  
 Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,  
 Ne'er to return! That birthright now is lost.  
 Economists will tell you that the State  
 Thrives by the forfeiture—unfeeling thought,  
 And false as monstrous! Can the mother thrive  
 By the destruction of her innocent sons  
 In whom a premature necessity  
 Blocks out the forms of nature, pre-consumes

The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up  
 The infant Being in itself, and makes  
 Its very spring a season of decay!  
 The lot is wretched, the condition sad,  
 Whether a pining discontent survive,  
 And thirst for change; or habit hath subdued  
 The soul deprest, dejected—even to love  
 Of her close tasks, and long captivity.

"Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns  
 A native Briton to those inward chains,  
 Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep;  
 Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed!  
 He is a slave to whom release comes not,  
 And cannot come. The boy, where'er he turns,  
 Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up  
 Among the clouds, and roars through the ancient woods;  
 Or when the sun is shining in the east,  
 Quiet and calm. Behold him—in the school  
 Of his attainments? no; but with the air  
 Fanning his temples under heaven's blue arch.  
 His raiment, whitened o'er with cotton-flakes  
 Our locks of wool, announces whence he comes.  
 Creeping his gait and cowering, his lip pale,  
 His respiration quick and audible;  
 And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam  
 Could break from out those languid eyes, or a blush  
 Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,  
 Is that the countenance, and such the port,  
 Of no mean Being? One who should be clothed  
 With dignity befitting his proud hope;  
 Who, in his very childhood, should appear  
 Sublime from present purity and joy!  
 The limbs increase; but liberty of mind  
 Is gone for ever; and this organic frame,  
 So joyful in its motions, is become  
 Dull, to the joy of her own notions dead;  
 And even the touch, so exquisitely poured  
 Through the whole body, with a languid will



And in the courts,—and where the rumbling stream,  
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,  
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed  
Among the rocks below. Men, maidens, youths,  
Mother and little children, boys and girls,  
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes  
Within this temple, where is offered up  
To Gain, the master-idol of the realm,  
Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old  
Our ancestors, within the still domain  
Of vast cathedral or conventual church,  
Their vigils kept; where tapers day and night

On the dim altar burned continually,  
In token that the House was evermore  
Watching to God. Religious men were they;

Nor would their reason, tutored to aspire  
Above this transitory world, allow  
That there should pass a moment of the year,  
When in their land the Almighty's service ceased,

"Triumph who will in these profaner rites

Which we, a generation self-extolled,  
As zealously perform! I cannot share  
His proud complacency:—yet do I exult,  
Casting reserve away, exult to see  
An intellectual mastery exercised  
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,  
A perseverance fed; almost a soul  
Imparted—to brute matter. I rejoice,  
Measuring the force of those gigantic powers

That, by the thinking mind, have been compelled

To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.  
For with the sense of admiration blends  
The animating hope that time may come  
When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the might

Of this dominion over nature gained,  
Men of all lands shall exercise the same  
In due proportion to their country's need;  
Learning, though late, that all true glory rests;

All praise, all safety, and all happiness,  
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,  
Tyre, by the margin of the sounding waves,

Palmyra, central in the desert, fell;  
And the Arts died by which they had been raised.

—Call Archimedes from his buried tomb  
Upon the grave of vanished Syracuse,  
And feelingly the Sage shall make report  
How insecure, how baseless in itself,  
Is the Philosophy whose sway depends  
On mere material instruments;—how weak

Those arts, and high inventions, if unpropped

By virtue.—He, sighing with pensive grief,

Amid his calm abstractions, would admit  
That not the slender privilege is theirs  
To save themselves from blank forgetfulness!"

When from the Wanderer's lips these words had fallen,

I said, "And, did in truth those vaunted Arts

Possess such privilege, how could we escape

Sadness and keen regret, we who revere,  
And would preserve as things above all price,

The old domestic morals of the land,  
Her simple manners, and the stable worth  
That dignified and cheered a low estate?  
Oh! where is now the character of peace

Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,  
And honest dealing, and untainted speech,  
And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer;  
That made the very thought of country-life

A thought of refuge, for a mind detained  
Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?

Where now the beauty of the sabbath kept

With conscientious reverence, as a day  
By the almighty Lawgiver pronounced  
Holy and blest? and where the winning grace

Of all the lighter ornaments attached  
To time and season, as the year rolled round?"

"Fled!" was the Wanderer's passionate response,

"Fled utterly! or only to be traced  
In a few fortunate retreats like this;

Impart new gladness to the morning air!  
 Forgive me if I venture to suspect  
 That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,  
 Are of no finer frame. Stiff are his joints;  
 Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the  
     knees  
 Invests the thriving churl, his legs appear,  
 Fellows to those that lustily upheld  
 The wooden stools for everlasting use,  
 Whereon our fathers sate. And mark  
     his brow!  
 Under whose shaggy canopy are set  
 Two eyes—not dim, but of a healthy  
     stare—  
 Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and  
     strange—  
 Proclaiming boldly that they never drew  
 A look or motion of intelligence  
 From infant-conning of the Christ-cross-  
     row,  
 Or puzzling through a primer, line by  
     line,  
 Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last.  
 —What kindly warmth from touch of  
     fostering hand,  
 What penetrating power of sun or breeze,  
 Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his  
     soul  
 Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?  
 This torpor is no pitiable work  
 Of modern ingenuity; no town  
 Nor crowded city can be taxed with aught  
 Of sottish vice or desperate breach of law,  
 To which (and who can tell where or how  
     soon?)  
 He may be roused. This Boy the fields  
     produce:  
 His spade and hoe, mattock and glitter-  
     ing scythe,  
 The carter's whip that on his shoulder  
     rests  
 In air high-towering with a boorish pomp,  
 The sceptre of his sway; his country's  
     name,  
 Her equal rights, her churches and her  
     schools—  
 What have they done for him? And, let  
     me ask,  
 For tens of thousands uninformed as he?  
 In brief, what liberty of *mind* is here?"

    This ardent sally pleased the mild good  
     Man,

To whom the appeal couched in its clos-  
     ing words  
 Was pointedly addressed; and to the  
     thoughts  
 That, in assent or opposition, rose  
 Within his mind, he seemed prepared to  
     give  
 Prompt utterance; but the Vicar inter-  
     posed  
 With invitation urgently renewed.  
 —We followed, taking as he led, a path  
 Along a hedge of hollies dark and tall,  
 Whose flexible boughs low bending with  
     a weight  
 Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and  
     roots  
 That gave them nourishment. When  
     frosty winds  
 Howl from the north, what kindly warmth,  
     methought,  
 Is here—how grateful this impervious  
     screen!  
 —Not shaped by simple wearing of the  
     foot  
 On rural business passing to and fro  
 Was the commodious walk: a careful  
     hand  
 Had marked the line, and strewn its sur-  
     face o'er  
 With pure cerulean gravel, from the  
     heights  
 Fetched by a neighbouring brook.—Across  
     the vale  
 The stately fence accompanied our steps;  
 And thus the pathway, by perennial  
     green  
 Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned  
     to unite,  
 As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,  
 The Pastor's mansion with the house of  
     prayer.

Like image of solemnity, conjoined  
 With feminine allurements soft and fair.  
 The mansion's self displayed;—a reverend  
     pile  
 With bold projections and recesses deep;  
 Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it  
     stood  
 Fronting the noontide sun. We paused  
     to admire  
 The pillared porch, elaborately embossed:  
 The low wide windows with their mul-  
     lions old:

Performs its functions ; rarely competent  
To impress a vivid feeling on the mind  
Of what there is delightful in the breeze,  
The gentle visitations of the sun,  
Or lapse of liquid element—by hand,  
Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth—per-  
ceived.

—Can hope look forward to a manhood  
raised

On such foundations?"

"Hope is none for him!"

The pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed,  
"And tens of thousands suffer wrong as  
deep.

Yet be it asked, in justice to our age,  
If there were not, before those arts ap-  
peared,

These structures rose, commingling old  
and young,

And unripe sex with sex, for mutual taint ;  
If there were not, *then*, in our far-famed  
Isle,

Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed  
Air unimprisoned, and had lived at large ;  
Yet walked beneath the sun, in human  
shape,

As abject, as degraded? At this day,  
Who shall enumerate the crazy huts  
And tottering hovels, whence do issue  
forth

A ragged Offspring, with their upright  
hair

Crowned like the image of fantastic *Fear* ;  
Or wearing, (shall we say?) in that white  
growth

An ill-adjusted turban, for defence  
Or fierceness, wreathed around their sun-  
burnt brows,

By savage Nature? Shrivelled are their  
lips ;

Naked, and coloured like the soil, the feet  
On which they stand ; as if thereby they  
drew

Some nourishment, as trees do by their  
roots,

From earth, the common mother of us all.  
Figure and mien, complexion and attire,  
Are leagued to strike dismay ; but out-  
stretched hand

And whining voice denote them suppli-  
cants

For the least boon that pity can bestow.  
Such on the breast of darksome heaths  
are found ;  
wo.

And with their parents occupy the skirts  
Of furze-clad commons ; such are born  
and reared

At the mine's mouth under impending  
rocks ;

Or dwell in chambers of some natural  
cave ;

Or where their ancestors erected huts,  
For the convenience of unlawful gain,  
In forest purlicus ; and the like are bred,  
All England through, where nooks and  
slips of ground

Purloined, in times less jealous than our  
own,

\*From the green margin of the public way,  
A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom  
And gaiety of cultivated fields.

Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)  
Do I remember oftentimes to have seen

'Mid Buxton's dreary heights. In earnest  
watch,

Till the swift vehicle approach, they  
stand ;

Then, following closely with the cloud of  
dust,

An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone  
Heels over head, like tumblers on a stage.

—Up from the ground they snatch the  
copper coin

And, on the freight of merry passengers  
Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed ;  
And spin—and pant—and overhead again,  
Wild pursuivants ! until their breath is  
lost,

Or bounty tires—and every face, that  
smiled

Encouragement, hath ceased to look that  
way.

—But, like the vagrants of the gipsy  
tribe,

These, bred to little pleasure in them-  
selves,

Are profitless to others.

Turn we then

To Britons born and bred within the pale  
Of civil polity, and early trained

To earn, by wholesome labour in the field,  
The bread they eat. A sample should I  
give

Of what this stock hath long produced to  
enrich

The tender age of life, ye would exclaim,  
'Is this the whistling plough-boy whose  
shrill notes

Seen, from the shady room in which we  
     sate,  
 In softened perspective; and more than  
     once  
 Praised the consummate harmony serene  
 Of gravity and elegance, diffused  
 Around the mansion and its whole do-  
     main;  
 Not, doubtless, without help of female  
     taste  
 And female care.—“A blessed lot is  
     yours!”  
 The words escaped his lip, with a tender  
     sigh  
 Breathed over them: but suddenly the  
     door  
 Flew open, and a pair of lusty Boys  
 Appeared, confusion checking their de-  
     light.  
 —Not brothers they in feature or attire,  
 But fond companions, so I guessed, in  
     field,  
 And by the river's margin—whence they  
     come,  
 Keen anglers with unusual spoil elated.  
 One bears a willow-pannier on his back,  
 The boy of plainer garb, whose blush  
     survives  
 More deeply tinged. Twin might the  
     other be  
 To that fair girl who from the garden-  
     mount  
 Bounded:—triumphant entry this for  
     him!  
 Between his hands he holds a smooth  
     blue stone,  
 On whose capacious surface see outspread  
 Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted  
     trouts;  
 Ranged side by side, and lessening by  
     degrees  
 Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.  
 Upon the board he lays the sky-blue  
     stone  
 With its rich freight; their number he  
     proclaims;  
 Tells from what pool the noblest had  
     been dragged;  
 And where the very monarch of the  
     brook,  
 After long struggle, had escaped at last—  
 Stealing alternately at them and us  
 (As doth his comrade too) a look of pride:  
 And, verily, the silent creatures made

A splendid sight, together thus exposed;  
 Dead—but not sullied or deformed by  
     death,  
 That seemed to pity what he could not  
     spare.

But O, the animation in the mien  
 Of those two boys! yea in the very words  
 With which the young narrator was in-  
     spired,  
 When, as our questions led, he told at  
     large  
 Of that day's prowess! Him might I  
     compare,  
 His looks, tones, gestures, eager elo-  
     quence,  
 To a bold brook that splits for better speed,  
 And at the self-same moment, works its way  
 Through many channels, ever and anon  
 Parted and re-united: his compeer  
 To the still lake, whose stillness is to  
     sight  
 As beautiful—as grateful to the mind.  
 —But to what object shall the lovely  
     Girl  
 Be likened? She whose countenance and  
     air  
 Unite the graceful qualities of both,  
 Even as she shares the pride and joy of  
     both.

My grey-haired Friend was moved; his  
     vivid eye  
 Glistened with tenderness; his mind, I  
     knew,  
 Was full; and had, I doubted not, re-  
     turned,  
 Upon this impulse, to the theme—ere-  
     while  
 Abruptly broken off. The ruddy boys  
 Withdrew, on summons to their well-  
     earned meal;  
 And He—to whom all tongues resigned  
     their rights  
 With willingness, to whom the general ear  
 Listened with readier patience than to  
     strain  
 Of music, lute or harp, a long delight  
 That ceased not when his voice had  
     ceased—as One  
 Who from truth's central point serenely  
     views  
 The compass of his argument—began  
 Mildly, and with a clear and steady tone.

The cornice, richly fretted, of grey stone ;  
And that smooth slope from which the  
dwelling rose,  
By beds and banks Arcadian of gay  
flowers

And flowering shrubs, protected and  
adorned :

Profusion bright ! and every flower as-  
suming

A more than natural vividness of hue  
From unaffected contrast with the gloom  
Of sober cypress, and the darker soil  
Of yew, in which survived some traces,  
here

Not unbecoming, of grotesque device  
And uncouth fancy. From behind the  
roof

Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,  
Blending their diverse foliage with the  
green

Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped  
The huge round chimneys, harbour of  
delight

For wren and redbreast,—where they sit  
and sing

Their slender ditties when the trees are  
bare.

Nor must I leave untouched (the picture  
else

Were incomplete) a relique of old times  
Happily spared, a little Gothic niche  
Of nicest workmanship ; that once had  
held

The sculptured image of some patron-  
saint,

Or of the blessed Virgin, looking down  
On all who entered those religious doors.

But lo ! where from the rocky garden-  
mount

Crowned by its antique summer-house—  
descends,

Light as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl ;  
For she hath recognised her honoured  
friend,

The Wanderer ever welcome ! A prompt  
kiss

The gladsome child bestows at his re-  
quest ;

And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,  
Hangs on the old Man with a happy  
look,

And with a pretty restless hand of love.  
—We enter—by the Lady of the place

Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port :  
A lofty stature undepressed by time,  
Whose visitation had not wholly spared  
The finer lineaments of form and face ;  
To that complexion brought which pruden-  
ce trusts in

And wisdom loves.—But when a stately  
ship

Sails in smooth weather by the placid  
coast

On homeward voyage,—what if wind and  
wave,

And hardship undergone in various  
climes,

Have caused her to abate the virgin  
pide,

And that full trim of inexperienced hope  
With which she left her haven—not for  
this,

Should the sun strike her, and the im-  
partial breeze

Play on her steamers, fails she to as-  
sume

Brightness and touching beauty of her  
own,

That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair,  
appeared

This goodly Matron, shining in the  
beams

Of unexpected pleasure.—Soon the board  
Was spread, and we partook a plain re-  
past.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled  
The mid-day hours with desultory talk ;  
From trivial themes to general argument  
Passing, as accident or fancy led,  
Or courtesy prescribed. While question  
rose

And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve  
Dropping from every mind, the Solitary  
Resumed the manners of his happier  
days ;

And in the various conversation bore  
A willing, nay, at times, a forward part ;  
Yet with the grace of one who in the  
world

Had learned the art of pleasing, and had  
now

Occasion given him to display his skill,  
Upon the steadfast 'vantage-ground of  
truth.

He gazed, with admiration unsuppressed,  
Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vale,

Yet have I thought that we might also  
speak,

And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,  
As of a final EMINENCE; though bare  
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point  
On which 'tis not impossible to sit  
In awful sovereignty; a place of power.  
A throne, that may be likened unto his.  
Who, in some placid day of summer, looks  
Down from a mountain-top,—say one of  
those

High peaks, that bound the vale where  
now we are.

Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye.  
Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,  
With all the shapes over their surface  
spread:

But, while the gross and visible frame of  
things

Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,  
Yea almost on the Mind herself, and  
seems

All unsubstantialized.—how loud the voice  
Of waters, with invigorated peal  
From the full river in the vale below,  
Ascending! For on that superior height  
Who sits, is disencumbered from the press  
Of near obstructions, and is privileged  
To breathe in solitude, above the host  
Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air  
That suits not them. The murmur of the  
leaves

Many and idle, visits not his ear:

This he is freed from, and from thousand  
notes

(Not less unceasing, not less vain than  
these.)

By which the finer passages of sense  
Are occupied; and the Soul, that would  
incline

To listen, is prevented or deterred.

“And may it not be hoped, that, placed  
by age

In like removal, tranquil though severe,  
We are not so removed for utter loss;  
But for some favour, suited to our need?  
What more than that the severing should  
confer

Fresh power to commune with the in-  
visible world,

And hear the mighty stream of tendency  
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,  
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible

To the vast multitude; whose doom it is  
To run the giddy round of vain delight,  
Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

“But, if to such sublime ascent the  
hopes

Of Man may rise, as to a welcome close  
And termination of his mortal course;  
Then only can such hope inspire whose  
minds

Have not been starved by absolute ne-  
glect;

Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil:  
To whom kind Nature, therefore, may  
afford

Proof of the sacred love she bears for all;  
Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may  
ensure.

For me, consulting what I feel within  
In times when most existence with herself  
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,  
That, far as kindly Nature hath free  
scope

And Reason's sway predominates; even  
so far,

Country, society, and time itself,  
That saps the individual's bodily frame,  
And lays the generations low in dust,  
Do, by the almighty Ruler's grace partake  
Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth  
And cherishing with ever-constant love,  
That tires not, nor betrays. Our life is  
turned

Out of her course, wherever man is made  
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool

Or implement, a passive thing employed  
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment  
Of common right or interest in the end:  
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.  
Say, what can follow for a rational soul  
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good.  
And strength in evil? Hence an after-  
call

For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,  
And oftimes Death, avenger of the past.  
And the sole guardian in whose hands we  
dare

Entrust the future.—Not for these sad  
issues

Was Man created; but to obey the law  
Of life, and hope, and action. And 'tis  
known

That when we stand upon our native soil,  
Unelbowed by such objects as oppress

## BOOK NINTH.

DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER, AND AN EVENING VISIT  
TO THE LAKE.

## ARGUMENT.

Wanderer asserts that an active principle pervades the Universe, its noblest seat the human soul.—How lively this principle is in Childhood.—Hence the delight in old Age of looking back upon Childhood.—The dignity, powers, and privileges of Age asserted.—These not to be looked for generally but under a just government.—Right of a human Creature to be exempt from being considered as a mere Instrument.—The condition of multitudes deplored.—Former conversation recurred to, and the Wanderer's opinions set in a clearer light.—Truth placed within reach of the humblest.—Equality.—Happy state of the two Boys again adverted to.—Earnest wish expressed for a System of National Education established universally by Government.—Glorious effects of this foretold.—Walk to the Lake.—Grand spectacle from the side of a hill.—Address of Priest to the Supreme Being—in the course of which he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him.—The change ascribed to Christianity.—Apostrophe to his flock, living and dead.—Gratitude to the Almighty.—Return over the Lake.—Parting with the Solitary.—Under what circumstances.

"To every Form of Being is assigned,"  
Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,  
"An *active* Principle :—howe'er removed  
From sense and observation, it subsists  
In all things, in all natures ; in the stars  
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,  
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone  
That paves the brooks, the stationary  
rocks,

The moving waters, and the invisible air.  
Whate'er exists hath properties that  
spread

Beyond itself, communicating good,  
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed ;  
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,  
No chasm, no solitude ; from link to link  
It circulates, the Soul of all the worlds.  
This is the freedom of the universe ;  
Unfolded still the more, more visible,  
The more we know ; and yet is revered  
least,

And least respected in the human Mind,  
Its most apparent home. The food of  
hope

Is meditated action ; robbed of this  
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.  
We perish also ; for we live by hope  
and by desire ; we see by the glad light  
and breathe the sweet air of futurity ;  
and so we live, or else we have no life.  
To-morrow—nay perchance this very  
hour

For every moment hath its own to-morrow !)

Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are  
almost sick

With present triumph, will be sure to  
find

A field before them freshened with the  
dew

Of other expectations ;—in which course  
Their happy year spins round. The youth  
obeys

A like glad impulse ; and so moves the  
man

'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and  
fears,—

Or so he ought to move. Ah ! why in age  
Do we revert so fondly to the walks  
Of childhood—but that there the Soul  
discerns

The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired  
Of her own native vigour ; thence can  
hear

Reverberations ; and a choral song,  
Commingling with the incense that ascends,

Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens,

From her own lonely altar ?

Do not think

That good and wise ever will be allowed,  
Though strength decay, to breathe in such  
estate

As shall divide them wholly from the stir  
Of hopeful nature. Rightly it is said  
That Man descends into the VALE of  
years ;

Where circumstance and nature had combined

To shelter innocence, and cherish love ;  
Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,

Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind ;

Thus would have lived, or never have been born.

“ Alas ! what differs more than man from man !

And whence that difference ! Whence but from himself ?

For see the universal Race endowed  
With the same upright form ! The sun is fixed,

And the infinite magnificence of heaven  
Fixed, within reach of every human eye ;  
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears ;  
The vernal field infuses fresh delight  
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,

Even as an object is sublime or fair,  
That object is laid open to the view  
Without reserve or veil ; and as a power  
Is salutary, or an influence sweet,  
Are each and all enabled to perceive  
That power, that influence, by impartial law.

Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all ;  
Reason, and, with that reason, smiles and tears ;

Imagination, freedom in the will ;  
Conscience to guide and check ; and death to be

Foretasted, immortality conceived

By all,—a blissful immortality,  
To them whose holiness on earth shall make

The Spirit capable of heaven, assured.  
Strange, then, nor less than monstrous,  
might be deemed

The failure, if the Almighty, to this point

Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide  
The excellence of moral qualities  
From common understanding ; leaving truth

And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark ;  
Hard to be won, and only by a few :  
Strange, should He deal herein with nice respects,

And frustrate all the rest ! Believe it not :

The primal duties shine aloft—like stars ;  
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,

Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers.

The generous inclination, the just rule,  
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—

No mystery is here ! Here is no boon  
For high—yet not for low ; for proudly  
graced—

Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends

To heaven as lightly from the cottage-hearth

As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose soul

Ponders this true equality, may walk  
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope ;

Yet, in that meditation, will he find  
Motive to sadder grief, as we have found ;  
Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,  
And for the injustice grieving, that hath made

So wide a difference between man and man.

“ Then let us rather fix our gladdened thoughts

Upon the brighter scene. How blest that pair

Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even now)

Blest in their several and their common lot !

A few short hours of each returning day  
The thriving prisoners of their village-school :

And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant homes

Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy ;  
To breathe and to be happy, run and shout

Idle,—but no delay, no harm, no loss :  
For every genial power of heaven and earth,

Through all the seasons of the changeful year,

Obssequiously doth take upon herself  
To labour for them ; bringing each in turn

The tribute of enjoyment, knowledge, health,



Our active powers, those powers themselves become

Strong to subvert our noxious qualities ;  
They sweep distemper from the busy day,  
And make the chalice of the big round year

Run over with gladness ; whence the Being moves

In beauty through the world ; and all who see

Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbourhood."

"Then," said the Solitary, "by what force  
Of language shall a feeling heart express  
Her sorrow for that multitude in whom  
We look for health from seeds that have  
been sown

In sickness, and for increase in a power  
That works but by extinction? On themselves

They cannot lean, nor turn to their own hearts

To know what they must do ; their wisdom is

To look into the eyes of others, thence  
To be instructed what they must avoid :

Or rather, let us say, how least observed,  
How with most quiet and most silent death,

With the least taint and injury to the air  
The oppressor breathes, their human form  
divine,

And their immortal soul, may waste  
away."

The Sage rejoined, "I thank you—you  
have spared

My voice the utterance of a keen regret,  
A wide compassion which with you I  
share.

When, heretofore, I placed before your  
sight

A Little-one, subjected to the arts  
Of modern ingenuity, and made

The senseless member of a vast machine,  
Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel ;

Think not, that, pitying him, I could  
forget

The rustic Boy, who walks the fields,  
untaught ;

The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,  
And miserable hunger. Much, too much,

Of this unhappy lot, in early youth

We both have witnessed, lot which I  
myself

Shared, though in mild and merciful  
degree :

Yet was the mind to hinderances exposed,  
Through which I struggled, not without  
distress

And sometimes injury, like a lamb en-  
thralled

'Mid thorns and brambles ; or a bird that  
breaks

Through a strong net, and mounts upon  
the wind,

Though with her plumes impaired. If  
they, whose souls

Should open while they range the richer  
fields

Of merry England, are obstructed less  
By indigence, their ignorance is not less,

Nor less to be deplored. For who can  
doubt

That tens of thousands at this day exist  
Such as the boy you painted, lineal heirs

Of those who once were vassals of her soil,  
Following its fortunes like the beasts or  
trees

Which it sustained. But no one takes  
delight

In this oppression ; none are proud of it ;  
It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore ;

A standing grievance, an indigenous vice  
Of every country under heaven. My  
thoughts

Were turned to evils that are new and  
chosen,

A bondage lurking under shape of good,—  
Aits, in themselves beneficent and kind,

But all too fondly followed and too far ;—  
To victims, which the merciful can see

Nor think that they are victims—turned  
to wrongs,

By women, who have children of their  
own,

Beheld without compassion, yea, with  
praise !

I spake of mischief by the wise diffused  
With gladness, thinking that the more it  
spreads

The healthier, the securer, we become ;  
Delusion which a moment may destroy !

Lastly I mourned for those whom I had  
seen

Corrupted and cast down, on favoured  
ground,

And, if that ignorance were removed,  
 which breeds  
 Within the compass of their several shores  
 Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each  
 Might still preserve the beautiful repose  
 Of heavenly bodies shining in their  
 spheres.

—The discipline of slavery is unknown  
 Among us,—hence the more do we re-  
 quire

The discipline of virtue; order else  
 Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.  
 Thus, duties rising out of good possess  
 And prudent caution needful to avert  
 Impending evil, equally require  
 That the whole people should be taught  
 and trained.

So shall licentiousness and black resolve  
 Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take  
 Their place; and genuine piety descend,  
 Like an inheritance, from age to age.

“With such foundations laid, avaunt  
 the fear

Of numbers crowded on their native soil,  
 To the prevention of all healthful  
 growth

Through mutual injury! Rather in the law  
 Of increase and the mandate from above  
 Rejoice!—and ye have special cause for  
 joy.

—For, as the element of air affords  
 An easy passage to the industrious bees  
 Fraught with their burthens; and a way  
 as smooth

For those ordained to take their sounding  
 flight

From the thronged hive, and settle where  
 they list

In fresh abodes—their labour to renew;  
 So the wide waters, open to the power,  
 The will, the instincts, and appointed  
 needs

Of Britain, do invite her to cast off  
 Her swarms, and in succession send them  
 forth;

Bound to establish new communities  
 On every shore whose aspect favours  
 hope

Or bold adventure; promising to skill  
 And perseverance their deserved reward.

“Yes,” he continued, kindling as he  
 spoke,

“Change wide, and deep, and silently  
 performed,  
 This Land shall witness; and as days roll  
 on.

Earth’s universal frame shall feel the  
 effect;

Even till the smallest habitable rock,  
 Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs  
 Of humanised society; and bloom  
 With civil arts, that shall breathe forth  
 their fragrance,

A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.  
 From culture, unexclusively bestowed  
 On Albion’s noble Race in freedom born,  
 Expect these mighty issues: from the  
 pains

And faithful care of unambitious schools  
 Instructing simple childhood’s ready ear:  
 Thence look for these magnificent results!  
 —Vast the circumference of hope—and  
 ye

Are at its centre, British Lawgivers;  
 Ah! sleep not there in shame! Shall Wis-  
 dom’s voice

From out the bosom of these troubled  
 times

Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,  
 And shall the venerable halls ye fill  
 Refuse to echo the sublime decree?

Trust not to partial care a general good;  
 Transfer not to futurity a work  
 Of urgent need.—Your Country must  
 complete

Her glorious destiny. Begin even now.  
 Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian  
 plague

Of darkness, stretched o’er guilty Europe,  
 makes

The brightness more conspicuous that in-  
 vests

The happy Island where ye think and  
 act;

Now, when destruction is a prime pur-  
 suit,

Show to the wretched nations for what  
 end

The powers of civil polity were given.”

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,  
 The Sage broke off. No sooner had he  
 ceased

Than, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,  
 “Behold the shades of afternoon have  
 fallen

Beauty, or strength! Such privilege is theirs,  
 Granted alike in the outset of their course  
 To both; and, if that partnership must cease,  
 I grieve not," to the Pastor here he turned,  
 "Much as I glory in that child of yours,  
 Repine not for his cottage-comrade, whom  
 Belike no higher destiny awaits  
 Than the old hereditary wish fulfilled;  
 The wish for liberty to live—content  
 With what Heaven grants, and die—in peace of mind,  
 Within the bosom of his native vale.  
 At least, whatever fate the noon of life  
 Reserves for either, sure it is that both  
 Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn;  
 Whether regarded as a jocund time,  
 That in itself may terminate, or lead  
 In course of nature to a sober eve.  
 Both have been fairly dealt with; looking back:  
 They will allow that justice has in them  
 Been shown, alike to body and to mind."

He paused, as if revolving in his soul  
 Some weighty matter; then, with fervent voice  
 And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed—

"O for the coming of that glorious time  
 When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth

And best protection, this imperial Realm,  
 While she exacts allegiance, shall admit  
 An obligation, on her part, to *teach*  
 Them who are born to serve her and obey;

Binding herself by statute to secure  
 For all the children whom her soil main-  
 tains

The rudiments of letters, and inform  
 The mind with moral and religious truth,  
 Both understood and practised,—so that none,

However destitute, be left to droop  
 By timely culture unsustained; or run  
 Into a wild disorder; or be forced  
 To drudge through a weary life without  
 the help  
 Of intellectual implements and tools;

A savage horde among the civilised,  
 A servile band among the lordly free!  
 This sacred right, the lisping babe pro-  
 claims

To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,  
 For the protection of his innocence;  
 And the rude boy—who, having overpast  
 The sinless age, by conscience is en-  
 rolled.

Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,  
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,  
 Or turns the godlike faculty of speech  
 To impious use—by process indirect  
 Declares his due, while he makes known  
 his need.

—This sacred right is fruitlessly an-  
 nounced,

This universal plea in vain addressed,  
 To eyes and ears of parents who them-  
 selves

Did, in the time of their necessity,  
 Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a  
 prayer

That from the humblest floor ascends to  
 heaven,

It mounts to reach the State's parental  
 ear;

Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,  
 And be not most unfeelingly devoid  
 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant  
 The unquestionable good—which, Eng-  
 land, safe

From interference of external force,  
 May grant at leisure; without risk in-  
 curred

That what in wisdom for herself she doth,  
 Others shall e'er be able to undo.

"Look! and behold, from Calpe's sun-  
 burnt cliffs

To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,  
 Long-reverenced titles cast away as weeds;  
 Laws overturned; and territory split,  
 Like fields of ice rent by the polar  
 wind,

And forced to join in less obnoxious  
 shapes

Which, ere they gain consistence, by a  
 gust

Of the same breath are shattered and  
 destroyed.

Meantime the sovereignty of these fair  
 Isles

Remains entire and indivisible:

Was cleared, I dipped, with arms accordant, oars  
Free from obstruction ; and the boat advanced

Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,

That, disentangled from the shady boughs  
Of some thick wood, her place of covert, cleaves

With correspondent wings the abyss of air.

—"Observe," the Vicar said, "yon rocky isle

With birch-trees fringed ; my hand shall guide the helm,

While thitherward we shape our course ; or while

We seek that other, on the western shore ;  
Where the bare columns of those lofty firs.

Supporting gracefully a massy dome  
Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate  
A Grecian temple rising from the Deep."

"Turn where we may," said I. "we cannot err

In this delicious region."—Cultured slopes,  
Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves,

And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,

Surrounded us ; and, as we held our way  
Along the level of the glassy flood,  
They ceased not to surround us ; change of place.

From kindred features diversely combined,

Producing change of beauty ever new.

—Ah ! that such beauty, varying in the light

Of living nature, cannot be portrayed  
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill ;  
But is the property of him alone  
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,  
And in his mind recorded it with love !  
Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse  
Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her  
Poet speaks

Of trivial occupations well devised,  
And unsought pleasures springing up by chance ;

As if some friendly Genius had ordained  
That, as the day thus far had been enriched

By acquisition of sincere delight,  
The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,  
A gipsy-fire we kindled on the shore  
Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed—  
and there,

Merrily seated in a ring, partook  
A choice repast—served by our young companions

With rival earnestness and kindred glee.  
Launched from our hands the smooth  
stone skimmed the lake ;

With shouts we raised the echoes ;—  
still sounds

The lovely Girl supplied—a simple song,  
Whose low tones reached not to the  
distant rocks

To be repeated thence, but gently sank  
Into our hearts ; and charmed the peaceful flood.

Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils  
From land and water ; lilies of each hue—  
Golden and white, that float upon the  
waves,

And court the wind ; and leaves of the  
shy plant,

(Her flowers were shed) the lily of the  
vale,

That loves the ground, and from the sun  
withholds

Her pensive beauty ; from the breeze her  
sweets.

Such product, and such pastime, did  
the place

And season yield ; but, as we re-  
embarked.

Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the  
shore

Of that wild spot, the Solitary said  
In a low voice, yet careless who might  
hear.

"The fire, that burned so brightly to our  
wish,

Where is it now?—Deserted on the  
beach—

Dying, or dead ! Nor shall the fanning  
breeze

Revive its ashes. What care we for this  
Whose ends are gained ? Behold an  
emblem here

Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal joys

Upon this flowery slope; and see—be-  
 yond—  
 The silvery lake is streaked with placid  
 blue;  
 As if preparing for the peace of evening.  
 How temptingly the land-scape shines!  
 The air  
 Breathes invitation; easy is the walk  
 To the lake's margin, where a boat lies  
 moored  
 Under a sheltering tree."—Upon this hint  
 We rose together: all were pleased; but  
 most  
 The beautiful girl, whose cheek was  
 flushed with joy.  
 Light as a sunbeam glides along the  
 hills  
 She vanished—eager to impart the scheme  
 To her loved brother and his shy com-  
 peer.  
 —Now was there bustle in the Vicar's  
 house  
 And earnest preparation.—Forth we went,  
 And down the vale along the streamlet's  
 edge  
 Pursued our way, a broken company,  
 Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.  
 Thus having reached a bridge, that over-  
 arched  
 The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed  
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw  
 A twofold image; on a grassy bank  
 A snow-white ram, and in the crystal  
 flood  
 Another and the same! Most beautiful,  
 On the green turf, with his imperial front  
 Slaggy and bold, and wreathed horns  
 superb.  
 The breathing creature stood; as beauti-  
 ful,  
 Beneath him, showed his shadowy coun-  
 terpart.  
 Each had his glowing mountains, each  
 his sky,  
 And each seemed centre of his own fair  
 world:  
 Antipodes unconscious of each other,  
 Yet, in partition, with their several  
 spheres,  
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

"Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,  
 Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,  
 And yet a breath can do it!"

These few words  
 The Lady whispered, while we stood and  
 gazed  
 Gathered together, all in still delight,  
 Not without awe. Thence passing on,  
 she said  
 In like low voice to my particular ear,  
 "I love to hear that eloquent old Man  
 Pour forth his meditations, and descant  
 On human life from infancy to age.  
 How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues  
 His mind gives back the various forms  
 of things,  
 Caught in their fairest, happiest, atti-  
 tude!

While he is speaking, I have power to see  
 Even as he sees; but when his voice hath  
 ceased,  
 Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as  
 now,  
 That combinations so serene and bright  
 Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,  
 Whose highest beauty, beautiful as it is,  
 Like that reflected in yon quiet pool,  
 Seems but a fleeting sunbeam's gift, whose  
 peace  
 The sufferance only of a breath of air!"

More had she said—but sportive shouts  
 were heard  
 Sent from the jocund hearts of those two  
 Boys,  
 Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,  
 Down the green field came tripping after  
 us.  
 With caution we embarked; and now the  
 pair  
 For prouder service were address; but  
 each,  
 Wishful to leave an opening for my  
 choice,  
 Dropped the light oar his eager hand had  
 seized.  
 Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,  
 Their place I took—and for a grateful  
 office  
 Pregnant with recollections of the time  
 When, on thy bosom, spacious Winder-  
 mere!

A Youth, I practised this delightful art;  
 Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a  
 crew  
 Of joyous comrades. Soon as the reedy  
 marge

Presume to offer; we, who—from the breast  
 Of the frail earth, permitted to behold  
 The faint reflections only of thy face—  
 Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!  
 Such as they are who in thy presence  
 stand  
 Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink  
 Imperishable majesty streamed forth  
 From thy empyreal throne, the elect of  
 earth  
 Shall be—divested at the appointed hour  
 Of all dishonour, cleansed from mortal  
 stain.  
 —Accomplish, then, their number; and  
 conclude  
 Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,  
 The consummation that will come by  
 stealth  
 Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,  
 Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away  
 The sting of human nature. Spread the  
 law,  
 As it is written in thy holy book,  
 Throughout all lands: let every nation  
 hear  
 The high behest, and every heart obey;  
 Both for the love of purity, and hope  
 Which it affords, to such as do thy will  
 And persevere in good, that they shall  
 rise,  
 To have a nearer view of thee, in heaven.  
 —Father of good! this prayer in bounty  
 grant,  
 In mercy grant it, to thy wretched sons.  
 Then, nor till then, shall persecution  
 cease,  
 And cruel wars expire. The way is  
 marked,  
 The guide appointed, and the ransom  
 paid.  
 Alas! the nations, who of yore received  
 These tidings, and in Christian temples  
 meet  
 The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger  
 still;  
 Preferring bonds and darkness to a state  
 Of holy freedom, by redeeming love  
 Proffered to all, while yet on earth  
 detained.

“So fare the many; and the thoughtful  
 few,  
 Who in the anguish of their souls bewail

This dire perverseness, cannot choose but  
 ask,  
 Shall it endure?—Shall enmity and strife,  
 Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their  
 seed;  
 And the kind never perish? Is the hope  
 Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain  
 A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,  
 And ne'er to fail? Shall that blest day  
 arrive  
 When they, whose choice or lot it is to  
 dwell  
 In crowded cities, without fear shall live  
 Studios of mutual benefit; and he,  
 Whom Morn awakens, among dews and  
 flowers  
 Of every clime, to till the lonely field,  
 Be happy in himself?—The law of faith  
 Working through love, such conquest  
 shall it gain,  
 Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve?  
 Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart!  
 And with that help the wonder shall be  
 seen  
 Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and thy  
 praise  
 Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

“Once,” and with wild demeanour, as  
 he spake,  
 On us the venerable Pastor turned  
 His beaming eye that had been raised to  
 Heaven,  
 “Once, while the Name, Jehovah, was a  
 sound  
 Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle  
 Unheard, the savage nations bowed the  
 head  
 To Gods delighting in remorseless deeds;  
 Gods which themselves had fashioned, to  
 promote  
 Ill purposes, and flatter soul desires.  
 Then, in the bosom of yon mountain-cave  
 To those inventions of corrupted man  
 Mysterious rites were solemnised; and  
 there—  
 Amid impending rocks and gloomy  
 woods—  
 Of those terrific Idols some received  
 Such dismal service, that the loudest voice  
 Of the swollen cataracts (which now are  
 heard  
 Soft murmuring) was too weak to over-  
 come,

And, in this unpremeditated slight  
Of that which is no longer needed, see  
The common course of human gratitude !”

This plaintive note disturbed not the  
repose  
Of the still evening. Right across the lake  
Our pinnacle moves ; then, coasting creek  
and bay,  
Glades we behold, and into thickets peep,  
Where couch the spotted deer ; or raised  
our eyes  
To shaggy steeps on which the careless  
goat  
Browsed by the side of dashing water-  
falls ;  
And thus the bark, meandering with the  
shore,  
Pursued her voyage, till a natural pier  
Of jutting rock invited us to land.

Alert to follow as the Pastor led,  
We clomb a green hill's side ; and, as we  
clomb,  
The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave  
Fair prospect, intercepted less and less,  
O'er the flat meadows and indented coast  
Of the smooth lake, in compass seen :—  
far off,  
And yet conspicuous, stood the old  
Church-tower,  
In majesty presiding over fields  
And habitations seemingly preserved  
From all intrusion of the restless world  
By rocks impassable and mountains huge.

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,  
And choice of moss-clad stones, whereon  
we couched  
Or sat reclined ; admiring quietly  
The general aspect of the scene ; but each  
Not seldom over anxious to make known  
His own discoveries ; or to favourite  
points  
Directing notice, merely from a wish  
To impart a joy, imperfect while un-  
shared.  
That rapturous moment never shall I  
forget  
When these particular interests were  
effaced  
From every mind !—Already had the  
sun,  
Sinking with less than ordinary state,

Attained his western bound ; but rays of  
light—  
Now suddenly diverging from the orb  
Retired behind the mountain-tops or  
veiled  
By the dense air—shot upwards to the  
crown  
Of the blue firmament—aloft, and wide :  
And multitudes of little floating clouds,  
Through their ethereal texture pierced—  
ere we,  
Who saw, of change were conscious—had  
become  
Vivid as fire ; clouds separately poised,—  
Innumerable multitude of forms  
Scattered through half the circle of the  
sky ;  
And giving back, and shedding each on  
each,  
With prodigal communion, the bright  
hues  
Which from the unapparent fount of  
glory  
They had imbibed, and ceased not to  
receive.  
That which the heavens displayed, the  
liquid deep  
Repeated ; but with unity sublime !

While from the grassy mountain's open  
side  
We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes  
intent  
On the refulgent spectacle, diffused  
Through earth, sky, water, and all visible  
space,  
The Priest in holy transport thus ex-  
claimed :

“Eternal Spirit ! universal God !  
Power inaccessible to human thought,  
Save by degrees and steps which thou  
hast deigned  
To furnish ; for this effluence of thyself,  
To the infirmity of mortal sense  
Vouchsafed ; this local transitory type  
Of thy paternal splendours, and the  
pompe  
Of those who fill thy courts in highest  
heaven,  
The radiant Cherubim ;—accept the  
thanks  
Which we, thy humble Creatures, here  
convened,

With prompt yet careful hands. This  
 done, we paced  
 The dewy fields ; but ere the Vicar's door  
 Was reached, the Solitary checked his  
 steps ;  
 Then, intermingling thanks, on each be-  
 stowed  
 A farewell salutation : and, the like  
 Receiving, took the slender path that  
 leads  
 To the one cottage in the lonely dell :  
 But turned not without welcome promise  
 made  
 That he would share the pleasures and  
 pursuits  
 Of yet another summer's day, not loth  
 To wander with us through the fertile  
 vales,  
 And o'er the mountain-wastes. "An-  
 other sun,"  
 Said he, "shall shine upon us, ere we  
 part ;  
 Another sun, and peradventure more ;

If time, with free consent, be yours to  
 give,  
 And season favours."  
 To enfeebled Power,  
 From this communion with uninjured  
 Minds,  
 What renovation had been brought ; and  
 what  
 Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,  
 Dejected, and habitually disposed  
 To seek, in degradation of the Kind,  
 Excuse and solace for her own defects :  
 How far those erring notions were re-  
 formed ;  
 And whether aught of tendency as good  
 And pure, from further intercourse en-  
 sued ;  
 This—if delightful hopes, as heretofore,  
 Inspire the serious song, and gentle  
 Hearts  
 Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the  
 past—  
 My future labours may not leave untold.

## POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

### THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

The class of Beggars, to which the Old Man here  
 described belongs, will probably soon be ex-  
 tinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old  
 and infirm persons, who confined themselves  
 to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and  
 had certain fixed days, on which, at different  
 houses, they regularly received alms, some-  
 times in money, but mostly in provisions.

I SAW an aged Beggar in my walk :  
 And he was seated, by the highway side,  
 On a low structure of rude masonry  
 Built at the foot of a huge hill, that  
 they  
 Who lead their horses down the steep  
 rough road  
 May thence remount at ease. The aged  
 Man  
 Had placed his staff across the broad  
 smooth stone  
 That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag

All white with flour, the dole of village  
 dames,  
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one  
 by one ;  
 And scanned them with a fixed and  
 serious look  
 Of idle computation. In the sun,  
 Upon the second step of that small pile,  
 Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,  
 He sat, and ate his food in solitude :  
 And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,  
 That, still attempting to prevent the  
 waste,  
 Was baffled still, the crumbs in little  
 showers  
 Fell on the ground ; and the small moun-  
 tain birds,  
 Not venturing yet to peck their destined  
 meal,  
 Approached within the length of half his  
 staff.



Though aided by wild winds, the groans  
and shrieks  
Of human victims, offered up to appease  
Or to propitiate. And, if living eyes  
Had visionaty faculties to see  
The thing that hath been as the thing  
that is,

Aghast we might behold this crystal Mere  
Bedimmed with smoke, in wreaths volumi-  
nous,

Flung from the body of devouring fires,  
To Taranis erected on the heights -

By priestly hands, for sacrifice performed  
Exultingly, in view of open day

And full assemblage of a barbarous host ;  
Or to Andates, female Power ! who gave  
(For so they fancied) glorious victory.

—A few rude monuments of mountain-  
stone

Survive ; all else is swept away.—How  
bright

The appearances of things ! From such,  
how changed

The existing worship ; and with those  
compared,

The worshippers how innocent and blest !  
So wide the difference, a willing mind

Might almost think, at this affecting  
hour,

That paradise, the lost abode of man,  
Was raised again : and to a happy few,  
In its original beauty, here restored.

“ Whence but from thee, the true and  
only God,

And from the faith derived through Him  
who bled

Upon the cross, this marvellous advance  
Of good from evil ; as if one extreme

Were left, the other gained.—O ye, who  
“ come

To kneel devoutly in yon reverend Pile,  
Called to such office by the peaceful sound

Of sabbath bells ; and ye, who sleep in  
earth,

All cares forgotten, round its hallowed  
walls !

For you, in presence of this little band  
Gathered together on the green hill-side,

Your Pastor is emboldened to prefer  
Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King ;

Whose love, whose counsel, whose com-  
mands, have made

Your vey poorest rich in peace of thought

And in good works ; and him, who is  
endowed

With scantiest knowledge, master of all  
truth

Which the salvation of his soul requires.  
Conscious of that abundant favour show-  
ered

On you, the children of my humble care,  
And this dear land, our country, while on  
earth

We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,  
Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.

These barren rocks, your stern inherit-  
ance ;

\* These fertile fields, that recompense your  
pains ;

The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-  
top ;

Woods waving in the wind their lofty  
heads,

Or hushed ; the roaring waters, and the  
still—

They see the offering of my lifted hands,  
They hear my lips present their sacrifice,

They know if I be silent, morn or even :  
For, though in whispers speaking, the  
full heart

Will find a vent ; and thought is praise  
to him,

Audible praise, to thee, omniscient Mind,  
From whom all gifts descend, all bless-  
ings flow !”

This vesper-service closed, without de-  
lay,

From that exalted station to the plain  
Descending, we pursued our homeward  
course,

In mute composure, o'er the shadowy lake,  
Under a faded sky. No trace remained

Of those celestial splendours ; grey the  
vault—

Pure, cloudless, ether ; and the star of  
eve

Was wanting ; but inferior lights appeared  
Faintly, too faint almost for sight ; and  
some

Above the darkened hills stood boldly  
forth

In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained  
Her mooring place ; where, to the shelter-  
ing tree,

Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her  
prow,

Past deeds and offices of charity,  
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive  
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of  
years,

And that half-wisdom half-experience  
gives,  
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps

resign  
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.

Among the farms and solitary huts,  
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,  
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his  
rounds,

The mild necessity of use compels  
To acts of love ; and habit does the work  
Of reason ; yet prepares that after-joy  
Which reason cherishes. And thus the  
soul,

By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,  
Doth find herself insensibly disposed  
To virtue and true goodness.

Some there are,  
By their good works exalted, lofty minds.  
And meditative, authors of delight  
And happiness, which to the end of time  
Will live, and spread, and kindle : even  
such minds

In childhood, from this solitary Being,  
Or from like wanderer, haply have re-  
ceived

(A thing more precious far than all that  
books

Or the solitudes of love can do !)  
That first mild touch of sympathy and  
thought,

In which they found their kindred with  
a world

Where want and sorrow were. The easy  
man

Who sits at his own door,—and, like the  
pear

That overhangs his head from the green  
wall,

Feeds in the sunshine ; the robust and  
young,

The prosperous and unthinking, they who  
live

Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove  
Of their own kindred ;—all behold in  
him

A silent monitor. which on their minds  
Must needs impress a transitory thought  
Of self-congratulation, to the heart  
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,

His charters and exemptions ; and, per-  
chance,

Though he to no one give the fortitude  
And circumspection needful to preserve  
His present blessings, and to husband up  
The respite of the season, he, at least,  
And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them  
felt.

Yet further.—Many, I believe, there  
are

Who live a life of virtuous decency,  
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel .  
No self-reproach ; who of the moral law  
Established in the land where they abide  
Are strict observers ; and not negligent  
In acts of love to those with whom they  
dwell,

Their kindred. and the children of their  
blood.

Praise be to such, and to their slumbers  
peace !

—But of the poor man ask, the abject  
poor ;

Go, and demand of him, if there be here  
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,  
And these inevitable charities,  
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul ?  
No—man is dear to man ; the poorest poor  
Long for some moments in a weary life  
When they can know and feel that they  
have been,

Themselves, the fathers and the dealers—  
out

Of some small blessings ; have been kind  
to such

As needed kindness, for this single cause,  
That we have all of us one human heart.

—Such pleasure is to one kind Being  
known,

My neighbour, when with punctual care  
each week.

Duly as Friday comes, though pressed  
herself

By her own wants, she from her store of  
meal

Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip  
Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door

Returning with exhilarated heart,  
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in  
heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his  
head !

Him from my childhood have I known ;  
 and then  
 He was so old, he seems not older now ;  
 He travels on, a solitary Man,  
 So helpless in appearance, that for him  
 The sauntering Horseman throws not  
 with a slack  
 And careless hand his alms upon the  
 ground,  
 But stops,—that he may safely lodge the  
 coin  
 Within the old Man's hat ; nor quits  
 him so,  
 But still, when he has given his horse the  
 rein,  
 Watches the aged Beggar with a look  
 Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who  
 tends  
 The toll-gate, when in summer at her  
 door  
 She turns her wheel, if on the road she  
 sees  
 The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,  
 And lifts the latch for him that he may  
 pass.  
 The post-boy, when his rattling wheels  
 o'ertake  
 The aged Beggar in the woody lane,  
 Shouts to him from behind ; and, if thus  
 warned  
 The old man does not change his course,  
 the boy  
 Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-  
 side,  
 And passes gently by, without a curse  
 Upon his lips or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man ;  
 His age has no companion. On the  
 ground  
 His eyes are turned, and, as he moves  
 along,  
*They* move along the ground ; and, ever-  
 more,  
 Instead of common and habitual sight  
 Of fields with rural works, of hill and  
 dale,  
 And the blue sky, one little span of earth  
 Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to  
 day,  
 Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,  
 He plies his weary journey ; seeing still,  
 And seldom knowing that he sees, some  
 straw,

Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in  
 one track,  
 The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have  
 left  
 Impressed on the white road,—in the  
 same line,  
 At distance still the same. Poor Tra-  
 veller !  
 His staff trails with him ; scarcely do his  
 feet  
 Disturb the summer dust ; he is so still  
 In look and motion, that the cottage curs,  
 Ere he has passed the door, will turn  
 away,  
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,  
 The vacant and the busy, maids and  
 youths,  
 And urchins newly breeched—all pass  
 him by :  
 Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves  
 behind.

But deem not this Man useless.—States-  
 men ! ye  
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye  
 Who have a broom still ready in your  
 hands  
 To rid the world of nuisances ; ye proud,  
 Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye con-  
 template  
 Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem  
 him not  
 A burthen of the earth ! 'Tis Nature's law  
 That none, the meanest of created things,  
 Of forms created the most vile and brute,  
 The dullest or most noxious, should exist  
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse  
 of good,  
 A life and soul, to every mode of being  
 Inseparably linked. Then be assured  
 That least of all can aught—that ever  
 owned  
 The heaven-regarding eye and front sub-  
 lime  
 Which man is born to—sink, howe'er de-  
 pressed,  
 So low as to be scorned without a sin ;  
 Without offence to God cast out of view ;  
 Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower,  
 Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement  
 Worn out and worthless. While from  
 door to door,  
 This old Man creeps, the villagers in him  
 Behold a record which together binds

For Adam was simple in thought ; and  
the poor,  
Familiar with him, made an inn of his  
door :  
He gave them the best that he had ; or,  
to say  
What less may mislead you, they took it  
away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on  
his farm :  
The Genius of plenty preserved him from  
harm :  
At length, what to most is a season of  
sorrow,  
His means are run out,—he must beg, or  
must borrow.

To the neighbours he went,—all were free  
with their money ;  
For his hive had so long been replenished  
with honey,  
That they dreamt not of dearth ;—He  
continued his rounds,  
Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds  
still adding to pounds.

He paid what he could with his ill-gotten  
pelf,  
And something, it might be, reserved for  
himself :  
Then (what is too true) without hinting a  
word,  
Turned his back on the country—and off  
like a bird.

You lift up your eyes !—but I guess that  
you frame  
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the  
shame ;  
In him it was scarcely a business of art,  
For this he did all in the *ease* of his  
heart.

To London—a sad emigration I ween—  
With his grey hairs he went from the  
brook and the green ;  
And there, with small wealth but his legs  
and his hands,  
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.

All trades, as need was, did old Adam  
assume,—  
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter,  
and groom ;

But nature is gracious, necessity kind,  
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk  
in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green  
and is stout ;  
Twice as fast as before does his blood run  
about ;  
You would say that each hair of his beard  
was alive,  
And his fingers as busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely  
goes  
About work that he knows, in a track  
that he knows ;  
But often his mind is compelled to demur,  
And you guess that the more then his  
body must stir.

In the throng of the town like a stranger  
is he,  
Like one whose own country's far over  
the sea ;  
And Nature, while through the great city  
he hies,  
Full ten times a day takes his heart by  
surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is  
young,  
More of soul in his face than of words on  
his tongue ;  
Like a maiden of twenty he trembles and  
sighs,  
And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry  
parching heats ?  
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over  
the streets ;  
With a look of such earnestness often will  
stand,  
You might think he'd twelve reapers at  
work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate  
hours  
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits  
and her flowers,  
Old Adam will smile at the pains that  
have made  
Poor winter look fine in such strange  
masquerade.

And while in that vast solitude to which  
 The tide of things has borne him, he  
 appears  
 To breathe and live but for himself alone,  
 Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about  
 The good which the benignant law of  
 Heaven  
 Has hung around him : and, while life is  
 his,  
 Still let him prompt the unlettered vil-  
 lagers  
 To tender offices and pensive thoughts.  
 --Then let him pass, a blessing on his  
 head !  
 And, long as he can wander, let him  
 breathe  
 The freshness of the valleys ; let his  
 blood  
 Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;  
 And let the chartered wind that sweeps  
 the heath  
 Beat his grey locks against his withered  
 face.  
 Reverence the hope whose vital anxious-  
 ness  
 Gives the last human interest to his heart.  
 May never HOUST, misnamed of IN-  
 DUSTRY,  
 Make him a captive !—for that pent-up  
 din.  
 Those life-consuming sounds that clog the  
 air,  
 Be his the natural silence of old age !  
 Let him be free of mountain solitudes ;  
 And have around him, whether heard or  
 not,  
 The pleasant melody of woodland birds.  
 Few are his pleasures : if his eyes have  
 now  
 Been doomed so long to settle upon  
 earth  
 That not without some effort they behold  
 The countenance of the horizontal sun,  
 Rising or setting, let the light at least  
 Find a free entrance to their languid  
 orbs,  
 And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit  
 down  
 Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank  
 Of highway side, and with the little birds  
 Share his chance-gathered meal ; and,  
 finally,  
 As in the eye of Nature he has lived,  
 So in the eye of Nature let him die !

# THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

'Tis 'not for the unfeeling, the falsely  
 refined,  
 The squeamish in taste, and the narrow  
 of mind,  
 And the small critic wielding his delicate  
 pen,  
 That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old  
 men.  
 He dwells in the centre of London's wide  
 Town ;  
 'His staff is a sceptre—his grey hairs a  
 crown ;  
 And his bright eyes look brighter, set off  
 by the streak  
 Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on  
 his cheek.  
 'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—  
 'mid the joy  
 Of the fields, he collected that bloom,  
 when a boy ;  
 That countenance there fashioned, which,  
 spite of a stain  
 That his life hath received, to the last  
 will remain.  
 A Farmer he was ; and his house far and  
 near  
 Was the boast of the country for excellent  
 cheer ;  
 How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury  
 Vale  
 Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he  
 dealt his mild ale !  
 Yet Adam was far as the farthest from  
 ruin.  
 His fields seemed to know what their  
 Master was doing ;  
 And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow,  
 and lea,  
 All caught the infection—as generous as  
 he.  
 Yet Adam prized little the feast and the  
 bowl,—  
 The fields better suited the ease of his  
 soul :  
 He strayed through the fields like an  
 indolent wight,  
 The quaff of nature was Adam's delight.

The traveller would hang his wet clothes  
on a chair;  
Let them smoke, let them burn, not a  
straw would he care!  
For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream  
and his sheaves,  
Oh, what would they be to my tale of two  
Thieves?

The One, yet unbreeched, is not three  
birthdays old,  
His Grandsire that age more than thirty  
times told;  
There are ninety good seasons of fair and  
foul weather  
Between them, and both go a-pilfering  
together.

With chips is the carpenter strewing his  
floor?  
Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's  
door?  
Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will  
slide!  
And his Grandson's as busy at work by  
his side.

Old Daniel begins; he stops short—and  
his eye,  
Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning  
and sly:  
'Tis a look which at this time is hardly  
his own,  
But tells a plain tale of the days that are  
flown.

He once had a heart which was moved by  
the wires  
Of manifold pleasures and many desires:  
And what if he cherished his purse?  
'Twas no more  
Than treading a path trod by thousands  
before.

'Twas a path trod by thousands; but  
Daniel is one  
Who went something farther than others  
have gone,  
And now with old Daniel you see how it  
fares:  
You see to what end he has brought his  
grey hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand: ere  
the sun

Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is  
begun:  
And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,  
This child but half knows it, and that not  
at all.

They hunt through the streets with de-  
liberate tread,  
And each, in his turn, becomes leader or  
led;  
And, wherever they carry their plots and  
their wiles,  
Every face in the village is dimpled with  
smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy  
they roam;  
For the grey-headed Sire has a daughter  
at home,  
Who will gladly repair all the damage  
that's done;  
And three, were it asked, would be ren-  
dered for one.

Old Man! whom so oft I with pity have  
eyed,  
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy  
side:  
Long yet may'st thou live! for a teacher  
we see  
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

### ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.

THE little hedgerow birds.  
That peck along the road, regard him not.  
He travels on, and in his face, his step.  
His gait, is one expression: every limb.  
His look and bending figure, all bespeak  
A man who does not move with pain. but  
moves  
With thought.—He is insensibly subdued  
To settled quiet: he is one by whom  
All effort seems forgotten; one to whom  
Long patience hath such mild composure  
given,  
That patience now doth seem a thing of  
which  
He hath no need. He is by nature led  
To peace so perfect that the young behold  
With envy, what the Old Man hardly  
feels.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a waggon of straw,  
Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw ;  
With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,  
And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,  
Thrusts his hands in a waggon, and smells at the hay ;  
He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,  
And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair.—  
If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there.  
The breath of the cows you may see him inhale,  
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Now farewell, old Adam ! when low thou art laid,  
May one blade of grass spring up over thy head ;  
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,  
Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

### THE SMALL CELANDINE.

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,  
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain ;  
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,  
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,  
Or blasts the green field and the trees distress,  
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,  
In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed  
And recognised it, though an altered form,  
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,  
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,  
"It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :  
This neither is its courage nor its choice,  
But its necessity in being old.

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;  
It cannot help itself in its decay ;  
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue."  
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,  
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot !  
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth  
Age might but take the things Youth needed not !

### THE TWO THIEVES ;

OR,

#### THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE.

O NOW that the genius of Bewick were mine,  
And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne,  
Then the Muses might deal with me just as they chose,  
For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose.

What feats would I work with my magical hand !  
Book-learning and books should be banished the land :  
And, for hunger and thirst and such troublesome calls,  
Every ale-house should then have a feast on its walls.

How treacherous to her promise, is the  
world ;  
And trust in God—to whose eternal doom  
Must bend the sceptred Potentates of  
earth.

## IV.

THERE never breathed a man who, when  
his life  
Was closing, might not of that life relate  
Toils long and hard.—The warrior will  
report  
Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in  
the field,  
And blast of trumpets. He who hath  
been doomed  
To bow his forehead in the court of  
kings,  
Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,  
Envy and heart-inquietude, derived  
From intricate cabals of treacherous  
friends.  
I, who on shipboard lived from earliest  
youth,  
Could represent the countenance horrible  
Of the vexed waters, and the indignant  
rage  
Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years  
Over the well-steered galley did I rule :—  
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,  
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown ;  
And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and  
oft.  
Of every cloud which in the heavens  
might stir  
I knew the force ; and hence the rough  
sea's pride  
Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow.  
What noble pomp and frequent have  
not I  
On regal decks beheld ! yet in the end  
I learned that one poor moment can  
suffice  
To equalize the lofty and the low.  
We sail the sea of life—a *Calm* One  
finds,  
And One a *Tempest*—and, the voyage o'er,  
Death is the quiet haven of us all.  
If more of my condition ye would know,  
Savona was my birthplace, and I sprang  
Of noble parents : seventy years and  
three  
Lived I—then yielded to a slow disease.

## V.

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero  
With an untoward fate was long involved  
In odious litigation ; and full long,  
Fate harder still ! had he to endure as-  
saults  
Of racking malady. And true it is  
That not the less a frank courageous heart  
And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain ;  
And he was strong to follow in the steps  
Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path  
Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's  
shade,  
That might from him be hidden ; nor a  
track -  
Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he  
Had traced its windings.—This Savona  
knows,  
Yet no sepulchral honours to her Son  
She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled  
Only by gold. And now a simple stone  
Inscribed with this memorial here is  
raised  
By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.  
Think not, O Passenger ! who read'st the  
lines  
That an exceeding love hath dazzled me ;  
No—he was One whose memory ought to  
spread  
Where'er Permessus bears an honoured  
name,  
And live as long as its pure stream shall  
flow.

## VI.

DESTINED to war from very infancy  
Was I. Roberto Dati, and I took  
In Malta the white symbol of the Cross :  
Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun  
Hazard or toil ; among the sands was seen  
Of Lybia ; and not seldom, on the banks  
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot  
To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.  
So lived I, and repined not at such fate :  
This only grieves me, for it seems a  
wrong,  
That stripped of arms I to my end am  
brought  
On the soft down of my paternal home.  
Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause  
To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt  
In thy appointed way, and bear in mind  
How fleeting and how frail is human life !



# EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC PIECES.

## EPITAPHS

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

### I.

WEEP not, beloved Friends! nor let the  
air  
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from  
life  
Have I been taken; this is genuine life  
And this alone—the life which now I live  
In peace eternal; where desire and joy  
Together move in fellowship without  
end,—

Francesco Ceni willed that, after death,  
His tombstone thus should speak for him.  
And surely  
Small cause there is for that fond wish of  
ours  
Long to continue in this world; a world  
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a  
hope  
To good, whereof itself is destitute.

### II.

PERHAPS some needful service of the State  
Drew TITUS from the depth of studious  
bowers,  
And doomed him to contend in faithless  
courts,  
Where gold determines between right and  
wrong.  
Yet did at length his loyalty of heart  
And his pure native genius, lead him  
back  
To wait upon the bright and gracious  
Muses,  
Whom he had early loved. And not in  
vain  
Such course he held! Bologna's learned  
schools  
Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and  
hung  
With fondness on those sweet Nestorian  
stains.  
There pleasure crowned his days; and all  
his thoughts

A roseate fragrance breathed.\*—O human  
life,  
That never art secure from dolorous  
change!  
Behold a high injunction suddenly  
To Aino's side hath brought him, and he  
charmed  
A Tuscan audience: but full soon was  
called  
To the perpetual silence of the grave.  
Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood  
A Champion steadfast and invincible,  
To quell the rage of literary War!

### III.

O THOU who movest onward with a mind  
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in  
haste!  
'Twill be no fruitless moment. I was  
born  
Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.  
On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate  
To sacred studies; and the Roman Shep-  
herd  
Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous  
flock.  
Well did I watch, much laboured, nor  
had power  
To escape from many and strange indig-  
nities;  
Was smitten by the great ones of the  
world,  
But did not fall; for Virtue braves all  
shocks,  
Upon herself resting immovably.  
Me did a kindlier fortune then invite  
To serve the glorious Henry, King of  
France,  
And in his hands I saw a high reward  
Stretched out for my acceptance,—but  
Death came.  
Now, Reader, learn from this my fate,  
how false,

---

\* *Un viver giocondo e i suoi pensieri  
Erano tutti rose.*

The Translator had not skill to come nearer  
to his original.

## I.

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came  
From nearest kindred, Vernon her new  
name;

She came, though meek of soul, in seemly  
pride

Of happiness and hope, a youthful  
Bride.

O dread reverse! if aught *be* so, which  
proves

That God will chasten whom he dearly  
loves.

Faith bore her up through pains in mercy  
given,

And troubles that were each a step to  
Heaven:

Two Babes were laid in earth before she  
died;

A third now slumbers at the Mother's  
side;

Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles  
afford

A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the  
pain

Of recent sorrow combated in vain;

Or if thy cherished grief have failed to  
thwart

Time still intent on his insidious part,

Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts  
asleep,

Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot,  
keep;

Bear with Him—judge *Him* gently who  
makes known

His bitter loss by this memorial Stone:

And pray that in his faithful breast the  
grace

Of resignation find a hallowed place.

## II.

SIX months to six years added he re-  
mained

Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained:

O blessed Lord! whose mercy then re-  
moved

A Child whom every eye that looked on  
loved;

Support us, teach us calmly to resign

What we possessed, and now is wholly  
thine!

## III.

## CENOTAPH.

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Ferner,  
whose remains are deposited in the church of  
Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected  
by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir  
George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less  
than the love of a brother for the deceased,  
commends this memorial to the care of his  
heirs and successors in the possession of this  
place.

BY vain affections unenthralled,

Though resolute when duty called

To meet the world's broad eye,

Pure as the holiest cloistered nun

That ever feared the tempting sun

Did Ferner live and die.

This Tablet, hallowed by her name,

One heart-relieving tear may claim;

But if the pensive gloom

Of fond regret be still thy choice.

Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice

Of Jesus from her tomb!

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE  
LIFE."

## IV.

## EPITAPH.

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE,  
WESTMORELAND.

By playful smiles, (alas! too oft  
A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft

And gentle nature, and a free

Yet modest hand of charity,

Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared

To young and old; and how revered

Had been that pious spirit, a tide

Of humble mourners testified,

When, after pains dispensed to prove

The measure of God's chastening love.

Here, brought from far, his corse found  
rest,—

Fulfilment of his own request;—

Urged less for this Yew's shade, though he

Planted with such fond hope the tree;

Less for the love of stream and rock,

Dear as they were, than that his Flock.

When they no more their Pastor's voice

Could hear to guide them in their choice

Through good and evil, help might have,

Admonished, from his silent grave,

Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,

For peace on earth and bliss in heaven.

VII.

O FLOWER of all that springs from gentle  
 blood,  
 And all that generous nurture breeds to  
 make  
 Youth amiable ; O friend so true of soul  
 To fair Aglaia ; by what envy moved,  
 Lelius ! has death cut short thy brilliant  
 day  
 In its sweet opening ? and what dire  
 mishap  
 Has from Savona torn her best delight ?  
 For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease  
 to mourn ;  
 And, should the out-pourings of her eyes  
 suffice not  
 For her heart's grief, she will entreat  
 Sebeto  
 Not to withhold his bounteous aid,  
 Sebeto  
 Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to  
 death,  
 In the chaste arms of thy belovèd Love !  
 What profit riches ? what does youth  
 avail ?  
 Dust are our hopes ;—I, weeping bitterly,  
 Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear to  
 pray  
 That every gentle Spirit hither led  
 May read them not without some bitter  
 tears.

VIII.

NOT without heavy grief of heart did  
 He  
 On whom the duty fell (for at that time  
 The father sojourned in a distant land)  
 Deposit in the hollow of this tomb  
 A brother's Child, most tenderly beloved !  
 FRANCESCO was the name the Youth had  
 borne,  
 POZZOBONNELLI his illustrious house ;  
 And, when beneath this stone the Corse  
 was laid,  
 The eyes of all Savona streamed with  
 tears.  
 Alas ! the twentieth April of his life  
 Had scarcely flowered : and at this early  
 time,  
 By genuine virtue he inspired a hope

That greatly cheered his country : to his  
 kin  
 He promised comfort ; and the flattering  
 thoughts  
 His friends had in their fondness enter-  
 tained,  
 He suffered not to languish or decay.  
 Now is there not good reason to break  
 forth  
 Into a passionate lament ?—O Soul !  
 Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,  
 Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air ;  
 And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,  
 An everlasting spring ! in memory  
 Of that delightful fragrance which was  
 once  
 From thy mild manners quietly exhaled.

IX.

PAUSE, courteous Spirit !—Balbi suppli-  
 cates  
 That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for  
 him  
 Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst  
 prefer  
 A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.  
 This to the dead by sacred right belongs ;  
 All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit  
 To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb  
 Would ill suffice : for Plato's lore sublime,  
 And all the wisdom of the Stagyrte,  
 Enriched and beautified his studious  
 mind :  
 With Archimedes also he conversed  
 As with a chosen friend ; nor did he leave  
 Those laureat wreaths ungathered which  
 the Nymphs  
 Twine near their loved Permessus.—  
 Finally,  
 Himself above each lower thought up-  
 lifting,  
 His ears he closed to listen to the songs  
 Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old ;  
 And his Permessus found on Lebanon.  
 A blessed Man ! who of protracted days  
 Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar  
 sleep ;  
 But truly did *He* live his life. Urbino,  
 Take pride in him !—O Passenger, fare-  
 well !

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !  
 So like, so very like, was day to day !  
 Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was  
 there ;  
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed no  
 sleep ;  
 No moud, which season takes away, or  
 brings :  
 I could have fancied that the mighty  
 Deep  
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle  
 Things.

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's  
 hand,  
 To express what then I saw ; and add  
 the gleam,  
 The light that never was, on sea or land,  
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream ;  
 I would have planted thee, thou hoary  
 Pile  
 Amid a world how different from this !  
 Beside a sea that could not cease to  
 smile ;  
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-  
 house divine  
 Of peaceful years ; a chronicle of heaven ;—  
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;  
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
 Such Picture would I at that time have  
 made :  
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
 A steadfast peace that might not be be-  
 trayed.

So once it would have been.—'tis so no  
 more ;  
 I have submitted to a new control :  
 A power is gone, which nothing can re-  
 store ;  
 A deep distress hath humanised my  
 Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been :  
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;  
 This, which I know, I speak with mind  
 serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would  
 have been the Friend,  
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,  
 This work of thine I blame not, but com-  
 mend ;  
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work !—yet wise and  
 well,  
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;  
 That Hulk which labours in the deadly  
 swell,  
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here  
 sublime,  
 I love to see the look with which it  
 braves,  
 Cased in the unfeeling armour of old  
 time,  
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and tramp-  
 ling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives  
 alone,  
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the  
 Kind !  
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
 Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
 And frequent sights of what is to be  
 borne !  
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me  
 here.—  
 Not without hope we suffer and we  
 mourn.

## VII.

### TO THE DAISY.

SWEET Flower ! belike one day to have  
 A place upon thy Poet's grave,  
 I welcome thee once more :  
 But He, who was on land, at sea,  
 My Brother, too, in loving thee,  
 Although he loved more silently,  
 Sleeps by his native shore.

V.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF  
THE VILLAGE SCHOOL OF—.

I COME, ye little noisy Crew,  
Not long your pastime to prevent ;  
I heard the blessing which to you  
Our common Friend and Father sent.  
I kissed his cheek before he died ;  
And when his breath was fled,  
I raised, while kneeling by his side,  
His hand :—it dropped like lead.  
Your hands, dear Little-ones, do all  
That can be done, will never fall  
Like his till they are dead.  
By night or day, blow foul or fair,  
Ne'er will the best of all your train  
Play with the locks of his white hair,  
Or stand between his knees again.

Here did he sit confined for hours ;  
But he could see the woods and plains,  
Could hear the wind and mark the showers  
Come streaming down the streaming  
panes.

Now stretched beneath his grass-green  
mound

He rests a prisoner of the ground.  
He loved the breathing air,  
He loved the sun, but if it rise  
Or set, to him where now he lies,  
Brings not a moment's care.  
Alas ! what idle words ; but take  
The Dirge which for our Master's sake  
And yours, love prompted me to make.  
The rhymes so homely in attire  
With learned ears may ill agree,  
But chanted by your Orphan Quire  
Will make a touching melody.

DIRGE.

Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old grey stone ;  
Thou Angler, by the silent flood ;  
And mourn when thou art all alone,  
Thou Woodman, in the distant wood !

Thou one blind Sailor, rich in joy  
Though blind, thy tunes in sadness hum ;  
And mourn, thou poor half-witted Boy !  
Born deaf, and living deaf and dumb.

Thou drooping sick Man, bless the Guide  
Who checked or turned thy headstrong  
youth,

As he before had sanctified  
The infancy with heavenly truth.

Ye Striplings, light of heart and gay,  
Bold settlers on some foreign shore,  
Give, when your thoughts are turned this  
way,  
A sigh to him whom we deplore.

For us who here in funeral strain  
With one accord our voices raise,  
Let sorrow overcharged with pain  
Be lost in thankfulness and praise.

\* And when our hearts shall feel a sting  
From ill we meet or good we miss,  
May touches of his memory bring  
Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME  
YEARS AITER.

LONG time his pulse hath ceased to beat ;  
But benefits, his gift, we trace—  
Expressed in every eye we meet  
Round this dear Vale, his native place.

To stately Hall and Cottage rude  
Flowed from his life what still they hold,  
Light pleasures, every day renewed ;  
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,  
Thy faults, where not already gone  
From memory, prolong their stay  
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss ;  
And what beyond this thought we crave  
Comes in the promise from the Cross,  
Shining upon thy happy grave.

VI.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PELLE  
CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY  
SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged  
Pile !

Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of  
thee ;

I saw thee every day ; and all the while  
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

And grieve, and know that I must grieve,  
Not cheerless, though forlorn.

## III.

Here did we stop : and here looked round  
While each into himself descends,  
For that last thought of parting Friends  
That is not to be found.  
Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,  
Our home and his, his heart's delight,  
His quiet heart's selected home.  
But time before him melts away,  
And he hath feeling of a day  
Of blessedness to come.

## IV.

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,  
Taught that the mutual hope was dust,  
In sorrow, but for higher trust,  
How miserably deep !  
All vanished in a single word.  
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard.  
Sea—Ship—drowned—Shipwreck—so it  
came,  
The meek, the brave, the good, was gone ;  
He who had been our living John  
Was nothing but a name.

## V.

That was indeed a parting ! oh,  
Glad am I, glad that it is past ;  
For there were some on whom it cast  
Unutterable woe.  
But they as well as I have gains :—  
From many a humble source, to pains  
Like these, there comes a mild release ;  
Even here I feel it, even this Plant  
Is in its beauty mini-trant  
To comfort and to peace.

## VI.

He would have loved thy modest grace,  
Meek Flower ! To Him I would have  
said,

" It grows upon its native bed  
Beside our Parting-place ;  
There, cleaving to the ground, it lies  
With multitude of purple eyes,  
Spangling a cushion green like moss ;  
But we will see it, joyful tide !  
Some day, to see it in its pride,  
The mountain will we cross."

## VII.

—Brother and friend, if verse of mine  
Have power to make thy virtues known,  
Here let a monumental Stone  
Stand—sacred as a Shrine ;  
And to the few who pass this way,  
Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,  
Long as these mighty rocks endure,—  
Oh do not Thou too fondly brood,  
Although deserving of all good,  
On any earthly hope, however pure !

## IX.

## SONNET.

WHY should we weep or mourn, Angelic  
boy,  
For such thou wert ere from our sight  
removed,  
Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved  
From day to day with never-ceasing joy,  
And hopes as dear as could the heart  
employ  
In aught to earth pertaining ? Death has  
proved  
His might, nor less his mercy, as be-  
hoved—  
Death conscious that he only could destroy  
The bodily frame. That beauty is laid low  
To moulder in a far-off field of Rome :  
But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy  
Spirit's home :  
When such divine communion, which we  
know,  
Is felt, thy Roman burial-place will be  
Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee.

## X.

## LINES

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Even-  
ing, after a stormy day, the Author having  
just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution  
of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

LOUD is the Vale ! the Voice is up  
With which she speaks when storms are  
gone,  
A mighty unison of streams !  
Of all her Voices. One !

LOUD is the Vale ;—this inland Depth  
In peace is roaring like the Sea ;

Ah ! hopeful, hopeful was the day  
When to that Ship he bent his way,  
To govern and to guide :  
His wish was gained : a little time  
Would bring him back in manhood's  
prime  
And free for life, these hills to climb,  
With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day  
While that stout Ship at anchor lay  
Beside the shores of Wight ;  
The May had then made all things green ;  
And, floating there, in pomp serene,  
That Ship was goodly to be seen,  
His pride and his delight !

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought  
The tender peace of rural thought :  
In more than happy mood  
To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers !  
He then would steal at leisure hours,  
And loved you glittering in your bowers,  
A starry multitude.

But hark the word !—the ship is gone ;—  
Returns from her long course :—anon  
Sets sail :—in season due,  
Once more on English earth they stand :  
But, when a third time from the land  
They parted, sorrow was at hand  
For Him and for his crew.

Ill-fated Vessel !—ghastly shock !  
—At length delivered from the rock,  
The deep she hath regained :  
And through the stormy night they steer ;  
Labouring for life, in hope and fear,  
To reach a safer shore—how near,  
Yet not to be attained !

" Silence ! " the brave Commander cried :  
To that calm word a shriek replied,  
It was the last death-shriek.  
—A few (my soul oft sees that sight)  
Survive upon the tall mast's height ;  
But one dear remnant of the night—  
For Him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea  
He lay in slumber quietly ;  
Unforced by wind or wave  
To quit the Ship for which he died,  
(All claims of duty satisfied ;)

And there they found him at her side ;  
And bore him to the grave.

Vain service ! yet not vainly done  
For this, if other end were none,  
That He, who had been cast  
Upon a way of life unmeet  
For such a gentle Soul and sweet,  
Should find an undisturbed retreat  
Near what he loved, at last—

That neighbourhood of grove and field  
To Him a resting-place should yield,  
A meek man and a brave !  
The birds shall sing and ocean make  
A mournful murmur for his sake ;  
And Thou, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and  
wake  
Upon his senseless grave.

VIII.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN  
WORDSWORTH,

Commander of the L. I. Company's ship, the  
Earl of Abergavenny, in which he perished  
by calamitous shipwreck, Feb. 6th, 1805.  
Composed near the Mountain track, that  
leads from Grasmere through Grisdale Hawes,  
where it descends towards Patterdale.

I.

THE Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo !  
That instant, startled by the shock,  
The Buzzard mounted from the rock  
Deliberate and slow :  
Lord of the air, he took his flight ;  
Oh ! could he on that woeful night  
Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,  
For one poor moment's space to Thee,  
And all who struggled with the Sea,  
When safety was so near.

II.

Thus in the weakness of my heart  
I spoke (but let that pang be still)  
When rising from the rock at will,  
I saw the Bird depart.  
And let me calmly bless the Power  
That meets me in this unknown Flower,  
Affecting type of him I mourn !  
With calmness suffer and believe.

## XIII.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B. UPON THE  
DEATH OF HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.)

O FOR a dirge ! But why complain ?  
Ask rather a triumphal strain  
When FERNOR'S race is run ;  
A garland of immortal boughs  
To twine around the Christian's brows,  
Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt ;  
No tears of passionate regret  
Shall stain this votive lay ;  
Ill-worthy, Beaumont ! were the grief  
That flings itself on wild relief  
When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,  
For ever covetous to feel,  
And impotent to bear !  
Such once was hers—to think and think  
On severed love, and only sink  
From anguish to despair !

But nature to its inmost part  
Faith had refined ; and to her heart  
A peaceful cradle given :  
Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest  
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast  
Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend  
So graciously ?—that could descend,  
Another's need to suit,  
So promptly from her lofty throne ?—  
In works of love, in these alone,  
How restless, how minute !

Pale was her hue ; yet mortal cheek  
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak  
When aught had suffered wrong,—  
When aught that breathes had felt a  
wound ;  
Such look the Oppressor might confound,  
However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs  
From out the bitterness of things ;  
Her quiet is secure ;  
No thorns can pierce her tender feet.  
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,  
As climbing jasmine, pure—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave.  
Or lily heaving with the wave  
That feeds it and defends ;  
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed  
The mountain top, or breathed the mist  
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death !  
Thou strikest—absence perishest,  
Indifference is no more ;  
The future brightens on our sight ;  
For on the past hath fallen a light  
That tempts us to adore.

## XIV.

## ELEGIAC MUSINGS.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLLIERTON HALL,  
THE SEAT OF THE LATE SIR G. H.  
BEAUMONT, BART.

In these grounds stands the Parish Church,  
wherein is a mural monument bearing an inscription which, in deference to the earnest request of the deceased, is confined to name, date, and these words—"Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord !"

WITH copious eulogy in prose or rhyme  
Graven on the tomb we struggle against  
Time.

Alas, how feebly ! but our feelings rise  
And still we struggle when a good man  
dies.

Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and  
forbade,

A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.  
Yet *here* at least, though few have num-  
bered days

That shunned so modestly the light of  
praise,

His graceful manners, and the temperate  
ray

Of that arch fancy which would round  
him play.

Brightening a converse never known to  
swerve

From courtesy and delicate reserve ;  
That sense, the bland philosophy of life,

Which checked discussion ere it warmed  
to strife ;

Those rare accomplishments, and varied  
powers,

Might have their record among sylvan  
bowers.



Yon star upon the mountain-top  
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,  
Importunate and heavy load !  
The Comforter hath found me here,  
Upon this lonely road ;

And many thousands now are sad—  
Wait the fulfilment of their fear ;  
For he must die who is their stay,  
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth  
To breathless Nature's dark abyss ;  
But when the great and good depart  
What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth,  
Doth yet again to God return?—  
Such ebb and flow must ever be,  
Then wherefore should we mourn?

XI.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

I.

"REST, rest, perturbed Earth !  
O rest, thou doleful Mother of Man-  
kind !"

A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than  
the wind :

"From regions where no evil thing has  
birth—

I come—thy stains to wash away,  
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,  
And open thy sad eyes upon a milder  
day.

The Heavens are thronged with martyrs  
that have risen

From out thy noisome prison ;  
The penal caverns groan

With tens of thousands rent from off the  
tree

Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind  
blown

Into the deserts of Eternity.

Unpitied havoc ! Victims unlamented !  
But not on high, where madness is re-  
sented.

And murder causes some sad tears to  
flow

Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,  
The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly  
augmented.

II.

"False Parent of Mankind !

Obdurate, proud, and blind,

I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,  
Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse !  
Scattering this far-fetched moisture from  
my wings,

Upon the act a blessing I implore,  
Of which the rivers in their secret springs,  
The rivers stained so oft with human gore,  
Are conscious ;—may the like return no  
more !

May Discord—for a Seraph's care  
Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—  
May she, who once-disturbed the seats of  
bliss

These mortal spheres above,  
Be chained for ever to the black abyss !  
And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and  
love,  
And merciful desires, thy sanctity ap-  
prove !"

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,  
And the pure vision closed in darkness  
infinite.

XII.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY  
OF THE AUTHOR'S POEM "THE EX-  
CURSION," UPON HEARING OF THE  
DEATH OF THE LATE VICAR OF  
KENDAL.

To public notice, with reluctance strong,  
Did I deliver this unfinished Song ;  
Yet for one happy issue ;—and I look  
With self-congratulation on the Book  
Which pious, learned, MURFITT saw and  
read ;—

Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed ;  
He conned the new-born Lay with grate-  
ful heart—

Foreboding not how soon he must de-  
part ;

Unweeting that to him the joy was given  
Which good men take with them from  
earth to heaven.

The vivid flashes of his spoken words,  
From the most gentle creature nursed in  
fields  
Had been derived the name *Le bon-*  
a name,

Wherever Christian altars have been  
raised.

Hallowed to meekness and to innocence ;  
And if in him meekness at times gave way,  
Provoked out of her-self by troubles  
strange,

Many and strange, that hung about his  
life :

Still, at the centre of his being, lodged  
A soul by resignation sanctified :  
And if too often, self-reproached, he felt  
That innocence belongs not to our kind,  
A power that never ceased to abide in him,  
Charity, had the multitude of sins  
That she can cover, left not his exposed  
To an unorgiving judgment from just  
Heaven.

O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived !

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing  
heart

Those simple lines flowed with an earnest  
wish.

Though but a doubting hope, that they  
might serve

Fits to guard the precious dust of him  
Whose virtues called them forth. That  
aim is missed :

For much that truth most urgently re-  
quired

Had from a faltering pen been asked in  
vain :

Yet, haply, on the printed page received,  
The imperfect record, there, may stand  
unblamed

As long as verse of mine shall breathe the  
air

Of memory, or see the light of love.

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my  
Friend,

But more in show than truth ; and from  
the fields,

And from the mountains, to thy rural  
grave

Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er  
Its green untrodden turf, and blowing  
flowers ;

And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still

Awe'd by the throne's peculiar sanctity  
Which words he's free presumed not even  
to touch)

Or that paternal love, who e' heaven-lit  
lamp

From infancy, through manhood, to the  
last

Of threescore years, and to thy latest  
hour,

Burnt on with ever-strengthening light,  
enshrined

Within thy bosom.

"Wonderful" hath been

The love established between man and  
man,

"Passing the love of women ;" and be-  
tween

Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock  
joined

Through God, is raised a spirit and soul  
of love

Without whose blissful influence Paradise  
Had been no Paradise ; and earth were  
now

A waste where creatures bearing human  
form,

Direct of savage beasts, would roam in fear:  
Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide

on ;

And let him grieve who cannot choose  
but grieve

That he hath been an Elm without his  
Vine.

And her bright dower of clustering chari-  
ties,

That, round his trunk and branches,  
might have clung

Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,  
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee

Was given (say rather thou of later birth  
Wert given to her) a Sister—'tis a word

Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,  
The self-restraining, and the ever-kind ;

In whom thy reason and intelligent heart  
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender

cares,  
All softening, humanising, hallowing

powers,  
Whether withheld, or for her sake un-  
sought—

More than sufficient recompense !

Her love

(What weakness prompts the voice to tell  
it here?)

Oh, fled for ever ! vanished like a blast  
 That shook the leaves in myriads as it  
 passed ;—  
 Gone from this world of earth, air, sea,  
 and sky,  
 From all its spirit-moving imagery,  
 Intensely studied with a painter's eye,  
 A poet's heart ; and, for congenial view,  
 Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue  
 To common recognitions while the line  
 Flowed in a course of sympathy divine ;—  
 Oh ! severed, too abruptly, from delights  
 That all the seasons shared with equal  
 rights ;—  
 Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,  
 From soul-felt music, and the treasured  
 page  
 Lit by that evening lamp which loved to  
 shed  
 Its mellow lustre round thy honoured  
 head ;  
 While Friends beheld thee give with eye,  
 voice, mien,  
 More than theatric force to Shakspeare's  
 scene ;—  
 If thou hast heard me—if thy spirit know  
 Aught of these bowers and whence their  
 pleasures flow ;  
 If things in our remembrance held so  
 dear,  
 And thoughts and projects fondly che-  
 rished here,  
 To thy exalted nature only seem  
 Time's vanities, light fragments or earth's  
 dream—  
 Rebuke us not !—the mandate is obeyed  
 That said, " Let praise be mute where I  
 am laid ;"  
 The holier deprecation, given in trust  
 To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust ;  
 Yet have we found how slowly genuine  
 grief  
 From *silent* admiration wins relief.  
 Too long abashed thy Name is like a rose  
 That doth " within itself its sweetness  
 close ;"  
 A drooping daisy changed into a cup  
 In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up.  
 Within these groves, where still are flit-  
 ting by  
 Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,  
 Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,  
 When towers and temples fall, to speak of  
 Thee !  
 W.O.

If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom  
 Recall not there the wisdom of the Tomb,  
 Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth  
 Will fringe the lettered stone ; and herbs  
 spring forth,  
 Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain  
 unbound,  
 Shall penetrate the heart without a wound ;  
 While truth and love their purposes fulfil,  
 Commemorating genius, talent, skill,  
 That could not lie concealed where Thou  
 wert known ;  
 Thy virtues *He* must judge, and He alone,  
 The God upon whose mercy they are  
 thrown.

XV.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF  
 CHARLES LAMB.

To a good Man of most dear memory  
 This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart  
 From the great city where he first drew  
 breath,  
 Was reared and taught ; and humbly  
 earned his bread,  
 To the strict labours of the merchant's  
 desk  
 By duty chained. Not seldom did those  
 tasks  
 Tease, and the thought of time so spent  
 depress,  
 His spirit, but the recompense was high ;  
 Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful  
 sire ;  
 Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air ;  
 And when the precious hours of leisure  
 came,  
 Knowledge and wisdom, gained from con-  
 verse sweet  
 With books, or while he ranged the  
 crowded streets  
 With a keen eye, and overflowing heart :  
 So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,  
 And poured out truth in works by thought-  
 ful love  
 Inspired—works potent over smiles and  
 tears.  
 And as round mountain-tops the lightning  
 plays,  
 Thus innocently sported, breaking forth  
 As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,  
 Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all

As if but yesterday departed,  
Thou too art gone before ; but why,  
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors leave a sigh ?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,  
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;  
For Her who, ere her summer faded,  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughtered Youth or love-born Maid !  
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet  
dead.

## XVII.

## INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE  
CHURCH, IN THE VALE OF KESWICK.

YE vales and hills whose beauty hither  
drew  
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on  
you

His eyes have closed ! And ye, lov'd  
books, no more  
Shall Southey feed upon your precious  
lore.

To works that ne'er shall forfeit their  
renown.

Adding immortal labours of his own—  
Whether he traced historic truth, with real  
For the State's guidance, or the Church's  
weal,

Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,  
Inform'd his pen, or wisdom of the heart,  
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's  
mind

By reverence for the rights of all mankind.  
Wide were his aims, yet in no human  
breast

Could private feelings meet for holier rest.  
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a  
cloud

From Skiddaw's top : but he to heaven  
was vowed

Through his industrious life, and Christian  
faith

Calmed in his soul the fear of change and  
death.

## ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF  
EARLY CHILDHOOD.

The Child is father of the Man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

## I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,  
and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can  
see no more.

## II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the Rose,  
The Moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are  
bare,  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair ;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath past away a glory from  
the earth.

Was as the love of mothers : and when  
years,

Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called  
The long-protected to assume the part  
Of a protector, the first filial tie  
Was undissolved ; and, in or out of sight,  
Remained imperishably interwoven  
With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting  
world,

Did they together testify of time  
And season's difference--a double tree  
With two collateral stems spring from  
one root ;

Such were they--such thro' life they *might*  
have been

In union, in partit<sup>ion</sup> only such ;  
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most  
High ;

Yet, thro' all visitations and all trials,  
Still they were faithful ; like two vessels  
launched

From the same beach one ocean to explore  
With mutual help, and sailing--to their  
league

True, as inexorable winds, or bars  
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn  
With thine, O silent and invisible Friend !  
To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,  
When reunited, and by choice withdrawn  
From miscellaneous converse, ye were  
taught

That the remembrance of foregone distress,  
And the worse fear of future ill (which oft  
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child  
Upon its mother) may be both alike  
Disarmed of power to unsettle present  
good

So prized, and things inward and outward  
held

In such an even balance, that the heart  
Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,  
And in its depth of gratitude is still.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration !  
The hermit, exercised in prayer and  
praise,

And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,  
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves  
To life-long singleness ; but happier far  
Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts  
of others,

A thousand times more beautiful appeared,

Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie  
Is broken ; yet why grieve ? for Time but  
holds

His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead  
To the blest world where parting is un-  
known.

XVI.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON  
THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

WHEN first, descending from the moor-  
lands,

I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
Through groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies ;  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes :

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source ;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-sum-  
mits,

Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which with thee, O Crabbe ! forth-  
looking,

I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong:  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every Beast keep holiday;—  
 Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,  
 Thou happy Shepherd-boy!

## IV.

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
 While Earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May-morning,  
 And the Children are culling  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines  
 warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
 A single Field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:

The Pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat:  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

## V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar:  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing Boy,  
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
 He sees it in his joy;  
 The Youth, who daily farthest from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
 And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
 Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fictitiously of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,

upon me by having been a witness, during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After Iaving the Isle of Wight, I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of

modern society, and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In these reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction in the mind of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say that, of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's Plain

Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare ;

Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain  
Help from the staff he bore ; for men  
and air

Were hardy, though his cheek seemed  
worn with care

Both of the time to come, and time long  
fled :

Down fell in straggling locks his thin grey  
hair ;

A coat he wore of military red  
But faded, and stuck o'er with many a  
patch and shred.

While thus he journeyed, step by step led  
on,

He saw and passed a stately inn, full  
sure

That welcome in such house for him was  
none.

No board inscribed the needy to allure  
Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old  
and poor

And desolate, "Here you will find a  
friend."

The pendent grapes glittered above the  
door :—

On he must pace, perchance till night  
descend,

Where'er the dreary roads their bare white  
lines extend.

The gathering clouds grew red with  
stormy fire,

In streaks diverging wide and mounting  
high :

That inn he long had passed ; the distant  
spire,

Which oft as he looked back had fixed his  
eye,

Was lost, though still he looked, in the  
blank sky.

Perplexed and comfortless he gazed  
around,

And scarce could any trace of man discern,  
Save cornfields stretched and stretching  
without bound ;

But where the cover deck it was nowhere  
to be found.

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant  
green,

No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear ;  
Long files of corn-stacks here and there  
were seen,

But not one dwelling-place his heart to  
cheer.

Some labourer, thought he, may per-  
chance be near ;

And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain :  
No voice made answer, he could only  
hear

Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain.  
Or whistling thro' thin grass along the  
unfurrowed plain.

Long had he fancied each successive slope  
Concealed some cottage, whither he might  
turn

And rest ; but now along heaven's dark-  
ening cope

The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward  
borne.

Thus warned he sought some shepherd's  
spreading thorn

Or hovel from the storm to shield his  
head.

But sought in vain : for now, all wild,  
forlorn,

And vacant, a huge waste around him  
spread :

The wet cold ground, he feared, must be  
his only bed.

And see the Children sport upon the  
shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-  
more.

## X.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous  
song !  
And let the young Lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !  
We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May !  
What though the radiance which was  
once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the  
hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the  
flower ;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind ;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be ;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;  
In the faith that looks through  
death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills,  
and Groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves !  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your  
might ;  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual  
sway.  
I love the Brooks which down their  
channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly  
as they ;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
Is lovely yet ;  
The Clouds that gather round the setting  
sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-  
tality ;  
Another race hath been, and other palms  
are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we  
live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and  
fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can  
give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears.

## GUILT AND SORROW ;

OR,

INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

PRINTED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS POEM, PUBLISHED IN 1842

NOT less than one-third of the following poem, though it has from time to time been altered in the expression, was published so far back as the year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." The extract is of such length that an apology seems to be required for reprinting it here, but it was necessary to restore it to its original position, or the text would have been unintelligible. The whole was written before the close of the year 1794, and I will detail, rather as matter of literary biography than for any other reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Port-mouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the Allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed



Marks nothing but the red sun's setting  
round,  
Or on the earth strange lines, in former  
days

Left by gigantic arms—at length surveys  
What seems an antique castle spreading  
wide;

Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise  
Their brow sublime: in shelter there to  
bide

He turned, while rain poured down smok-  
ing on every side.

Pile of Stone-henge! so proud to hint yet  
keep

Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and  
hear

The Plain resounding to the whirlwind's  
sweep,

Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year;  
Even if thou saw'st the giant vicker rear  
For sacrifice its throngs of living men.

Before thy face did ever wretch appear,  
Who in his heart had groaned with dead-  
like pain

Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter  
now would gain?

Within that fabric of mysterious form  
Winds met in conflict, each by turns  
supreme:

And, from the perilous ground dislodged,  
through storm

And rain he wildered on, no moon to  
stream

From gulf of parting clouds one friendly  
beam,

Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led;  
Once did the lightning's faint disastrous  
gleam

Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,  
Sight which, tho' lost at once, a gleam of  
pleasure shed.

No swinging sign-board creaked from  
cottage eke

To stay his steps with faintness over-  
come:

'Twas dark and void as ocean's watery  
realm

Roaring with storms beneath night's star-  
less gloom:

No glossy cover'd o'er fire of furze or  
broom;

No labourer watched his red kiln glaring  
bright,

Nor taper glimmer'd dim from each man's  
room;

Along the waste no line of mournful light  
From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed  
athwart the night.

At length, though hid in clouds, the moon  
arose:

The downs were visible—and now re-  
vealed

A stature stands, which two bare slopes  
enclose.

It was a spot where, ancient vows fulfilled,  
Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build  
A lonely Spital, the belated swain

From the night terrors of that waste to  
shield:

But there no human being could remain,  
And now the walls are named the "Dead  
House" of the plain.

Though he had little cause to love the  
abode

Of man, or covet sight of mortal face,  
Yet when faint beams of light that ruin  
showed,

How glad he was at length to find some  
trace

Of human shelter in that dreary place.  
Till to his flock the early shepherd goes,  
Here shall much-needed sleep his frame  
embrace.

In a dry nook where fern the floor be-  
strows

He lays his stiffened limbs,—his eyes be-  
gin to close;

When hearing a deep sigh, that seemed  
to come

From one who mourned in sleep, he raised  
his head,

And saw a woman in the naked room  
Outstretched, and turning on a restless bed:  
The moon a wan dead light around her  
shed.

He waked her—spoke in tone that would  
not fail,

He hoped, to calm her mind; but ill he  
sped.

For of that ruin she had heard a tale  
Which now with freezing thoughts did all  
her powers assail;

And be it so—for to the chill night shower  
And the sharp wind his head he oft hath  
bared ;

A Sailor he, who many a wretched hour  
Hath told ; for, landing after labour hard,  
Full long endured in hope of just reward,  
He to an armed fleet was forced away  
By seamen, who perhaps themselves had  
shared

Like fate ; was hurried off, a helpless  
prey,  
'Gainst all that in his heart, or theirs  
perhaps, said nay.

For years the work of carnage did not  
cease,  
And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,  
Death's minister ; then came his glad re-  
lease,  
And hope returned, and pleasure fondly  
made  
Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's  
aid  
The happy husband flies, his arms to  
throw  
Round his wife's neck ; the prize of victory  
laid  
In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears  
flow  
As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she  
could know.

Vain hope ! for fraud took all that he had  
earned.

The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood  
Even in the desert's heart ; but he, re-  
turned,

Bears not to those he loves their needful  
food.

His home approaching, but in such a  
mood

That from his sight his children might  
have run,

He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his  
blood ;

And when the miserable work was done  
He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's  
fate to shun.

From that day forth no place to him  
could be

So lonely, but that thence might come a  
pang

Brought from without to inward misery.

Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang  
A sound of chains along the desert rang ;  
He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high  
A human body that in irons swang,  
Uplifted by the tempest whirling by ;  
And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.

It was a spectacle which none might view,  
In spot so savage, but with shuddering  
pain ;

Nor only did for him at once renew  
All he had feared from man, but roused  
a train

Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.  
The stones, as if to cover him from day,  
Rolled at his back along the living plain ;  
He fell, and without sense or motion lay ;  
But, when the trance was gone, feebly  
pursued his way.

As one whose brain habitual frenzy fires  
Owes to the fit in which his soul hath  
tossed

Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,  
Even so the dire phantasma which had  
crossed

His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,  
Left his mind still as a deep evening  
stream.

Nor, if accosted now, in thought en-  
grossed,

Moody, or only troubled, would he seem  
To traveller who might talk of any casual  
theme.

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled,  
Gone is the raven timely rest to seek ;

He seemed the only creature in the wild  
On whom the elements their rage might  
wreak ;

Save that the bustard, of those regions  
bleak

Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light  
A man there wandering, gave a mournful  
shriek,

And half upon the ground, with strange  
affright,

Forced hard against the wind a thick  
unwieldy flight.

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's  
bound ;

The weary eye—which, wheresoe'er it  
strays,

But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they;  
He from his old hereditary nook  
Must part; the summons came;—our final  
leave we took.

"It was indeed a miserable hour  
When, from the last hill-top, my sire sur-  
veyed,  
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower  
That on his marriage day sweet music  
made!  
Till then he hoped his bones might there  
be laid  
Close by my mother in their native  
bowers:  
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and  
prayed:—  
I could not pray: through tears that fell  
in showers  
Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas! no  
longer ours!

"There was a Youth whom I had loved  
so long,  
That when I loved him not I cannot  
say:  
'Mid the green mountains many a thought-  
less song  
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in  
May:  
When we began to tire of childish play.  
We seemed still more and more to prize  
each other:  
We talked of marriage and our marriage  
day;  
And I in truth did love him like a brother,  
For never could I hope to meet with such  
another.

"Two years were passed since to a distant  
town  
He had repaired to ply a gainful trade:  
What tears of bitter grief, till then un-  
known,  
What tender vows our last sad kiss de-  
layed!  
To him we turned;—we had no other aid:  
Like one revved, upon his neck I wept;  
And her whom he had loved in joy, he  
said,  
He well could love in grief: his faith he  
kept:  
And in a quiet home once more my father  
slept.

"We lived in peace and comfort; and  
were blest  
With daily bread, by constant toil sup-  
plied.  
Three lovely babes had lain upon my  
breast;  
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I  
sighed,  
And knew not why. My happy father  
died,  
When threatened war reduced the chil-  
dren's meal:  
Thrice happy! that for him the grave  
could hide  
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent  
wheel,  
And tears which flowed for ills which  
patience might not heal.

"'Twas a hard change: an evil time was  
come:  
We had no hope, and no relief could gain:  
But soon, with proud parade, the noisy  
drum  
Beat round to clear the streets of want  
and pain.  
My husband's arms now only served to  
strain  
Me and his children hungering in his  
view;  
In such dismay my prayers and tears  
were vain:  
To join those miserable men he flew,  
And now to the sea-coast, with numbers  
more, we drew.

"There were we long neglected, and we  
bore  
Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor  
weighed;  
Green fields before us, and our native  
shore.  
We breathed a pestilential air, that  
made  
Ravage for which no knell was heard.  
We prayed  
For our departure; wished and wished—  
nor knew.  
'Mid that long sickness and those hopes  
delayed,  
That happier days we never more must  
view.  
The parting signal streamed—at last the  
land withdrew.

Had heard of one who, forced from storms  
to shroud,  
Felt the loose walls of this decayed  
Retreat  
Rock to incessant neighings shrill and  
loud,  
While his horse pawed the floor with  
furious heat ;  
Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,  
Struck, and still struck again, the trou-  
bled horse :  
The man half raised the stone with pain  
and sweat,  
Half raised, for well his arm might lose  
its force  
Disclosing the grim head of a late mur-  
dered coise.

Such tale of this lone mansion she had  
learned,  
And when that shape, with eyes in sleep  
half drowned,  
By the moon's sullen lamp she first dis-  
cerned,  
Cold stony horror all her senses bound,  
Her he addressed in words of cheering  
sound ;  
Recovering heart, like answer did she  
make ;  
And well it was that of the coise there  
found  
In converse that ensued she nothing  
spake ;  
She knew not what dire pangs in him  
such tale could wake.

But soon his voice and words of kind  
intent  
Banished that dismal thought ; and now  
the wind  
In fainter howlings told its rage was  
spent :  
Meanwhile discourse ensued of various  
kind,  
Which by degrees a confidence of mind  
And mutual interest failed not to create.  
And, to a natural sympathy resigned,  
In that forsaken building where they  
sate  
The Woman thus retraced her own un-  
toward fate.

"By Derwent's side my father dwelt—a  
man

Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred ;  
And I believe that, soon as I began  
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed ;  
And in his hearing there my prayers I said :  
And afterwards, by my good father  
taught,  
I read, and loved the books in which I  
read ;  
For books in every neighbouring house  
I sought,  
And nothing to my mind a sweeter plea-  
sure brought.

"A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,  
A garden stored with peas, and mint, and  
thyme,  
And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday  
morn  
Plucked while the church bells rang their  
earliest chime.  
Can I forget our fleaks at shearing time !  
My hen's rich nest through long grass  
scarce espied ;  
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy  
prime ;  
The swans that with white chests up-  
reared in pride  
Rushing and racing came to meet me at  
the waterside !

"The staff I well remember which upbore  
The bending body of my active sire ;  
His seat beneath the honied sycamore  
Where the bees hummed, and chair by  
winter fire ;  
When market-morning came, the neat  
attire  
With which, though bent on haste, myself  
I decked ;  
Our watchful house-dog, that would tease  
and tire  
The stranger till its barking-fit I checked ;  
The red-breast, known for years, which  
at my casement pecked.

"The suns of twenty summers danced  
along,—  
Too little marked how fast they rolled  
away ;  
But, through severe mischance and cruel  
wrong,  
My father's substance fell into decay :  
We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day  
When Fortune might put on a kinder look ;

Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-  
stroke

To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick an-  
guish tossed,

Hope died, and fear itself in agony was  
lost :

"Some mighty gulf of separation passed,  
I seemed transported to another world :  
A thought resigned with pain, when from  
the mast

The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,  
And, whistling, called the wind that hardly  
curled

The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts  
of home

And from all hope I was for ever hurled.  
For me—farthest from earthly port to  
room

Was best, could I but shun the spot where  
man might come.

"And oft I thought (my fancy was so  
strong)

That I, at last, a resting-place had found ;  
'Here will I dwell,' said I, 'my whole life  
long.

Roaming the illimitable waters round ;  
Here will I live, of all but heaven dis-  
owned.

And end my days upon the peaceful  
flood.—

To break my dream the vessel reached its  
bound ;

And homeless near a thousand homes I  
stood.

And near a thousand tables pined and  
wanted food.

"No help I sought ; in sorrow turned  
adrift,

Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare  
rock ;

Nor morsel to my mouth that day did  
lift,

Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.  
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the  
cock

From the cross-timber of an outhouse  
hung :

Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock !  
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely  
stung.

Nor to the beggar's language could I fit  
my tongue.

"So passed a second day ; and, when the  
third

Was come, I tried in vain the crows  
to out.

-- In deep despair, by frightful wishes  
stirred,

Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort ;  
There, pains which nature could no more  
support,

With blindness linked, did on my vitals  
fall ;

And, after many interruptions short  
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could  
'crawl :

Unsought for was the help that did my  
life recall.

"Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain  
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory ;  
I heard my neighbours in their beds com-  
plain

Of many things which never troubled me—  
Of feet still bustling round with busy  
glee,

Of looks where common kindness had no  
part,

Of service done with cold formality,  
Fretting the fever round the languid  
heart,

And groans which, as they said, might  
make a dead man start.

"These things just served to stir the slum-  
bering sense,

Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.

With strength did memory return ; and  
thence

Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,  
At houses, men, and common light, a-  
mazed.

The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,  
Came where beneath the trees a faggot  
blazed ;

The travellers saw me weep, my fate in-  
quired,

And gave me food—and rest, more wel-  
come, more desired.

"Rough potters seemed they, trading so-  
berly

With panniered asses driven from door to  
door ;

But life of happier sort set forth to me,  
And other joys my fancy to allure—

"But the calm summer season now was past.

On as we drove, the equinoctial deep  
Ran mountains high before the howling blast,

And many perished in the whirlwind's sweep.

We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,

Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,

Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap;  
That we the mercy of the waves should rue :

We reached the western world, a poor devoted crew.

"The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,

Disease and famine, agony and fear,  
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,  
It would unman the firmest heart to hear.  
All perished—all in one remorseless year,  
Husband and children! one by one, by sword-

And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear

Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board  
A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored."

Here paused she, of all present thought  
Forsaken,

Nor voice, nor sound, that moment's pain expressed,

Yet Nature, with excess of grief o'erborne,

From her full eyes their watery load released.

He too was mute: and, ere her weeping ceased,

He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,  
And saw the dawn opening the silvery east  
With rays of promise, north and southward sent;

And soon with crimson fire kindled the funament.

"O come," he cried, "come, after weary night

Of such rough storm, this happy change to view."

So forth she came, and eastward looked;  
The sight

Over her brow like dawn of gladness threw;

Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue  
Seemed to return, dried the last lingering tear,

And from her grateful heart a fresh one drew:

The whilst her comrade to her pensive cheer

Tempered fit words of hope; and the lark warbled near.

They looked and saw a lengthening road,  
and wain

That rang down a bare slope not far remote:

The barrows glistened bright with drops of rain,

Whistled the waggoner with merry note,  
The cock far off sounded his claxon throat;

But town, or farm, or hamlet, none they viewed,

Only were told there stood a lonely cot  
A long mile thence. While thither they pursued

Their way, the Woman thus her mournful tale renewed.

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain  
Is now, by beams of dawning light imprest,

In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main;

The very ocean hath its hour of rest.  
I too forgot the heavings of my breast.

How quiet 'round me ship and ocean were!

As quiet all within me. I was blest,  
And looked, and fed upon the silent air  
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

"Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,  
And groans that rage of racking famine spoke;

The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps,

The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke,

The shriek that from the distant battle broke,

The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host

As if each blow were deadlier than the last.

Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with dismay

The Soldier's Widow heard and stood aghast ;

And stern looks on the man her grey-haired Comrade cast.

His voice with indignation rising high  
Such further deed in manhood's name forbade ;

The peasant, wild in passion, made reply  
With bitter insult and revilings sad ;

Asked him in scorn what business there he had ;

What kind of plunder he was hunting now :

The gallows would one day of him be glad :—

Though inward anguish damped the Sailor's brow,

Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant would allow.

Softly he stroked the child, who lay outstretched

With face to earth ; and, as the boy turned round

His battered head, a groan the Sailor fetched

As if he saw—there and upon that ground—

Strange repetition of the deadly wound  
He had himself inflicted. Through his brain

At once the griding iron passage found :  
Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed again,

Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear restrain.

Within himself he said—What hearts have we !

'The blessing this a father gives his child !  
Yet happy thou, poor boy ! compared with me.

Suffering not doing ill—fate far more mild.  
The stranger's looks and tears of wrath beguiled

The father and relenting thoughts awoke ;  
He kissed his son—so all was reconciled.

Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke

Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them bespoke.

"Bad is the world, and hard is the world's law

Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece ;

Much need have ye that time more closely draw

The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,  
And that among so few there still be peace :

Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes

Your pains shall ever with your years increase ?"—

While from his heart the appropriate lesson flows.

A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his woes.

Forthwith the pair passed on ; and down they look

Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene  
Where wreaths of vapour tracked a winding brook,

That babbled on through groves and meadows green ;

A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between ;

The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays.

And melancholy lowings intervene  
Of scattered herds, that in the meadow graze.

Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun's rays.

They saw and heard, and, winding with the road

Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale ;

Comfort by prouder mansions unbestowed  
Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon regale.

Ere long they reached that cottage in the dale :

It was a rustic inn ;—the board was spread,

The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,

And lustily the master carved the bread.  
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight  
moor  
In bairn uplighted; and companions boon,  
Well met from far with revelry secure  
Among the forest glades, while jocund  
June  
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and  
genial moon.

"But ill they suited me—those journeys  
dark  
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft  
to hatch!  
To chain the surly house-dog's faithful  
bark,  
Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.  
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue  
match,  
The black disguise, the warning whistle  
shrill,  
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,  
Were not for me, brought up in nothing  
ill:  
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts  
were brooding still.

"What could I do, unaided and unblest?  
My father! gone was every friend of  
thine:  
And kindred of dead husband are at best  
Small help; and, after marriage such 'as  
mine,  
With little kindness would to me incline.  
Nor was I then for toil or service fit;  
My deep-drawn sighs no effort could con-  
fine;  
In open air forgetful would I sit  
Whole hours, with idle arms in moping  
sorrow knit

"The roads I paced, I loitered through  
the fields;  
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,  
Trusted my life to what chance bounty  
yields,  
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.  
The ground I for my bed have often used:  
But what afflicts my peace with keenest  
ruth,  
Is that I have my inner self abused,  
Forgone the home delight of constant  
truth,  
And clear and open soul, so prized in  
fearless youth.

"Through tears the rising sun I oft have  
viewed,  
Through tears have seen him towards  
that would descend  
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:  
Three years a wanderer now my course I  
bend—  
Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend  
Have I."—She ceased, and weeping turned  
away;  
As if because her tale was at an end,  
She wept; because she had no more to say  
Of that perpetual weight which on her  
spirit lay.

True sympathy the Sailor's looks ex-  
pressed,  
His looks—for pondering he was mute the  
while.  
Of social Order's care for wretchedness,  
Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile,  
Joy's second spring and Hope's long-  
treasured smile,  
'Twas not for *him* to speak—a man so  
tied.  
Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style  
Proverbial words of comfort he applied,  
And not in vain, while they went pacing  
side by side.

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their  
sight,  
Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,  
Rise various wreaths that into one unite  
Which high and higher mounts with  
silver gleam:  
Fair spectacle,—but instantly a scream  
Thence bursting shrill did all remark  
prevent;  
They paused, and heard a hoarser voice  
blaspheme,  
And female cries Their course they  
thither bent,  
And met a man who foamed with anger  
vehement.

A woman stood with quivering lips and  
pale,  
And, pointing to a little child that lay  
Stretched on the ground, began a piteous  
tale:  
How in a simple freak of thoughtless play  
He had provoked his father, who straight-  
way,



"A sailor's wife I knew a widow's cares,  
 Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed;  
 Hope cheered my dreams, and to my  
 daily prayers [bread;  
 Our heavenly Father granted each day's  
 Till one was found by stroke of violence  
 dead. [lie;  
 Whose body near our cottage chanced to  
 A dire suspicion drove us from our shed;  
 In vain to find a friendly face we try,  
 Nor could we live together those poor  
 boys and I;

"For evil tongues made oath how on that  
 day  
 My husband lurked about the neighbour-  
 hood;  
 Now he had fled, and whither none could  
 say,  
 And *he* had done the deed in the dark  
 wood—  
 Near his own home!—but he was mild  
 and good;  
 Never on earth was gentler creature seen;  
 He'd not have robbed the raven of its food.  
 My husband's loving kindness stood be-  
 tween [however keen."  
 Me and all worldly harms and wrongs

Alas! the thing she told with labouring  
 breath [ness  
 The Sailor knew too well. That wicked-  
 His hand had wrought; and when, in the  
 hour of death, [bless  
 He saw his Wife's lips move his name to  
 With her last words, unable to suppress  
 His anguish, with his heart he ceased to  
 strive; [tress,  
 And, weeping loud in this extreme dis-  
 He cried—"Do pity me! That thou  
 shouldst live [forgive!"  
 I neither ask nor wish—forgive me, but

To tell the change that Voice within her  
 wrought  
 Nature by sign or sound made no essay;  
 A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,  
 And every mortal pang dissolved away.  
 Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;  
 Yet still, while over her the husband bent,  
 A look was in her face which seemed to say,  
 "Be blest: by sight of thee from heaven  
 was sent [content."  
 Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of

*She* slept in peace,—his pulses throbbed  
 and stopped, [took  
 Breathless he gazed upon her face,—then  
 Her hand in his, and raised it, but both  
 dropped,  
 When on his own he cast a rueful look.  
 His ears were never silent: sleep forsook  
 His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as  
 lead; [shook  
 All night from time to time under him  
 The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed:  
 And oft he groaned aloud, "O God, that  
 I were dead!"

The Soldier's Widow lingered in the cot;  
 And, when he rose, he thanked her pious  
 care [shelter brought,  
 Through which his Wife, to that kind  
 Died in his arms; and with those thanks  
 a prayer [pair.  
 He breathed for her, and for that merciful  
 The corse interred, not one hour he  
 remained  
 Beneath their roof, but to the open air  
 A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,  
 He bore within a breast where dreadful  
 quiet reigned.

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared  
 For act and suffering, to the city straight  
 He journeyed, and forthwith his crime  
 declared: [I wait,  
 "And from your doom," he added, "now  
 Nor let it linger long, the murderer's fate."  
 Not ineffectual was that piteous claim:  
 "O welcome sentence which will end  
 though late,"  
 He said, "the pangs that to my conscience  
 came [in thy name!"  
 Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour! is

His fate was pitied. Him in iron case  
 (Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)  
 They hung not:—no one on *his* form or  
 face  
 Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought;  
 No kindred sufferer, to his death-place  
 brought  
 By lawless curiosity or chance,  
 When into storm the evening sky is  
 wrought, [glance,  
 Upon his swinging corse an eye can  
 And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable  
 trance.

Their breakfast done, the pair, though  
loth, must part ;  
Wanderers whose course no longer now  
agrees.

She rose and bade farewell ! and, while  
her heart

Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow  
ease,

She left him there ; for, clustering round  
his knees,

With his oak-staff the cottage children  
played ;

And soon she reached a spot o'erhung  
with trees

And banks of ragged earth ; beneath the  
shade

Across the pebbly road a little runnel  
strayed.

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood ;  
Chequering the canvas roof the sunbeams  
shone.

She saw the carman bend to scoop the  
flood

As the wain fronted her,—wherein lay one,  
A pale-faced Woman, in disease far gone.  
The carman wet her lips as well behoved ;  
Bed under her lean body there was none,  
Though even to die near one she most  
had loved

She could not of herself those wasted  
limbs have moved.

The Soldier's Widow learned with honest  
pain

And homefelt force of sympathy sincere,  
Why thus that worn-out wretch must  
there sustain

The jolting road and morning air severe.  
The wain pursued its way ; and following  
near

In pure compassion she her steps retraced  
Far as the cottage. "A sad sight is here,"  
She cried aloud ; and forth ran out in haste  
The friends whom she had left but a few  
minutes past.

While to the door with eager speed they  
ran,

From her bare straw the Woman half  
upraised

Her bony visage—gaunt and deadly wan :  
No pity asking, on the group she gazed  
With a dim eye, distracted and amazed ;

Then sank upon her straw with feeble  
moan.

Fervently cried the housewife—"God be  
praised,

I have a house that I can call my own ;  
Nor shall she perish there, untended and  
alone !"

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,  
And busily, though yet with fear, untie  
Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet  
And chafe her temples, careful hands  
apply.

Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh  
She strove, and not in vain, her head to  
rear ;

Then said—"I thank you all ; if I must  
die,

The God in heaven my prayers for you  
will hear ;

Till now I did not think my end had been  
so near.

"Barred every comfort labour could pro-  
cure,

Suffering what no endurance could  
assuage,

I was compelled to seek my father's door,  
Though loth to be a burthen on his age.  
But sickness stopped me in an early  
stage

Of my sad journey ; and within the wain  
They placed me—there to end life's pil-  
grimage,

Unless beneath your roof I may remain :  
For I shall never see my father's door  
again.

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been  
burthensome ;

But, if I have not meekly suffered, meek  
May my end be ! Soon will this voice be  
dumb :

Should child of mine e'er wander hither,  
speak

Of me, say that the worm is on my  
cheek.—

Torn from our hut, that stood beside the  
sea

Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome  
creek,

My husband served in sad captivity  
On shipboard, bound till peace or death  
should set him free.

likewise even in some of the expressions, there is a resemblance to passages in a poem (lately published) of Mr. Montgomery's, entitled "A Field Flower." This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him. I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets:—

Though it happe me to rehersiñ  
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,  
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaided,  
Sah that ye se I doe it in the honour  
Of Love, and cke in service of the Flour.  
1827.—W.

Page 124. THE SEVEN SISTERS.—The story of this poem is from the German of Frederica Brann.—W.

Page 128. THE WORK OF E. M. S., *i.e.*, Edith May, daughter of Robert Southey.

Page 131. *There was a boy*, etc.—The poem forms part of Book V. of "The Prelude."

Page 136. *She was a phantom of delight*.—The Hon. Justice Coleridge, in his Memoirs of Wordsworth (Vol. II., p. 306), says: "'She was a phantom of delight,' he (Wordsworth) said, was written 'on his dear wife.'"

Page 151. LAODAMIA.—Wordsworth considerably altered the last stanza but one of this poem long after he had originally written it. In its first form it stood:—

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!  
Her, who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,  
Was in a trance of passion thus removed;  
Delivered from the galling yoke of time  
And these frail elements—to gather flowers  
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Page 156. RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.—In the "Memoirs of Wordsworth" (Vol. I., pp. 172-3) is given the following interesting letter, in which the poet explains in prose the feelings which prompted him to write the poem:—"I describe myself as having been exalted to the highest pitch of delight by the joyousness and beauty of nature; and then as depressed, even in the midst of those beautiful objects, to the lowest dejection and despair. A young poet in the midst of the happiness of nature is described as overwhelmed by the thoughts of the miserable reverses which have befallen the happy lot of all men, viz., poets. I think of this till I am so deeply impressed with it, that I consider the manner in which I was rescued from my dejection and despair almost as an interposition of providence. A person reading the poem with feeling, like mine will have been awed and controlled, expecting

something spiritual or supernatural. What is brought forward? A lonely place, 'a pond by which an old man was, far from all house or home;' not stood, nor sat, but was—the figure presented in the most naked simplicity possible. This feeling of spirituality or supernaturalness is again referred to as being strong in my mind in this passage. How came he here? thought I, or what can he be doing? I then describe him, whether ill or well is not for me to judge with perfect confidence; but this I can confidently affirm, that though I believe that God has given me a strong imagination, I cannot conceive a figure more impressive than that of an old man like this, the survivor of a wife and ten children, travelling alone among the mountains and all lonely places, carrying with him his own fortitude, and the necessities which an unjust state of society has laid upon him."

Page 159. THE THORN.—This Poem ought to have been preceded by an introductory Poem, which I have been prevented from writing by never having felt myself in a mood when it was probable that I should write it well. The character which I have here introduced speaking is sufficiently common. The Reader will, perhaps, have a general notion of it, if he has ever known a man, a captain of a small trading vessel, for example, who being past the middle age of life, had retired upon an annuity or small independent income to some village or country town of which he was not a native, or in which he had not been accustomed to live. Such men, having little to do, become credulous and talkative from indolence; and from the same cause, and other predisposing causes by which it is probable that such men may have been affected, they are prone to superstition. On which account it appeared to me proper to select a character like this to exhibit some of the general laws by which superstition acts upon the mind. Superstitious men are almost always men of slow faculties and deep feelings; their minds are not loose, but adhesive; they have a reasonable share of imagination, by which word I mean the faculty which produces impressive effects out of simple elements; but they are utterly destitute of fancy, the power by which pleasure and surprise are excited by sudden varieties of situation and by accumulated imagery.

It was my wish in this Poem to show the manner in which some men cleave to the same ideas; and to follow the turns of passion, always different, yet not palpably different, by which their conversation is swayed. I had two

## NOTES.

The poet's own notes are marked W.

*Page I. AN EVENING WALK.*—Published originally in 1793, this poem was considerably altered later, being reduced in length from 446 to 378 lines.

*Page II. REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.*—William Collins (1721-1759), one of the first of "nature poets," as we now, somewhat arbitrarily, use the phrase.

*Page 11. DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES.*—This poem was originally published in 1793, but was so altered later that the 813 lines were reduced to 670.

*Page 30. ADDRESS TO A CHILD.*—"By my Sister," *i.e.*, Dorothy Wordsworth.

*Page 40. TO H. C., i.e., Hartley Coleridge.*

*Page 57. THE SPARROW'S NEST, i.e., the hedge-sparrow, not the common sparrow.*

*Page 61. LOUISA.*—Originally four stanzas; in some editions the second stanza was omitted.

*Page 73. VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.*—See the closing passages of Book IX. of "The Prelude."

*Page 96. THE WAGGONER.*—Several years after the event that forms the subject of the poem, in company with my friend, the late Mr. Coleridge, I happened to fall in with the person to whom the name of Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had not, for a long time, seen upon the road either him or his waggon, he said: "They could not do without me; and as for the man who was put in my place, no good could come out of him; he was a man of no ideas." The fact of my discarded hero's getting the horses out of a great difficulty with a word, as related in the poem, was told me by an eyewitness.—W.

*Page 96. The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling.*—When the poem was first written, the note of the bird was thus described:

The Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,  
Twirling his watchman's rattle about—

but from unwillingness to startle the reader at the outset by so bold a mode of expression, the passage was altered as it now stands.—W.

*Page 103. Can any mortal clog come to her?*—After this line followed in the MS. an incident

which has been kept back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-disposed reading Reader will find no difficulty in exchanging:—

Can any mortal clog come to her?  
It can: . . . . .

But Benjamin, in his vexation,  
Possesses inward consolation;  
He knows his ground, and hopes to find  
A spot with all things to his mind,  
An upright mural block of stone,  
Moist with pure water trickling down.  
A slender spring; but kind to man  
It is, a true Samaritan;  
Close to the highway, pouring out  
Its offering from a chink or spout;  
Whence all, however athirst, or drooping  
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.

Cries Benjamin "Where is it, where?  
Voice it hath none, but must be near."  
—A star, declining towards the west,  
Upon the watery surface threw  
Its image tremulously impress'd,  
That just marked out the object and withdrew  
Right welcome service! . . . . .

Rock of Names!  
Light is the strain, but not unjust  
To Thee and Thy memorial-trust  
That once seemed only to express  
Love that was love in idleness;  
Tokens, as year hath followed year  
How changed, alas, in character!  
For they were graven on thy smooth breast  
By hands of those my soul loved best;  
Meek women, men as true and brave  
As ever went to a hopeful grave:  
Their hands and mine, when side by side  
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,  
We worked until the Initials took  
Shapes that defied a scornful look.—  
Long as for us a genial feeling  
Survives, or one in need of healing,  
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,  
Thy monumental power, shall last  
For me and mine! Oh thought of pain,  
That would impair it or profane!  
Take all in kindness then, as said  
With a staid heart but playful head;  
And fail not Thou, loved Rock! to keep  
Thy charge when we are laid asleep.—W.

*Page 111. TO THE DAISY.*—This poem, and two others to the same flower, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and

her death."—W. Catherine, the poet's second daughter, died in her fourth year, in June, 1812.

Page 209. TO B. R. HAYDON, *i.e.*, Benjamin Robert Haydon (1785-1846), the celebrated historical painter.

Page 210. TO RAISLEY CALVERT.—Calvert left £900 to the poet in 1795.

Page 214. TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER.—See note to page 195.

Page 214. *There is a pleasure, etc.*—The opening words of this sonnet are quoted from Cowper.

Page 215. *With how sad steps, etc.*—The two opening lines are quoted from the thirty-first sonnet of Sir Philip Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," where, however, the last word of the first line is "sides."

Page 221. *The sweet-souled poet of "The Seasons," i.e.*, James Thomson (1700-1748), who lived near, and is buried at Richmond.

Page 221. A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE, *i.e.*, that of Souldern.

Page 222. TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P., *i.e.*, the Lady Eleanor Butler (1745-1829) and her friend Sarah Ponsonby (17—-1831), who lived in simple retirement for over half a century in a cottage at Plasnewydd in the Vale of Llangollen. De Quincey refers to them and their opinion of Wordsworth in "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater."

Page 222. *Girls to airy nothing, etc.*—Shakespeare, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V., Sc. 1.

Page 223. *Wild Redbreast.*—This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living, creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the verse to the Redbreast. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hear-

ing of the invalid, who had been long confined to her room. These attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous; but the superstition is passing away.—W.

Page 223. *When Philoctetes.*—Philoctetes, the greatest archer of the Trojan War, while bound for Troy, was left wounded on the coast of Lemnos, until the tenth year of the war, when an oracle declared that the city could only be taken by the arrows of Hercules which Philoctetes possessed.

Page 224. THE INFANT M—— M——, *i.e.*, Mary Monkhouse.

Page 224. TO RUTHA Q——, *i.e.*, Rutha, the daughter of the poet's friend, Edward Quillinan, whose second wife was Wordsworth's daughter Dorothy.

Page 227. FILIAL PIETY.—A man was killed while building a turf stack between Onmskirk and Preston Caves in 1779; his son finished the stack, and while he lived kept it in constant repair in memory of his father.

Page 227. TO B. R. HAYDON.—See note to p. 209.

Page 229. TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.—A nephew of the Poet, who became head master of Harrow School and Bishop of Lincoln (1807-1885).

Page 232. TO THE SONS OF BURNS.—The following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been obliged on other occasions:—

"DUMFRIES, August, 1803.

"On our way to the churchyard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; the front whitewashed, dirty about the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window. Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the churchyard; and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended upon some sort of monument. 'There,' said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, 'lies Mr. — (I have forgotten the name); a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney; and scarcely ever lost a

objects to attain: first, to represent a picture which should not be unimpressive, yet consistent with the character that should describe it; secondly, while I adhered to the style in which such persons describe, to take care that words, which in their mind are impregnated with passion, should likewise convey passion to Readers, who are not accustomed to sympathise with men feeling in that manner or using such language. It seemed to me that this might be done by calling in the assistance of Lyric and rapid Metre. It was necessary that the Poem, to be natural, should in reality move slowly; yet I hoped that, by the aid of the metre, to those who should at all enter into the spirit of the Poem, it would appear to move quickly. The Reader will have the kindness to excuse this note, as I am sensible that an introductory Poem is necessary to give the Poem its full effect.

Upon this occasion I will request permission to add a few words closely connected with "The Thorn" and many other Poems in these volumes. There is a numerous class of readers who imagine that the same words cannot be repeated without tautology: this is a great error: virtual tautology is much oftener produced by using different words when the meaning is exactly the same. Words, a Poet's words more particularly, ought to be weighed in the balance of feeling, and not measured by the space which they occupy upon paper. For the Reader cannot be too often reminded that poetry is passion: it is the history or science of feelings. Now every man must know that an attempt is rarely made to communicate impassioned feelings without something of an accompanying consciousness of the inadequateness of our own powers, or the deficiencies of language. During such efforts there will be a craving in the mind, and as long as it is unsatisfied the speaker will cling to the same words, or words of the same character. There are also various other reasons why repetition and apparent tautology are frequently beauties of the highest kind. Among the chief of these reasons is the interest which the mind attaches to words, not only as symbols of the passion, but as things, active and efficient, which are of themselves part of the passion. And further, from a spirit of fondness, exultation, and gratitude, the mind luxuriates in the repetition of words which appear successfully to communicate its feelings. The truth of these remarks might be shown by innumerable passages from the Bible, and from the impassioned poetry of every nation. "Awake, awake, Deborah!"

etc. Judges, chap. v., verses 12th, 27th, and part of 28th. See also the whole of that tumultuous and wonderful Poem.—W.

Page 171. FRENCH REVOLUTION.—These lines are from Book XI. of "The Prelude."

Page 174. *Wings at my shoulders*, etc.—In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.—W.

Page 175. LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY.—I have not ventured to call this Poem an Ode; but it was written with a hope that in the transitions and the impassioned music of the versification, would be found the principal requisites of that species of composition.—W.

Page 178. PETER BELL.—Towards the close of Part I. originally appeared a stanza which Shelley ridiculed in his "Peter Bell the Third." This stanza ran:—

Is it a party in a parlour?  
Cramm'd just as they on earth were cram'd—  
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,  
But, as you by their faces see,  
All silent and all damn'd.

Page 196. *That thou, if not with partial joy elate*.—"Something less than joy, but more than dull content."

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.—W.

Ann Finch, Countess of Winchilsea (died 1720), was the author of several poems.

Page 199. *Aerial rock*, etc., i.e., Holme-Scar.

Page 201. *Shall live the name of Walton*, i.e., Isaac Walton, author of "The Compleat Angler."

Page 201. *Bard of the Fleece*, etc., i.e., John Dyer (1700? 1758), author of poems entitled "The Fleece," and "Grongar Hill."

Page 203. To S. H., i.e., Sarah Hutchinson, the poet's sister-in-law.

Page 203. COMPOSED ON THE EVE, etc.—The marriage was that of the poet's brother-in-law, Thomas Hutchinson, with Mary Monkhouse.

Page 205. *Surprised by joy*, etc.—"Suggested by my daughter Catherine long after

occupied, and of the principles AVOWED IN HIS MANIFESTOS; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous; and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot hereafter placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.—W.

Page 272. *Toussaint*, etc.—Toussaint L'Ouverture was the Governor of St. Domingo, and was the chief of the slaves enfranchised by the French Convention of 1794. When Napoleon sought to re-impose slavery Toussaint opposed him, was taken prisoner, sent to Paris, and died there in 1803.

Page 274. *Great men have been among us*.—The men referred to are Algernon Sidney (1622-1683), Andrew Marvell (1621-1678), James Harrington (1611-1677), and Sir Henry Vane the Younger (1612-1662).

Page 277. *Another year!—another deadly blow*, etc.—Prussia was overthrown at the battle of Jena, October 14, 1806.

Page 277. *Who are to judge*, etc.—“Danger which they fear, and honour which they understand not.” Words in Lord Brooke’s “Life of Sir P. Sidney.”—W.

Page 279. *A Roman master stands*, etc.—T. Quintus Flaminius proclaimed the liberty of Greece in B.C. 196.

Page 281. *See the first mighty hunter*, etc.—Compare Genesis, chap. 10. v. 9, and the opening of “Paradise Lost,” Book I.

Page 281. *Of mortal parents*, etc.—Andreas Hofer (1767-1810), a Tyrolean patriot, defeated at Wagram by the Bavarians in 1809.

Page 283. *The truth was felt by Palafox*, etc.—Jose de Palafox y Melgi (1780-1847), the hero of the siege of Saragossa (1808-9).

Page 284. *Ilail, Zaratustra!*—In this sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.—W.

Page 284. *Brave Schill*.—Friederich Schill, killed at Stralsund, May 31, 1809, was one of the leaders in the German rising against Napoleon.

Page 285. *Call not the royal Swede*, etc.—Gustavus IV., who abdicated in 1809. See note to sonnet, “The Voice of Song.”

Page 285. *Is there a power*, etc.—Professor Knight suggests that this may refer to Palafox. See note to page 283.

Page 286. *Ah! where is Palafox?*—See note to page 283.

Page 287. *We can endure that He*, etc., i.e., Napoleon.

Page 289. *In one who lived*, etc.—Viratus, a shepherd who became leader of the Lusitanians against the Romans in the second century B.C.

Page 289. *And Mina*, etc.—Don Espres y Mina, a leader of the Guerillas of Navarre.

Page 289. *With that great leader*, etc., i.e., the Roman general Sertorius, died B.C. 72.

Page 291. *The triumphs of this hour*.—The overthrow of Napoleon at Leipzig, October 16-19, 1813.

Page 291. *Dear reliques*, etc.—The body of the Duke d’Enghien, lawlessly shot by Napoleon in 1804, was disinterred after the Restoration in 1816.

Page 305. FISH-WOMEN.—If in this sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissards of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in: at all events, the resemblance was striking.—W.

Page 308. THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.—Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The spring appears in a capacious stone basin in front of a ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it; and, entering the garden, it joins, after a course

cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest as you see. We looked at Burns's grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own poet's epitaph:

Is there a man, etc.

"The churchyard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments, in all sorts of fantastic shapes—obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, etc. When our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's grave, and afterwards went to his house, wishing to enquire after Mrs. Burns, who had gone to spend some time by the sea-shore with her children. We spoke to the maid-servant at the door, who invited us forward, and we sat down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock, which Burns mentions, in one of his letters, having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son, very lately, in the same room. The servant told us she had lived four years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace. She said that Mrs. B's youngest son was now at Christ's Ho-pital. We were glad to leave Dumfries, where we could think of little but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland, at a little distance on our right—his farm-house. Our pleasure in looking round would have been still greater if the road had led us near the spot.

"I cannot take leave of this country which we passed through to-day without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland mountains within half a mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connection which this neighbourhood has with ours, when he makes Skiddaw say:—

Scruffel, from the sky  
That Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous  
eye  
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,  
Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten  
him.

"These lines came to my brother's memory, as well as the Cumberland saying:—

If Skiddaw hath a cap  
Scruffel wots well of that.

"We talked of Burns, and of the prospect

he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions; indulging ourselves in the fancy that we might have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes."—W.

Page 239. SONNET. COMPOSED AT (NID-PATH) CASTLE.—As originally written this began:—

Now, as I live, I pity that great Lord  
Whom mere despite, etc.

Page 244. *In such a vessel never more.*—The blind boy in the original version used a more homely vessel:—

But say, what was it? Thought of fear!  
Well may ye tremble when ye hear!  
—A Household Tub, like one of those  
Which women use to wash their clothes,  
This carried the blind Boy.

Page 260. To M. H., i.e., Mary Hutchinson, afterwards the poet's wife.

Page 270. *Jones! as from Calais, etc.*—This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were undergraduates together of the same year, at the same college; and companions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude, which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption; and while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not unpleasant sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the seventh of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part III.—W. There are several widely differing versions of this sonnet.

Page 271. *Once did she hold, etc.*—The Republic of Venice was extinguished by the Treaty of Campo Formio in 1797, and that of Luneville in 1801.

Page 271. *The voice of song, etc.*—In this and a succeeding sonnet on the same subject, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which the King of Sweden



"About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe," say the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—Dr. Whitaker's *History of the Deanery of Craven*. Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.—W.

Page 401. *Their Sabbath music*—"God us ayde."—On one of the bells of Rylstone Church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher, "I. N." for John Norton, and the motto, "God us ayde."—W.

Page 420. THE RIVER DUDDON.—A poet whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be thus enters upon his description of the "Ruins of Rome":—

The rising Sun  
Flames on the ruins in the purer air  
Towering aloft;

and ends thus:—

The setting Sun displays  
His visible great round, between yon towers,  
As through two shady cliffs.

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem, "Lewesdon Hill," is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast:—

To-morrow for severer thought, but now  
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the Reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years—the one which stands the fourteenth was the first produced, and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them.—W.

The "poet" of Wordsworth's note was John Dyer (1699-1758), author of "Grongar Hill," "The Fleecce," and other works. "Mr. Crowe" was the Rev. William Crowe, author of "Lewesdon Hill."

Page 422. *There bloomed the strawberry*, etc.—These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Sympson. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead School. His poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred" is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the Sylphs, that constitute the strange machinery of his poem, he uses the following illustrative simile:—

Glancing from their plumes  
A changeful light the azure vault illumens.  
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn  
The streamy glories of the Boreal morn,  
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed  
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread.  
Where the lone native, as he homeward glides,  
On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned ices,  
And still the balance of his frame preserves,  
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,  
Sees at a glance, above him and below,  
Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow.  
Spurred in the centre of the world he seems;  
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;  
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray,  
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day.

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of Westmoreland.—W.

Page 426. RETURN.—The Eagle requires a large domain for its support: but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this country, building their nests in the steepes of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle. There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the Passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail-raise, and of Hardknot and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—The ROMAN FORT here alluded to, called by the country people

of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The copiousness of the spring at Doneschingen must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.—W.

*Page 315. Though searching damps, etc.*—This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs; I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Morghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.—W.

*Page 329. ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.*—During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season; our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise history of the Church in England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, January 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets; but the Reader, it is to be  
W.O.

hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.—W.

*Page 329. A verse may catch, etc.*—By George Herbert.

*Page 338. That, like the Red-cross Knight.*—In allusion to Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

*Page 350. And the green lizard, etc.*—These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Wherc Venus sits," etc., and the line, "Oncc ye were holy, ye are holy still," in a subsequent Sonnet.—W.

*Page 363. THE PILGRIM FATHERS.*—American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends, Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of advertising to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, February 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a "Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."—W.

*Page 372. Yet will we not conceal, etc.*—The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.—W.

*Page 374. Or like the Alpine Mount, etc.*—Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.—W.

*Page 375. THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.*—The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled "The Rising of the North." The tradition is as follows:—

lapsu refuitque fluitque, Occurrensque sibi venturas aspexit undas."—W.

*Page 543. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*—"The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and, with about twenty attendants, landed at Workington, in Cumberland: and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alteration in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.—W.

*Page 545. And they are led by noble Hillary.*—THE TOWER OF REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the lifeboat establishment at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.—W.

*Page 546. BY A RETIRED MARINER.*—This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.—W.

*Page 550. IONA: UPON LANDING.*—Wordsworth explains that the four last lines of this sonnet "are adopted from a well known sonnet of Russel, as conveying my feeling better than any words of my own could do."

*Page 554. TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.*—This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.—W.

*Page 560. TO —, UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD, &c., to the wife of the poet's son John.*

*Page 595. THE SIMPSON PASS.*—These lines form part of Book VI. of "The Prelude."

*Page 601. THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.*—Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these stanzas. But, going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favourite unmoisted.—W.

*Page 613. He said, When I am there, &c.*—These words were quoted to me from "Yarrow Unvisited," by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy; and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.—W. See note to page 480.

*Page 619. THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO.*—Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio the pine-tree as described in the sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.—W.

*Page 639. THE BORDERERS.*—This Dramatic Piece was composed in 1795-6. It lay nearly from that time till within the last two or three months unregarded among my papers, without being mentioned even to my most intimate friends. Having, however, impressions upon my mind which made me unwilling to destroy the MS., I determined to undertake the responsibility of publishing it during my own life, rather than impose upon my successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but, as it was at first written, and is now published, without any view to its exhibition upon the stage, not the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the two leading Persons of the Drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that, as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits

*Hardknot Castle*, is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons. The *DRUIDICAL CIRCLE* is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it *Sunken Church*.—W.

Page 426. "*Mother of form and fear*."—Quoted from a poem by Samuel Daniel.

Page 426. *When this low pile a gospel teacher knew*, i.e., the Rev. Robert Walker, of whom the poet wrote at some length in prose; in the seventh book of "*The Excursion*" an abstract of his character is given beginning "*A Priest abides*."

Page 432. *We feel that we are greater than we know*.—"And feel that I am happier than I know."—MILTON.

Page 433. *Perilous is sweeping change*, etc.—"*All change is perilous, all chance unsound*."—SPENSER.

Page 435. *TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS*.—In 1850 Wordsworth noted that the reproach of this sonnet was no longer applicable.

Page 436. *Young England*, etc.—This was the name of a small political party of seceders from Sir Robert Peel when that statesman set himself against the Protectionist policy.

Page 480. *ON THE DEPARTURE*, etc.—Wordsworth arrived at Abbotsford on September 21, 1831, and Scott set out for Italy two days later; he died at Abbotsford on September 21 of the following year.

Page 487. *HART'S-HORN TREE*.—"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol king of Scotland came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinsell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, both being spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just

by, and (the dog being named Hereules) this rhythm was made upon them:—

Hereules kill'd Hart a greese,  
And Hart a greese killed Hereules.

The tree to this day bears the name of *Hart's-horn Tree*. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place."—*Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*.

The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions, viz., Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith Churchyard; Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maybrough; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Emont; Long Meg and her daughters, near Eden, etc., etc.—W.

Page 541. *TO THE RIVER GRETA*.—Many years ago, when I was at Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said that "the name of the river was taken from the *bridge*, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the North of England, "*to greet*," signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up that name till within three miles of its disappearance in the River Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flowing through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his "*Colloquies*," "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most memorable kind: 'ambiguous

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to the hardening of the heart, and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves. During my long residence in France, while the Revolution was rapidly advancing to its extreme of wickedness, I had frequent opportunities of being an eye-witness of this process, and it was while that knowledge was fresh upon my memory, that the Tragedy of "The Borderers" was composed.—W., 1842.

## THE PRELUDE.

Page 755. *Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire*.—Beaupuy was General Michel Beaupuy.—See his biography, by G. Bussière and Emile Legouis.

Page 757. *O, happy time of youthful lovers*, etc.—From this line to the end of Book IX. is a summary of "Vaudracour and Julia".—Sec p. 73.

Page 764. *As Lear reproached the winds*.—See "King Lear," Act III., Sc. 2.

Page 787. *The name of Calvert*.—See note to p. 210.

## THE EXCURSION.

Page 832. *Of Mississippi or that northern stream*, etc.—"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the *World*, by visiting *London*. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic; it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency, while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: he who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brooks's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first *Pizarro* that crossed him:—But when he walks along the river of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long

and watered savannah; or contemplates, from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—his exaltation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great; his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, "These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them." He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts, and he argues unceasingly, and he acts magisterially; his mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars."—From the notes upon "The Hurricane," a Poem, by William Gilbert.

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above quotation, which, though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose.—W.

Page 861. *Or rather, as we stand on holy earth*, etc.—Compare "The Brothers," p. 43.

Page 899. *Perish the roses and the flowers of Kings*.—The "Transit gloria mundi" is finely expressed in the Introduction to the Foundation-charters of some of the ancient Abbeys. Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Mary's, Furness, the translation of which is as follows:—"Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay; and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death: I therefore," etc.—W.

Page 913. *Binding herself by statute*, etc.—The discovery of Dr. Bell affords marvellous facilities for carrying this into effect; and it is impossible to overrate the benefit which might accrue to humanity from the universal application of this simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government.—W.  
"Dr. Bell" was Andrew Bell (1753-1832), founder of the Madras system of education.

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Dear native regions. I foretell . . . .	1	Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress . . . . .	215
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		Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base . . . . .	255

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As with the Stream our voyage we pursue . . . . .	342	Brook and road . . . . .	595
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A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain . . . . .	480	But liberty, and triumphs on the Main . .	371
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Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind . . .	287	But to remote Northumbria's royal Hall .	334
A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent . . . . .	361	But what if One, through grove or flowery mead . . . . .	337
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Before the world had past her time of youth . . . . .	439	By vain affections unenthralled . . .	930
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Beguiled into forgetfulness of care . . .	576	Calm as an under-current, strong to draw . . . . .	361
Behold an emblem of our human mind . .	269	Calm is all nature as a resting wheel . .	I
Behold a pupil of the monkish gown . . .	338	Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose . . . . .	531
Behold her, single in the field . . . . .	236	Calvert ! it must not be unheard by them . . . . .	210
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Black Demons hovering o'er his mitred head . . . . .	342	Come ye—who, if (which Heaven avert !) the Land . . . . .	302
Bleak season was it, turbulent and wild .	634	Companion ! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered . . . . .	611
Blest is this isle—our native land . . .	464	Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same . . . . .	620
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